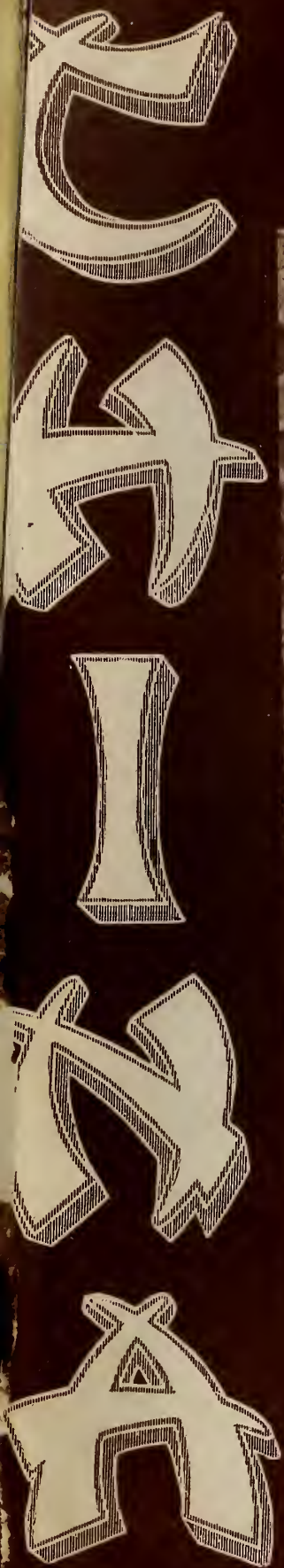


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January, 1940

Scarboro Bluffs,
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Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus



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REV. P. BURKE



REV. J. MURPHY



REV. R. PELOW



REV. M. MALONEY



REV. M. McSWEEN

Signposts

National Director

To the Very Rev. W. T. Davis, D.D., newly-appointed National Director for the Propagation of the Faith, we extend heartiest congratulations. Dr. Davis has been very closely connected with our work for many years as Professor of Philosophy and Moral Theology at St. Augustine's Seminary. Most of our priests in China have studied under him and look back with pleasure to his interesting and illuminating lectures.

Another Signpost on Our Road of Progress

This year's Mission Band, now on the Pacific Ocean *en route* to China, brings the number of priests in China, from our Seminary, to 36. Fourteen years ago our first official Band, to go forth from Scarboro Bluffs, spent Christmas at sea; we all wish our four mission mariners a pleasant voyage and a happy, happy Christmas.

Father Patrick Moore Bereaved

Father Moore, who is on the staff at the Seminary, is assured of our sincere sympathy on the occasion of the death of his brother, Bernard, recently killed in a motor accident near Ingersoll, Ont. May his soul rest in peace.

Study at Peiping

Fathers Michael Carey and Edward Lyons left Canada last year for our Mission Field in China. They are now at Peiping taking a special course in the Chinese language. Friends wishing to write to them may forward letters to: No. 44 Rue Chapsal, SHANGHAI, from which place all mail will be re-directed to the one-time capital of China, historic Peiping.

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

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OUR FRONTISPIECE

Father Joseph Venini sets out on a trip to Lungchuan

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Priest Editor Named Army Chaplain

Rev. Father J. F. MacIsaac, M.A., D.D., B.C.L., editor of the *North-west Review*, has been given an appointment as chaplain in the Canadian army. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. Nelligan, Catholic Army Bishop, has submitted Father MacIsaac's name for appointment as senior Catholic chaplain for Military District No. 10.

To the now Reverend Captain J. F. MacIsaac "CHINA" offers best wishes to an "old" friend of our Institute. We will follow you with our prayers.

Father Harris Made Monsignor

A well-known priest in Canada and the United States, the Rev. John V. Harris, Secretary to the Archbishop of Toronto and Chancellor in *temporalibus*, has recently

received the purple as a token of appreciation for his faithful services as Archbishop's secretary.

We trust Monsignor Harris reads SIGNPOSTS.

AD MULTOS ANNOS!

Monsignor McGrath Lectures in the United States

Monsignor William C. McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Lishui, is now in the United States lecturing on present conditions in China. Monsignor McGrath is well known as a writer, author and lecturer. It is our hope to have him speak at Toronto in the not-far-distant future. Because of his presence in China during the present war, especially the siege of Shanghai and many of the worst bombings Lishui has had, the event should be one of great interest to all friends of China Mission Seminary.

Knights-Errant of Christ

TEXT OF SERMON delivered by His Excellency, Most Rev. D. O'Connor, D.D., at Departure Ceremony in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday night, December 3rd:

Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. St. Matthew C. 28; v. 19-20.

These words which I have quoted from the Gospel according to St. Matthew set out the commission given by Our Lord to His Apostles. They are the marching orders of the Church. A gigantic task and one humanly speaking worthy of nobler means was committed to these humble men of Palestine. The Redeemer's public mission was over. His personal work on earth was complete. It is finished—He had said when dying on the cross. And now, having come back from the dead, He commissioned His representatives to carry on His work in all ages and nations. They were to go no longer as did the prophets of old, solely to the confines of Judaism, but into the whole world to bring to men God's revelation and God's law. Weak it is true in comparison with all that the world holds great, but strong in the grace and gifts of Pentecost they were instructed to go to a hostile world, to subdue human pride and prejudices, to replace materialism with spirituality, to combat heathenism and on its ruins to establish the Church of God. "As the Father hath sent me I also send you." "You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost part of the earth."

The Apostles sorrowing parted



His Excellency The Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough.

each to go his several way to evangelize the nations. Only a few short years had passed when St. Paul could write to the Romans "Your faith is spoken of in the whole world." The College of the Apostles issued in the universal Episcopate. The Bishops, the successors of the Apostles, and their helpers, the priests of the Church, continued the work of the Apostles, preaching the scandal of the cross, "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the

gentiles foolishness." In the face of obstacles humanly speaking insuperable the faith made progress and was propagated. Ten times in the first three centuries was the might of imperial Rome launched against the Church. But the blood of martyrs only proved to be the seed of Christians. When the Church had outlived this external opposition there arose dissensions from within to threaten her very life. Across the ages she was beset by heresy and schism. But always the Church lived on, a majestic figure advancing down the pathways of the world. Secure in her faith and divine commission, in expanding measure she taught men the revelation of God. Over land and sea and along the highways and byways of the world her missionaries carried the glad tidings of the Gospel. To name but a few, for they are examples of the rest, there are names that live in the annals of her missions. St. Augustine, authorized by the successor of Peter, bore the faith to England, St. Patrick brought its blessings to Ireland, St. Remigius evangelized France. St. Boniface preached in Germany. Sts. Cyril and Methodius labored in Moravia and Bulgaria. St. Willibrord went to Holland, St. Gallus to Switzerland. St. Francis Xavier, to whose honor this mission Seminary of English-speaking Canada is dedi-

Sermon Delivered on the Occasion of Our Departure Ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, December 3rd, 1939 by His Excellency The Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough.

Include the Chinese Missions in Your 1940 Resolutions

cated, extended the frontiers of the Church to India and the far East. And from France came those intrepid and sainted missionaries, St. John Brebeuf and his companions, who planted the cross in this, our own fair country. And so the work of the Church goes on. Under God, the extension of the Church has been commensurate with her missionary endeavor. In the language of the Psalmist, their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words to the ends of the world. In her long history the Church has known her trials and her triumphs. She has known that Gethsemane is the prelude to Calvary, but that the Resurrection always follows on the third day. And now, after nineteen centuries, she stands before the world a glorious and mighty Church, three hundred and fifty millions mighty, the bride of Christ and the glory of her children.

Keeping in mind the record of achievement and the commission of Christ with which I began, you will have detected the means which Our Lord employed for the propagation of His Gospel. Did He, by a single stroke of omnipotence, illuminate the minds of men with His revealed truths and coerce their wills unto obedience to His law? No, man is free and even the eternal God respects that freedom. Instead He committed His work to human instruments. He founded among men a society, human it is true in its membership, but divine in its origin, its conservation and doctrine. The members of that society are drawn from the millions of the earth. "Going therefore teach ye all nations." The officers of that society are the Apostles and their successors. And if its circumference rests on the ends of the earth, its centre is in Rome, where Christ's own Vicar, the successor of Peter, reigns. The ceremony of initiation into that society is the sacrament of Baptism. "Baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The law, without which no society can endure, is the law of God which must be observed by all. "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The guar-

antee of perpetuity is the ever-abiding promise of the divine Founder, "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

All the things that I have said find their application in and provide the explanation of this evening's departure ceremony. Four young priests, graduates of St. Francis Xavier Mission Seminary, are about to depart for far-off China. A state of war in that country does not deter them. The charity of Christ urges them on. His Gospel will not wait. His message must go through. Complying with the commission given by Our Lord, they go to teach His divine truths, to make disciples of them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; to teach them to observe all things whatsoever God has commanded, that they may follow Him, Who is the Way, believe in Him, Who is the Truth, and live by the life of Him, Who is very Life itself. We salute these four young missionaries of the Church. We honor these knights-errant of Christ. Our prayers will follow and accompany them. May their labors in that distant portion of the vineyard bear lasting fruit under the grace and guidance of the Master, Who, in the remaining words of my text, has promised to be with them always. "Going therefore . . ."

•

*Extract From Encyclical of
Pope Pius XII*

The "Catholic Church, the City of God, whose king is truth, whose law love and whose measure eternity" (St. Augustine, *Ep. CXXXVIII Ad Marcellinum*, C. 3, N. 17), preaching fearlessly the whole truth of Christ and toiling as the love of Christ demands with the zeal of a mother, stands as a blessed vision of peace above the storm of error and passion, awaiting the moment when the all-powerful hand of Christ the King shall quiet the tempest and banish the spirits of discord which have provoked it.

An age-old ceremony recorded in a modern way: through the lens of a movie camera. The scene: our four missionaries of 1939 about to bless the congregation.



Little Acorns Great Oaks

DURING THE YEARS between 1850 and 1900 the Missionaries in China endured a period of great distress and suffering due to the Taiping Period, the Massacre of Tientsin and the now famous Boxer Rebellion.

In the Boxer uprising, which began in 1900, forty-six missionaries were slain and twenty to thirty thousand Christians murdered.

The mention of persecution brings to mind the question of martyrdom. Up to the present time thirty-three Chinese Martyrs have been given us for veneration.

The Twentieth Century

Since the days of Tertullian "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christians." The persecution of the Christians in China has again proven the truth of this quotation.

In spite of suffering, hardships and death as well as the other historical events which have taken place in China since the spectacular Revolution of 1911, the Church has made great progress. During the past thirty-nine years the number of Catholics in China has increased by more than two and a half millions. When the Boxer Rebellion began there were about one million Catholics in China; to-day we have more than three and a half million!

BISHOPS	{ Native	18
	{ Foreign	76
PRIESTS	{ Native	1,734
	{ Foreign	2,681
BROTHERS	{ Native	635
	{ Foreign	532
SISTERS	{ Native	3,418
	{ Foreign	1,995
CATECHISTS	{ Men	8,048
	{ Women	5,769
SEMINARIANS	{ Major	935
	{ Minor	4,021
	{ Probationers	1,906

LAST month we outlined the progress of the Catholic Faith in China up to the year 1870. We saw that the seeds of Christian Doctrine had been sown many, many centuries ago in China; we saw many promising harvests spoiled by persecutions, lack of missionaries, etc. Finally the eighteenth century gave promise of great things to come as the government of China gave official recognition to the Catholic Church and her apostles of goodwill. Now we briefly conclude, bringing this historical outline up to our own day.

The table below will prove that the increase in the ranks of the clergy and sisterhood has kept pace with that of the laity.

THE NOTE OF CATHOLICITY

The foreign missionaries in China coming as they do from so many continents and countries prove to all the world the Catholicity of the Church of God. The following countries have their Ambassadors of Christianity in the Chinese Republic to-day: America, Austria, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Holland, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Jugoslavia, Poland, Portugal, Spain and Switzerland.

An End in View . . The Native Clergy

Since the very beginning of the Church it has been the policy of the successors of the Prince of the Apostles to have the members of the Church cared for by priests of their own nation. China has been no exception. "The peaceful and spiritual conquest of China for Christ through the Chinese" has been the motto of the Church since the very beginning of the spread of our holy faith in that far-off land. She wants, in China, a Church rooted in the Chinese soil.

TO-DAY

The immense Mission field of China is divided territorially into Vicariates, Prefectures and Independent Missions accordingly as they are governed by bishops called Vicars Apostolic, or by priests without episcopal character but possessing episcopal jurisdiction called Prefects Apostolic. Independent Missions are ruled by priests called Mission Superiors. Some of these districts are in complete charge of Chinese bishops and priests. About eleven vicariates and seven prefectures are completely staffed by Chinese secular clergy.

One of the most glorious titles of our late Holy Father Pius XI will be "Father of the Native Clergy." One of the first official acts of his blessed pontificate was his having the Holy See represented, in an official way, with the government of the Republic of China. Hardly six months had elapsed after his election to the See of Peter when he had an Apostolic Delegate in China. The first delegate to China was Monsignor Costantini who spent eleven years in this capacity with the government of Chiang Kai Chek. His successor is Monsignor Mario Zanin. Two years after the arrival of the First Apostolic Delegate the "First Plenary Council of

If You Really Love the King of Kings, Make a Sacrifice to Make Him Known

China" was convened by him at Shanghai.

It has been said that the whole history of the Church in China has never witnessed any event more important than that which took place in St. Peter's Church in Rome, on October 28th, 1926. The late Pope Pius XI called six Chinese priests from China to the Vatican and personally elevated them to the episcopacy.

CONCLUSION

The editors of the "International Review of Missions," a non-Catholic publication, reviewing the years between 1922 and 1932 conclude: "One lesson for the non-Roman churches stands out clearly from a study of the Roman Catholic Missions, namely, the immense advantage of being one united body under one head," of possessing "unity which embraces and resolves small disunities and enables the Church to frame a world policy and carry it out on a world scale with an undivided front."

The Church in China bears to the Chinese a uniform message, the message of Christ—true God and true Man, a uniform Christian teaching and uniform spiritual life. The tiny mustard seed scattered (no one knows exactly when, but certainly very, very long ago) in China, resown by the Sons of St. Francis of Assisi and the brethren of St. Francis Xavier, irrigated by the tears, sweat and blood of thousands of missionaries

hailing from all parts of the world, has already a firm grip on the Chinese soil.

Much has been done by the Church for the development of education, relieving of the sick and infirm, for the orphans, the abandoned children and the aged.

Much more could be done if our people in Christian lands would take this thing more seriously and include in their budgets Christ's Foreign Mission Field. May God grant that this attempt to outline the development of our Faith in China will inspire many of our

readers to make a New Year's resolution in this regard,

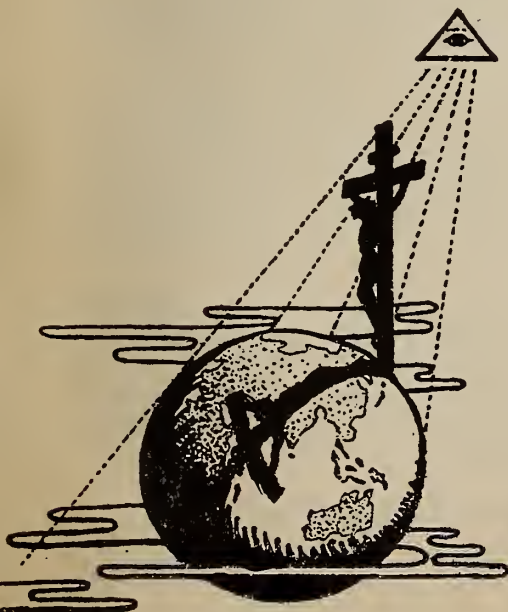
"THAT ALL MAY BE ONE."

A Prayer for Peace

Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, suggests the following prayer for home devotions during war-time: "O God, Who sufferest not the nations that believe in Thee to be shaken by any fear, deign, we beseech Thee to receive the prayers and sacrifices of the people consecrated to Thee, that Peace, the gift of Thy loving kindness, may render all countries safe from every enemy. Through Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

"Father of the Chinese Native Clergy"

The Late Pope Pius XI, "Pope of the Missions" and



JANUARY

CHINA

1940

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REV. JAMES P. LEONARD, *Editor*

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God's Blessings in 1940

“CHINA” WISHES to take this opportunity of expressing sincerest good wishes to our friends and benefactors, one and all.

As we enter each New Year we are reminded that it is in order to renew our good resolutions, and even to make new ones. We resolve, here and now, that during the coming twelve months, “CHINA” will make every effort to present interesting news, stories and pictures of *your own* missionaries laboring in far-off China.

One of the main purposes of this publication is this bringing China closer to Canada. That the many Catholics of English-speaking Canada and of Newfoundland may keep in touch with their representatives; that these representatives, in turn, may give an account of themselves and of their endeavours is the task before us.

We owe much to our readers for their continued interest in this great work and ask God to bless all those who have, for His Name's sake, aided us during the past twelve months of the Old Year.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Priests of the Living God

THE AMBITION of every young man who enters China Mission Seminary is one day to become a priest and then to go forth a herald of God's Gospel of peace on earth to men of good will. Without a doubt the greatest honor man can receive is this gift of eternal priesthood. The Sacrament of Holy Orders impresses an indelible character upon the soul of the anointed. He is marked with the sign of the Son of God and set apart to offer sacrifice in adoration, thanksgiving, petition and reparation for himself in particular and the human race as a whole. The tremendous responsibility of the priesthood is recognized by all who understand the role the priest plays in the lives of those with whom he comes in contact. In the confessional his words of advice are sought by the faithful with the greatest confidence; at the altar he re-enacts the Nativity of the Son of God; at birth

he anoints the body of the new-born babe and in death, by a similar anointing and administration of Holy Viaticum, sends the departing soul forth to meet its God and Maker. When one realizes the significance of these offices one sees the grave responsibility.

On Sunday, December 17th, five deacons from China Mission Seminary knelt in the sanctuary of St. Basil's Church, Toronto, before His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, and renounced the world and its glories to rise up new men; men no longer of the world, though of necessity in the world. They had attained the ambition of their lives; they willingly accepted the grave responsibilities and rejoiced that they had been chosen, as were the Apostles of old, to go forth to a world bent only on the pleasures of flesh and blood and gold to preach to them the truth sublime that this life is not all; that Christ has come to redeem and save that which was lost. The joy of teaching men that God has become Man that men might become gods: Christ crucified that man might be glorified!

C.C.S.M.C. Convention Points the Way

THE RECENT C.C.S.M.C. CONVENTION held at Antigonish under the direction of Rev. Dr. M. A. McLellan is, to say the very least, a most encouraging omen for the endurance of the Mission spirit in Canada. It is particularly interesting to those of us whose activities are centred in Mission work as it assures us the young people of this country have decided to “carry on” even though the hardships of war are upon us.

Not only have we a war on the Western Front to fight and to win but there is also an equally serious conflict raging on the Eastern Front: it is the fight against the powers of darkness . . . against whom there can never be any respite until the day when the sign of the Son of Man will appear in the heavens assuring us that “in this sign we have conquered.”

As our young men leave their homes and dear ones to sail the broad Atlantic other young men are going forth from the ports of the West. Canada's sons going out to make life worth living, on the one hand; on the other, setting sail ready to die that death may be made worthy dying for the countless souls in darkest paganism!

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

Please Tell Me...

Should one say: "Chinaman" or "Chinese"?

Chinese, by all means. We do not call ourselves Canadamen; nor do the people of the U.S.A. call themselves Americamen. Many Chinese resent being called "Chinamen." So in future be careful of your terminology.

In Catholic Mission literature we sometimes read about Chinese Virgins; what is meant by this term?

Chinese Catholic women who take private vows. They give their lives to God and the work of His Church that their fellow-men may come to the knowledge of the One True God. Over ten thousand Chinese Virgins are just that many walking sermons to the women of the East. Example oftentimes speaks louder and longer than sermons.

Is Lu Tseng Tsiang an outstanding Chinese?

Very much so. First of all because he is a Chinese Benedictine priest; secondly, because he was a convert to the Church, and thirdly, because of the fact that he has been premier, foreign minister, Chinese representative at the League of Nations, minister to Belgium, and has received many other honors from the Republic. He is now living in a monastery; a priest... the greatest honor of all!

Are there many Protestant, or non-Catholic Christians in China?

Some say 500,000 is a generous estimate. I have been told there are about one million. Catholics number at least three and one-half million souls!

How is it that the Chinese do nearly everything backwards?

Well now, and what do you mean by "backwards?" Just because they shake hands with

themselves rather than with the person whom they are greeting; or because they wear white instead of black for mourning; or because they start a book from the back and that their compass points to the south, rather than to the north, does not say they do things backwards... in the sense we mean. We mean by "backwards" that they are wrong. After all, is not white a more fitting color for a Christian to wear for mourning? We believe that death is the beginning of real life; would it not be more hygienic to shake our own hands than some other hands? Oh no, mere conventions are very often indifferent things and there is neither backwards nor frontways... one is as good as the other.

Do young girls still have their feet bound?

No, this is no longer the custom in China. In fact, it is against the law to do so. It is something like wearing pigtails now. Both are signs of Old China and are interpreted as opposing the new way of life in China.



The Feast of the Epiphany is the Mission Feast Day of the year because on that day the Gentiles first came to Christ.

What is Ancestral Worship?

It is a form of paganism. The idea being to continue the honor due to parents after they have gone to eternity. This veneration after death takes on a different aspect and therefore differs from mere natural honor. It is, however, very easily corrected by our doctrine of Purgatory and the Communion of Saints. Someone has said that all human beings are naturally Catholic. That is true, and in this case our doctrine of communion with our departed ones is easily accepted by Chinese converted from Paganism.

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If You Really Love the King of Kings, Make a Sacrifice to Make Him Known

The Stepmother and Her Brother

— — A Story From the Chinese

(Continued from last issue)

The children did not dare to complain. They knew that it was very harsh on the part of their step-mother, but as they were obedient, and also as their father told them to do what they were told when he left home, they did not dare to refuse the hard tasks. But as they were not accustomed to do hard work of this kind, of course they could not accomplish the tasks well. So on the first day of the work all of them were punished, and they received no food for the whole afternoon.

On the next morning, they went to work as on the previous day but the result of their work was worse than before. So on that evening, in addition to suffering starvation, they were cruelly beaten by Lee Shi. They were so hungry that night that they could not sleep at all. At last the youngest, Ng Yuen, could not bear it any longer and she cried bitterly for food. Then Yat Yuen went to knock at the door of his step-mother's room and begged her to give some food to his little sister. But she refused the request and poor Yat Yuen was disappointed. He then went into the kitchen and found in the pot some rice left over from the evening meal and he brought it to his sister.

This was found out by the evil-hearted woman early in the morning, and she was very angry.

"Who stole the rice from the pot?" she asked, calling all her children before her. "Tell me who did it, or I shall punish all of you."

"I did it," admitted Yat Yuen, "and I am ready to receive any kind of punishment."

Then he knelt down before her and waited for the punishment. The cruel mother told Lee Yee to bring her a bamboo pole and she was ready to beat Yat Yuen severely. Seeing this, the rest of the children knelt before their mother

The story up to the present.

Cheung Hoi Man, a wealthy Chinese merchant, lost his wife after the birth of little Ng Yuen. Advised to marry again, he chose one, Lee Shi. All went well until her brother decided to kill her husband and take all his money.

The stepmother's brother, Lee Yee, forged a letter and sent it to Cheung, asking him to come to a nearby province for a visit. Cheung accepted and started out.

The plan is to kill him on the way to visit his friend.

In the meantime, the stepmother and her brother are making life very difficult for the five children of Cheung Hoi Man.

too and they all acknowledged that it was their fault for stealing the rice. They begged her to forgive their elder brother. This enraged Lee Shi very much and she said, angrily:

"All right. Since you all admit that you stole the rice, it means that all of you are thieves. I do not want any one to stay in the house who is a thief. Now, all of you get out of the house and do not come back. I do not want to see any of you again."

The children had to wander about the road all day long. And when they wandered to the grave of their real mother, they felt very sad and they wept and cried loudly at the graveside.

There was an old man, Chan Ah Shing, who took charge of the tombs in that graveyard. He lived very near the burial ground and heard the bitter sounds of their crying. So he went there to see what was the matter, and the children told him what they had suffered from their step-mother.

"I have never heard of such an evil-hearted woman before," said the old man. "Come with me and I shall do my best to help you."

He led them to his home and told his wife to cook a meal for them, as they had suffered from starvation for a couple of days.

"All of you may stay here with me from now on," the old man, Chan Ah Shing, said to them. "Although I am poor, I think I shall have money enough to support you till the return of your father. So do not worry any more and set your hearts at ease."

They thanked the old man very much and were willing to help him by working. Every day they went to the mountain with the old man to cut firewood and sell it in the market so as to get money for their support.

Followed by Wu Kaap and Mok Yuet, the two evil men sent by Lee Yee, Cheung Hoi Man went on his journey to Fung Tin province to see his friend Loh Mat Chun. But as Cheung Hoi Man was an experienced traveller, he gave no chance for the two men to carry out their cruel action. He travelled in the daytime by the busy main road and on the coming of evening he stayed in the village inns to pass the night. He never travelled by a deserted road even if it was a short cut. For this reason, although he did not know that there were some men following him, he was quite safe.

After a month he reached the border of Fun Tin province. There was only one more day of his journey to the place of his friend. When the two men saw that he was staying in a certain inn their minds were very troubled. They knew that if they did not carry out their deed then there would be no further chance for them to do it. Therefore they decided to kill Cheung in the inn that night. They both went into that inn too, and, at midnight they went into the room of Cheung secretly by breaking the window. The sound woke Cheung. With the aid of the moonlight, he observed clearly that the two rascals had already got into the room, each armed with a sharp knife, and that they were rushing towards his bed. Then he cried



ILLUSTRATED BY WONG WING KIT

out for help and the two men were much frightened. Each of them gave Cheung a blow with his knife and hurriedly ran out through the window.

The other people in the inn were awakened by the cry. They all got up and rushed out of their rooms to see what happened. The two men, Wu and Mok, were met and caught by them, as they saw there were knives with blood in their hands. Then they went into Cheung's room and found him lying apparently dead on the ground. Blood came from his neck and his shoulder. Immediately a doctor was called to attend him and many of the other persons went to report the affair to the *yamen* (city hall).

Although Cheung was injured badly, there was no danger to his life; he only needed a long period of treatment. As the place was only a small village, there was not an important *yamen* there, therefore the case had to be brought to the provincial town for trial. It happened that the friend of Cheung, Loh Mat Chun, was at that time the governor of the province, and the case came before him. Recognizing the name of the victim as that of his bosom friend, he was greatly concerned

about it. He at once ordered his attendants to bring Cheung to his own house and did his best to secure his recovery. The best doctors were called to attend the patient. Within a month Cheung had fully recovered. Then the case was judged and the two wicked men confessed everything.

Knowing that it was the cunning trick of Lee Yee, Cheung was greatly astonished and he at once hurried back to his home. He was not anxious about his wealth and property but about his children. When he arrived home he at once asked his wife to show him his children. But Lee Shi could not do so as she did not know where the children were. Cheung was all the more angry when he was told by his neighbours that Lee Yee had made himself the master of his house and property. So he told his neighbours to guard the cruel Lee Yee and Lee Shi, and he himself went to report the matter to the magistrate of the place. Finally both the evil-hearted persons were arrested and were condemned to prison for life.

Not long after Cheung Hoi Man returned home, the old man, Chan Ah Shing, heard about it. He then went to call on Cheung and

told him that his five children were in his house. Cheung was overjoyed to hear that, and at once went to the house of the old man and brought them home. He also invited Chan Ah Shing and his wife to live in his home and they were glad to accept his offer. So they lived together happily.

A year later, the wicked Lee Yee died in jail. Lee Shi was also seriously ill in the prison. She repented sorely for the evil that she had done, and when this was told to Cheung Yat Yuen, the eldest son of Cheung Hoi Man, he went to beg his father to forgive her.

"Why do you want me to spare such a woman?" said Cheung, "one who treated you so cruelly. She deserves everything she suffers. I do not want to see her again."

"Oh! please, father," Yat Yuen begged. "Please forgive her. Although she treated us so badly before, I am sure it was not of her own will, but because she was led astray by Lee Yee and compelled to do so. She is deeply repentant now and we should forgive her. To forgive one's enemy is the best of all virtues. So, please forgive her and get her out of prison and cure her sickness at home. I am sure that she will be a good woman if you let her come out of the prison."

He got his brothers and his sister to kneel down before Cheung and beg him to grant the request. Their father was greatly moved and he went to see the magistrate to consult about it. The magistrate at last agreed to it, and Lee Shi was then brought home to be cured.

She was soon cured of her sickness, but she was very much ashamed to see her husband and his children again. She asked her husband to give her some money and send her away as she felt too much ashamed to stay in the house.

The children asked her to stay and be their mother again. They were so earnest that they wept bitterly and knelt before her. So she had to do as they asked and they treated her as well as before. Finally the family became a happy one again.

By P. CHIU in "The Rock"

Teacher Wanted

Missionary Pastor Seeks, Almost in Vain, a Suitable Principal to Guide the Destiny of His Parish School

By FATHER LAWRENCE BEAL

THE LOCAL BUREAU of Education issued a *manifesto* ordering all unregistered schools to line up with the Government or cease operations. Our teaching staff fell hopelessly below *par*, in my estimation; lack of co-operation being the major fault, so that after the Commencement exercises in June all were asked to tender their resignation. This caused a bit of a stir all over town. The parents of the older students appealed to me to carry on a while longer. I simply stated that unless I could find competent teachers to carry on this work, teachers who were really interested in their work and conscientious about their daily tasks, that I would not and could not, in strict justice to them, openly deceive them. If I could not guarantee a proper training and education, according to the standards required, there would be no opening of the school in the Fall.

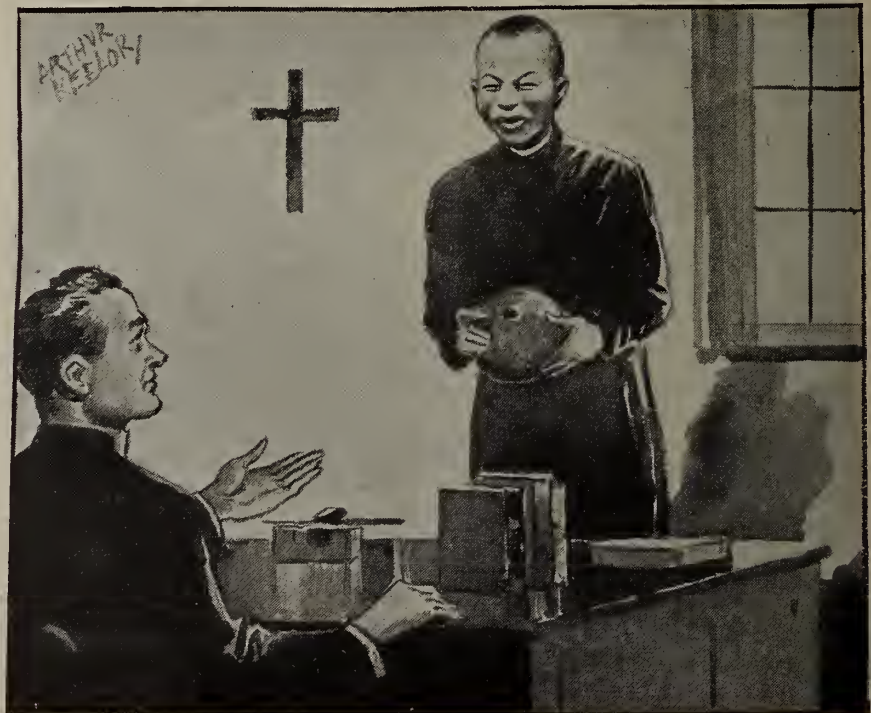
Here the Mandarin (Mayor) intervened and tried to make a reconciliation and incidentally save face for the Sungyang teachers. We discussed the situation for two hours in my office, but the plan for re-opening was still in its embryonic stage. The major issue at stake was competent teachers. The Mandarin told me he would exhort the official in charge of the local Bureau to find a good principal and then the onus of procuring good teachers, teachers who would not only meet the requirements of the Government but would also measure up to my regulations, would no longer rest with me.

Before much could be done about the matter I suffered an attack of illness and was obliged to spend some time at Lishui under medical care. As soon as all danger passed I returned to my mission and devoted all my spare time working out a school programme. The postmaster, a native of Ningpo, who happened to be a Catholic was asked to assume the chairmanship of the Board of Trustees. He proved to be an excellent *liaison*

officer between the Bureau and the Mission. He came over one evening in late July to say that he had received news from the Bureau that a prospective principal, the best in the district, had been found and was to come to Sungyang for an interview.

The plan now was that I would be the last man to meet this candidate. The postmaster would accompany him to my house. Since the postmaster speaks tolerably good English it was arranged that should I decide our friend was not the right man for the job I could say so, in English, to the postmaster and then he would go out of his way to convey this shattering news without causing loss of face. It happened this plan did not have an opportunity to materialize. The would-be principal had not learned the proper procedure in office-seeking, namely, obedience to rules. He paid his respects to Mr. Wang, the gentleman in charge of the Bureau, who in turn directed him to the next man in line, the postmaster. How-

ever, since the hiring rested with me our friend decided to ignore instructions and came directly to me. It happened to be one of my off-days and a busy one too, so I was not in a good mood for visitors with a temperature of 102. After ten minutes in the parlor listening to him extol all his virtues and lament those he lacked I decided that the Mission would get along famously without his assistance. When my catechist returned from a mission and read the card I had purposely left on the table for him to see, he reported immediately to his son, the postmaster. The would-be principal had already left town, awaiting further news from me at the end of the week. The next morning the postmaster came over to see me and to find out what news I had regarding the candidate for office. "Was he acceptable or not?" I waited a few minutes before answering the question, then asked if he would not be offended by a direct answer. He nodded, so I proceeded to give him the
(Continued on page 14)



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Items of Interest

Father Venini Studies That Others May See

Father Joseph Venini, of Oshawa, Ontario, has been in China for the past twelve years. This year he took his overdue vacation, but instead of coming back to Canada decided to stay in Shanghai. He is studying at an eye clinic that he may go back to his mission equipped to give aid to those whose sight is impaired.

We give an interesting account of the venture from letters to friends of Father Venini: "I am going to the eye clinic here to learn a bit about treating eyes. I am enjoying it thoroughly, the more so since everyone is so kind and ready to teach me anything they can. The hospital, which is supported jointly by the Jesuit mission of Kiangsu province and the French municipality (of Shanghai), is in charge of the Sisters of Charity. There are three doctors in the clinic, two of them Chinese, and the other a young Russian doctor. He is teaching me a bit about bacteriology. It is great fun staining the slides and then examining them under the microscope. The clinic is open every morning from eight to nearly noon. The afternoons I spend mostly with my books. Not having any medical training it has been rather confusing and pretty heavy going, but now I am beginning to understand a bit. On Sunday mornings we go over to the Jacquinet Zone, where the Franciscan Sisters have a temporary hospital for the war refugees.

"You will probably have read in the papers that during the fighting here a Jesuit priest, Father Jacquinet, obtained permission from the Japanese and the Chinese authorities to have a section of the Chinese City, next to the French Concession, marked off as a safety zone. Since the war this zone has been maintained. The

Sisters have their hospital set up in a couple of abandoned houses, and they are doing remarkable work. The two Chinese doctors from the eye clinic give their Sunday mornings to this work. They examine the eyes of the patients and prescribe the treatment which is given by the Sisters during the week. Quite a number of operations are performed. There were four this morning. So you can see that I do not find the time long. I have been here two months already and the rest of the year will slip by just as quickly; then it will be time to get back to the mission and try to do a bit of good. If peace should ever settle down upon us it is my ambition to organize a work similar to that working so well under a Polish doctor-missionary, up north. He has his central hospital with competent doctors and nurses and, scattered through his mission, dispensaries in charge of persons who have served two years in the eye clinic. These attendants are able to treat a great many of the cases themselves. For the more serious cases provision is made to take them to the central hospital or have the doctors come to the dispensaries occasionally.

"So far the European war has not caused any great changes here. The cost of living is terribly high with the exchange as crazy as it is. It does not affect the Chinese an awful lot. How would you like to pay \$145 (Chinese) for a pair of shoes? Goodbye."

Father Charles Murphy Has Something to Say

IN SEARCH OF SOULS:

"Last Sunday I visited an old pagan lady. I thought I might win her soul to Christ. I called at her home but found that 'The Old Boy' had a stronger hold on her than I realized. I prayed and told her the devil was in her heart. I

told her that God wanted her to know Him and love Him; that He had sent me to her. All I could get from her was 'Not yet, not yet.' Naturally I felt saddened—but I realized that it is God Who gives the grace, and so I left everything in His hands. Well, all week she did not send for me and to-day I visited Yohu again. I found she had moved. Those former prayers were not lost, for we have now received a sick man who asks for baptism as he is about to pass into Eternity. I feel that this is God's answer to last week's prayers. I feel much happier now, and who knows but the old lady will yet send for a priest.

"One morning after my class in Chinese I walked over to the dispensary. There on the floor was a poor little girl-baby, about one year old. The man who had left her there told the Sisters he could no longer provide for the child. He left the baby on the floor and ran away . . . What were the Sisters to do? If they kept the infant, next morning would see a hundred little unwanted ones on the doorstep. The baby remained with the Sisters till late in the afternoon when the mother came. It turned out that the baby had been rented to foster parents and it was the foster father who had brought and left her at the dispensary. The real mother softened and took her child back . . . that fixed up everything."

A Description of the Recent Bombings of Lishui

"The bombers came over three days in succession—August 24-26 inclusively. The raids lasted in each case about two hours! Taking our steeple as a land mark these enemy bombers would circle above the Compound several times, then head for and dive over their point of attack. The Fathers and Sisters

(Continued on page 14)

If You Really Love the King of Kings, Make a Sacrifice to Make Him Known

Teacher Wanted

(Continued from page 12)

benefit of my impressions received during the short interview: "There are two counts against the man right now. The first is disobedience in not following out our prearranged plan. Secondly, he is too proud. An equally grave offence." I told the postmaster I was sorry for him as he now had the unpleasant duty, as chairman, of reporting the decision to Mr. Wang who had introduced the candidate.

Now the Government was on the spot. Wires started to hum. A long-distance call went through to a sub-bureau to relay the information to our friend that he need not bother waiting any longer for this job. He was told he had caused considerable loss of face between the Government and the Catholic Mission.

Things were at a standstill for a few days until he contacted a schoolmate with long years of successful teaching experience. Face must be restored at any cost. This experienced schoolmate was lined up to take the job and save face for the Government. Time was wearing on . . . opening date only ten days off when the news came over the phone that our man had been stricken with typhoid and begged to be excused. It would be two months before he could report for duty. The Bureau was stymied again and opening day just around the corner. Did I have any plan to get round this embarrassment?

Just at this time the High School (Public) at Lishui was completely destroyed during an air-raid. There was a chance now to procure a teacher from Lishui. I got in touch with our headquarters there. But, Sungyang was too close to Lishui for comfort.

We have a foreign lady living in Sungyang who came along and asked to help us out of our difficulty. She sent in her application and noted the various places of graduation, presenting genuine credentials. Unlike the candidate previously interviewed she tried to cover her talents and ability, expressing her willingness to follow any directions I might give. This ends the story and everybody is happy!

Items of Interest

(Continued from page 13)

were, naturally, very much afraid, but they stuck to their posts. At such times the people flee to the country.

"Half the city was burned by the incendiary bombs. Over one hundred people were killed the first day, and scores injured simply because they had no warning of the approach of the planes. One woman who is now a patient at our hospital told us how her little daughter had been killed before her very eyes. When they heard the planes above them the mother huddled the children close to her crowding under a table. The little girl, when her mother told her to come close and lie on the ground, told her mother the ground was dirty and crawled back to clean it when . . . a piece of flying shrapnel hit her and killed her instantly. The mother had tried to push the child aside as she saw the shrapnel coming; she was not quick enough and lost all the fingers of one hand! Three days of this insane slaughter had left the city a mess. All the stores on the main street were razed to the ground. Any foreign supplies that could be bought here are no longer available. We had no bread until last week.

"These poor people do not get much rest these trying days. They just get over one scare when along come some more bombers. Still, it is wonderful to see how the Chinese begin rebuilding just as soon as the wreckage has been cleared away. Great people these Chinese!"

NEXT MONTH: "Lishui Goes Modern." Story of the rebuilding of Lishui by Father Gerard McKernan.

In Your Charity

Kindly remember in your prayers the soul of Mrs. Sharkey (mother of Father F.X. Sharkey, Vancouver), who died recently.

R.I.P.

Cheerful and happy they smile farewell as they leave to take their places in the ranks of "Christ's Foreign Legion."



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

My dear Buds:

I want to thank you for the many letters I received during the month of December. I could not put them all in "CHINA" but at least I have mentioned the names of all who wrote to me. Do not feel hurt if I have chosen some other letter and not yours. There is no favoritism with Father Jim. I know you all realize that.

Now we begin a New Year and I want you to make at least one new resolution. That resolution is to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament more often. He is there waiting for you and ready to hear your prayers; He wants you to tell Him day after day that you love Him more than anything in the world. If you do this faithfully you will grow up to be real Catholic men and women.

I have one complaint to make and it is about photographs. I am not getting enough pictures to put in "CHINA" . . . how about it? Well, I think that is all for this month except to remind you all to pray for the conversion of infidels and to receive Holy Communion each month for an increase of missionary vocations.

God bless you, one and all!

Father Jim.



OH, OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

Penetang Children Rally to Aid Foreign Missions

According to reports given us by Father McGoey, the boys and girls of Penetang gave him a wonderful send-off at a bazaar, held with the kind permission of Father Castex, the pastor, in the Parish Hall. There was a wonderful turn-out, as one could realize easily from the noise in the Hall. The boys and girls certainly let him know, from what we hear, that there was not a single one missing. The booths were many and well decorated, and there was never a dull moment. The whole bazaar was operated and managed by a number of the senior pupils, and if the results show any-

thing, they show that there was great organization and lots of hard work. Father McGoey mentioned by name many of those who worked so hard, but the list is too long to print. After a send-off like that there is one thing certain and that is that it will be a long time before Father forgets it, or those who worked so hard at it. The Sisters and the pupils who did the work and the spending will not regret it because they will get a hundredfold back, according to what Christ told us. May God bless them all, and help others to follow their wonderful example of Mission Spirit.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

If You Really Love the King of Kings, Make a Sacrifice to Make Him Known

Father Jim's Mailbag

St. Francis Xavier School,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Little Flower
Rose Garden. Please send me a certificate.

Rita Bouchard.

*Welcome, Rita. How about your pic-
ture sometime.*

* * *

35 Jessie St.,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

How are you? I would like to join the
Rose Garden.

Mary Beatrice Ford.

I'm fine, Mary, glad to have you.

* * *

St. Francis Xavier School,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

It is too bad Father Stringer is going
away. . . . I would like to join the Rose
Garden.

Beatrice Cameron.

*I am sure you are all sorry to see your
good friend, Fr. Stringer, go away, but
then he is a missionary and he must go
to save souls.*

* * *

120 George Street,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We say the prayer for the missions
every morning. . . . Father Stringer is
my best friend.

Barbara Zaveda.

*I am sure you will not forget to pray
for Fr. Stringer and the other three priests
who are now sailing across the Pacific.*

* * *

Other letters from St. Francis Xavier
School, Brockville, come from my good
friends: Jane Cavanagh, Therese Brady,
Helen Sheridan, Yvonne Marcil, Mary
Johnson, Irene McDougall, Barbara Fal-
herry, Inez Kelly and Patsy McMaster.

* * *

St. Joseph's College School,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Here is a list of names of girls of Grades
Five and Six who wish to become mem-
bers of the Little Flower's Rose Garden
Club. We are enclosing five dollars for



Stella Doyle

a Chinese baby girl to be named Mary
Therese.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Ann Rosar.

*A thousand thanks to Grades V and VI
at St. Joseph's. May God bless you and
your good teacher.*

* * *

Other letters from St. Joseph's from the
following: Joan Barton, Mary Lasher,
Patricia McGarity, Phyllis Fagan, Therese
Tighe, Margaret Cira, Victoria Hebbel,
Rita Perreault, Jacqueline Heffron,
Catherine Stinson, Ann Foy, June Mary
Adams, Carol James and Marie O'Connor.

* * *

Westport, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a girl of fourteen and am in Grade
VIII. I would like to become a member
of your club. I will try to keep your
rules . . . and I will try to answer all
letters. I have four miles to go to school
and walk every day. I have six sisters
and three brothers who go to school. Pray
for me.

Ann Smith.

*Welcome to our club, Ann. God bless
you and all your brothers and sisters.*

* * *

Doyle's Station,
Codroy Valley, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a girl of 13 years of age. I go
to school and am in Grade Eight. I am

sending you a snap of myself, to put in
"CHINA" if you want to. I am interested
in pen friends and would like some boy
or girl to write. I would be sure to
answer their letters. I love to read the
"Rose Garden" page in "CHINA." This
is all for now. I wish you the best of
success in your work. God bless you.

I am, yours respectfully,

Stella Doyle.

*Many thanks, Stella. Very glad to have
your picture and hope you like it in print.
Try to get as many members for the
"Garden" as you can in Doyle's Station.*

* * *

St. Thomas' School,
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am nine years old and in Grade III.
I come from Czechoslovakia, some boys
come from Ukraine, Hungary, Jugo, Fin-
land. We had a doughnut sale. I brought
one egg, the big boys brought sugar, flour,
lard and the Sisters helped them cook
doughnuts. We made lots of money, we
send you and the other Missions all our
money. I hope you will teach the Chinese
children so they will know how to love
God like we do in Sudbury. My teacher
knows you and Father Moore, too, we
pray for his brother who got killed.

Your new friend,

Steve Ranich.

*Glad to meet you, Steve. My, but you
have a regular League of Nations in your
school. Isn't it too bad all the people in
the world can't get along like you do to-
gether. We will do our very best to make
the Chinese as good as the people in Sud-
bury. Thanks a thousand times for the
sum of \$5.*

* * *

Copper Cliff, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We are three girls of Entrance Class age
who have been reading over your letters
in the "CHINA" magazine. We are in-
terested in joining your club and will
gladly keep the conditions. We would
like very much to correspond with any
Bud who is interested.

Your new Buds,

Blanche Sauve,
Margaret Farrell,
Jean Gray.

*Very happy to hear from Copper Cliff.
You are "as welcome as welcome can be."
Pictures, please.*

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

40 Brenton St.,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would appreciate it a lot if you would accept me as one of your "Buds." I am twelve years old.

Sincerely yours,

Mildred Bishop.

Certainly, Mildred, and when Jean grows up bring her along, too.

* * *

Penetang, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We thank you for having printed our letters in "CHINA." . . . It surprised all Penetang. I spent the whole week-end collecting and sorting old stamps.

Your friend,

George Bellisle.

You're welcome, George. Nice work for the Missions.

* * *

Penetang, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Two other boys would like to get the December "CHINA." They want to keep them as souvenir copies. I think you will be getting stamps from us soon.

Your little friend,

Ubrie Cascagnette.

I suppose you were one of the friends who put on the bazaar for the Missions. Good work, Penetang. We are proud of you all.

* * *

Penetang, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Father, will you please send me the December "CHINA" because Father McGoeys is going away and I would like to have his picture for my Catechism Book?

Your loving friend,

Laurence Nesbitt.

I will send you a copy of "CHINA" and there are copies going to George Bellisle and Ubrie Cascagnette also.

A Happy Christmas To You ALL!



Mary Johnson, Brockville, Ont.

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School, Sault Ste.
Marie, Ont.





A mother left three apples on the table, and returning later found that but one remained.

"Bobby," she demanded sternly of her young son, "have you eaten those apples?"

"I didn't touch one," he answered.

"But there were three, and now there is only one."

"Well, that was the one I didn't touch."

First Tramp: "What would you do if you won a pile of money?"

Second Tramp: "I'd have the park seats upholstered."

"This collar stud is my own invention," said the cheap Jack, "and the name I have given it is 'Fault'."

"Because everybody has faults?" said the red-nosed man in the crowd.

"No, my dear sir: simply because it's so easy to find."

Madge: "Why do you prefer jazz?"

Marjorie: "Because it's about the only kind of music one can hear above the conversation."

"See here, Tommy," said the teacher, "you mustn't say 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going; he is not going; they are not going; we are not going.'"

"Gee," said Tommy, "ain't nobody going?"

Student: "I haven't pencil or paper for this examination."

Prof.: "What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without a rifle or ammunition?"

Student: "I'd think he was an officer."

Min: "Bill, I wish you'd see the parson and arrange to have the baby christened."

Bill (a shipyard worker): "You don't mean to say you're going to let somebody hit the little darling over the head with a bottle!"

"I hear that the ten-year fight between Kelly and Murphy is ended. Did they bury the hatchet?"

"No. They buried Murphy."

"My dear, he looked so stupid when he proposed to me."

"Well, darling, look at the stupid thing he was doing."

Clerk: "Well, Johnnie, what do you want—chocolate?"

Johnnie: "Yes; but I have to get soap."

"I'm a very busy man, sir. What is your proposition?"

"I want to make you rich."

"Well, leave your plan with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing up a little transaction by which I expect to make \$5 in real money."

Freddie: "Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?"

Grandma: "Yes, indeed, Freddie."

Freddie: "You haven't got a pie in the house that I could practise on, have you, Grandma?"

Father was standing at the edge of a cliff admiring the sea below, the sandwiches clutched in his hand. His son approached him and tugged at his coat.

"Mother says it isn't safe here, and you're either to come away or else give me the sandwiches!"

The taxi driver was unfortunate enough to run his car into a house where a woman stood ironing. Not knowing just what to say, he blurted out:

"Can you tell me the way to Pittsburgh?"

"Yes, straight past the closet and then to the left past the piano," replied the woman.

Tom: "What do you call a man who drives a car?"

Mr. Jones: "It all depends on how close he comes to hitting me."

Vicar: "I am very sorry indeed to hear of your sad bereavement, Mrs. Jones. I should have thought that to have drowned himself would have been the last thing your husband would have done."

Mrs. Jones: "It were."

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

CHRISTIAN

Carboro Bluffs, Ont.

February, 1940



Red-Letter Day

EARLY THIS MONTH our Chinese Mission at Vancouver will celebrate a real *red-letter day* in the opening of the new school. This is a great achievement for all concerned but especially for Father Sharkey, through whose efforts this branch of our work was begun, and as a result of his zeal has progressed and borne such fruit.

Friends of China Mission Seminary all over the country and from down Newfoundland way can well feel proud on this occasion because it is an initial effort in our endeavour to bring the message of Salvation to the thousands of Chinese living on our own continent. Not only is it our obligation to sail the seas ten thousand miles to the heathen but there is a real obligation to evangelize those who have left those very shores to find and make a home on ours. It would indeed be a strange thing if one of the local Chinese were to return to "the Old Country" and get into a conversation with one of the "home-town boys" on religion. The "home-town lad" might be justly surprised if he learned that this brother of his had returned from, say, Toronto, and did not know a thing about the Catholic Church, when the same "home-town boy" had just recently been converted, in China, by a priest from Scarboro Bluffs . . . just four miles from the city limits of Canada's Queen City. These things happen!

Our efforts among the Chinese in Canada have but begun. Much credit and very sincere congratulations are due Father Sharkey and his assistants in this latest achievement.

Brothers Bound For China

MOST FOREIGN MISSION Societies boast of the number of brothers they have in their ranks. We know of one Society having two or three sets of brothers now ordained and working either in the Orient or working for the Orient

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somewhere in the West. St. Francis Xavier Mission Institute has this year, for the first time, two brothers in the priesthood. They are Fathers Leo and Patrick Burke from Brigus, Newfoundland.

That God may grant both of them many years to labor in Fields-Afar is the wish of all connected with our work.

Health, Happiness and Long Years to Labor!

In centre: Archbishop Zannin, Apostolic Delegate to China. Back row: second and third from left respectively, Father Carey and Father Lyons.



Jottings

+

+

By Rev. Gerald Doyle

FROM FATHER LEONARD, the new Editor of "CHINA," came the request for a few Jottings. Well, Father, if you want them you can have them. You know that I am no longer stationed in Lishui, but I shall from time to time give you the news of the mission which reaches me and fill in with stories of China or the Chinese. Because of the present unsettled situation certain stories and incidents will have to remain untold.

IN THE SAME MAIL came a letter from Msgr. McRae announcing the departure for China of Fathers Turner, Gordon Stringer, McGoey and White. They are due here in Shanghai on January 2nd. I sent them a letter which should catch them in Honolulu, giving them a few suggestions about filling out landing and Customs forms. I remember when Sisters St. Kenneth and Mary Vianney arrived in Shanghai over a year ago. There was some delay in the Customs shed, so they went on to the Convent, leaving their trunk keys with me.

The examining officer insisted upon opening every trunk. All went well until the last trunk was opened and the top tray displayed a neat array of brown papered parcels. They did look suspicious and I wondered if they would have to be opened.

The officer looked at the parcels and then looked at me.

"Er-r-a, what is in these parcels?"

"Oh, just candy for the Sisters down in Lishui," I replied.

He looked at me once more while I did my best to look unconcerned.

Hesitatingly he closed the trunk and made his little chalk mark on the lid.

Later in the day, on hearing of the incident, Sr. St. Kenneth promised to say an Act of Contrition for me. But she did not mention what was in those parcels. Perhaps it really was candy!

WHEN THE NEW ARRIVALS reach Shanghai Fr. Beal and I will do our best to give them a real welcome to the country of their future labor. Fr. Beal will be their guide on the trip to Lishui, which will probably be by way of Ningpo.

Fr. Beal, who was in Shanghai on business, was on the verge of returning to his Sungyang mission when a telegram arrived from Fr. Curtin in Lishui. I quote the telegram with the exact spelling: "BEAR AWAIT BAND." Father Beal pretended to be annoyed at having his name changed to "bear" but decided that the telegraph company was at fault. One letter in a word can make a big difference.

FATHERS CAREY AND LYONS, who are hard at work studying the language at the Jesuit Language School in Peking, wear small masks, covering the mouth and nose, and goggles for the eyes as they daily bicycle through the dusty streets *en route* to their school, which is under the patronage of Canadian Jesuit Martyr St. Noel Chabanol. It is a rather suitable choice of a patron for a language school, as St. Noel had great difficulty learning the Indian

dialects in Canada and will be very "understanding" and anxious to assist young missionaries learning a new language.

FATHER CURTIN, OUR VICAR DELEGATE, has returned to Lishui after visiting Huang T'An, Tsing-tien, Dolu, Pihu, Sungyang and Lungchuan. At Lungchuan the Grey Sisters are now at home in their new Convent of the Holy Cross. They are kept very busy in the dispensary and visiting the sick in their homes. Fr. Venadam, the pastor at Lungchuan, is to be congratulated on building such a fine convent. Holy Cross is the name of his parish church in Pomet, Nova Scotia.

FATHERS HUDSWELL, STEELE AND MACNEIL have now returned to Lishui, making the trip from Shanghai by way of Ningpo after an unsuccessful attempt to go by way of Wenchow. With nearly one hundred and fifty pieces of baggage, including much needed supplies for Lishui and other missions, they had left Shanghai for Wenchow. They arrived within a three-hour run of the port when they were stopped by authorities and forced to return to Shanghai. The port of Wenchow remains closed to shipping. I thought they would be disheartened, but no, they immediately planned to return to Lishui by way of Ningpo and left by the next available boat, although they could take with them only a limited amount of supplies. The rest of the supplies, including twenty bags of flour, is now parked in the hall of the Procure des Lazaristes awaiting the departure for Lishui of Father Beal and the new arrivals.

Every New Subscription Means a New Friend for the Missions

A Campaigner JOTS IT DOWN

RIGHT REV WILLIAM C McGRATH

ARTHUR
KEELOR



“WELL, GOODBYE . . . goodbye.” The voices were growing fainter as the small tender backed away from the pontoon wharf on Shanghai’s waterfront. “And don’t forget what we told you.” What they told us was that after a year in the homeland we should be anxious to return to China for a rest. They still stuck to their story.

Through the darkness that had descended on the muddy Whangpoo the bulk of the great Pacific liner loomed increasingly large and her lights twinkled a friendly invitation as if they were telling us “this way for home sweet home.” We were bidding goodbye, for a while, to China and bombs and air raids and the haunting memory of horrors unspeakable. Amid the usual bustle and excitement one could already sense a general easing of tension. Nobody seemed sorry to be bidding Shanghai goodbye and, for ourselves, it *would* be a change to exchange the cramped accommodation of a Lishui sampan for the unaccustomed luxury of a floating hotel. It would be a thrill to drink water that wasn’t boiled, to pour it right out of a pitcher, ice cubes and all, without fear of typhoid and another stretch in the much-too-frequented hospital. And to go to bed with that snug, relaxing feeling of security, to lie between white sheets, listen to the gentle

throb of an engine and say to yourself that neither bandits nor bombs would be by your bedside in the morning. Up the steep ladder we climbed aboard and in less than no time the ocean greyhound was feeling her way gingerly among the numerous warcraft that dotted the Whangpoo.

* * *

THAT WAS MONTHS AGO. By now we have grown accustomed to the luxury of life in the homeland. We are all caught up in our fresh salads and vitamins and water that isn’t boiled and even the morning paper with our coffee (read the same day it is printed) has lost its initial thrill. We have done a great deal of lecturing on the missions and already — as we have been forewarned—we are feeling lonely for China. It is the experience of every returned missionary. The Call of the East or whatever it is. He wants to go back to China and it isn’t only for a rest. I defy you to spend even five or six years on the mission fields and ever again be satisfied to remain at home.

* * *

YES, WE ARE home for “campaign” work, the “job” that everybody seems to dread. Perforce, we are going around at times with our hand out, and only the realization of the dire need of funds and the tremendous good we could accom-

plish with a few thousand dollars could spur us on to keep going at so distasteful an assignment.

* * *

FOR IN CHINA we have seen for ourselves sights of poverty and misery and despair and we know how inadequate are our own slender resources to cope with a situation engendered by this cruel war. True, the combined efforts of all missionaries cannot *prevent* the suffering that is the aftermath of man’s inhumanity to man. The world over, to-day, misery and despair are the portion of many. But we *must* endeavour to alleviate as much as possible of the distress that comes our way. Otherwise, we are hauling down the flag. We are surrendering, with thorough defeatism, to the pagan forces that are riding crest-high throughout a frenzied world in an age of so-called civilization. Should charity cease in its tireless efforts to assuage the sorrows of stricken humanity, should the white-robed Sister cease to move silently about the hospital ward or the refugee camp or the little dispensary where bodies lie bruised and broken then, indeed, would the powers of evil have conquered and the gates of Hell prevailed.

* * *

SO, EVEN in our own Lishui, we do our best to bring comfort and

“China” is Canada’s Own Endeavour in Foreign Mission Journalism

cheer and hope to the stricken ones who crowd the little dispensary. They realize, even while bombs are falling, that there is *some place* where they will meet a cheery smile and a word of consolation and a willingness to render every possible assistance to body and soul. How often we wish that more of the folks in the homeland had the opportunity of seeing the things we ourselves have seen. If such were the case, perhaps "campaign" work would not be so difficult. Perhaps more would be found willing to help share with those in darkness and the shadow of death the blessings of Christianity which we have received through God's mercy and the zeal of missionaries of bygone days.

* * *

AND SO, we carry on the "campaign," always with the hope that it may result in our being able to build more dispensaries, more convents throughout our district, that far and wide the love of God may be diffused through hearts that have first been won by the gentle ministrations of charity. That, in fact, is our ambition. For the time being it overshadows every other mission endeavour. Thousands have already been won to the faith because there is a dispensary in Lishui. Sisters have been called into pagan homes because of their medical skill and countless little white souls rejoice in Heaven to-day who otherwise may never have seen salvation. Pagans have died with the Name of God on their lips and the love of God in their hearts, but many others will still die pagan because, as yet, we have not been able to bring them face to face with the charity of Christ, that surpasseth understanding.

* * *

THE WORLD, of course, is mad. The conflict of ideologies seems rapidly to be taking shape as the one great, perhaps final, struggle between Christianity and a paganism "at home" that is worse than any paganism in China. To achieve perhaps nothing better than ulti-

mate chaos from which the world will never recover in *our* lifetime, gigantic sums of money are fed daily and hourly to glut the insatiable maw of the great god of war. A year of work in the homeland may—or may not—secure for us the amount needed to establish little convents and dispensaries throughout pagan Lishui. One minute of the present struggle sees millions spent and every succeeding minute will see the same. The last war cost the world \$20,000 for every minute since the birth of Christ. Who will estimate the staggering cost of the struggle now on? Even one thousandth part of the value of, say, the German battleship, Graf Spee, scuttled off Montevideo, would pay twice over for the plan we have in mind. One thousandth part, which would be \$19,000. But nobody is going to present us with the thousandth part of the value of the Graf Spee or of any of the great merchant ships, whose broken hulls lie fathoms deep, in mute protest against their mad destroyers. More than likely we shall continue to go on in China as we have been going on now for many a year, solvent for nine months and bankrupt for three. That is, unless some of our campaigners should "strike oil" in the homeland or meet some interested person who could solve our present little problem by a single stroke of the pen.

* * *

THIS MAY SOUND a bit defeatist, as if we were ready to fold up with discouragement over the fact that nobody is forthcoming to solve our immediate mission problems. By no means. A thousand times by no means. We are just in reflective mood this evening, for a change. Deep thought that leads to a tendency to give oneself up doesn't pay either here or in China. Over there we have found that the type of man who is given to sitting with furrowed brow beside his tin stove wondering what happened to the 35,000 who died since yesterday is not likely to last very long in China, or to be of much use while he is there to the four hundred and seventy-five million who are still

alive. And the home campaigner who spends much of his time bemoaning the fact that nobody writes him a cheque for ten thousand dollars will pass up many happy little opportunities of meeting real friends whom he may help and who may help him, to the best of their limited ability. Heaven forbid that we should expect one-way traffic, that we should degenerate into 100 per cent mercenaries, that we, who should be all things to all men, should keep on extending our palm till we end up by meaning nothin' to nobody.

* * *

FOR WE ARE not the only people in the world with problems. We weren't very far on our voyage across the Pacific till we found that out and began to figure that China wasn't so bad a place after all. For most of the personal problems that came our way were very much heavier than our own. And it was worth while being able to help even a little and merely *en passant*, even if dispensaries were never built in Pi Wu or Tsingtien or Sungyang. We shudder at the thought of "making contacts" simply and solely with a view to getting something out of people. Such a procedure and such a mentality must just about shrivel up the best that is in you. If we *have* solved our own major personal problems we should be the better able to help others in solving theirs. As a breviary quotation has it, "*Qui sibi nequam est, cui alio bonus erit?*" Freely translated it means "He who is a pain in the neck to himself can hardly be of much use to anybody else." We sometimes suspect that missionaries are a pain in the neck to somebody else, say, to the beleaguered pastor in the debt-ridden parish who is wondering where next Sunday's coal collection is coming from.

* * *

AND THAT'S THAT. One of these days a liner will again be steaming up the muddy Whangpoo, still threading its way among battle-

(Continued on page 14)

During Lent Pray for All Missions and All Missionaries

The Place of the Missions in the Social Life of Catholics

By REV. DESMOND STRINGER

IF YOU DO not believe in missions to the heathen I would have you consider my thoughts. Unless you are a missionary you are quite definitely *not* a Catholic. You can show me your baptismal certificate? Very probably. So could Judas—its equivalent, anyway. He didn't give a hang about missions either. If you are not a missionary you *are* against Christ; you *are* a stumbling block to the work of Christ and an anarchist in the Society of Christ and a parasite in the Mystical Body of Christ. And one unholy surprise is coming to you when you hear Him say: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to me." Read over those verses in St. Matthew in his twenty-fifth chapter.

Now that is a rather strongly worded paragraph, but nothing could be farther away than an intention to antagonize you; rather is it meant to cause a reaction to whip up your interest. Thus we can proceed to discuss what I mean by the words MISSIONARY and MISSIONS.

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

A missionary in the wide sense—none the less real—is a member of the Catholic Church, living a Christian life and endeavouring to bring its message of hope and salvation to others. Even the action of bringing is accomplished only by prayer and holy life, nevertheless it is quite real. At once you will see that one who does not wish to do *this* sort of missionary work is one who does not wish to live a Catholic life.

An article begging Catholics to halt in their mad rush for luxuries and excessive pleasures. A missionary pleads with them to draw up their scheme of things in life giving mission activities their proper place in that scheme.

But is it sufficient just to pray? No, not at all, as is apparent from those verses alluded to above. In them we see that our having done or left undone Corporal Works of Mercy will decide our place for eternity. Not in building magnificent churches; not on costly vestments; not on endowments to seats of learning; not on shrines to various Saints—on none of these things, excellent and productive of good though they be when they are in their right proportions, does our eternity depend, but on simple things like food, clothing, lodging and a sympathetic word given to "one of these least." Doesn't it jar your sense of complacency to know that there are one thousand million who are starving for the spiritual food you often neglect; for the spiritual garments of grace, for the safe home of God's Church—and all things which are commonplaces to the average Catholic. Not only does this stupifying number of people lack these spiritual necessities, in the main they lack their material counterparts.

CHRIST'S LAST WILL

Now what are you going to do about it? First of all you must take yourself in hand and create an *intelligent, vivifying interest* in this obligation which has come to you with your heritage. It is a point in law that if you accept what is bequeathed to you of assets in a last will or testament you are also bound to shoulder its liabilities. You know the terms of Christ's last will—you know of the unspeakable gifts it has lavished upon you. Have you shirked carrying out the duties simultaneously imposed—carrying them out to the full? It is simply a lack of interest that causes so many to fall down on the job of supporting missionary activities.

TOO MANY DEMANDS TO MEET?

Now let us dispose of the hoary objections put forward by many when asked to contribute to our support. It is that they have too many demands to meet. I won't attempt to dispute this but you will, I hope, pardon a few pertinent observations. The government will land you smack in a cold cell if you don't pay your taxes. It will likewise give you time to think if you've neglected to provide decent sustenance for your parents, or your wife and children. Maybe your pastor will make you feel hot about the coldness of the church if you are remiss in the fuel collection. Maybe you'll break a blood-vessel trying to get a last-minute gift for someone who has sent one unexpectedly to you, while you pant, "Why, my dear, I hadn't the vaguest notion *she'd* send me any-

thing." But I've never heard of a policeman sternly ordering you into the nearest sweet-shop for a chocolate soda! Nor, again, of the plainclothesman threatening immediate exposure if you didn't hop to it and get that package of cigarettes and the Sunday "Funnies!" Or of a floor-walker glowering at you when you bought silk hosiery. Nor, lastly, have I heard of the riot squad called out to crowd the theatres with unwilling patrons! Yes, indeed, there are many demands on one's purse. Am I asking you to forego the pleasures of these things? No, not entirely. But why not get more proportion into your scheme of things. Why not put first things first?

If you were to sit down now and draw up your scale of values of life where would you place the importance of mission activity? After cosmetics, or sports? Have you ever made up such a scheme of things? If not, you cannot avoid

dissipating your energies and your means. Will you believe me when I tell you that as yet mission activities do not receive an eighth of the financial support they could and should have? I am quite aware that there are other mission fields besides China which Catholics of Canada are asked to support. This again points to the necessity of intelligent budgeting of your resources. We certainly won't be the poorer because of a dollar you send to Africa or to India. But it is equally honest to say our institution for China was founded to be the instrument by which Catholic Canadians could discharge their duties as missionaries not only by giving financial assistance but by the far nobler way of giving their own flesh and blood—their loved sons and daughters. In that sense we have a prior claim to your assistance, until, at least, the time comes when we will share this last

mentioned claim of honor with others. I do not hesitate to tell you, dear fellow Catholics, that out here in China we are having an increasingly difficult time of it simply due to lack of funds. As any missionary will tell you it isn't the personal hardships of strange customs, absence of friends at home, unpalatable foods — it is none of these hardships that weary the heart though they may wreck the body — it is the inability to seize the opportunities that pass by because means are lacking to profit by them.

In a later letter I hope to develop the idea only touched on here—namely, the rightful place, and the reasons for that place, of missions in the social life of Catholics, and why I think that a wide-awake interest in mission activities will bring about a far higher state of holiness among our Catholic people than exists at present.



CHILDREN IN ATTENDANCE AT TSINGYUEN MISSION SCHOOL
FATHER VENADAM, *Pastor*.



Whither Goest Thou?

EDITORIAL

IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION the world turned away from religion and God to seek a happiness in a licence it called LIBERTY. One historian once wrote, "France at least will travel many roads looking for this peace until forced to return to the God it spurned."

To-day, we think, that return is foreshadowed. Not France alone but the world at large and, above all, the world of thought. For hundreds of years it has been quite the thing to spurn religion and considered the smart thing to smile understandingly at those poor "saps" who took the teachings of their spiritual leaders too seriously. After all, there was so much superstition in it all. Man did most certainly descend from the monkey. . . . Darwinism said so and it must be true. Marriage, these supermen told us, would soon be looked upon in a very different light; yes, even by the Catholic Church! After all there is nothing wrong with divorce and, sure, birth control is the answer for our economically depressed world. Oh yes, our sophisticated friends would remark: "It is good to have been blessed with the superior intelligence; to have been able to see the change coming and enjoy all the pleasures of the new system so far ahead of the narrow-minded and prejudiced . . . if not altogether ignorant, leaders of the mob, priests and the like."

NOW WHAT? The press of the world (you recall how just about a year ago it was definitely pro-communist in the Spanish war) now hails with banner headlines the illuminating words of the Vicar of Christ; the radio, which gave its time as a channel of misinformation to the news agencies enabling them to send their lying messages of propaganda far beyond the limits reached by the printed word, stopped all contracted programmes the instant the death of Pope Pius XI was announced. All through the night, announcers stood by microphones and engineers manned the controls of the principal radio and broadcasting companies of the world to broadcast the coronation of the new successor of the Prince of the Apostles. The movie industry, so vile in its portrayal of sex, forced to reform by the Legion of Decency, is now preparing a production depicting the march of the Church through the centuries. Governments are calling to arms their manhood, they tell us, to defend Christianity. Kings and Prime Ministers listen to a voice from the

Vatican and the words of the speaker are written-in to Congressional Records of the United States government.

RUSSIA HELD THE WORLD in awe and fear with the propagandized might of her military millions; the "workers of the world" made headway with their part of the World Revolution. It became fashionable to be of the parlor-pink variety of the species. And now? Russia is held at bay by a small nation having met with a decisive defeat in her Spanish *Imposition*. The "workers" of Finland have been bombed by their god, Stalin; the idea of Russian Imperialism has shattered the hopes of the millions of workmen who looked upon that would-be saviour of the world as the man

with the philosophy to banish the idea of territorial conquest from the minds of men forever. Parlor Pinks have been made to

blush a deep red . . . in some cases "Deep Purple." They are blushing because in their show of intelligence they have been made to appear to the world as superficial thinkers and men of follow-the-leader type. However, this time they followed the wrong leader.

He Suffered and Died

For

You

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST can stand forth, if she chooses to do so, and tell the world: "I TOLD YOU SO." The Mystical Body of Christ does not feel proud in her triumph but rather rejoices that foolish man has come to the cross-roads of thought where only two signs are posted: TO CHRIST; TO SATAN AND ETERNAL DAMNATION. She hopes and prays that these misled souls will choose the right path now that the choosing is so much more simple and less liable to confusion.

WITH THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT almost upon us we must direct all our lenten endeavours to the end that the world will return to the KING OF KINGS. The following quotation from the recent encyclical of our Holy Father is *apropos* of this topic: "Pray then, Venerable Brethren, pray without ceasing; pray especially when you offer the Divine Sacrifice of Love. Do you, too, pray, you whose courageous profession of the faith entails today, hard, painful and not rarely, heroic sacrifices; pray you, suffering and agonizing members of the Church, when Jesus comes to console and to heal your pains, and do not forget with the aid of a true spirit of mortification and worthy (Continued on page 14)

Please Tell Me, Father Boudreau

Editor Tell me, Father Boudreau, how much does it really cost to build and furnish a church in China?

Fr. Boudreau *Approximately \$3,000. But in China, especially, with a church goes a school, thereby enlarging the contract which will, incidentally, provide steadier employment for more workmen. A substantial church and school can be erected for approximately \$5,000.*

Editor Now, my short experience in China has taught me that when a missionary has built his church, and other necessary buildings, his real worries begin. For example, there is the staff: the catechist and the school teacher, etc. How much do you figure it takes to pay the salaries say, over the period of a year?

Fr. Boudreau *One hundred dollars will go a long way in deferring the salary and travelling expenses of the catechists and the support of a proficient teacher for one year.*

Editor In China each pastor has several out-missions. What about the buildings and equipment for these places?

Fr. Boudreau *Where the Christianity* permits a chapel is undoubtedly necessary and to build one to meet the requirements it takes approximately \$1,500. If one cannot afford a regular chapel one can be content with building a combination oratory and hall for one thousand dollars.*

Editor What do mean by a hall, in China?

Fr. Boudreau *It is not necessarily a recreation hall. In the daytime it is used primarily for Holy Mass, whenever a priest is present. Secondly, it is a meeting place for the Christians, old and young, to learn doctrine and say their morning and evening prayers IN COMMON as is generally done in China.*

Editor We hear a great deal these days about the wonderful work being done by our medical missions. That implies, I should think, at least a dispensary in each principal mission. What does it cost to erect and equip a small dispensary?

Fr. Boudreau *To build a worth-while and useful dispensary costs at least \$500. To furnish it costs around \$300. The upkeep, that is the medicines, etc., depends upon the population of the place and the Christianity as well.*

Editor The sacristan in China plays a very important part in the life of the priest. He takes care of the church or chapel; he serves at the altar. How does the missionary provide for him?

Fr. Boudreau *Although not as important and necessary as the catechist (whose duty it is to teach doctrine and help prepare catechumens for baptism) he is most useful especially as a travelling companion for the missionary. Priests, in China, due to their dignity, do not travel alone. The salary of the sacristan is less than that of the catechist. Fifty dollars is ample for his support for one year. A catechist generally lives out whereas a sacristan lives on the mission.*

Editor Now about the school question; do the pupils pay anything?

Fr. Boudreau *Since a missionary is not in a position to build schools in all those places where he would like to build them he must content himself with a "headquarter's school." Not all the country people are able to pay for EITHER the schooling or the board of a boy or girl and so we figure it costs about \$25 to support a boy or a girl at one of our mission schools during the school year.*

FATHER BOUDREAU

But a few months in China when he made an important mission tour with the then superior of the Lisbui Mission, Monsignor Fraser, and while on that tour he made his first personal mission trip. Less than two years in China, June 1, 1931, he got his appointment to take over a mission on his own. Under his direction the mission of Pihu was built up both spiritually and materially. During this time he also cared for the spiritual needs of the Christians of Yunho. After six years labor in Pihu, Father Boudreau was called upon by his superior to undertake a most important work: the organizing of a new Christian community in the district of Tsingyinnag at a little place called Tantz (pronounced Dan ze).

This was a difficult assignment: he arrived there to find a new dialect to be mastered; not a place to call his own nor a place to say his Mass, not even a proved set of catechumens. In the midst of this ground work he left China for a much needed vacation in his homeland. When he returns the work will be much more difficult on account of war conditions, etc., however, we think he can finish his task if only he gets some aid from his friends on this side of the broad Pacific.

Editor Yes, there is another thing we must remember, that in the Orient, boys and girls, as a rule, make their studies in different buildings. What then?

Fr. Boudreau *Two schools are necessary; one for boys and the other for the girls. These schools cost at least \$2,000 apiece. I do not mean large and heavily classed schools; just simple buildings with only the most necessary equipment.*

Editor Here is another thing I think is important. The other day I was speaking to a teacher in Toronto and she told me how interested her children were in the missions and that when it was a question of "buying" a baby there was not the slightest difficulty in collecting the \$5. How is the "ransom money"—the \$5—used?

Fr. Boudreau *Ransoming does not mean to go out buying babies like one goes to the market for vegetables. This sum merely defrays the expenses of a little baby hung on the latch of the mission gate, as often happens. Those children who are brought to our orphanages sick and dying require medical assistance—and sometimes, funeral expenses. It may happen that the child brought to the mission sick and dying, does not die, so the little one lives on and on . . . and on! And for all this time on the mission. Your five dollars has long since "gone with the wind." Another angle about the sum of five dollars given for the "ransom" of a pagan baby: Oftentimes it is necessary to employ the services of pious Christian ladies to go to the pagan orphanages to baptize dying children.*

In a word, if the ransomed baby lives and remains at the mission he develops a strangle-hold on the budget and it will eventually mean a wedding and the setting up in life of a Christian family.

Editor So far we haven't said a word about the priest's own support; his house and material support. How does the missionary provide for himself?

Fr. Boudreau *He generally tries to provide himself with a simple and inornate but substantial home at his headquarters. The residence will be separated from his church and school, but in those out-missions where he has but a chapel or an oratory he will build, attached to the small building, either at the side or in the rear, one room, serving as bedroom, diningroom and reception room*

(Continued on page 14)

*The term "Christianity" is widely used in China to describe a Christian community.

Lishui Goes Modern

By REV. GERARD McKERNAN

LISHUI, ALTHOUGH it has not as yet a railway station or a street car, is without doubt, going a little modern. The city now boasts a small bus station, four or five trucks, which are part of the daily Interurban Bus Service, a couple of private-owned cars and a hundred or so rickshaws. In addition there are a vast number of hand-carts, all of which are in daily use, transporting merchandise to various parts of the province, while within the city thousands of bare feet unceasingly pad along the streets and lanes, as the coolies carry their bundles either to or from the small river boats.

LISHUI ARCADE

The main street has been widened to some twenty feet or so, and leading away from the "Main Gate" of the city to the other parts of the province are the new bus roads. As one stands near the archway of the Main Gate (called by us foreigners the "Arcade"), the wonder grows that the population is not decimated daily. Ducks, chickens, pigs and water buffaloes amble through the busy gate at leisure. Pedestrians tread their way between the motor traffic, the endless stream of human beings and the barnyard equipment (poultry, hogs, cows, etc.), as if conveniently blind and deaf—but by no means dumb, as you will promptly find out should you happen to run into one of them while out for a turn on your bicycle. There is no use honking a horn or ringing a bell at the Chinese pedestrian, the only thing to do is figure out which way he is going and go the other way, if he zigs, then you zag, if you both zig the argument ensues.

LIKE A BAD TAKE-OFF

The roads and streets are either cobblestone or gravel, the bus

roads especially being repaired a good deal of the time. The repair work as a rule takes the form of a bunch of coolies brushing the dirt, which had been washed off the road, back on to it. At a distance they look very good, and for rickshaw-travel, which attains the stupendous speed of five or six miles an hour, they are ideal. Faster modes of travel, however, reveal them in their true light, busses going over twenty-five miles an hour do so at their own risk, and even though by expert handling they should manage to remain right side up, the poor passengers go through a series of bone-shattering bumps every few yards. When cycling fast, this sport resembles *gliding*. As you are just as much in the air as on the ground, it begins to look like a bad take-off.

Once again these things only exasperate the foreigners, who like to pretend that they are used to better roads, and the Chinese is content to shuffle along in his own slow, inimitable way, paying attention to everyone's business but his own.

TOSS PENNIES FOR KEEPS

The local police officer, yes we have three or so now, leans against the counters of the open front store nearest his stand, and dreams about the little farm "way off somewhere" yet somehow all goes well, as long as the pedestrian always has the right-of-way. About the only time we stop our flight when out on our bikes is when a big water buffalo or a huge, sway-backed pig, parks in the middle of the street, as they take a lot of moving, or when some mongrel (commonly called wonk), decides that it would like a little exercise in the form of trying to bite your heel. To add to the confusion of hens scurrying for their owners' front doors (and you know

how they can get in your way), the people have the habit of practically moving out on the street, placing mats and chairs on the already too narrow roadway. Urchins too, toss pennies "for keeps" and dart all over the road, while old people, many of them carrying bundles, walk exasperatingly slow, three abreast, down the new, wide street.

These, however, are not the only uses that the new roads have, as the merchants find a modern, wide road much handier for spreading their large mats to dry the grain, to mention nothing of the thousands of vendors and ambulating restaurants, consisting of a poor, old fellow carrying a small stove and a pile of dough—they can park anywhere in the street, assured of lots of elbow room, whenever a prospective customer hoves into sight.

At the end of the new "main drag" is now situated a loud, loud speaker, where you can go and hear the latest "Screech" in Chinese. So far I haven't felt the urge, as the bedlam they make around midnight, seven nights of the week, is enough for me.

"NI-NA-LI-A"

Another new fad is electricity, and along with it the telephone. When you decide to call one of the priests in another city you must wait for hours. This is due partly to the fact that there is only one phone in the city, and the priest must go there to call, and partly due to the customary slowness of the natives. The servant here, before calling the priest to the phone, censors all the news and carries on a conversation with the boy at the other end. You tell the boy to dial the number and then begin a series of "*ni na li a*", which amounts in English to "Hello, are you there." When you hear this

you know that in about fifteen minutes you will be able to speak on the phone, if all goes well. On the main street we can point with pride to a couple of illuminated signs, and what with many of the small stores being illuminated by a twenty-five-watt bulb, we will soon be writing home about the Lishui Broadway.

Although Lishui is going modern, as you will have noticed, it is far from going western on us yet. Nothing short of an air alarm or pressing business will drive them into the hills for a day's outing. Such crazy ideas as taking a bike ride for exercise or going for a hike never occur to them, while you can sit on your doorstep in comfort and see the hills anytime. What is this hiking business anyway, surely it must be coolies' work.

The populace are even going modern in their mode of dress. This idea they have picked up from their refugee cousins, who have been forced to come here from Hangchow and other metropolitan centres. The men are gradually discarding the mode of attire which we from the western hemisphere have long attributed to ladies (long dresses), and once in a while you run into a Chinese version of Beau Brummel, appearing as the well-dressed man should, lacking only a monocle to top off his fancy cane and loud suit. Among the school children is the Public Health Movement, but so far this has only been a headache to Sister Angela and Father H. Murphy, who run the boys' and girls' schools. They are doing their best to convince the youngsters that a weekly bath is a good thing, even if you do wash your hands and face a couple of times a week. This latter Public Health Movement has not affected the poor people, who still appear in droves at the Sisters' little dispensary to have various diseases treated, getting anything from a dab of iodine to a dose of castor oil for their pains.

TIME MARCHES ON

And so time marches on, making changes, if we can believe the older missionaries, who say that nothing like this ever was seen since they came to China. Underneath it all, the Chinese have not changed any appreciable amount, and those



The boy in the centre was recuperating in our hospital at Lishui but died—the result of an air raid! The shock was too much for his frail body.

strange characteristics which have made them cling to their paganism and suspect, to a degree of dislike, all foreigners, still prevails, despite the new roads, busses and lights.

OTHERS ARE TOLD

However, the work of catechising is being carried on by all the priests and Sisters throughout the prefecture, and such labour is not in vain. Gradually they are beginning to realize that the "Foreigner's God" is also their God. Christians, during gossip intervals with their pagan friends, pass along the doctrine picked up from the missionary or through the school, about the True God and His Church. Every day some new person is hearing of the "Tien Chu Tang," their name for the Catholic church. Let us hope that in going modern, that is, changing from all their old modes of living, the Chinese will make such a complete change as to embrace the true faith and cling to it with the tenacity and devotion their ancestors had for paganism. That at last, that "Gigantic Fraud," who has cast a spell of darkness over these millions for centuries, will be displaced by the "True Light," that all men might come to know The Father, The Son, The Holy Ghost, the "One True God."

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BLACK-OUT ON THE YELLOW SEA

By REV. MICHAEL CAREY

A GENTLE THROBBING and faintly audible swish—swash. The humming drone of tuned-down engines and the babble of Chinese voices monotonous and low burst gently on my ears as I pulled aside the last curtain which shut out the light from the narrow strip of deck. One step from the saloon door I groped before me and caught the rail. (No, I was not seasick, being hardened against such a weakness by sailing over "white caps galore" and "riding out" many a gale on the stormy shores of my little Island home.)

Nevertheless there was some kind of indefinable sickness in my bones. Travelling in China always seems to produce in me a tense expectancy, that wonderful and strange, perhaps dreadful events will soon happen, then when nothing dreadful or strange does happen, I am made to feel young and ignorant in the ways of the East, as though these pagan gods of travel were laughing, sneering at me.

A PERFECT BLACK-OUT

All was black—early night darkness enshrouded the ship. Even nature seemed to enter into the spirit of the masquerade, and a heavy veil of black cloud hung over the waning moon and the black smoke from our funnel trailed behind us dragon-like; meandering in the still air—A Perfect Black-Out. With our steamer heading northward into the darkness.

With eyes accustomed to the darkness I saw the other Fathers, dark figures telling their beads—and the tall anti-piracy patrol making its rounds, another grim reminder of dangers on the Chinese coast where pirates armed with modern weapons (machine

guns) sometimes board ships to plunder and destroy.

One of our Missionaries now in Northern China describes the journey to Peiping from Shanghai. From the darkness caused by the ship's BLACK-OUT he leads us to the spiritual black-out among the souls living in the "Land of the Dragon." His meditation causes him to rejoice that he has been chosen to help "lift the veil, to pull off the screens, to open the doors and unshutter the windows of their souls."

I could not stand this vision of blackness very long and went behind these barred windows and port holes into the well-lighted saloon to think of other BLACK-OUTS even more complete and far more dreadful in their consequences.

Chinese souls have had a black-out for thousands of years—shut off and barred out are the illuminating truths of the Christian Revelation. Jesus Christ the Light of the World does not and cannot now shine in their souls—thick screens and heavy veils of ignorance shroud them—and consoling thought, we are here to lift the veil, pull off the screens, open the doors and unshutter the windows of their souls by dispelling this ignorance and giving them the food and light of Life, Jesus Christ.

You also, souls enlightened by Faith, must help, by prayer and material support of missionaries.

FROM SHANGHAI TO TIENSIN

The trip from Shanghai to Tiensin altogether took eleven days, whereas in normal times the distance is covered in three or four days.

After two days' travel we reached Tsingtao, a major seaport on the northern coast and a summer resort for thousands of foreigners. It is an old, well-built town which before the 1914 war was German, and which still has a considerable German population. Due to military regulations, we were forbidden to land here, although we anchored all day in the port.

Now, on all sides and overhead can be seen war machines, ships and planes of the Japanese forces. All day long planes soared overhead, coming and going to unknown places, probably with messages of death for many. They did not add to our peace of mind, as anti-British feeling is still high and we were on a ship flying the Union Jack. After one-day quarantine with the usual cholera tests we were allowed to proceed, and after two more days anchored in Chefu.

This also is a fine artificial harbor; for many years the summer port for the American Navy in Chinese waters. Now only a few Japanese warships are here, the harbor is packed with all types of boats and the scene is one only to be seen in an Oriental port. Small boats swarm in hundreds around larger vessels—like the Lilliputians around Gulliver. Some of them trying to sell fruits, vegetables and

fish, others bargaining for a cargo—all yelling and active. But everything peaceful and everyone in good humor.

While steaming into Tsingtao harbor we had a gruesome experience—quite near us floating on the tide we passed two bodies, both apparently Chinese who had gone out in the prime of life. Although many small boats from the harbor passed by no one took much notice of the bodies and the bloated remains went out on the tide.

On the seventh day out from Shanghai we anchored by the sand bar outside Tang Ku, and here we were kept under quarantine for four days after the Japanese medical inspection and cholera tests were concluded. This sand bar is about twelve miles from Tang Ku, and for the four days we remained here boats were continually coming and going—at no time during the four days did I count less than fifty ships of various sizes.

Swarms of flies, large and small, made playing on deck for any length of time impossible. These flies were due to the recent flood conditions in this part of the country, when Tiensin and neighbourhood were covered by the overflowed river.

Finally at 2 p.m. on Saturday 14th we received landing permits and, after transferring from four boats of different types, we landed in Tang Ku at 7 p.m. after a three-hour trip on the river. We had dinner and spent the night very comfortably on board one of Jardine Matheson Co.'s river boats here. (The same company who owns the ship on which we travelled from Shanghai.)

BOUND FOR PEIPING BY RAIL

After an early start the next morning—Sunday—we caught the 6 a.m. train from Mukden and arrived in Peiping at 10.00 a.m.

This railway line is modern and efficient in every way—just as good as our Canadian trains though slightly slower, although we covered the 120 miles to Peiping in four hours allowing for several stops—one of twenty minutes at

Tiensin. It was unlike Old China to see officials with watches in hand, wave the train to start off on time.

We underwent no searches or examinations, general bother or inconvenience from the Japanese officials. We merely showed our passport when buying our tickets in Tang Ku and after that no questions were asked.

At eleven o'clock we were saying Mass at Petang (the North Church), the Cathedral, situated in the spacious and beautiful compound of the French Lazarist Fathers. This Cathedral witnessed the Boxer uprising and is a beautiful church, containing real treasures of Chinese Christian art and architecture.

HISTORIC PEIPING

Peiping (Peking the old name means the Northern Capital) was the City of the Emperors and is famous for its splendid palaces. It is modern and ancient side by side. Its hidden treasures—its Forbidden City and Inner City—its shaded walks and glorious Pai Lous (The Faithful Widow's Arch)—its great high walls and quaint bridges—its culture and art—its people and language—all can be seen and appreciated after years of study and personal contact . . . so we are told, and after one slight glance about me—I believe it.

RECEIVED BY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

On October 15th, the day of our arrival at Peiping, we were received by His Excellency the Most Rev.

Archbishop Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, in company with the newly-arrived American Fathers and their superiors here. The visit was at four o'clock in the afternoon. We were welcomed by Monsignor Bruniera, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate, and with Father Boedefeld, O.F.M., inspected the Legation Buildings and artistic treasures. The chapel here is specially beautiful. It is built according to the design of a Chinese Temple, the pagan symbols have been adopted and given a Christian interpretation by Chinese experts in Christian art and architecture.

At 4.30 we were received by the representative of the Vicar of Christ, the Apostolic Delegate, who proceeded at once to put us at our ease by shaking hands with each of us. His Excellency is most kind and has a very friendly disposition. We all took our places around the Delegate's chair. He asked us several questions and after a cool drink had been served the Delegate spoke to us for twenty minutes in concise Latin. He said, in brief, how pleased he was to see so many young priests from all parts of the world assigned to work in many parts of China come first to Peiping to study China's language and culture—he exhorted us to work well, suggesting good methods to follow and the easiest means to attain success so that after a successful period of study we may better appreciate the Chinese people among whom we are to work and be able to take the place of educated gentlemen among them.

Before leaving His Excellency consented to have his picture taken with us, and distributed little souvenirs of Chinese Christian paintings. After receiving the Apostolic Blessing we took our leave.

INTERVIEWED BY EDITOR OF "LUMEN"

Later we met Father Cashemeter, Editor of the *Lumen Service*, and gave him a few notes which he published in October *Lumen*.

Mite-Boxes for Lent

DURING LENT
SAVE FOR THE
MISSIONS

Help Us Bring the Joys of
Easter to China

Write to us for Mite-Boxes to
help you collect your pennies.

Whither Goest Thou?

(Continued from page 8)

practice of penance to make your prayers more acceptable in the eyes of Him Who "lifteth up all that fall: and setteth up all that are cast down" that He in His mercy may shorten the days of trial and that thus the words of the Psalmist may be verified: "Then they cried to the Lord in their affliction: and He delivered them out of their distresses."

"And you, white legions of children who are so loved and dear to Jesus, when you receive in Holy Communion the Bread of Life, raise up your simple and innocent prayers and unite them with those of the Universal Church. The Heart of Jesus, Who loves you, does not resist your suppliant innocence. Pray every one, pray uninterruptedly: 'Pray without ceasing.'

"In this way you will put into practice the sublime precept of the Divine Master, the most sacred testament of His Heart, 'That they

all may be one' that all may live in that unity of faith and of love, from which the world may know the power and efficacy of Christ's mission and of the work of His Church.

"The early Church understood and practised this Divine Precept, and expressed it in a magnificent prayer; do you associate yourselves with those sentiments which answer the necessities of the present hour: 'Remember, O Lord, Thy Church, to free her from all evil and to perfect her in Thy love; and sanctify and collect her from the four winds into Thy Kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for her, because Thine is the power, and the glory forever.'"

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

A Campaigner Jots it Down

(Continued from page 5)

ships, we presume. Please God, we shall be on board and as we glimpse Shanghai's famous skyline it will be with the thrill of the wanderer returning home, "the sailor home from the sea and the hunter home from the hill." We shall be on our way back to the boiled water and the Lishui sampan and the "mosquitoes and vermin and flies." We shall prepare once more intimately to live with insufferable heat and epidemics. It will be goodbye to the morning paper with the coffee and the thousand and one comfort-gadgets that are part and parcel of life at home. But it will be a thrill to get the latest news of Lishui and the hill-billy bandits and the progress of our little new hospital, and if we have tucked in our inside pocket even the price of one new dispensary it will be "bliss in that dawn to be alive."



Please Tell Me, Father Boudreau

(Continued from page 9)

1929

all in one. A missionary's home varies in cost, depending upon the number of priests expected to live there. The average house could be built and furnished for \$2,000. And then there is the question of food. A missionary, like all other humans, has to eat to live. The food bill for one missionary for one year will come to around \$365 . . . just a dollar a day. This dollar a day will not provide for the often longed-for foreign foods. Those foodstuffs he has been used to since childhood he is forced to relinquish for the native eatables of his adopted land. Needless to say much depends upon his own initiative and culinary accomplishments. Of course, where there's no dough there is no bread! and so we have rice.

Editor

Well now, Father Boudreau, that just about covers everything I wanted to present to our readers this month. Perhaps you have a message for the Catholic people of Canada and Newfoundland.

Fr. Boudreau

I have both a message and a suggestion: The young missionary who has made the sacrifices, and his parents who have so generously responded to his higher aspirations, have followed in the footsteps of the Apostles, of the Patricks, Augus-



1939

tines, of the Bonifaces and the Xaviers of history; they have taken up the torch of faith brought to this continent by the Jesuit Martyred Missionaries and, out of gratitude for this great gift, have gone out to the yet-pagan world carrying that torch to brighten the paths of those who walk in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Having taken up that torch of faith it is our duty to bear it burning ever more brightly. One practical suggestion I have to offer: If you cannot help the missionaries and their needs individually you could form a club and give group-assistance to your representatives in China. Your meeting place could be at the home of one of your group and by turn, the manner of entertainment to be left entirely to yourself. Choose one of the items above (outright or in part as furnishings) and either by full donations or little donations collected at your meetings show your support. At the end of the month or quarter, half or full year your aim will be realized and our common work will continue to flourish.

Another advantage these meetings have is that they solidify the bonds of friendship and your efforts would be a cause of great joy to yourselves and to the missionaries especially. This is an opportunity for old and young alike!

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim



My dear Buds:

Last month I asked for pictures and I received more than I could print. Most of them arrived just a little too late. They will all appear in your own section of "CHINA" next month.

Now that the New Year is well on its way, I know you are ready to do great things for the missions. Let me make a suggestion: In Toronto, for example, every Summer the children arrange little affairs to raise money for the "Star Fresh Air Fund." Now how about the Buds, all over Canada and Newfoundland, doing the same thing to help other boys and girls in China? Any donations you send to me will be used to advance the work of our Society. Your contributions will help many pagan children come to know our Lord and bring them closer to His Sacred Heart. Now, during Lent would be a good time to start, and if you send for mite-boxes I will only be too happy to send you as many as you want.

Get together Buds of the Little Flower's Rose Garden and unite in a big drive to teach other boys and girls the Truths of our Holy Faith.

The Boys and Girls of China need your help!

Your devoted friend and director,
FATHER JIM.



OH, OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

The Pope's Message to Children

"And you, white legions of children who are so loved and dear to Jesus, when you receive in Holy Communion the bread of life, raise up your simple and innocent prayers and unite them with those of the universal church. The heart of Jesus, who loves you, does not resist your suppliant innocence. Pray every one, pray uninterruptedly: 'Pray without ceasing'."

Pope Pius XII
In his encyclical letter:

"*Summi Pontificatus*"

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Tell Your Friends About "CHINA" . . . Ask Them to Read It

Father Jim's Mailbag

Summerside, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

We are two girls who would like very much to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden . . . We would also like to correspond with any Buds who are interested.

Your new Buds,
Marie Linkletter, Miriam Cameron.
Come in, Summerside.

* * *

Stoca, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I shall do my best to keep your rules.
Yours sincerely,

Fred. Allore.

*That's all anybody could ask, Fred.
Thanks for your picture.*

* * *

Bailey's Brook, R.R. 1, Avondale,
Pictou Co., Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

Are there any more rules than those in
"CHINA" in joining the Rose Garden?
Thanking you,

Peggy MacDonald.

No Peggy, and you are already a member.

* * *

Tramore, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am twelve years of age and in Grade VIII . . . I shall try hard to keep the rules . . . Hoping I may be able to correspond with other Buds.

Yours respectfully,

Mary Walsh.

Buds, write to Mary and make her welcome.

* * *

1740—10th St.
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am writing to you because I want to know if I can join the Rose Garden. Would you please pray that I may do good in spelling so I will get a good report?

Your little friend,

Monica Ashmore.

Just fulfil the conditions, Monica, and you will be a good Bud. I am sending a certificate. Hope you got through in your spelling.

* * *

St. Mary's School,
Lindsay, Ont.

We, the girls of St. Mary's School, Lindsay, Ontario, wish to be enrolled as members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Mary Cain, President.

Margaret Doran, Secretary.

Sister M. Flora, Teacher.

What a list of names! Thank you, Sister Flora, and all my friends.



John
Brettingham,
Oshawa,
Ont.



Fred
Allore,
Stoca,
Ont.

"Jesus Blessed Saviour"

Oh, dear Jesus, Blessed Saviour,
Seated on Thy heavenly throne,
Guide my footsteps, gentle Saviour,
Along the path that leads to home.

Yes, home, dear Saviour home,
Home to Mary, to Joseph dear,
Take my hand and guide me safely
To where I shall know no fear.

Oh, dear Jesus, shut my eyes
So that nothing but good I'll see.
Keep my tongue from telling lies,
Oh, sweet Saviour, I need Thee.

Help me to be like Mary,
Gentle, pure, kind and sweet,
Help me Saviour, to be good,
Guide my hands, ears and feet.

Oh, dear Jesus, when I one day
Come before Thee up above,
Oh, dear Jesus, I do pray
That you will know of my love.

Oh, dear Jesus, I do love Thee,
And I trust thy Sacred Heart,
Oh, my Saviour, do not fail me,
Never, never from me part.

"Just the thoughts, hopes and wishes
of a girl."

A Member of the Rose Garden.

Sydney Mines, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am sending you fifty cents as I wish to renew my subscription to that wonderful little magazine "CHINA."

Claire Butts.

Thank you very much, Claire.

* * *

Crescent Street,
Sydney Mines, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sixteen years of age and I am very interested in the Foreign Missions. I have been reading the "CHINA" magazine for quite a while . . . Please accept me as as one of your members.

"God bless you."

I am yours respectfully,

Mona Leach.

Well, Mona, we're happy to have you and hope more young people of your age will come to the club. The Rose Garden is not only for the younger ones. All are welcome.

* * *

124 Oak Street,
London, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Once again the bad penny turns up. First I want to wish you and all the Rose-Bud Pals a very Happy, Holy and more peaceful New Year . . . My brother joined the army and is now in England. Please ask the Buds to pray for him . . . Enclosed is a little donation (\$2) to aid the missions.

I remain,

Your respectful Rose-Bud,

Dorothy White.

Thank you, Dorothy, and my prayers as well those of the Buds will follow your brother . . . and all the other Buds' brothers overseas. Next month, Dorothy, we will have your picture.

* * *

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I have been reading in the "CHINA" magazine the letters which you received from the Buds and feel that I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden, if I may . . . Father Tom McQuaid is from our parish (St. Columban's) . . . I know Jack McIver and Frank Moylan, they are from our parish, too.

Sincerely,

Marion Kale.

Well, Marion, maybe some day St. Columban's will have Sisters as well as priests in China. Welcome.

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97 Gower Street,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear (New) Father Jim:

This will introduce to you "Our Gang" The Fewers. We have been doing our bit for the missions each year, and around this time we send along the contents of our home-made mite-box (a Kodak developing tank) . . . We would like our dear friend (OLD) Father Jim to know we are still carrying on and have not forgotten to pray for his intentions . . . Enclosed please find a P.O. order for \$3 . . . Mom says every little helps.

We remain, Dear Father Jim,
The Fewers.

Jim, Edward, Betty, Michael,
Gerald, Mary and Bill.

Very happy to meet the Fewers. God bless you all . . . and your Mom, too—she's right. For the contents of the mite-box I say:

"TANK you very much."

* * *

Mill Creek, C.B., Nova Scotia.

Dear Father Jim:

We are two sisters and are very interested in the Club and would like to become members. We like the "CHINA" magazine and read it every month . . . We would like to have some of the Buds write to us . . . We are interested in outdoor sports and are very interested in good reading.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Irene Harrietha (14).

Patricia Anne Harrietha (12).

What more could Father Jim desire?

* * *

229 Eulaite Ave.,
Oshawa, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I'd like to be a Bud of the Little Flower's Rose Garden Club . . . Wishing you a Happy New Year.

Yours truly,

John Brettingham.

Nice picture, John. I think you are a poet.

Dalhousie, Que.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would like very much to join your Rose Garden . . . Please send me a certificate.

Helen McRae.

No sooner said than done, Helen.

* * *

Box 77, Dalhousie Station, Que.

Dear Father Jim:

I saw the letters in "CHINA" and I would like to join the Rose Garden. I am in Grade IV. I will say the prayer and go to Communion.

Veronica McRae.

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Heroics

A small boy stood at the entrance to the cobbler's shop, watching the man at work.

"What do you repair boots with, mister?" he asked, suddenly.

"Hide," replied the cobbler, sharply.

"Eh?" said the boy.

"I said hide," replied the cobbler, impatiently.

"What for?" insisted the boy, somewhat surprised.

"Hide—the cow's outside," sighed the man.

"Don't care if it is. Who's afraid of a cow anyway?" answered the boy, defiantly.

Done, Anyway

Portrait Painter: "Have you ever been done in oils?"

Financier (misunderstanding): "No, but I once got badly stung in rubber."

Guess Again

Smith stopped his car at a desolate crossroads and yelled to a farmer who lay on a cart, "Hey, Jarge, is this the way to Croydon?"

The farmer raised himself in astonishment.

"Say, how did you know my name is Jarge?" he asked.

"I guessed it," said the motorist.

"Then," said the farmer as he drove on, "guess your way to Croydon."

Catchy

Diner: "Here waiter, I've found a hook and eye in this chicken salad. How do you explain that?"

Waiter: "It's part of the dressing, sah."

Giddy Granny

"Please, sir, could I have to-morrow afternoon off—"

"Ah, yes. Your grandmother, I suppose!"

"Exactly, sir, she is making her first parachute jump."—*Parade*.

These Foreign Stations

Husband (feeling a twinge in the back while he is tuning the radio): "I believe I'm getting lumbago."

Wife: "Well, tune it out. You won't be able to understand a word they say."

Simple Arithmetic

She wanted to make an impression at the Christmas dance, and visited a beauty expert.

"That will be six shillings, madam," said the assistant when he had finished.

"Six shillings? But you only massaged my chin!"

"Just so, madam—two shillings per chin."

By Post?

"So long, old man. I am just off to the wilds of Africa."

"Ah, that's fine! Drop us a lion now and then."

At the Movies

The Henpecks had just arrived at the movies.

Mrs. Henpeck: "Is your seat quite comfortable, dear?"

Mr. Henpeck (startled): "Quite, my love."

Mrs. Henpeck: "And have you a good view of the screen?"

Mr. Henpeck (still curious): "Perfect."

Mrs. Henpeck: "Does that awful noise outside worry you?"

Mr. Henpeck: "No, darling."

Mrs. Henpeck (changing her tone suddenly): "Then change seats with me, you selfish little weasel!"—*Grenfell Sun*.

No Wonder!

The colonel of a battalion billeted in the country was invited to a neighbouring farm for lunch.

He astounded the farmer by eating two small roasted fowls. Later, while walking in the farmyard, he noticed a cock strutting about, and remarked, "By dad! That's a proud bird."

"So he should be," answered the farmer; "he has two sons in the Army now."

It All Depends

Boy: "Is it true that it's bad luck to have a black cat following you?"

Dad: "Depends on whether you are a man or a mouse."

Suitable Set

Groom: "My best friend dined with us last Sunday and was so impressed with my wife's cooking that he sent her a carving set."

Friend: "That was nice."

Groom: "Not so very. He sent her three chisels and a mallet."—*Alameda Dispatch*.

Oh, Oh!

Tom: "Mother, may I go to the zoo and see the monkeys?"

Mother: "Why, Tom, what an idea! Imagine wanting to see the monkeys when your Aunt Betsy is here."

Hard to See

Teacher: "How can you tell the approach of winter, James?"

James: "It begins to get later earlier."

Rather Small

"I've a notion to give you a piece of my mind."

"Okay, but first you'd better let me call a certain scientist I know to help you."

"A scientist?"

"Yeah, a guy who knows how to split atoms."—*Saint John Telegraph-Journal*.

Of Course

Young man (entering jewellery store): "I—er—um—say—ah—"

Jeweller (to assistant): "Bring me that tray of engagement rings."—*Wall Street Journal*.

Made an Impression

Doctor: "Why do you have 'Vic. 76248' tattooed on your back?"

Patient: "That's not tattooed, Doctor, that's where my wife ran into me with the car when I was opening the gates."

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● *Activities:*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances a mission for the Chinese in Vancouver, Canada.

The Little River Boats Cannot Penetrate the Vast Interior of China Without the Aid of Man

NEITHER CAN THE "BARK OF PETER" SAIL INTO THE HEART OF DEEP, DARK PAGANISM WITHOUT THE CO-OPERATION OF THOSE WHO HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACES — THROUGH BAPTISM — ON THIS SAILING-SHIP OF SALVATION — THE CHURCH OF GOD.



—Picture by Rev. Charles Murphy, Lishui, China.

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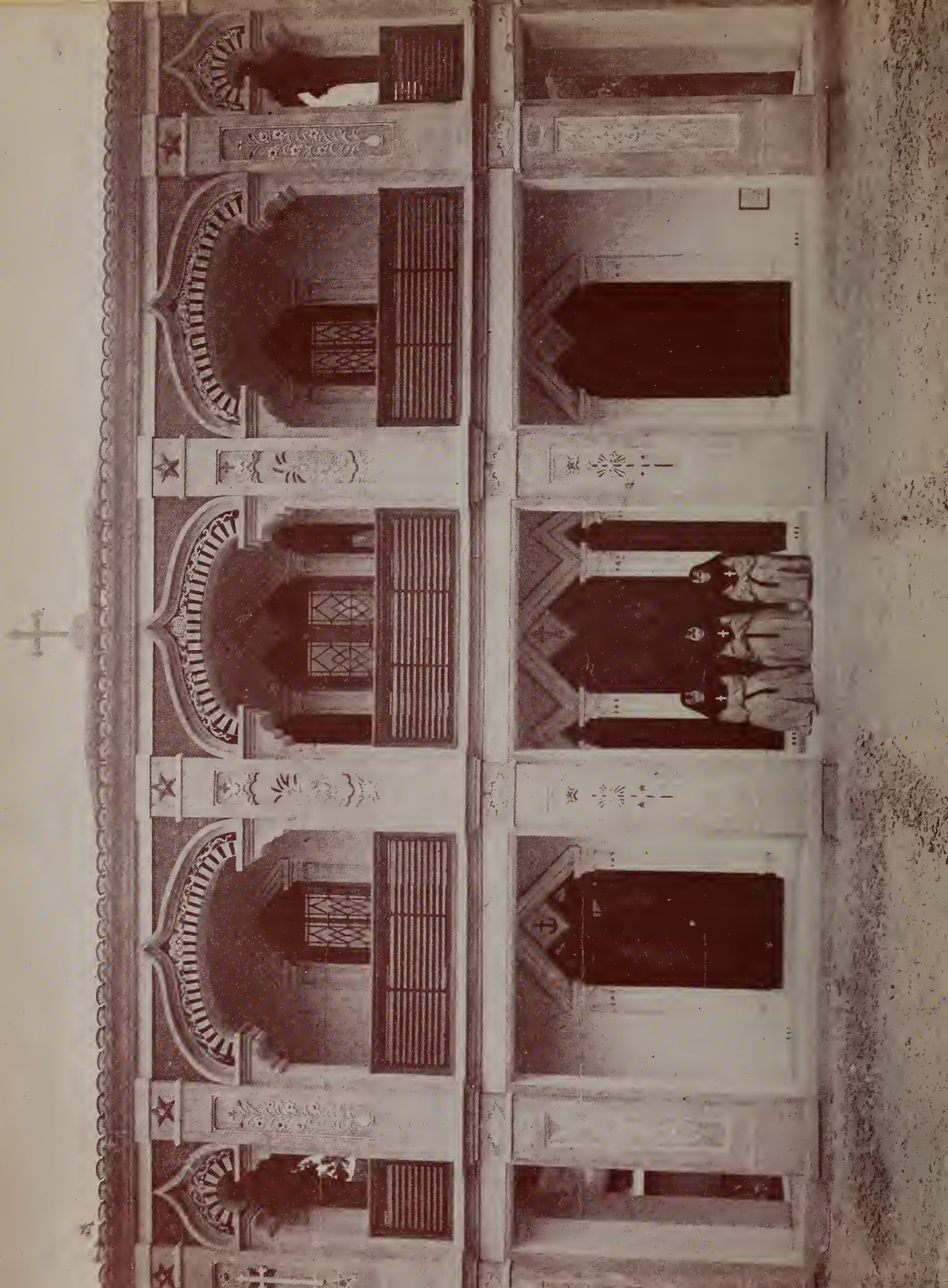
HELP THE "BARK OF PETER" ALONG
THE RIVERS OF PAGANISM TO
RESCUE THE SOULS OF COUNTLESS
MILLIONS WHO KNOW NOT GOD

CHILDA

Carboro Bluffs, Ont.

March, 1940





Ladies' Auxiliary

FOR YEARS IT HAS been the wish of China Mission Seminary to have a permanent committee of ladies who would come to our aid in times of financial distress. In the past we were able to obtain this help for *specific occasions* but not until quite recently did we see our wish for a permanent auxiliary realized.

About one month ago a group of Toronto ladies, many of them Mothers or Sisters of our priests and students, gathered in Columbus Hall, Toronto, to discuss ways and means of helping St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute. The outcome of the affair was: St. Francis Xavier Auxiliary, a Foreign Mission Auxiliary with its own Constitution.

To these good ladies we express our sincere appreciation.

The following ladies form the Auxiliary's executive: President, Mrs. A. Hymus; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. S. Fairley; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Jas. J. Walsh; Treasurer, Mrs. Jos. McGoey; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Pinfold; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. McGoey; Membership Convener, Mrs. G. Clark; Councillors: Mrs. A. Kirby, Mrs. C. M. Duggan, Mrs. W. J. Cummins, Miss Kathleen Devlin, Mrs. W. C. Hymus.

The executive of St. Francis Xavier Auxiliary invites all Catholic Ladies throughout Canada to associate themselves with this newest endeavour to help bring the Gospel of Christ to souls, seated in darkness, in far-off China.

The members of this Auxiliary have already decided to organize an entertainment in aid of our Institute.

On March 27th, at Columbus Hall, Toronto, a Bridge and Euchre is scheduled. More than forty prizes will be given away on this occasion. It is our earnest hope that all who can possibly do

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so will come out on this date. By co-operating in such affairs our friends can do much to help us carry on in China to-day when "the going" is so very difficult because of war—and there is still a war on in China.

Thank You!

The Committee in charge:

The Auxiliary Executive, Press Conveners: Mrs. Geo. Knoll, Jr., Mrs. R. F. Fitzpatrick. Mrs. J. White, Mrs. L. LaFrance, The Misses Harrigan, Mrs. La Rose, Mrs. Mutton, Mrs. Maloney, Miss B. Raftus, Miss C. Shaw, Mrs. Hawkshaw, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Emmet Doherty, Miss C. McFarland, Miss McGarry.

Via Shanghai

OUR PRIESTS and Sisters in China ask you to direct all mail as usual *but* place on the lower left corner of the envelope the following: VIA SHANGHAI. This short addition

will make up to six weeks difference in mail delivery . . . and that means a lot in any man's country.

Died

WE REGRET TO announce that Father S. J. Armstrong, Pastor at Brechin, Ontario, died suddenly on February 7th. Fr. Armstrong was at one time archdiocesan director for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. *Requiescat in pace.*

As we go to press the sad news has reached us of the death, at Ottawa, of Dr. J. A. Amyot, father of Rev. Wm. Amyot. Dr. Amyot was known internationally and was for many years Deputy Minister of Health for the Dominion of Canada.

"CHINA" offers sincerest sympathy to the remaining members of the family and asks its readers to pray for the soul of this departed friend of China Mission Seminary.

The Miracle of Nantao

By

Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

AS I RECALL IT, it was Tuesday morning when the word went round. And it did cause a ripple of excitement even in beleaguered Shanghai, accustomed by now to wars and rumours of wars and the sight of frozen refugees dead on the city pavements. Shanghai's capacity for further jitters had almost reached saturation point, but the "last stand" of the lone battalion had captured the people's imagination and now a warning to the effect that all foreigners should evacuate Nantao by Thursday noon had people excited all over again. "All foreigners." That meant simply Catholic missionary Sisters. For there were no other foreigners there. The Sisters of Charity and the Little Sisters of the Poor. And dependent upon them were many thousands of helpless Chinese people, wounded, refugees, orphans and the aged and infirm. And the word had been given. Evacuate Nantao by Thursday noon or run the risk and dangers of an intensive bombardment from land and sea and air.

THE WHOLE WORLD had heard of the "gallant defence" of Chapei, but Chapei had now gone out in a blaze of glory, fired by retreating Chinese forces as part of their famous "scorched earth" policy. Especially famous in the headlines had been the North Station, where unnumbered thousands of Chinese soldiers had gone to their inescapable doom. They told us that over 200,000 men had died, almost within sight of our residence in Shanghai where we had enjoyed the questionable privilege of a ringside seat at a modern war. That number was probably an exaggeration but the defence of Chapei

Monsignor McGrath, ever on the alert for a story of interest, has certainly given us something in "The Miracle of Nantao."

Our popular magazines pay highly for exclusive rights for just such a feature as this.

had proven a costly venture as massed legions of Chinese were exposed to daily bombings and artillery fire at almost point-blank range from enemy warships in the Whangpoo. The defence of Chapei may have been gallant and magnificent. But it wasn't war.

NOW IT WAS to be Nantao's turn. Nantao's good earth was to be scorched before our very eyes. The "show" had been thrilling enough so far, but Nantao was just over the backyard fence and we would be indeed uncomfortably close. But not as close as the Sisters, who lived right in the heart of this section of Greater Shanghai. That is, unless they heeded the warning that had been given. They were to evacuate Nantao, to leave the helpless thousands of Chinese people to whom they had devoted their lives and who would be still more helpless without them. We knew what the answer of the Sisters would be. Quietly, without heroics or melodrama, they sent word back to the authorities concerned that it was their simple duty to stay with their helpless charges, come what may.

AS TUESDAY and Wednesday went by we wondered—and hoped. Perhaps this warning was just a bluff. It had been so often rumored after

the fall of Chapei that the attacking forces were "going to work" on Nantao. On Thursday morning the chaplain of the Convent of the Sisters of Charity came to Shanghai to get some supplies in case of a siege. When he attempted to return—even before the expiration of the "ultimatum"—he was stopped by sentries and informed that nobody was allowed to enter or leave Nantao. That meant that the Sisters, with the Blessed Sacrament in their chapel, could have no Mass while the siege lasted, for now, indeed, it did seem that the threat was to be carried out.

THURSDAY, 1 P.M., was the zero hour. And we were on the verandah of the Procure when the first planes came over. There, before our very eyes, the show was on. The roar of the power dives was deafening and after each explosion masses of debris could be seen hurtling heavenwards while a black pall of smoke began gradually to envelop the stricken Chinese city. This was no bluff. The guns from the warships in the nearby Whangpoo joined in the general bedlam let loose. From Jessfield Park, on the other side of the Foreign Concession, artillery fire was concentrated on a Chinese barracks in Nantao, and I can still remember Father Lassus of the Procure, explaining to us as the shells screeched overhead, that this one was of large and that one of smaller calibre. He was a veteran of the World War and his words to the effect that the shells would not drop in the Concession were a bit reassuring. Fr. Abelos, with his field glasses was having a veritable field day himself, watching bombs fall from the planes

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while we could hear the whine before they struck the ground. It was against orders to be on the rooftops but we noticed that all the Chinese buildings nearby were crowded with eager watchers, undeterred by the daily story of casualties from flying sharpnel even during the siege of Chapei.

THAT NIGHT — and for many nights afterwards — it was even more terrible. This, indeed, was war. The city was now on fire in many places and the pillar of cloud by day had given place to the pillar of fire that stretched from end to end of doomed Nantao. But no respite from the merciless bombardment from the Whangpoo. The walls of the Procure shook and the windows rattled, as if some gigantic rat terrier had the building by the back of the neck. Even from our verandah, it was an awe-inspiring sight. What must it be from the convent of the Sisters, in the heart of the doomed city? Night after night we watched the fire that never died down. Day after day we saw the planes roar overhead and heard the terrific explosions as five-hundred-pound bombs found their mark. How could anybody be alive in that raging inferno, we asked ourselves as the fiery glow by night illuminated the whole Foreign Settlement, and the smoke screen by day completely hid Nantao from our sight. And all the while we realized, with a sickening sort of feeling, that there, so near and yet so far, beyond any aid that we could render, were the heroic Sisters, prepared to die rather than desert their helpless charges.

FOR TWELVE DAYS and twelve nights it went on. Then, gradually, the fire died down. The explosions of munitions became more and more intermittent and finally ceased altogether. It was over.

BUT WHAT OF THE SISTERS? From a motorcycle policeman we learned the story. He was permitted to get through and, threading his way



The author, photographed at Nantao with the late Mr. Lo-pa-hong during the siege of Shanghai.

among the debris, and shell holes and wreckage, he finally reached the Mission Compound. The walls were still standing. And he noticed, as he approached, that a bamboo fence had been on fire in three different places but that the fire had evidently been put out, about ten feet from the convent wall. He knocked on the gate and there was an answer from within. Somebody, he told himself, was alive. A Sister came to the door, pale and haggard after what had been a terrifying ordeal. She told him that they were all alive but that the water mains had been blown up after the second day and it had been hard to keep enough water even for drinking purposes during the siege. Baskets of shrapnel had been gathered up, some pieces three and four pounds in weight. It had been falling all over the place and they were going to use it to make a grotto to the Blessed Virgin in thanksgiving for their miraculous escape.

"But, Sister," he enquired, "If the water mains were blown up where did you get the water to put out the fire? What about the bamboo fences I just saw?"

"That fire was not put out with water," she informed him.

"Not put out with water!" The poor Sister was out of her mind, he told himself. The ordeal was too much. Fires don't go out of themselves, especially fires on dry-as-tinder bamboo fences during a conflagration that had melted the steel frameworks of nearby buildings. He would try to see the other Sisters and learn just what *had* happened. But they confirmed the story of the Sister at the gate. The fire had not been put out with water but with miraculous medals. When it became so bad that the heat was almost insufferable, the Sisters opened the gate, braved the approaching conflagration and "sprinkled" all the miraculous medals they had upon the enveloping flames.

"And you see," they told him, "the fire went out."

He saw. And so did we, a few days later. And it was the Bishop of Shanghai who made the remark that if one didn't see such a thing with one's own eyes, one would have hesitated to believe it. It was the miracle of Nantao.

Read "China" . . . Pass It On

The Duty of Every Catholic

By

Rt. Rev. John E. McRae, D.P., J.C.D.

*"Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."
—Mark 16, verse 15.*

THIS IS INDEED an inspiring spectacle. I am told it numbers thirteen hundred school children of the Archdiocese of Vancouver and surrounding districts. It marks the third rally of the Holy Childhood in this district to encourage and forward the Church's greatest work. I wish to join the National Director in thanking His Excellency, the Archbishop, for his gracious co-operation, encouragement and help, without which, such a gathering in this cathedral would be impossible. I wish also to congratulate Father Roberts, upon whose shoulders the immediate burden of organization falls. I have known your National Director for many years. I have presided over his education for the priesthood and also that of Father Sharkey and Father Macdonald, all three of whom are members of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute, under which the work of the Catholic Chinese Mission in Vancouver, is carried on. I know them well. I know their piety and zeal and their single-mindedness of purpose. It is my fond hope that some day Father Roberts, as National Director of the Holy Childhood, will be able to rally a national convention for this Pious Association.

BASIC REASONS FOR MISSION ACTIVITY

Dear friends, if we wish to understand and appreciate the importance of the work of the Foreign Missions and the Holy Childhood, and it is our duty as Catholics to do so, we must first of all know the grounds on which it is based.

OUR LATE BELOVED HOLY FATHER, Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical letter, "*Rerum Ecclesiae*," addressed the Catholic world on the subject of the Foreign Mission work of the Church and in that letter he so expressed the teaching of the Church

A sermon delivered by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John E. McRae, President of China Mission Seminary, in the Cathedral of the Holy Rosary, Vancouver, B.C. (Feb. 4th), on the occasion of the Third Annual Rally of the local division of the Association of the Holy Childhood.

Monsignor McRae points out that THE work of the Church is not caring for those already within the fold but the work of the Missions, the spreading of the Gospel to all lands and all peoples.

that he became known as the "Pope of the Missions." In the opening paragraph we find these words: "The Church has no other reason for existence than to extend the Gospel of Christ to all those people who still sit in darkness and the shadow of death so as to bring them under its salutary influence. And he who takes the place on earth of Jesus Christ, the Chief Shepherd, far from being content with safeguarding and protecting those already within the fold, fails in his duty unless he strives with might and main to bring all men within the fold."

The TASK OF THE CHURCH

IN THESE WORDS the Pope of the Missions states with full authority as Christ's representative on earth that, while the attention to and care of those who are already Catholics, is a most important duty of bishops, priests and parents and teachers, it is not THE most important task of the Church. He points out that the first duty is to spread the light of faith among the pagan nations of the world who, as yet, know not the God who made them and redeemed them. And in thus speaking he but restates the commission that Jesus Christ gave his apostles on the day He ascended

into Heaven: "All power is given me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teaching ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Mat. 28; 18-20. "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." Mark, 16; 15-16. In these words of both St. Matthew and St. Mark we have the clear-cut obligation, first, of preaching to the whole world the truths that Jesus taught, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" and secondly, the obligation on the part of the hearers to believe all such teaching and to observe all His commandments and this under pain of eternal loss. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." There is no clearer statement of obligation in the whole gospel. Jesus commanded His apostles to preach the gospel over the whole world and to guarantee the truth of what was to be preached in His Name, He promised His continual assistance, "for behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Pope Pius then, has not overstated the truth when he says that the first duty of the Church is to spread out so as to embrace all mankind. For God became man, not to redeem this or that nation, but to save all and to bring all into "His salutary redemption." Such a purpose will not be achieved until all nations shall have heard the Gospel.

A MISTAKEN VIEW

I MUST CONFESS that I was startled when I first read those words; for I, like so many, had been unknowingly under the im-

pression that this foreign mission work was more or less a secondary consideration and that the main purpose was to see that we saved our own souls. For the older ones among us this attitude can be explained from the fact that not so long ago the Dominion of Canada and the United States were themselves missionary countries and were governed in church matters the same as are the foreign mission countries of to-day.

TOO MANY AMONG US, absolutely too many, still harbor the idea, the false idea, that our immediate task is to look after ourselves, that we have enough China, India, Africa at home, that we have too many burdens ourselves to carry right here. Granted that we have our hands full, that we have difficulties confronting us on all sides, the truth remains nevertheless that we have been acting on the false, trite principle that charity begins at home, whereas charity of its very essence lies in sharing with others, in giving even of our want, part of the blessings we enjoy.

How then are you, members of the Holy Childhood, going to carry out your part in this the greatest work of the Catholic Church, the spreading of the truth to those peoples who, as yet know not the God who made them? And be assured, old and young, that unless we become interested in this work, unless we imbibe the spirit of charity and do our part, by prayer and sacrifice to help those who, without such help can hardly hope to save their souls, we are not living our Catholic life in the full sense of the term. Unless we have a consciousness of this duty we are at the best but lop-sided Catholics.

THE HOLY CHILDHOOD

THE SPECIAL WORK of the Holy Childhood as mapped out by Pope Pius XI, in the same letter I mentioned, consists in doing all you can to rescue children in those lands where human life, and above all, infant life, is not considered as precious as it is among Christian peoples. We know that thousands of babies are left to die every year, because they are not wanted. What child is there among you who has not a very special love for those mites who, not so fortunate as you, have no one to love them but are

simply done away with. To help bring Baptism to those and, where possible, to provide means for their upbringing, is the purpose of the Holy Childhood. What greater or more meritorious work could be given children to do? And what greater work could you do for God's glory than to assist in winning souls to Him? In doing your bit in this great movement you will be doing something great for Jesus and cannot fail to merit great reward from Him. Notwithstanding the appeal of the world to pleasure and ease and all the temptations that will be thrown in your way, you will know that in carrying out your duties as members of the Holy Childhood, you will be on the side of your Divine Saviour, who came to save those abandoned children just as He came to save you. Remember that He loves children as we read in the Gospel: "They brought to him young children, that He might touch them. And the disciples rebuked them that brought them. Whom when Jesus saw, he was much displeased and saith to them: Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And embracing them and laying his hands upon them, he blessed them." Mark, 10; 13-16.

"I WAS A STRANGER . . ."

AND NOW, AS A FINAL WORD for all of us, grown-ups as well as the children, if we still harbor wrong notions as to the work of the foreign missions even after we have listened to the words of the Gospel and of Pope Pius XI, if we still feel cold and uninterested, let us ponder a bit on the scene of the last judgment as given in the Gospel according to St. Matthew. "And when the Son of Man shall come in his majesty, and all the angels with him, then shall he sit on the seat of his majesty: And all nations shall be gathered together before him, and he shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left. Then shall the king say to them that shall be

on his right hand; Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat, I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in: Naked and you covered me: sick and you visited me: I was in prison and you came to me. Then shall the just answer him, saying: Lord, when did we see thee hungry, and fed thee; thirsty, and gave thee drink? And when did we see thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and covered thee? or when did we see thee sick or in prison, and came to thee? And the king answering, shall say to them: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.

"Then shall he say to them that shall be on his left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me not to drink. I was a stranger, and you took me not in; naked, and you covered me not; sick and in prison, and you did not visit me. Then they also shall answer him, saying: Lord, when did we see thee hungry, or thirsty or a stranger, or naked or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to thee? Then he shall answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, that as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment: but the just, into life everlasting." Matthew, 25; 31-46.

From this Gospel description of the last judgment, how can we remain indifferent to the abandoned condition of those souls who are crying out to us through the Sacred Heart for help; and if neglect of the corporal works of mercy and charity will be punished what is to be said of those who neglect to even take any interest in the spiritual care, in sharing in the salvation of the thousands of souls whom we can help?

IT IS OUR DUTY then, if we are to be Catholics one hundred per cent., to do all we can to forward and promote THE GREATEST WORK OF THE CHURCH, the MISSIONS, and to do our part in having the Gospel preached to every nation.

Editorial

"He Has Risen as He Said"

ST. PAUL TELLS US in his First Epistle to the Corinthians that "If Christ be not risen again then our preaching is vain, and your faith is also vain."

But Christ *has* risen—our faith is real; our life has purpose and death a meaning.

As we approach the glorious season of Easter we are reminded of the Eternal Love of God for man. That God from all eternity decreed our salvation by willing the death—the cruel death on the Cross, of His Only Begotten Son, is sign enough that He is the God of Love even though He permitted intolerable suffering to prove that love.

So, too, in everyday life as we undergo the sadness and pain of human suffering and separation we must not lose sight of the fact that this same God at least permits it all *out of* and *because of* love.

Let us approach the Feast of the Resurrection with the conviction that though the world be shrouded in the darkness of the first Good Friday, God's Wisdom is permitting it in preparation for a peaceful and glorious resurrection when Christ shall reign in the hearts of men and in the halls of the nations' capitals as the King of kings.

"Christ has risen let us rejoice and be glad."

War on Two Fronts

IT IS NOT A PLEASANT task at any time to ask our friends for financial assistance. In fact, this begging business is one of the most difficult duties a missionary has to perform. When it becomes a case of duty, one's feelings cannot, however, be considered and there is the consolation that one is not begging for oneself but for Christ.

We find it more difficult to-day to carry on our foreign mission work and so it becomes our duty to place the fact before you. With the war on in Europe it is only natural that many of our supporters are working to help our men who are fighting, or preparing to fight, in response to their country's call. It is also to be expected that much of the customary "loose money" is being sent to various organizations for war work of one kind or another. Our appeal to the Catholic laity of Canada and Newfoundland is in no way meant to take away from the war effort. Still the fact remains, that we, too, are playing our part in the defense of Christianity. If we are to teach our fellow men, in yet pagan lands, what Christianity really means, and in so doing show forth the Christian civilization we are so earnestly defending in this European struggle, it is vital that our financial status

be maintained. As a matter of fact since the war began our receipts have suffered considerably, and as revenue goes down, mission activity also decreases.

We ask, at this time, that our readers put to themselves the question: "What is the importance of this preaching the Gospel to the heathen?" And we will supply the answer: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Now, it happens that our activities are confined to the Chinese, and the *pagan* population of their country numbers approximately four hundred and forty-five millions.

The truth is that war or no war we must continue our work of saving souls; that is why our priests remain at their posts in the Orient and why we continue, and will continue, to send other priests to care for the souls confided to our care by our Holy Father the Pope, whose obligation it is to see that the pagan world is converted to Christ.

Even if it means an extra sacrifice we ask you to make it *for the love of our Redeemer* who made Christian civilization possible. Remember, Christ died for all men and all men have need of Christ.

Barriers Removed

HOLY MOTHER CHURCH, ever anxious and solicitous for the welfare of souls, does all in her power to make the way of salvation as easy as possible. Those disciplinary laws necessary at times for the protection of the dogmas of our faith sometimes outlive their usefulness and in such cases the Church does not hesitate to change them when the deposit of faith is no longer endangered by their being relaxed or entirely abrogated.

Very recently such a decision was made by our Holy Father, after consultation with Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Up until this decision Chinese Catholics were forbidden to pay homage to Confucius in the traditional service honouring this great philosopher of China.

The decision states that the Church is now satisfied that when Chinese Catholics bow before a statue of Confucius and pay the other customary tributes they do not honour him as a god but simply as the great philosopher of their race. With this decision there is now no longer the fear of superstition in this practice.

This change in discipline will do much to facilitate the conversion of the Chinese race. Many were not strong enough to make the break with tradition, even though they realized the truth of the Church of Christ.

Pray Daily for the Missions

A YEAR IN THE ORIENT

In Reflective Mood

INCREDIBLE THOUGH IT SEEMS, it is just a year ago to-day that eleven young priests and two sisters arrived in Shanghai, all of whom for the first time saw and set foot on the land of their adoption. A review of this year cannot be made hastily and cursorily as there are so many things on which the mind is inclined to pause and concentrate, since in the short space of twelve months things of a novel and glamorous nature have happened in rather rapid succession.

Primarily, of course, the past year, now recorded in the annals of other days, was devoted to the study of the language. This in itself is a task requiring patience and perseverance to a very high degree and one whose accomplishment is achieved only by following the advice given us by the Chinese not only daily, but many times a day, "go slowly." By constant contact with the people who, incidentally, are most anxious to help new arrivals in this regard, words, oft repeated, soon begin to remain with one—for how long, I shall refrain from saying. In spite of its necessity, I do not regard the study of the language as something glamorous.

Before coming to the Orient one's knowledge of the Dragon's sons is rather general, and we often judge the whole race by the relatively few Chinese whom we see in laundry shops and restaurants in many of our Western cities. These individuals are not in their natural setting but are surrounded by a civilization and customs foreign to them, as a result of which the fine traits of their oriental culture suffer and are often sacrificed entirely. This from necessity, since to eke out a living amidst modern conventions they must conform to what is demanded of them.

A HEARTY WELCOME

LOOKING BACK from the vantage point of a year ago in the Orient, my opinion of the Chinese has

By REV. T. M. MORRISSEY

changed considerably. I am still impressed by the apparent genuine reception I received when, in company with another priest, I visited my first Chinese home. It was but a month or so after my arrival, and although I could not understand the language being spoken by our host and my more experienced friend, yet I did understand that universal language—no, not Esperanto—of kindness and hospitality to which the human heart ever readily responds. And although the aged eggs, boiled in tea, and Chinese candy did not strike a very responsive chord in my sense of taste, yet they had a relish peculiarly their own as they were savoured with condiments not perceptible to the material senses, but rather by another sense which quickly perceives the presence of a host whose every act was such as to give positive indications that our visit was whole heartedly appreciated.

I think it may be safely said that to interrupt one's journey in China sufficiently long to inquire if one of our native friends had "eaten his rice," a very common greeting, is but the preface to an invitation, not easily refused, to rest and sip a little tea. That very homely but admirable ceremony being finished, the traveller is accompanied to the street and told to "go slowly."

PREPARATION—PROXIMATE AND REMOTE

THIS FIRST YEAR in China might be justly regarded as the proximate preparation for missionary work. True, experiences are few and of a minor nature but are such as can only be obtained when viewing the "Dragon at Close Range." The remote preparation for life as a missionary was those years passed between seminary walls, during which time it was difficult to imagine a person of Chinese extraction practising Catholicism. At that time,

to me at least, the words "Chinese" and "paganism" were so intimately related as to be almost synonymous. Thus I well remember the first Chinese congregation I saw at Sunday Mass. In time that became quite natural, but there is one Sunday that stands out more prominently than all others as I reminisce on this year in the Middle Kingdom (Chinese name for China). I remember, I was kneeling near the back of the Church when my attention was attracted by a young army officer whose fine uniform and accessories told of the high place he held among those of his country's defenders. To say that he was attentive to the celebration of Mass would be but a commonplace remark and did not elicit a great deal of admiration from me as that seems to be quite common with the Christians of every avocation. But what appealed to me particularly was the help he was giving his fellow officer, who was a pagan. In a low voice he was explaining the prayers of Mass to him, and to judge by his gestures he was also endeavouring to give his non-Christian friend some idea of what was being done at the altar. To me this was self-evident evangelization on the part of a Chinese Catholic layman and brought out in relief the fruitful effects of some Missionary's labours, long since, perhaps, with his great Exemplar in Heaven, but who was once in the formative years of his missionary career, once favourably impressed by the least evidence of Catholicism in a country predominantly pagan.

IN YOUR PRAYERS . . .

IN CONCLUSION, sometimes whisper a little prayer that God may bless and protect all His priests, but especially those who are labouring in this far-flung corner of his vineyard that their priestly endeavours may be made fruitful by their rescuing souls from the sad plight into which paganism has driven them.

"I Didn't Quite Get the Name . . ."

By REV. C. STRANG

"I HAVE A GREAT MEMORY," said the old lady in the joke column, "except for three things—I can never remember people's names nor people's faces, nor . . . I forget what the third is." It is names—names of the Chinese. That is one of the biggest tasks imposed upon a missionary's memory. And it is of names that now I sing—beautiful names and horrid ones, euphonious names and nasty ones; serious names and funny ones; peculiar names and ordinary ones; personal names and surnames; Christians' names and Saints' names, and I forget what other kind of names, but all Chinese names. Such a large scope demands much more than such an essay as this, so it is meant to be no more than some rambling jottings picked up after a few years of juggling with the sounds that compose the names of the people with whom we are living, and from whom we have chosen our own Chinese names.

NINETY-NINE AND ONE NAMES

THERE SHOULD NOT be much ado in dashing off an article on surnames, for there are only a hundred into which the four hundred million can be born (the Chinese character for "name" is composed of "woman" and "born"). In fact the Chinese construction for "the people" is "*pao hsing*"—hundred names. It is the password answer to the question, "*Qui vive la?*" when asked by sentries guarding places from bandits or Japanese. "*Lao pao hsing*," "(One of the) Old Hundred Names." I have not heard why the choice is limited to a hundred, nor why the confusion inevitable upon having thousands of Mr. Wangs in the same community hasn't lead to

additions or corruptions, nor how, in spite of the dialects (and their name is legion) the number still remains at ninety-nine and one. Several communities have but one name or clan—due in a great degree to the fact that all the boys stay home and the girls are given in marriage to other communities. Lately some other characters have been added to the hundred, but if I stressed that it would spoil my point.

Nor does it seem clear why these hundred characters were picked in preference to the thousands of others. Many have definite meanings as Chiang, river. Some are senseless as Chi, a kind of fissure; some are pleasant as An, peace; some can lay claim to no nice quality, as Chen, stale; some are the same as in our telephone directories, e.g., Pai, white; and some would never pass on any roll-call, e.g., Chan, verbose. Some are as numerous as Smith, the best example of which is Wang, king; and others as rare as Joffles (at least in these parts), e.g., Chih, pool. Some have only two strokes, as Ting, nail, while others go near twenty strokes, as Mu, love. Thousands of coolies bear the same name as the most illustrious of the emperors and wisest of the philosophers, e.g., Ching. So, for the life of me I cannot see any common likeness or similarity that they all can share.

It would not be out of place to mention the conventions that the people (hundred names to you, now) have when using them. One of the first questions to put to a stranger is to ask his name, and it is in the sense of "What clan do you belong to?;" only the asker must always say "What honourable clan or name?" And the

answer must always be "Of the unworthy . . . clan." The form of the question is as succinct as it is universal, consisting of only two characters: "*Kuei hsing?*" "Honourable name?"), and the answer has but three: "*Pi hsing Wang*"—"Unworthy name Wang."

Of course it does not often end there because the mere sound of the character does not necessarily give its meaning. There are lots of Chins and lots of Chengs, and the sounds of characters differ in different places, so the characters must be placed. The questioner then asks "What Chin? Or what Yeh or what Chiang?" Every little boy learns the answer not long after he learns to talk. Mrs. Chin will say to her little boy, when anyone asks you your name say "Unworthy name Chin; the Chin is the 'chin' used when we say 'tong-chin' for copper money." The hearer therefore at once classifies it as the definite character meaning money. There are lots of other ways; one is to quote a line from the classics in which the character appears; another to tell the component parts of the character, e.g., Unworthy name Chiang—three water dots and labour. Some go to the extent of writing it on the palm of the left hand with the index finger of the right. An easy way out of it is to profer your visiting card and have done with it.

CANADIAN PRIESTS HAVE CHINESE NAMES

ALL FOREIGN PRIESTS HERE have been given one of these hundred names—any attempt to use our proper surname would not only be hard to understand, but also too strange a custom to introduce among the clans. Furthermore many of them could not be written

We Represent You in China



Priest members of St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute in China.

in Chinese. So each one of us is put into one of the clans. Attempts are made to have some similarity of sound between our proper and our Chinese surnames, e.g., Pei for Father Beal, Fan for Fr. Venadam, Kao for Fr. Curtin, but that could not be kept up and so now any of the hundred is chosen. Here is a list of the names of our priests with the meaning of the character:

Mons. McGrath—*Ma* (Steed).
 Mons. Fraser—*Fan* (Hedge).
 Fr. Morrison—*Mu* (Love).
 Fr. Beal—*Pei* (Precious).
 Fr. Stringer—*Hsu* (Sedate).
 Fr. Gignac—*Chan* (Oversee).
 Fr. Boudreau—*Pu* (Step).
 Fr. Venadam—*Fan* (Grass).
 Fr. King—*Chin* (Gold).
 Fr. Doyle—*Liu* (Weapon).
 Fr. McGetigan—*Kan* (Shield).
 Fr. Strang—*Sun* (Grandson).
 Fr. McFarland—*Yeh* (Leaf).
 Fr. McAuliffe—*Tung* (East).
 Fr. Curtin—*Kao* (High).
 Fr. Matte—*Tien* (Field).
 Fr. Murphy—*Yu* (In).
 Fr. Maurice—*Chiang* (River).
 Fr. Reeves—*Shan* (Mountain).
 Fr. Hudswell—*Ting* (Nail).
 Fr. Leonard—*Li* (Plum).
 Fr. Steele—*Chen* (To arrange).
 Fr. McKernan—*Hsieh* (Marsh grass).
 Fr. MacIntosh—*Tou* (Error).
 Fr. Moriarty—*Yuan* (Long Robe).

Fr. Chas. Murphy—*Chou* (To go around).

Fr. McRae—*Pan* (Dregs).

Fr. Morrissey—*Tang* (Boast).

Fr. Kelly—*P'eng* (Handsome).

Fr. Carey—*Ku* (To look at).

Fr. McNeil—*Chu* (Red).

As for modes of address, when it is Mister to you, it is "Prior Born" to the Chinese—"hsien sheng," and it comes after the name; "Wang Prior Born" is the literal translation of Mr. Wang. It is Shen Vu (Spiritual Father) for a priest; Chu Chiao (Ruler of Religion) for a Bishop; it is "Mo-Mo" (matron) for a Sister—all, of course, coming after the name, the same as with Mister. But most of the "old hundred names" (people) have no claim to such modes of address—the title "Prior Born" is reserved to those who have had some education or occupy some standing or position of honour as teacher, merchant, catechist, etc. As for the others they are called by the personal names by friends, and as somebody's father, mother or by more distant acquaintances—or even as someone's grandfather if he has the distinction of having grandchildren.

ANCESTRAL HALLS

WHETHER THE CULT of ancestor worship comes from these hundred names or the names from the cult

I am not sure, but the two are intimately associated. All over the countryside besides Buddah's Temples there are also Ancestral Halls, each clan having its own Hall. It is not my purpose to explain this cult here, suffice to say that not only is adoration paid to the ancestral tablets in these halls at the New Year and Summer Festival, but through them all records of births and deaths in the clan are kept, and through them a lot of business is conducted as to the division of fields, trees on the vacant mountain-sides, etc. In some places land, houses, etc., are bought in the name of the Ancestral Hall, and all the clan share in the profit—this is one of the customs that forms a big barrier to many conversions, for many depend upon it for a living.

—Sun Shen Vu.

Is it true that Chinese children and students study aloud?

Very true. Especially in the primary schools it is the rule to do so. No amount of noise or any number of distractions annoy them. Then, they are aided by a second sense (sound) to help them retain the ideas they are trying to make part of themselves.

Catholic Means Universal

Travelling in Our District

By REV. L. McAULIFFE

PASTOR OF TANGCHI, CHE., CHINA

NOWADAYS IN MOST countries, especially America, travelling is a pleasure, a long and carefully planned means of holiday. Over here, particularly by the foreigner, it is usually indulged in through necessity. China has many modes of travel but the latest and perhaps the best is the bus. Although there are many discomforts to be endured, in spite of all these, there is something fascinating about getting around in the Orient. A few words about the different ways and means may throw some light on conditions here.

ON THE RIVERS

For many centuries China has had her small river boats commonly called *sampans*, which slowly ply up and down the many streams and rivers. These sturdily built craft somewhat resemble large rowboats, and are covered over with tunnel-shaped straw hoods to keep out the rain and sun. They are propelled and guided by oars placed at each end and also by long poles, somewhat like those used by the river drivers in Canada.

Each has a large canvas sail which is used to good advantage when there is a wind. The latter is very important and certainly respected by the pagan boatmen. To laugh at their strange calls and entreaties for the wind to come to their aid is to surely earn their displeasure. When the load is heavy and the going is hard, a long stout rope is firmly attached to the boat and hauled by two of the men who wade in the water, sometimes up to their waists. This job is very difficult especially in the winter-time when the water is ice cold. The rivers abound with small but dangerous rapids and it's really thrilling to run them. Sometimes a sudden gust of wind upsets the boat or the helmsman makes an error and everybody is tossed into

the swirling waters. It's not pleasant to hear the ensuing argument and general melee.

A distinct advantage in travelling by boat is the presence of a small cafeteria on board and no cover charges either. If one can survive the dense smoke he may get a really good Chinese-style meal. These boatmen are masters of the cuisine art and most anxious to see their guests satisfied. Another remarkable and pleasant feature is the cleanliness of their boats, in fact all passengers must take off their shoes before getting in the boat. There is a real community spirit among the men and when the current is strong they club together and haul the boats upstream. It is indeed a very picturesque sight to see a long line of these boats, especially if there is a wind and their sails are full.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Owing to the many and very high mountains a number of places can only be reached by foot. The missionary must visit these and so to be a good walker is a very useful asset. Most of these winding footpaths are very rough and steep, so it is quite a task reaching some of our chapels, especially during the rainy season and the hot summer months. When conditions are good it is rather pleasant to walk over the mountains and through the valleys. One meets hundreds of country folk coming and going to and from their daily tasks. All carry their indispensable umbrella to be used as a protection against the rain and also the sun. They carry all sorts of things with them, ranging from foodstuffs to the plough that they have used on their farm. They reason that after all the ox has done a faithful day's work and so deserves a break. The people are very kind to their beasts of burden because they know the necessity of these animals in their great struggle to provide

a livelihood for themselves and their families.

CITY TRAVEL MUCH MORE PLEASANT

In the towns and cities, and in the country too, the rickshaw is very popular. It resembles a small buggy, equipped with shafts and is pulled by a man, commonly called the puller. This mode of conveyance is ideal for short and hurried trips. The coolie can gallop along at quite a smart pace and if a tip is promised he will make very good time. It is always prudent to make the bargain before starting, otherwise a terrible argument will result when the destination is reached. Rickshaw men love to squabble and will carry on for hours to gain an extra few cents. The difficulty is, if more is given they are not satisfied and want still more. Sometimes a big-hearted foreigner will be the cause of a terribly noisy scene if he has tipped too highly.

When the bus pulls in there is a mad rush by these men to get passengers and often they are very rough and almost tear the baggage to pieces in their anxiety to secure a customer. Lately, due to the increased traffic around here, small hand-carts are used to transport luggage and other heavy packages. Thousands may be seen along the bus roads and it's not uncommon to notice cart, man and all being knocked over the cliff by some big bus or truck.

When the journey is too long to go by rickshaw or by foot, another way is available. The sedan chair, a seat fitted with folding top, to keep out the sun and rain, and placed on two long poles, is carried by two men called chair-bearers. It is surprising the number of miles they can cover in one day, and it's usually pleasant riding except where the path is rough and steep. Once while I was riding along the man fell in a pond of water, but nothing serious happened except

that he lost face and got wet, into the bargain. Some nasty falls could very easily happen but the carriers are very sure-footed and the way they pick their steps along narrow ledges, seemingly impassable, is admirable indeed. Of course the passenger usually walks part way to give the men a rest and to get a little change himself.

Another very widely used means of travel is the bicycle. A number of our priests own bikes and say they are the only thing. Of course the motor bike is much better, very cheap to run, and very handy for rush sick calls. To date only one person has one, probably due to the cost of the machine itself. Many of the Chinese own bicycles, especially the students, and they have a great liking for the bell which is almost constantly in use. Riding down a street here is a real adventure and to successfully dodge all the hens, pigs and children, is no mean feat. To kill a hen is to invite the combined wrath of half the women in town. One such experience usually teaches the unfortunate cyclist to be more careful in the future.

THE LAST WORD: TRAVEL BY BUS

Perhaps the most efficient means of travelling is by bus. This is a comparative recent innovation but the people are rapidly becoming bus-minded. The mountainous state of this province at first seemed to present almost unsurmountable obstacles to the engineers. The success of their efforts is certainly a real triumph. On the road to Lungchuan there is one stretch of highway that climbs, like a circular stairs, right up and around the steep mountainside. Rounding the summit, the motorist can see the two roads below, one half way down and the other at the base. It is really a thrilling trip through this part of the district and a bit hard on the nerves too! To crash head-on with another car, or to be the victim of a careless driver while taking one of those many hair-pin turns would probably mean a tumble of a few thousand feet down the high cliff. Accidents are comparatively few but sometimes frightened passengers have leaped out the windows when the bus seemed about

to plunge to destruction. Not so long ago, Monsignor McGrath and myself were returning from Lungchuan, and we encountered a small cloudburst way up in those mountain turns. Besides getting soaked we experienced many a thrill especially when the bus started slipping dangerously towards the edge.

Since the beginning of hostilities it has been increasingly difficult to get on the bus.

In some of the interior places where refugees are continually leaving there is a waiting list, and not long ago some people were told they would have to wait a couple of months to get seats. Around here it is common to wait hours in line to buy a ticket. Some of the people sleep beside the wicket all night, somewhat after the fashion of the bleacher-World-Series-fans.

If one manages to survive the battle of getting a ticket he is only just beginning. The initial success doesn't guarantee a seat on the bus, and when a great number all try to get on at the same time there is a rather spirited scene, enlivened sometimes by real hot arguments. Usually fifty or more persons attempt to get into a bus built to accommodate thirty-five passengers. If the weather is hot the dust is thick and this, combined with the thick nauseating smoke coming from the exhaust, usually makes most of the people very sick.

It's still worse riding in the back of an open truck, especially if the driver is in a hurry to get home. If one attempts to catch a bus from one of the stations along the way his chances are pretty slim. In the first place they have a very bad habit of almost always coming late or very early. The schedule means nothing and they seem to take a keen delight in fooling the people. So far I have been rather successful at Tsingtien in getting a place. Generally, about thirty people are waiting to board an already-filled bus and the battle for the coveted space is a royal one.

When the bus hovers in sight, after perhaps a two or three-hour wait, all make a wild rush and attempt to get in before it is stopped. Of course the passengers whose destination happens to be

here, feel they have a right to get out and the confusion that follows is amusing. It resembles a rugby scramble for a loose ball, and only a ten-second man or a line-plunger can hope to have any success. To emerge from the contest without some mark of battle is absolutely impossible. Once inside and wedged as closely as the proverbial sardines, the next job is to find room to breathe. The people are very polite and always willing to help out as much as possible. Often I have been offered a seat and when forced to accept, compromised by returning the compliment soon after.

The many roadside inns do a thriving business and when the bus pulls into the station the hawkers rush over with their wares and pass them in through the open windows. Corn, water melons, hard-boiled eggs, pears, tea and other delicacies can be bought here. It's not uncommon for a stranger not to understand the local talk and to call on the priest to interpret.

At frequent intervals along the road there are bus stations, each with a ticket agent and also equipped with a phone. When the bus comes in view he dashes forth and signals his message by means of different flags. Due to the narrowness of some of the roads only one car can pass, and so often the bus must await the approach of the other car. When everything is ready the all-clear signal is given by means of a whistle lustily blown. The people now are very wise and so when they see this charging monster coming they make for safety without any delay. It's funny, but tragic for the poor farmer, who may be leading a cow along the road, and it decides to race the bus for a few miles.

Time is not the all-important element over here, so if a bus breaks down, or if a boat seems to be very slow, no person gets very excited. Their chief aim is to arrive at their destination sometime, a few hours delay makes no great difference. This philosophy seems to take the sting out of any unpleasantness encountered in travelling and tends rather to make it an adventure—something to be enjoyed and long remembered.

We Need Your Co-operation

Gottings

FATHERS TURNER, GORDON STRINGER, MCGOEY AND WHITE, our 1939 Missionary Band, arrived in Shanghai on the night of January the second and received as good a welcome as was possible from Father Beal, Father Moriarty and myself.

It was already dark when the S.S. *President Coolidge*, on which they had embarked in Los Angeles, swung into her anchorage in the Whangpoo. On the way up the stream they had noticed a chimney with a shell hole through it and several warships. There was a great deal of bustle as they left the large steamer and boarded the tender which brought them to the Customs Jetty. Greetings were exchanged and then began a tiresome but necessary wait in the bleak Customs Shed while their twenty-two pieces of baggage were brought ashore and assembled. The baggage was supposed to be placed under the proper letters, but the coolies merely dumped the baggage in the centre of the shed and hurried back for more.

After a two-hour delay the baggage was assembled and passed by the Customs and we were on our way to the Lazarist Procure, where Fathers Turner and White were to stay, while Fathers Stringer and McGoeY went to the Franciscan Procure.

SUN HELMETS were at the top of the shopping list for the new arrivals. Although they will not have need of them until the month of May in Lishui, such things must be purchased in Shanghai. They quickly made themselves at home in this Paris of the Orient and

Father John J. Sammon, of North Onslow, Quebec, asks the readers of "CHINA" to pray for a special intention.



stated that they liked the city. This city of perhaps three million persons in peace-time has now been made the home of from five to seven million inhabitants. They crowd the streets and walk on the sidewalk when it is convenient and on the road the rest of the time. It is very often on the road. The traffic moves on the left side of the road following the English system. On his second day in Shanghai Father Turner had a ride in a truck which was taking part of his baggage to the Procure. He stated that he was glad that he did not have a weak heart as the traffic was the worst he had ever experienced.

THERE WAS difficulty in getting a boat to Ningpo, but eventually reservations were made on the S.S. *Elbhof*, and on January the 13th, guided by Father Beal and accompanied by Father Moriarty, they pulled away from the French Bund. They had with them over one hundred pieces of baggage and supplies for Lishui. The run to Ningpo would be a little over half a day, and then would come a 65-mile trip up river before they would come to the terminus of the bus or truck which would bring them to Lishui, where a real welcome was awaiting them, and the supplies. Incidentally they had with them the kitchen stove, destined for Father Reeves.

ALL MISSIONARIES coming to China receive a new Chinese name, as their English name cannot be used up country. As far as possible names similar in sound are given them. The 1939 Band was interested in their new cards with their names and addresses on one side, and on the other their new

By Rev. Gerald Doyle

Chinese names and addresses in Chinese characters.

ACCOMPANIED by Father Moriarty, Father Gerard McKernan arrived in Shanghai on December the 30th and went directly to the General Hospital. On the morning of January the 2nd he had his appendix removed. The operation was successful and Father McKernan is making a good recovery.

Naturally the priests in Lishui want to be informed of important happenings concerning our priests in Shanghai. The items of interest to them on January the second were Father McKernan's operation and the arrival of the new Band.

IN LISHUI the missionaries who arrived in 1938 have received appointments to the out parishes in the Prefecture and most of them have left for their new fields of labour in order to make room for the 1939 Band. Father Charles Murphy goes to Pihu with Father Strang; Father Edward Moriarty is appointed to Sungyang with Father Beal; Father Alexander MacIntosh is appointed to Lungchuan with Father Venadam; Father Daniel MacNeil is appointed to Tsingtien with Father Desmond Stringer; Father Gerard McKernan is appointed to Ba Nga with Father King; (Father King and Father Wong are moving their headquarters from Huang T'an to Ba Nga, in the Tsingtien district, and in the future Huang T'an will be looked after from Ba Nga), while Father Harvey Steele is appointed chaplain to St. Joseph's Hospital and assistant at Lishui.

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

China Needs Christianity

THE Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

FATHER CURTIN WRITES FOR THE BUDS

Dear Father Jim: Lishui, China.

I know it is not customary for a non-member of your Rose Garden to gain admittance to the section of "CHINA" exclusively devoted to the Buds, but I was successful once before, so I shall try again.

On this Feast of the Holy Innocents, there is a thought which I should like to put before the Buds, with your kind co-operation. This feast is one of the great feasts of the Christmas season, and on this occasion we commemorate the martyrdom of those little ones who gave their lives for Christ so soon after His Birth. They are known as the Holy Innocents, and were baptized in their blood. We have holy innocents in China, too, though they are not so well known as those whose feast we celebrate to-day, nor did they give their lives for Christ. Our holy innocents are the infants who are baptized by the Sisters, and who die soon afterwards. Where do their souls go at the moment of death? They go straight to Heaven, because the only obstacle between them and Heaven (that is, Original Sin) has been removed by the waters of Baptism. We are just as certain that they are in Heaven as we are that the first Holy Innocents are enjoying the Presence of God in Heaven to-day.

It is the teaching of the Church that the Saints in Heaven can help the faithful here on earth, and we have many proofs that they do help us. God seems to wish us to ask their help, since he has granted so many favours through their intercession, as we know from the many favours granted through the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, of St. Theresa, and thousands of others. Is it likely that He would turn a deaf ear to the prayers of the Holy Innocents of Bethlehem? Or is it likely that He would refuse the petitions of the holy innocents of China?

This is the thought, or rather the request, Father Jim, which I should like to put before the Buds. They pray every day to their favourite saints, including their Patroness, the Little Flower, who is also the Patroness of the Missions. Ask them to pray, too, to the uncanonized saints, the hundreds of infants, whose names will never be known in the list of Saints, who

have the grace of Baptism, and who died in their baptismal innocence. May the prayers of the little Chinese infants, whose pure souls are now in the presence of God, bring to their parents, and fellow countrymen, who are still pagans, the light of the true faith! May the prayers of these holy innocents help the missionaries who are striving to establish the True Church in China, that their work may be successful, and bear abundant fruit in time, and in eternity!

Best wishes,
M. LEO CURTIN.



Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

Grade I, College Street School, Halifax, N.S.



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Father Jim's Mailbag

31 Glenelg St. East,
Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I received your certificate and I am very proud of it. . . .

Your little friend,
Joan Cain.

We are very proud of you, too, Joan.

* * *

Blairmore, Alberta.

Dear Father Jim:

The Boys and Girls of Grade V of the Blairmore Public School wish to become members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. . . . Would you please send us certificates? We are going to try and do all we can for the Missions.

Respectfully yours,

Mary Polacik,
Secretary of Grade V Rose Buds.
That's the spirit, Mary.

* * *

Portugal Cove Rd.,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would like to get Buds to write to me. . . . We say a prayer for the Missionaries every day. . . . I must say good-bye now.

Loretta Rose.

Keep up the prayers, Loretta.

* * *

Lance Cove,
Bell Island, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . Please send me a certificate. I am interested in pen-friends. I would be sure to answer their letters.

I am yours respectfully,

Stella Hammond.
Welcome to the Garden, Stella.

* * *

Lance Cove,
Bell Island, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am a permanent member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden since 17th May, 1930. . . . I will send you a snap if you desire.

Your careless Bud,

Betty Hammond.
Sure, Betty.

* * *

157 Douglas Ave.,
St. John, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

We, the pupils of Grade IV, would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. There are forty-five of us. If I were to send you all the names would we all get certificates? . . . Would you send twenty-five copies of "CHINA" to me and we will try to sell them? . . . Friday night classmates and myself had a BINGO party, we made \$1.35, which I am enclosing with this letter.

Yours truly,

Eleanor Ann Oland.
Thanks a million, Eleanor. May others follow your example.

St. Francis Xavier School,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden. . . . It was a long time since I wrote to you. . . . I think I will say good-bye for now.

B. Kenny.

Don't let it be so long a time again, eh?

* * *

97 Murray Street,
Brantford, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Please find enclosed a dollar which I have saved in my mite box. I have been a "Rose Bud" for over a year. . . . I am also enclosing a picture of myself.

Your friend,
Rosaleen Corkindale.

Thank you very much, Rosaleen, for your donation.

* * *

St. Monica's School,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am twelve years old, and I have one sister, Catherine, aged six, and two brothers, Gerald, nine, and Paul, eight years old. . . . hope you accept us as Buds.

Joan O'Connor.



Well, Joan, I willingly accept yourself, Gerald and Paul, but I am afraid we will have to wait a little while before accepting Catherine UNLESS she has already made her First Holy Communion. You say she is only six. I have sent three certificates.

* * *

22 Grant Ave.,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . May I become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden Club?

Loretta Drake.

Welcome, Loretta. I have mailed your certificate.

Weirstead, Quebec.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a boy of fourteen and am very interested in becoming a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden. . . . Will you please send me a certificate and pin?

Your new Bud,
Wilfred Sammon.

Welcome, Wilfred. Sorry, you shall have to wait until I have some new pins made.

* * *

Spaniard's Bay, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I enclose a small collection of stamps. . . . I am now nineteen years old and may be called to go (to the war) any time. If I have to go it will be in my mind that I will be fighting for God, our Redeemer; to fight against those who have persecuted Him and His Church. . . .

I am, yours sincerely,
Lucas Brazil.

We will pray for you, Lucas.

* * *

R.R. 3, Tignish, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a girl of fifteen and am very interested in becoming a member of the Rose Garden. . . . If I qualify may I receive my certificate? Hoping to see my letter in the next "CHINA."

Sincerely yours,
Rosy Richard.

I have already sent your certificate . . . you have qualified, Rosy.

* * *

Codrington, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden . . . and would like a boy to write to me and I will write back.

Your loving friend,
Hugh Ingram.

Thank you, Hugh.

* * *

Codrington, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am eleven years old and would like to join the Rose Garden. I would like a little girl to write to me. I would be sure to answer.

Your friend,
Joan Ingram.

Well, Joan, I hope your wish for a pen-pal will be granted. Welcome.

* * *

Mahou, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a boy of twelve years. . . . I would like to join the Rose Garden. . . . I am interested in pen-friends.

Your new friend,
Angus Beaton.

Good, Angus, how about asking some of your friends to join our club?

Dear Father Jim:
 . . . We are perfectly willing to obey
 the rules. . . .

Teresa and Mary Lou McCann,
 Theresa Whittaker.

*Welcome, all three of you, but that
 picture is too small to reproduce. How
 about sending one we can really show off
 in the Garden. What do you say?*

* * *

Coniston, Ont.

Rev. Father Jim:

We have some sorrowful news to tell
 you. Rose Bud Frank Totino's father
 died this week. . . .

Your Rose Bud,
 Cecil P. Chabot.

*Thank you, Cecil, for writing. I now
 ask the Buds to pray together with me
 for Mr. Totino's soul. May he rest in
 peace. I am sure the priests received your
 postcard, Cecil. They are now in China.*

* * *

Roslin, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

How are you? I would like to join the
 Rose Garden. . . .

A new Bud,
 Anna Farrell.

*Fine, thanks, Anna. Send your stamps
 to: Stamp Dept., China Mission Seminary,
 Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.*

* * *

Little Judique,
 Inverness Co., N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to become a member of
 the Rose Garden. . . . I am very inter-
 ested in pen-pals.

Your new Bud,
 Teresa Margaret MacDonald.

*Hope some of the boys and girls will
 write to you, Teresa. Try to get as many
 members as you can in your school.*

* * *

Lancaster, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We are reading "CHINA" with interest.
 Here are three jolly lassies who wish to
 be Buds in your Rose Garden. . . .

Three new Buds,
 Gertrude Lauber,
 Thérèse Carrière,
 Camilla Macdonald.

*Welcome, lassies, to the Rose Garden
 of Little Theresa.*

* * *

FOR NEWFOUNDLAND BUDS

From Bally Haley School, St. John's East,
 donation of \$2.70, per Miss Griffin.
 St. Boniface College, St. John's, \$20.

*To Bally Haley School we say God bless
 you and be assured that we appreciate all
 you are doing for the Missions.*

St. Boniface College, famous for its
 Sports' Championships; directed by the
 Irish Christian Brothers; (they taught
 Father Jim, one time, but not in New-
 foundland) and interested in Foreign
 Missions.

*Thank you, Brothers, Teacher, Boys
 and Girls from down Newfoundland
 way, and remember, we do not forget
 you in our prayers.*

Three cheers for Newfoundland!

MARCH, 1940



Brockville
 Buds

Irene
 McDougall
 and her
 little friends
 had a party.



Left to Right:
 Helen Sheridan
 Theresa Brady
 and
 Mary B. Ford

Irene
 McDougall

Olga Cosner



Dorothy
 White,
 London,
 Ont.



St. Francis Xavier School,
 Brockville, Ont.

Mary Johnson
 Mary Beatrice Ford
 Beatrice Cameron
 Barbara Zaveda
 Patsy MacMaster
 Theresa Brady
 Barbara Alberry
 Helen Sheridan
 Margaret Lawless
 Fay Johnson

*I was very happy to hear from you and
 hope you will write soon again.*

* * *

St. Francis Xavier School,
 Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I was sick and did not write when the
 girls did. I would like a certificate. . . .

Your loving friend,
 Joan Tobin.

Hope you are quite better again, Joan.

* * *

St. Francis Xavier School,
 Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Rose Garden,
 and we are having a good time on the
 rink, and we say the Hail Mary and that
 is all for now.

Your loving friend,
 Peggy Kelly.

That's quite a lot, Peggy.



Rosaleen
 Corkindale,
 Brantford,
 Ont.

PAGE SEVENTEEN



Nothing Much Happened

The farmer came back to the farm, after a week-end in the city. The hired man met him at the station in the Ford.

"How's everything?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Anything much happen?"

"Nothing to speak of. The dog limps a little."

"Zat so? How'd that happen?"

"The horse was kinder crazy, running out of the stable, half singed, an' kicked it."

"Half singed?"

"Yeah. When the barn burnt down, all the hay and stock got burnt, except the horse—an' I had to shoot him later, he was so singed."

"How'd the barn catch?"

"A few sparks from the house, I reckon. That was what woke me—one of yore darters screaming on the second storey that the house was afire."

"Hmm! House went, too! Save anything?"

"Oh yes. When I woke, the whole kitchen end wuz blazin', but I still *could* unlock the front stairway, and got the folks out. But I remembered yore barrel of applejack in the shed behind the kitchen, and I knew you didn't want nothing to happen to that. When I got her out it was too late to save the two girls, or the three boys, or the baby, or even yore wife. I suppose yore maw an' paw got crisped right off. But I saved the applejack."

"Well, that's something. Anything else happen?"

"That wuz all. It was a pretty quiet week-end."

"I'll say."

Page Emily Post

A boy and his mother stood looking at a dentist's showcase.

"If I had to have false teeth, mother, I'd take that pair," said the small boy, pointing.

"Hush, James," interposed the mother quickly, shaking his arm. "Haven't I told you it's bad manners to PICK your teeth in public."

A Royal Joke

Mike: "If the Ruler of Egypt owed the King of Italy one hundred thousand dollars, and the Ruler of Egypt refused to admit the debt, how could the king collect?"

Pat: "Gosh—that's a tricky one!"

Mike: "Suez Canal!!!"

Dicken's They Are

Professor: "And what on earth made you write a paragraph like that?"

Student: "I quoted it, sir, from Dickens."

Professor: "Beautiful lines, aren't they?"

They'll Do It Every Time

A farmer wanted to telephone, but found the line busy. "I just put on some beans for dinner," he heard a woman say to her neighbour.

A few minutes later he tried again. The same two women were still talking.

"Say, lady, I smell your beans burning," he broke in.

There was a scream, two receivers went up and the line was open.—Weyburn (Sask.) Review.

Isn't Science Marvellous

"Oh, doctor, I have sent for you certainly; still I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Tut-tut," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, the mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

It Happened in Toronto—Honest

Lady: "Can I go through the gateway for a short-cut?"

Caretaker: "Guess so. I saw a load of hay go through this morning."

Dog Dyes

The latest fashion among Parisians, it seems, is to stain the hair of one's pet dog to tone with the popular color of the moment. Every dog has its dye.—Montreal Herald.

George: "This time last year I was up north hunting big game."

Lily: "Reindeer?"

George: "Yes, Honey, it poured all the time."

All In a Lifetime

Little Marie was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and after looking at him intently for a time she said:

Little Marie: "Grandpa were you in the ark?"

Grandpa (astonished): "Certainly not, my dear."

Little Marie: "Then why weren't you drowned?"—Lindsay Post.



OH, OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

Remember, Your Assistance Keeps US Smiling

Quality Printers

Adelaide
2112-3-4-5

*The
Garden City Press*

263 Adelaide St. West - Toronto

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1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

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FOR ONE YEAR — FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR LIFE SUBSCRIPTION

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

Address

Name

Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

●
In making, or revising, your Last Will,
please remember the Seminary by inserting
the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS
XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMIN-
ARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO,
THE SUM OF \$....."

Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

● *Management:*

The Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Directors, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Ryan, Hamilton; Rt. Rev. Monsignor McRae, President of the Seminary; and Rev. Alex. J. Macdonald.

● *Means of Support:*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "CHINA."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

IT'S A HARD PULL



WON'T YOU HELP?

•

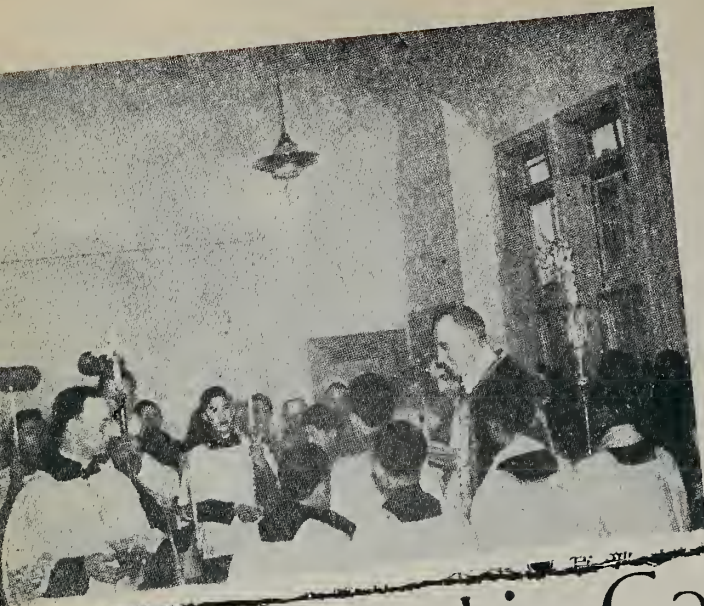
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

April, 1940





本埠之華人天主教會
自創立日起直至現今

係於前六年創立者
逐漸進步 故成績



華人天主
教會幼稚
園教員黃
蓮香女士

NEW CHINESE CHURCH OPENS

A new church for Chinese Catholic parishioners and a new school for their children were opened by Archbishop Duke Sunday—six years after the Chinese Catholic parish was conceived and the first mass held in living-room of a little house on East Georgia street, close by the new buildings.

Both church and school are named after the patron saint, Francis Xavier. The church is located on Princess street, half a block south of Georgia, while the school is situated at the corner of Princess and Georgia.

In a brief address at the opening of the church in the morning, Archbishop Duke congratulated all who had made possible the new church and school.

He appreciated the fact Monsignor McRae, head of the Catholic China Mission school at Scarborough, Ontario, was present.

In a short but impressive afternoon ceremony, the Archbishop blessed the school and handed it over to the parishioners.

A procession, in which were the Archbishop, Monsignor McRae, Father Sharkey, Father Rob-

British Columbia Catholic

Sub Titium Praesidium Confusimus Sancti Dei Genetrix
VANCOUVER, B.C. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 8 1940

First Chinese Canadian Catholic Church and School to be Opened and Blessed Next Sunday



ST. TERESA, YOUR MODEL, POPE TELLS HIS SOLDIERS

"We would like to suggest to you that you take as your model the little 'sacristy' of the Catholic Church. You love it, keeping spotless even more than the sacred vestments which were to contain the very body of Christ," the Holy Father said the soldiers of the Vatican Army when they presented him with their new Year classes.

GRAPH, Lord popularity and of his

not with- quicken- to the Em- broke out paper

REQUIEM HIGH MASS FOR PIONEER

Requiem High Mass was celebrated on Monday, Feb. 5, at St. Helen's Church, Vancouver Heights, by Rev. D. J. Carey for the repose of the soul of Michael Mullarkey of 4024 Cambridge Street. The deceased was 82 years of age—a resident of Vancouver for 30 years, having come here from Boston, Mass.

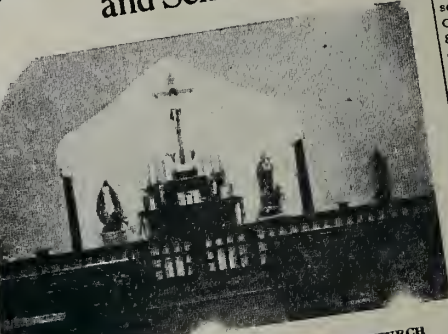
The Mass was beautifully rendered in Gregorian Chant by Rev. Father Zephrin, O.F.M. of the Franciscan Monastery, assisted by Rev. Fr. Chrysostom, O.F.M. and Rev. Fr. Pare, O.S.M.

Burial at Ocean View Cemetery. Left to mourn his loss are two daughters, Anna C. Mullarkey and Mrs. W. J. Audet, and three grand children.

As an act of courtesy to a U.S. Indian War Veteran, the United Spanish War Veterans of 98 paid their tribute by placing a wreath in the grave and having their bugle sound the last post.

May he rest in peace.

The New Chinese Church and School



ST FRANCIS XAVIER CHINESE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Catholics and many non-Catholics are interested in the Catholic Church, and many things are needed, but with the enthusiasm and willingness for hard work, of its zealous missionaries, these things will not be long in coming.

Visiting the new school, on Pender street, a wide flight of concrete steps leads into a bright and airy building. A spacious hall gives access to a splendid auditorium with movable stage out of which open the classrooms.

A visit to this centre of devotion will copy one in many ways. In the church there is no trace now of the original wooden building with rounded ceilings, giving an idea of space and light, covered with a light green tile, and the lighting is original and effective.

The Sanctuary spanned by a Norman arch, which yet looks Chinese, is the width of the church and has a unique altar which at first sight seems to be built of Teakwood. The altar is so round, was glad to show it around, because it is so light, and because it is so Chinese, and because it is so stained the wood.

First Catholic Chinese Church And School In Canada Blessed

VANCOUVER, B.C. Feb 17—A rather unique ceremony took place here when His Excellency Archbishop Duke of Vancouver solemnly blessed and opened the only all Chinese Catholic school in the Dominion of Canada. The same day the Archbishop blessed the new church of this Chinese settlement under the Heavenly patronage of St Francis Xavier. The Chinese mission in Vancouver is under the management of the China Mission Seminary at Scarborough, Ont. Rev. Hugh Sharkey is the superior and has as his assistants, Rev. Roland Roberts and Rev. Cameron MacDonald. The school is staffed by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ont.

The new school has an enrollment of 80 Chinese boys and girls. Four large classrooms, a spacious auditorium and other rooms make up the school building which is one of the finest of frame construction in the city.

Rev. J. A. MacRae, president of China Mission Seminary was in Vancouver for the ceremony. The new parish church was formerly a kindergarten school and was altered into a very lovely church through the kindness of Church Extension and a Toronto friend of the missions.

Founded in 1933, the Vancouver mission for the Chinese was inaugurated by Archbishop Duke with Father Sharkey as the first missionary. Two Grey Sisters operated the school for younger children. At that time there was not one Catholic Chinese to attend the church erected for their benefit. After six years there are now about one hundred and fifty Catholic Chinese with a large number under instruction. The mission can now count among its achievements, a Chinese Girls' Club, a Chinese Catholic Boys' Scout Troop, a Chinese Athletic Association, and the only Chinese Catholic Praesidium of the Legion of Mary.

rites Pa Missions

We were so happy to have the new school, a building which the war has had upon Catholic mission work in that threatened area. The words are contained in a book published in De Tia Catholic and received from a missionary who had labored in Finland.



New President-General

The Missionary Union of the Clergy is nothing new to those acquainted with the Missionary activity of the Church. Recently an announcement regarding this organization was made at Rome showing that the Union is far from inactive. In fact, it is to take on new life in Canada. The whole country has been divided into two sections to ensure the more effective working of the Union. The division has been made according to the "language-line" of our bi-lingual country. The Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec being the head of French-speaking Canada and the clergy of all English-speaking Canada from "Charlottetown to Victoria" coming under the direction of His Excellency, the Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto. Archbishop McGuigan is the General President of the Missionary Union of the Clergy for all English-speaking Canada.

"CHINA" is more than happy to congratulate His Grace on this most recent honour. We well know that he has a "good heart" for the Missions, and therefore the choice is indeed all the more fitting.

Respectfully we say: *Congratulations.*

DECREE OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION

"In order that they might more fittingly provide for the greater growth and success of the Missionary Union of the Clergy in Canada, the Bishops of that country have proposed to this Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith that the above-named Union have two sections, one of which would be for the Eastern part of Canada, namely, the French part; the other, for the Western part, namely, the English part.



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Editor, REV. JAMES P. LEONARD

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"This Sacred Office has graciously approved of this proposal, and, with the favourable agreement of His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate of that country, and of the Bishops, it chooses and nominates, by this present Decree, His Excellency, Most Reverend James Charles McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, as the General President of the Missionary Union of the Clergy for the Western part of Canada, namely, the English part, and gives to him all the rights and privileges which belong to this office.

"Dated at Rome, from the Palace of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, the second day of February, in the year of our Lord, 1940."

(Signed)

P. CARD, FUMASONI-BIONDI,
Praef.

CELSUS COSTANTINI,
Archieppus tit. Theodos,
Secretarius,

Sacred Congregation for the
Propagation of the Faith.

In the Headlines

"The Red-letter Day we mentioned a couple of months ago for Vancouver Chinese Catholic Mission is now in the past tense but safe in the archives of history. The Catholic Press of Canada, almost from Coast to Coast, gave the event honourable mention. The opening of the only Chinese Catholic School in Canada, under the auspices of St. Francis Xavier Mission Institute, was no everyday affair; to us it was, and still is, one of the big things that has happened to us since 1918, and that was the year of our birth.

To Father Sharkey, the pioneer in this field, we express our appreciation and hope that he will soon give us the story of the many obstacles he had to overcome before attaining this grand success.



POOR GOD

By

Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, P.A.

IT IS A DIFFICULT subject to handle. Yet one that seems to need handling, judging by the growing number of people who confide to you their off-the-record opinion in protest against what they were taught in their early days. Great as is our regard for our early teachers, we know now that some of the things they taught us were responsible for many unnecessary headaches and caused no end of trouble to many of us who were trying to find out what to do with our lives. Some of the resultant psychological scars have not healed to this day.

They were not altogether to blame. The severity of their views was but the result of their excessive Orthodoxy. And many a time since then have I felt tempted to burst into print in a big way, with some such thing as "My Case Against Orthodoxy," the burden of the theme being the extent to which Jansenism (at least the unholy dregs of Jansenism), still influences theological teaching. However, it might do no good and could, conceivably, do a great deal of harm. You would be stepping on people's corns. You would hurt the feelings of a number of good souls whom nobody wishes to hurt, people who will carry their pet superstitions to their graves and who would cheerfully die maintaining their right of way about pious beliefs that really aren't so.

But there is one phase of the subject that could bear handling, even now. It is the question of laying every human disaster at the feet of God and invoking His Holy Will. If a child is run over by a truck or the father of a family dies

of pneumonia, many people will always tell you that it is unquestionably God's Holy Will. They are even scandalized if you suggest that the mother's carelessness or the father's neglected cold were really responsible for the tragedies in question. How does it happen that God gets the blame for all the disasters and so little of the credit for the pleasant and happy things in life? Why do so many good people entertain a concept of God that would make a Chinese bandit or an Iroquois Indian merciful by comparison? What have they gone and done to the gentle Babe of Bethlehem and the lonely Christ who died of a broken heart?

They had us convinced in our early days that God used to SEND sinners to Hell. Exasperated almost to the point of human vindictiveness, the God of semi-Jansenist Orthodoxy would hold the poor sinner aloft for a fleeting moment and then hurl him over a precipice into seething flames below. They did not tell us that it is really the sinner who SENDS himself to Hell and that, sin as he may, he could never make God love him the less. That the sinner really walks out on God, out of the radiance of God's presence into the dark night of eternal frustration and despair. The Church has never defined the nature of the fire of Hell, but some old-timers seemed to know. It was a fire reeking with the smell of brimstone. And there were other things. Not so long ago an anxious mother asked me what she should do about a high-strung, impressionable child of ten who was losing sleep at nights and becoming thin and nervous thinking about

the fiery snakes that would one day crawl all over him if he were a bad boy and went to Hell. The teacher had said so.

It isn't so surprising that the God of this desolate Orthodoxy should exult in the sorrows and heartbreaks of pitiful sinners here below. All too easy is the transition from God the grim avenger to God who glories in every phase of human heartbreak and despair. And small wonder that scruples wreak such havoc in the lives of spiritual people; that fear has usurped the place of love in many a devoted heart and that of all sorts of mental illness, religious mania is the most hopeless and incurable.

What a ghastly concept of a God of love! And what an insult that the daily tragedies that make countless thousands mourn should be laid to His charge and labelled "God's Holy Will!" It isn't Christian resignation but spiritual sadism to feel that God wants all people to die before their time; that God is responsible for the death of the man who jumps from the fifteenth storey or turns on the engine in the closed garage. To say in every case that such things occur because they are God's Holy Will is to say that God *wants* them to happen. It puts an end to human responsibility. It ignores the fact that many of these tragedies could and should have been averted by the use of the God-given instinct of self-preservation. It makes of God a Being who abhors fulfilment, glories only in frustration, revels in picking immature buds, but cannot abide the sight of a flower in full bloom. And yet, when He was with us

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here on earth, He gave nobody reason to regard Him as that sort of God. He gave back a son to a heart-broken mother and a daughter to her sorrowing father. Lazarus he raised from the dead and, with due regard for the exegetes, he *did* shed tears at his Tomb.

THERE IS A CASE in which God's Holy Will has been very much invoked, and it concerns me personally. It is the death in China of Father Jim McGillivray. I say he shouldn't be dead, and it doesn't help when people tell me that God took him away *just because we needed him so badly*, and "God's ways aren't ours." There it is again. Just because we needed him so badly! There you have the fire-and-brimstone-and-snakes-and-frustration mentality. Father Jim was one of the most valuable and necessary men in our young Society. Yes, I say, necessary, before you beat me to the punch with the old bromide that "nobody is ever necessary." Plenty of people are necessary if things are to approximate normalcy and Father Jim was one of them. He was necessary if our organization in its present state of existence is to function at its best. Things will always keep going. They must. Just as they will keep going—somehow—if the young husband or father of a family is stricken down when he is the only support of a wife and little family. The loss of many a man or woman who "isn't necessary" just means that nothing is ever the same again. It also means that the work God gave them to do will forever remain undone because each has a task of his own that nobody else can do and your burden or mine can never be foisted on to the other fellow.

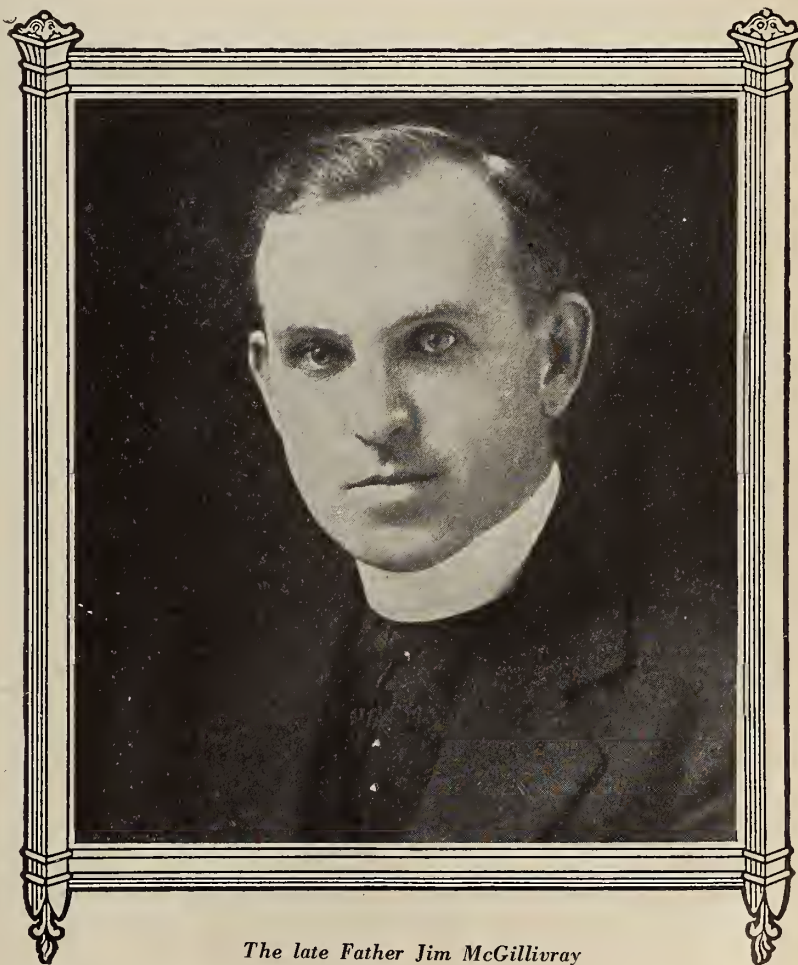
So, I say Father Jim should not be dead. Here are the facts of the case so that you may judge for yourself. Father Jim was an inveterate worker. He had a touch of heart condition and was of that high-strung, brilliant-minded "thoroughbred" nervous temperament that needs periodic rest and relaxation as the very price of survival. His former pastor in Nova

Scotia told me last Summer that Jim had been perilously near a nervous breakdown on the very eve of his ordination. Well, in due course he landed in China, a land that is hard enough on everybody for the first year or so, but especially hard on one of his temperament. For in China you must learn not to think too much, not to react too violently, not to expect that you are going to do much in one lifetime about the four hundred and seventy-five million. In my brief nine years in China I have seen other men of tremendous value to the Church rendered *hors de combat*, and I could wish that these tragedies, too, had been averted. Bishop Sheehan and Bishop Misner, both of the Vicariate of Ukiang, died in their forties. Monsignor Meyer, of Wuchow, one of the best missionaries of modern times, was obliged to resign his post of Prefect-Apos-

tolic because of ill-health. The Church in China is very much the poorer by the loss of such men who cannot easily be replaced.

But to return to Father Jim. He was a little older than some of the others because he had worked and put two brothers through High School before going on for the Priesthood himself. He always used to maintain, in half fun and half earnest, that he had wasted so much time "making the grade" that he had no more to lose and had to catch up with the rest of us. He never caught up with us in learning how to take care of himself. We had learned, after almost taking the count once or twice, to take things easily during the intolerable heat of a Chinese summer. We had been helped by the writings of Bishop Walsh and Bishop Galvin, veterans who had long borne the burden and heat of

(Continued on page 11)



The late Father Jim McGillivray

Ask Your Friends to Subscribe to "China"

CATHOLIC COMMUNISM

By REV. DESMOND STRINGER, Tsingtien, Che., China

TWO POWERFUL COMMUNIST FORCES are to-day locked in mortal combat. One only of them will emerge victorious. Their names are Catholicism and Bolshevism. Individualism, their common enemy, will be destroyed in the course of the battle.

Men are naturally social beings and can find the perfection of their nature only in society. Individualism, being the antithesis of social living, how could it arise among men? It came about as all devastating errors among men came about, by the worshipping of false gods. Whether men admit or deny it, it remains true that every motivating force among them, in the final analysis, is essentially a religious motive. Religion is the course of all that is magnanimous, noble and generous; or base, vile or mean.

INDIVIDUALISM

THE FALSE GOD OF INDIVIDUALISM is Self. Now, how did this worship of Self arise in modern times? It rose from the destruction of the social unity that once did exist—in spite of faults and weaknesses—in the Western world. The Reformation—so-called—in rending the social fabric of Christendom, destroyed social unity. The doctrine of private interpretation of the Scriptures, which quickly led to private interpretation of laws of morality, produced a conglomeration of individualists, a rich soil for consequent enormous injustices and miseries during and after the industrial revolution. The miraculous inventions in labor-saving devices and production were seized upon by the astute and moneyed few and developed, not with an eye to the betterment of society and its happy security, but to the end of individual aggrandizement. Power to rule and regulate the lives of millions lost its divine and holy character to become a mere com-

The author of this article has stated something that demands the attention of all Catholics regardless of their station in life. He has found words for ideas necessary to fulfil the Commandment of Christ: "Go Ye into the whole World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature."

"CHINA" is happy to present this learned summing-up of the prevalent misconceptions of Missions and what they mean in the social life of Catholics.

modity, to be bandied about by men of finance. In the realm of metaphysics, reason, stripped of every saving sanction external to itself, became its own master. Charity died, justice fled. And millions sweated and groaned under the intolerable burdens of the new and ghastly slavery and bowed the knee to Self.

TWO KINDS OF COMMUNISM

INDIVIDUALISM entered the Mystical Body to produce different but none the less devastating defects. It entered when Catholics began to concentrate on themselves as individuals. They abandoned their social selves and so ceased to influence those around themselves to the extent necessary to ensure the steady growth of the Mystical Body. There grew up even among Catholics that "none of my business" mentality because they had left off trying to perfect their social selves. One woeful consequence of this was the destruction of any real capacity for moral indignation. This concentration on perfecting and sanctifying their individual selves to the detriment of the sanctifying their social selves was

wrong in the light of the doctrine of the Mystical Body. Preserving one's individual identity is a vastly different thing from going individualistic. The basic distinction between the plan of Catholicism and that of Bolshevism is this: Catholicism would draw all into the common Body while allowing each individual to exist therein in a manner I shall explain presently; whereas Bolshevism would draw all into the common State by the extinction of the individual. The one to life, the other to death.

AN ANALOGY

NOW, FOR THE SAKE of clarity and thus to help our minds get an intelligent grasp of the meaning and purpose of the Mystical Body, let us explain things by analogy with the human body. The body is composed of cells and all are alive and acting through the vital principle called the soul. In the body no cell exists solely for itself. It exists as an individual cell in the body, but the reason for its existence is to aid in the perfection of the body. It exists as an individual and must maintain itself a perfect individual, but its final end is a social one, namely, the working for the betterment and the growth of the body as a whole. The end is social also because each individual cell must work in harmony and fitness with every other cell. These may be cells grouped together for a particular purpose, but each cell must work with the other cells in the group in a social way. Although their actions may have an immediate particular end, yet this end cannot be an end in itself, but must tend towards the final end which is the perfection and growth of the whole. For instance, all the cells which go to make the muscle in my hand are concerned immediately with the perfection of my body. Considered apart from my body, what reason

In Your Will Remember Us

is there for my hand to be? So these cells have an immediate social aim within the final social aim. By the orderly, proportionate and healthy growth, the body reaches maturity.

How does this apply to the Mystical Body? Well, we are the members of Christ's Mystical Body (which is the Church) and He is the Soul. Each and every member of this Body is, as it were, "a cell in the Mystical Body." Now what is a healthy, normal cell? It is an individual person who is "sanctified in himself, in his person, in his passions, in his work and in his wealth." These different aspects may be taken as the constituent parts of the social "cell." So each person must be *holy* in every way. *Each* of these constituent parts must be *holy*, that is, sanctified, if the social whole is to be holy. So, for example, a man may be as self-controlled as St. Francis of Sales and as chaste as St. John, but if he gives unjust wages he cannot be a good "cell." So the first requisite is in *being* a good "cell." As in the body, a cell must first of all be healthy, so in the Mystical Body a "cell" must first of all be holy. As in the body a cell exists individually indeed but has a social end as its final end—namely, the perfection of the body, so, in the Mystical Body a man exists as an individual but has a social end as his final end, which is the perfection of the Mystical Body. So the second requisite is in *acting* *holily*. The cells of the body firstly must be healthy—a state of *being*; and they must constantly act and influence one another—a state of *acting*. So a "cell" in the Mystical Body must be holy and act holily. In a word each "cell" must love the others because love strives for union, and unity is essential to the well-being of the Mystical Body.

As cells in the body may be grouped for an immediate individual end but ultimately for the social end (as the hand in relation to the body), so too men may be grouped together for an immediate end but ultimately for the social end—the perfection and growth of the Mystical Body. Men may be grouped in a union, parish or

diocese and have the perfecting and growth of these as their immediate end, but it is towards the ultimate social end they must tend. As the cells of the hand would have no reason for existence if the hand had no function in the body, so the "cells" of any union or parish would have no reason for existence if the parish had no function in the Mystical Body.

All men are "cells," or can become "cells," vitalized by the soul of this Body which is Christ. "It is in society that God saves Man, *not individually*, but in the grace of Christ, in Whom *all are one*."

It can be readily understood that though sin injures, and sometimes kills a cell, yet the injury cannot be individualized or localized, but affects the perfection of the whole. Perhaps this is the reason why there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who is converted than over ninety-nine who need no converting; because the joy rises not only from the fact that a "cell" is restored but because the proper functioning of the whole is restored and the Mystical Body can go on growing without hindrance. So it is of importance to me as a member—a "cell"—of the Mystical Body that a negro in darkest Africa avoid every mortal sin; or that an Australian aborigine should perform an act of virtue. For everything that concerns the well-being of the Mystical Body is important to me because we are "Cells;" are one in Christ, and whatever helps or hinders this unity affects me. How important it is that we be good "cells," pulsating with spiritual vigour because God is dwelling in us. "Be careful to preserve the *unity* of spirit in the bond of charity," says St. Paul. And what more perfect prayer could "cells" have than "Our Father?"

As the body must grow by the adding of new cells, so must the Mystical Body grow by the adding of new "cells." It is saddening to realize that potential "cells" far outnumber the actual ones. (In this I am leaving out of calculation those members of the Mystical Body who belong to the Church Triumphant and the Church Suf-

fering, for which the body offers no analogy. All through this article I have in mind the Church Militant only.) There are teeming millions of pagans, every one of whom is meant to become a "cell" of the Mystical Body—for God wills *all* men to be saved. It is to prepare and add them to the Mystical Body that there are "cells" who are missionaries who are striving for the immediate end—adding cells—by which they perform their function in achieving the ultimate end—the perfection of the Mystical Body. At once it is apparent that they must be aided and assisted by *every* other "cell,"—because of the *one ultimate* end. If—by an impossibility—the cells of the hand should make the perfection and growth of the hand their ultimate end and refuse to aid in the preparing and adding of new cells that the whole body may grow, to what a sorry state the body would soon be reduced.

A WIDER HORIZON

SO, IT IS NOT SOLELY by the perfecting of its cells the body grows, but by the addition of new cells. Likewise in the Mystical Body. Thus the slogan: "There's China (or Africa, or India) enough at home," is not only wrong but idiotic; wrong because of its rank individualism, idiotic because it denies that growth is essential for a body to achieve its proper and due stature. (Some may say that this slogan means that one should just add the "cells" that are at home before going abroad after those farther away. I will return to this idea later on.) When sincerely uttered it shows a Catholic who considers his whole aim in life to be his own singular sanctification, forgetting he has a social duty as a member of the Mystical Body; when uttered by a parish or a diocese or a country; an order, or a society or a confraternity it shows the same thing; for if they are, as they *must* be, members of the Mystical Body, they *may not* concern themselves solely about their own group and not hinder the growth of the Mystical Body. They *may not* use the means of prayer and alms (to select two of many)

(Continued on page 14)

And You Will Help Others Find God

For We Preach Not Ourselves!

THE EUROPEAN WAR seems to have so captured the "News-Sense" of the secular Press that the war in China doesn't even take a good fourth place. There are many reasons why we are interested in this conflict in the Far East but one is primary as far as this publication is concerned. It is the part our priests and Sisters are playing in that country which is still the scene of modern warfare.

As our thoughts go to our brethren in China to-day the words spoken to Ruth come to mind: "All has been told me . . . how thou hast left thy parents, and the land wherein thou wast born, and art come to a people which thou knewest not heretofore." These words spoken to Ruth for her fidelity to her mother-in-law are no less apt when we apply them to your representatives in Fields-afar.

Our Canadian Missionaries *would* make answer in the words of the great Apostle, St. Paul, to the Corinthians: "Therefore, seeing we have this ministration, according as we have received mercy we faint not . . . but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience, in the sight of God. . . . For we preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ our Lord, and ourselves your servants through Jesus. For God who commanded the light to shine out of the darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God . . . but we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency may be of the power of God, and not of us. In all things we suffer tribulation, but are not distressed; we are straitened but are not destitute; we suffer persecution, but are not forsaken; we are cast down but we perish not: Always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies. . . . So then death worketh in us, but life in you." The fact that Foreign Missionaries in any country would, and do use these words

in reply to the praise of friends shows that they realize their place in God's plan and that without Him they can do nothing. Nevertheless, we are justified in placing before you, from time to time, the sacrifices they are making and the work they are accomplishing that you may not forget them in your prayers and remember them if it is at all possible in a material way. I heard a priest say recently that love of God had made these souls leave all things, but that they could not live on love—even Divine Love, in a country ten thousand miles from home. That is true. God does not work miracles unnecessarily.

The plain truth of the matter is that when a country has reached maturity, in the ecclesiastical sense of the word, she must send emissaries of the faith to other lands. A Christian country has a two-fold obligation in doing so: the first is the actual sending of apostles (as Christ sent Peter and the other Apostles; the successors of Peter sent Patrick, Columba, Augustine, Boniface, Remigius, Francis Xavier and the Jesuit Martyrs of North America); the second obligation arising out of the gift of faith is the financial assistance necessary for the carrying out of the command to "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

If one thinks this work can be accomplished without material aid from the homeland one has not given sufficient thought to the sacrifices made by one's forefathers for their faith nor does one realize the hardships suffered by so many parents to-day that their children may be given a Christian education. These sacrifices are being made to-day by *countless* Catholic parents all over the world. Do you think that we as Missionaries, and Founders of the Christian civilization, can do our work without some share in similar sacrifices? No, my dear friends, money is necessary, under the present condition of things, to carry the "Good Tidings" to China's teeming millions of souls still seated in the deep, dark shadows of infidelity.

Each Day Pray for the Missions

From Priest to Priest - A Personal Letter

Catholic Mission,
Lishui, Chekiang,
China.

Dear Father Gerald,

Your welcome letter reached me on the Chinese New Year, and was to me an agreeable New Year's gift. A letter from home is a letter from home, with all that the words imply, when one is ten thousand miles away from it. If our confreres of yesteryear realized the pleasure it is to hear from them our mailbag would be heavier. I ought not to complain for before my arrival here my letters to China were all too few.

The news of progress in the home diocese, and especially in the home parish, is very pleasant reading for me. I still have a warm spot in my heart for both. You are to be congratulated on the success you have had, materially but more especially spiritually. The number of vocations to the Priesthood and Religious life speaks well for the spiritual standing of the parish and is understood to be a healthy sign. Let us hope that they will continue to increase, and that among the future vocations there will be some for the Missions. As the needs in the homeland become supplied the Foreign Missions will appeal more and more to our young people. God knows, the needs here will not be supplied for a long time.

As time goes on, I like China better and better, strange as it may seem. I have had what might be called exceptionally good health, and that adds to the contentment. As you know, for some years before I left Ottawa I had trouble with my ears, the hearing is no worse and sometimes I think there is a slight improvement. At that, some of the brethren think I hear quite enough. As might be expected, I sometimes find myself comparing the life here with the life we were accustomed to at home, though there can be no comparison. There is as much difference as day and night, and it takes a while to adjust one's self.

Last Sunday I went out to a Mission five miles from here, across the river and over the mountain, I left here on Saturday afternoon and came back after Mass on Sunday morning. There are thirty-seven Christians in the village and surrounding districts and twenty-five of them attended Mass, twenty-one of whom received the Sacraments on their New Year's Day. The children there, like the children everywhere in this country, are very lovable and the grown-ups seem to be sincere in the practice of their faith. On the way home I thought of what my successor, in Canada, would be doing that day. He would probably be facing a stiff north wind with the temperature about 20 below as he drove to his mission over a road that you knew so well, for you gave four arduous years of faithful service in the same place. He would be wrapped from head to foot in furs, and he would need them in that climate. No need for such precautions here. I made the trip on foot, and the walk over the mountains was a bit strenuous but I did not suffer from the cold, I assure you. The hills of Chekiang often remind me of the hills of Mayo, in far-off Canada, but that is about the only point of resemblance. There, as you drive by, you know that in every home every member is a devout Catholic, with whom the priest's word is law, and who would swear by him. Here, the priest is just another foreigner, an object of curiosity, and you know that ninety-nine per cent. of those you see are worshippers of the Devil. Before every home, on New Year's Day as on other feasts, could be seen the offerings of rice, vegetables, wine and other foods. Later these are carried inside and all the family take part in the feast, just as the pagans in the days of the Apostles ate the food offered to idols. It is a shock at first to see pagan temples, and pagan practices going on before one's very eyes, but you can become accustomed to almost anything.

Hoping to hear from you soon again.

I remain,

Fraternally yours in Christ,

M. L. Curtin.

The Foreigner Comes to Town



By
**REV.
ALAN
B.
McRAE**
Kinhwa, Che.,
China

St. Patrick's Church
at
Hsiao-Shun, Che., China

WHAT IS THIS FOREIGNER doing in town? What is his purpose in coming here on this the twenty-third day of the eleventh moon? If the answer to the above queries were to be found in the stares and glares of the Chinese as they spy a foreigner among them for the first time, one might readily judge them to be the very antithesis of a friendly welcome.

Happily for us now, such is not the case. Formerly it is true there was some resentment shown upon the visit of so unusual a stranger, and maybe the priest was styled a *foreign devil* with whom no one should have anything to do. However, such gestures of displeasure are rapidly giving place to a very polite interest and eagerness, accompanied by a marked kindness on the part of the Chinese to discover and find out all about this honourable gentleman from beyond the seas.

Through the help that China has received for the last two years from foreign countries in her struggle against her enemy, she has come to realize that the outside

world has much to offer by way of improving and bettering China's political and social life. At the moment America is looked upon as the ideal country, with no wars and where everybody is so rich. In fact, when the two countries are compared there is a lot of truth in the comparison.

A VISIT TO HSIAO-SHUN

FOR HSIAO-SHUN, a crowded Chinese city, the idea that a foreigner had come to pay a Christmas visit never of course entered the minds of the pagan inhabitants; how could it? They had never heard the story of Bethlehem; the most joyous of all festivals meant nothing to them; the beautiful mystery of the Incarnation has for centuries remained to the greater part of the Chinese a closed book. Yes, it is a China without a Christmas.

Yet, we cannot blame the Chinese for that. The Jews, the chos-

en ones, entirely missed the real spiritual significance in the coming of their Promised One. And in our own day, when once again nearly the whole Christian world is in the throes of another world-war, is it not a sad reflection on Christians with *their* knowledge of Christmas? How far have they drifted from the true peace of Christ!

THE FACT that the Christmas visit of a priest meant nothing to the town of Hsiao-Shun, except to some forty Christians, did not in the least dampen the enthusiasm of hundreds of others, so it was not long until word had spread around that a foreigner had come to the Catholic mission, and that some unusual doings must necessarily be in the offing at the "Church of the Lord of Heaven." So might the characters over the front door of the church be translated.

Anxious myself to give this place the once over, I ventured forth with the catechist along the main street. The days of a Barnum and Bailey circus parade
(Continued on page 13)

"Go ye into the whole world . . ."

POOR GOD

(Continued from page 5)

the day before our arrival in the Orient. And I myself derived a great deal of benefit from the very sane advice of Abbot Chao Kung (Trebitch Lincoln), who knew his China and used to lecture me on the way Americans and Canadians were committing suicide both at home and abroad because of their inability to relax and let the springs run down. While there was still time to profit by it, we learned the lesson that if you succeed in keeping alive and free from serious illness during the 'Chekiang dog-days,' you are conferring a benefit upon your Society. There are the insufferably hot humid days and the equally humid sleepless nights. There are the flies and the fleas and the mosquitoes and the epidemics, the boiled water, the inevitable hot tea and the occasional all-night chorus of the devil-drivers over the garden wall. Sleep, blessed sleep, beloved from pole to pole, is a luxury in China from June till September. Rest and relax as you will, be as slap-happy as you may about lying awake inside your mosquito net, and it is normal to lose anything up to twelve pounds before the cool autumn breezes make life worth living again.

Now Jim carried no excess baggage. He couldn't afford to lose any twelve pounds. He needed rest more than any of us, but we couldn't convince him of the necessity of slowing down the *tempo*. He "hadn't a moment to spare." He bore down on the work with his usual relentless intensity. Till one day he contracted malaria and lasted just three days. His resistance was worn threadbare. He would hardly have been able to throw off an ordinary cold. So—he died.

You see what I mean. Do you think that Father Jim, had he rested and taken things more easily and kept his resistance up to standard, might have had a fighting chance against illness? Mightn't he still be alive? Or is poor God to blame? Again?

BUT YOU DON'T NEED to go to China. There are plenty of good people in Religious Institutions to-day, Sisters especially.

who are committing gradual suicide, and there are plenty more who have gone down to untimely graves, as a visit to many a little convent cemetery will convince you. Take a look at the little white crosses, row upon row, and note the average age of the Sisters beneath the sod. If it goes over forty in some places I shall be very much surprised. You see, dear Sisters, some of you believe that bodily health doesn't really matter. You keep going till you are on the verge of collapse and heroically say nothing. But it is false heroism. God has given you a human constitution that, with reasonable care, will last through an average allotted span. And if that reasonable care is not forthcoming God will rarely intervene to supply for human imprudence in the matter of neglect of health. Do you expect Him to be forever working miracles? God sets secondary causes in motion and, ordinarily, allows them to take their course. Don't flatter yourself that you are another Little Flower, made perfect in a short time, if you get wet feet and pneumonia and your services are no longer available to the Community. Don't blame God if the fault happens to be your own.

However, the fault is far from always being your own. To-day you are caught up in the whirligig of a dog-chase-tail public educational system that is revolving round us with dizzy speed but not really going anywhere. You are on the merry-go-round and you cannot get off, and as the pace gets madder and madder, more and more of effort and energy is required of teaching Sisters who are already dangerously near the limit of endurance. Am I theorising? I think not. I quote the Superiors of several Communities whom I visited with a view to getting more Sisters for China. In effect, they all said the same thing.

1. Sisters are breaking down because of overwork.
2. Vocations are fewer, with the result that those who are already overworked have to work still harder.
3. Elderly Sisters are obliged to perform tasks that call for youth and energy no longer theirs.

And when summer days roll

round, after a nerve-racking year, it's the same old grind, or worse, for the teaching members of the Community. How they could use a few of those summer weeks for quiet and peace and relaxation amid green trees on some little home on the range! But it's high pressure once more. On to Columbia or some place for that M.A. or Ph.D. which is essential if they are to stay in the educational race. What price our M.A.'s and this frenzied attempt to adjust ourselves to a bewildered and bewildering educational system! By the time our religious communities have been decimated, the system will have been tried and found wanting and it will be back once more to the old-time discipline.

I know one mental hospital to-day where more than a hundred Sisters are almost incurably insane. And others, undoubtedly, are on the way to complete nervous collapse. They manage to struggle back, still coherent, to the convent gate, with a little diploma tucked under their arm, but all too many are immolating health and strength and nerves and sanity in one grand funereal holocaust on the altar of the academic. Madly magnificent, if you will, but who would call it war!

This is one of the reasons (not the only one) why fewer and fewer girls are joining convents. They see how Sisters have to work, and it isn't human. And with the hospital Sisters it isn't much better. Were it a question of horses rather than humans the S.P.C.A. would step in, and more power to them. What we need is an S.P.C.S. Yet there are some good souls who again see God's Holy Will here and think it's wonderful, these days, the way God is taking to Himself a golden harvest of young souls "right from the convent to Heaven." Poor, dear God. What can even you do about such mentality! It is quite within the bounds of possibility that within fifty years some of our Communities may be facing extinction. And doubtless there will be good souls then who will see God's Holy Will even in their passing and tell us Peace, it's wonderful. The sky will ever be the limit if you lay every conceivable human tragedy at the feet of poor God.

Please Tell Me...

By Rev. Joseph P. King

BA NGA, CHE., CHINA

Father King in an "interview" with two Chinese parishioners teaches us something of pagan customs and superstitions.

"WHAT is to-day, Paitu?"
"I suppose that you mean to ask me what day is this according to the lunar calendar, Father? If so, I shall tell you that to-day is the twelfth day of the tenth month. That indicates that this is the twenty-second day of the eleventh month, solar calendar. In other words, this is the Feast of that wonderful little Christian, Cecilia, who was martyred in Rome centuries ago."

"Quite right, Paitu! Come to think of it last year, lunar calendar reckoning, her Feast was celebrated on the first day of the tenth moon. In time everyone will abolish the lunar calendar which is so confusing.

"We are told that St. Cecilia united in her veins the blood of kings with that of Rome's greatest heroes and that this blood of kings and heroes is the libation of the old nobility to Christ, the conqueror. We are also taught that the Church recognizes and honours in St. Cecilia three characteristics, which, taken together, distinguish her among all the blessed in Heaven, and are a source of grace and example to men. These three characteristics are, *virginity*, *apostolic zeal*, and the *superhuman courage* which enabled her to bear torture and death. May she ever be instrumental in helping us to courageously perform our Christian duties. Guided by her example, let us strive to be better and better children of the true God 'by whom we are saved and set free'."

"By the way, Paitu, New Year's will soon be with us again. Tell me, therefore, all about the ceremonies which are performed as well as the reasons for performing them at this time. First of all, tell me about that Kitchen god."

THE CHINESE KITCHEN GOD

"WELL, FATHER, said Paitu, while he just finished relighting his 5-foot long bamboo pipe, I suppose that in Canada there are no such things as kitchen gods perched in niches over or near the kitchen stoves. Because of the fact that Christians are few in number we see these smoked images in so many Chinese kitchens. You see, this god who is called Chiangkoei by some and Tsaochun by others, is believed to be a great General who has power to "purge out" all his enemies, is able to walk under as well as on the earth, who is invoked whenever some member of the home is very ill, and who is called upon with many incantations by weeping and wailing womenfolk when ever word comes that a relative has died far away from home. Nobody ever kneels and kotows before him. Nevertheless he is honoured in a manner on the first and the fifteenth day of the first moon as well as at the beginning of four seasons of the year when offerings of joss sticks (incense), food, tea and wine are placed before him. However, three days before the expiration of each year he receives special attention. Fresh fish, a pig's head, a white chicken and good wine are set upon his shrine and he is cordially invited to help himself. None of his worshippers can explain why it is that although this ceremony has been performed millions of times Tsaochun has never yet been seen helping himself!"

"Do you mean to say that he has not yet been seen partaking of those toothsome edibles which his devotees place before him?"

"Now, Father, you know that Tsaochun is one of those idols of

which the saintly King David was inspired to write in that 113th Psalm! He, too, is 'the work of the hands of men!'"

"Well said, Paitu! Thank God that you are no longer one of those who trust in false gods. May our Lord who blesses all, both little and great, add blessings upon you and your fellow-Christians!"

"But why do the pagans honour Tsaochun in a special manner three days before New Year's? They must have some reasons for so doing, eh?"

"Oh, they hold that Tsaochun on the 26th of the twelfth moon goes up to heaven in order to make his yearly report to the Pearly Emperor, Yu Huang, and that he returns to his niche on the first day of the first moon (New Year's Day) just in time for the morning sacrifice; therefore on the day of his departure, before the pagans tear down the idol's paper image, burn it and invite the god to go to heaven, they cram his mouth and eyes full of sugar in order that he may not be able to speak at all, good or bad! You see, they do not trust him! He might tell ALL that took place in the home during the past year!"

"Well, this has been an interesting little talk! Even though this practice is a childish one, it nevertheless shows how ancient customs are faithfully preserved. Let us hope that those fellow-countrymen of yours who are still sitting in the valley and shadow of death will respond to the prompting of the grace of God who 'desires all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the Truth.'

"All this time our friend Chulien has been sitting nearby, peacefully

"... Preach the Gospel to every creature."

sipping tea, listening attentively, but not saying a word!

"Chulien, would you mind favouring us with a description of the rites performed at Chinmin time?"

PAGANS HONOUR THEIR DEAD

"MOST CERTAINLY, Father! I suppose that in Canada ceremonies like to those which are performed here about the sixteenth day of the second moon are quite unknown. Ever since I became a Christian I have made a special effort to pray especially during the month of November for the souls of the faithful departed that God may in His infinite mercy grant them speedily a place of 'refreshment, light, and peace'."

"But why all the excitement of this particular time of the year?"

"If you promise to forgive me

for my somewhat disjointed way of expressing myself, I'll tell you all.

"First of all, let me state that Chinmin is a time when all tombs and graves are tidied up, and offerings made to those who lie buried therein. Tables are brought out by some, food by others and when all has been set for a banquet the dead relatives are invited to come forth and partake. Of course, they are supposed to consume merely the odour of the steaming dishes' delicious victuals. Needless to say, the food is never touched . . . by the 'guests!' After a considerable delay the offerings are replaced in the carrying baskets and carried off to the offerer's home, where they ARE consumed."

"Tell us, do you think that the pagans really believe that the souls of their grandparents reside in

those carved tablets which are set up in the ancestral halls and before which incense is burned?"

"It seems to me," said Chulien as he insisted on sitting in the lowest place in the reception room, "that they at least take it for granted, and that they sincerely hope that some day tablets representing themselves will be set up in their clans' ancestral halls by their own grandchildren."

"Well, Chulien, even though those who know nothing of God's power and sweetness do say that the old-time religion is good enough for them *we* nevertheless are certain that the very opposite is true. Is it not deplorable that so many do not yet know how important it is to use the very best available means to help them save their immortal souls for whose salvation our Blessed Lord underwent a most cruel death?"

The Foreigner Comes to Town

(Continued from page 10)

came back to mind with all their efforts at putting on a great show. Here, *I* was the show's attraction and drawing card, and no elephants or clowns were at all necessary. One "look see" did not at all suffice to satisfy their curiosity, and soon there was a large procession of children and even adults following up behind. From the open shops and homes along the way, old and young, stopped to stare or hurriedly stooped to pick up the younger children and joined the parade. Throughout all this staring I do not think that they were in any way offensive in their remarks. Arriving back at the mission with this enthusiastic escort, I had to go through the customary Chinese bows. Then as I seated myself to drink some tea, my queer-looking clothes were more closely examined. At mealtime in China if the foreigner can manipulate chopsticks he saves himself a lot of stares, for using a knife and fork certainly draws the crowd.

On Christmas-eve I brought out my portable phonograph and played some English records. Soon the strains of some hit tune had brought around an appreciative audience, the louder the orchestra played the more they enjoyed it. I had a little toy dog that would bow its head and jump around, the children were beside themselves with joy over such a simple little toy thing; China is a land where there are no Christmas toys. The happiness that the Chinese get out of the simple things of life amuses one,—a people in whom the very essence of simplicity and politeness seems to reside.

But this was not instilling in them any Christian doctrine, and such a fine opportunity could not be lost to tell them something of the story of Bethlehem; that centuries ago a God made Man came into this world to redeem and save all men, and that rather than bow down before lifeless idols they must come to know and adore the one true God.

Upon the invitation of the catechist they all readily consented to go into the church and there the catechist explained more fully just who the priest was and what he was doing among them at this time of the year. I could not but marvel at their eagerness to listen to such a new and, no doubt to them, very strange doctrine. Many waited for Midnight Mass, and on Christmas day the church was crowded with pagans to watch Mass being offered.

The church as shown in picture was built some years ago through the kind generosity of a friend of the missions. As yet this mission cannot boast of a priest's residence, except for a small room built in a typical Chinese fashion. If we only had a priest's house here the Chinese of the town of Hsiao-Shun would no longer be surprised at the visit of Shen Vu, for he would have in part become as one of them, *daily* endeavouring to gladden their hearts with the beautiful story of Christmas.

China Needs Christianity

CATHOLIC COMMUNISM

(Continued from page 7)

simply to perfect themselves. These means must be divided properly to assist both functions—perfecting and growing—by which the Mystical Body achieves the “stature” intended by God; for the seeking to perfect and maintaining the perfection of the individual or unit is utterly futile when made its own end. In the body cells can’t go wrong about this (unless an agent outside themselves interferes) because they act by predestined laws; whereas the “cells” of the Mystical Body can and do go wrong about this because of free-will and intellect. They can think wrongly. They can act wrongly. They can be selfish. They can shut their eyes to the functions of growing of the *whole* Body.

THE TWO MEANS of prayer and alms must be divided proportionately between the “perfecting” function and that of the “adding,” or growing. Human nature being what it is, there is never any argument about proportioning prayers, but there is oftentimes too much argument about proportioning money. In the light of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, disproportionate use of money in the building, upkeeping or embellishing the church at home, in a word the “perfecting” of the church at home to the stunting of the Mystical Body’s growth is intrinsically wrong.

Now, as I have said above, someone may retort that the church at home—or rather groups of “cells” or units of the Mystical Body at home are not disproportionate in their use of money on the two functions of perfecting and growing, that it is but natural they should be concerned firstly with adding the potential “cells” found in their own vicinity and that the maintenance of themselves against destructive forces all require constant and great effort on the part of every individual “cell” or member.

To my way of thinking the only point about which there is the

appearance of truth in all this is that of the maintenance of the church at home. But, to return to our analogy of the human body, it used to be that medicine was given to stimulate or preserve in good condition the various organs of the body, whereas now they are teaching us to exercise ourselves, to eat our roughage and all that to the end that the natural powers of the body do the work—or much of it—that medicine was once called on to do.

There is too much “medicine” in the form of money being used at home. In keeping the church at home in a healthy virile condition it is far more important that they live holy lives than they write holy books. To love their neighbour will make them strive to abolish the conditions which their alms only seek to alleviate. Radio talks, pamphlets, meetings and all that sort of thing which entail so much expense;—these all represent disproportion in the use of money when we consider that two-thirds of humanity are still pagan. If there were more living holily, acting holily, thinking holily, recreating holily there would be far less money spent on impersonal propaganda and the welfare of the whole Mystical Body would not be lost sight of in the care of any particular part. Not argument is needed to show the validity of our faith, but action. Not, “do as I say,” but “come follow me—learn of me.” This would not do away entirely with controversy as there will always be “cells” to fight against incorporation in the Mystical Body. But even in the case of these, what stronger argument is there than good example? “If you do not believe my words, believe the *works* which I do.” Yes indeed, a livelier faith and charity would release for the missions much of the means now used to bolster the faith and charity of a multitude of “cells” who are so lethargic, so sluggish in their duties in the Mystical Body.

AS REGARDS concentrating on the adding of “cells” at home so that they may be incorporated first, this is a wrong procedure. Christ did not order His apostles to go step by step geographically from Jerusalem to the utmost parts of the world and their subsequent journeyings prove this. The “cells” which can be added over here, in China, to the Mystical Body are distant from you in space only. If we would leave off distinguishing missions and missionaries into “home” and “foreign” we would remove a serious obstacle in right thinking and acting in this business.

NOTHING “FOREIGN” BEFORE GOD

THERE IS NOTHING “FOREIGN” before God. “That they may be *one*” is His prayer. “That they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us!” Astonishing thought! No individualism there. No selfishness there. No “more important” and “less important” there. No “home missions” and “foreign missions” there! The perfect communism where all are not equal though there is no inequality.

CATHOLICS, as they grow to understand the doctrine of the Mystical Body, will learn that helping missionaries by prayers and alms is not a work of supererogation but a most serious obligation. Being themselves good “cells” in the Mystical Body and so receiving life from its Soul, Jesus Christ, will be one with Him; their interests identical with His; their labourings commensurate with His; their vision and outlook wide and generous and all-embracing as His. Thus the true communism of the Mystical Body will vanquish the evil spirit of individualism and selfishness, especially the selfishness in spiritual things; and the perfecting and growth of the Mystical Body will be orderly and proportionate in *all* its parts and so in the whole.

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

THE Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

My dear Buds:

Last month I let Father Curtin speak to you and I am sure you are all very much wiser now. Remember what he told you about the little, holy innocents of China and pray every day that God may have the love of the parents of these holy, little innocents. Many of these parents are still pagans.

Now, here we are into the month of April, and that means we are well on our way to Springtime. The people of China have Springtime also, but they know nothing of the joyous season of Easter, or of Pentecost and the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi. By that I mean the PAGAN PEOPLE of China, and they are by far the most numerous. The population of the country is about four hundred and fifty millions, and only three to four million are Catholics. So you see, my dear Buds, you have a lot of hard work to do in order to help win all these souls to God. If you are faithful to your promises to say the prayer of the Rose Garden each day and receive Holy Communion, at least, once a month for an increase of missionary vocations you will be doing your share. So keep to your promises now and all through life.

Well, that is about all I will say to you this month except to tell you that I look forward to your letters, and I am very happy to hear from any of you at any time. Remember, I told you one time that I would not answer all letters individually, as it takes such a lot of time, but will say something to you about your letter, as it appears in "FATHER JIM'S MAIL BAG."

GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

Good-bye for now, my dear Buds,

FATHER JIM.

TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Gordon O'Hearn, Toronto.

Chicky Dwyer, Bell Island, Nfld.

Helen Skipworth, Lindsay, Ont.

BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Mary Martin, Brockville, Ont.

Angela Melady, Windsor, Ont.

Mona Leach, Sydney Mines, N.S.

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.



CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Father Jim's Mailbag

Rustico, P.E.I.

Dear Father:

I am fourteen years and very interested in your Rose Garden Club . . . I promise to be faithful to the rules and hope to receive a certificate. Please pray that I may be able to go to school next year.

I am enclosing 25 cents.

God bless you, Dear Father, and all members.

Thanking you,

Cecile Doiran.

Very nice, Cecile. Welcome, and what about a picture?

* * *

Stoco, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am most interested in your club. . . May I have a certificate?

Sincerely yours,

Rose Mary Cassidy.

We are most interested in you and by all means you may have a certificate.

* * *

NEW MEMBER FROM BLACK HEAD—CAPE SPEAR, NEWFOUNDLAND: PATRICK HALLOHAN.

Welcome Pat, and make yourself right at home in our little club.

* * *

Dear Father Jim:

I am seven years of age and would like to become a member of your Rose Garden. I will gladly keep the rules, for I have been keeping them since September.

Your New Friend,

Gordon (Chickey) Dwyer,

Bell Island, Nfld.

That a boy, Chickey, you are all ready to join the ranks with that training.

* * *

4 West Valley Rd.,
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I agree to keep all the rules. I am ten years old and in Grade VI.

Sincerely,

Betty McGrath.

Betty, we are happy to welcome a new member from Corner Brook. How about getting a few more members from that part of the world? Good.

* * *

APOLOGY

By a slip o' the memory "yours truly" misnamed the famous college located in the city of St. John's, Newfoundland. I typed ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE and it should have been ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE . . . And the Newfoundlanders, at the Seminary, weren't they mad! Not that they have anything against St. Boniface . . . but you know how it is. That old ALMA MATER spirit that sticks.

* * *

STOP PRESS

Just received your gift of \$25.00. I guess we are forgiven.

200 Church Street,
St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join your club . . . Would you please send me two or three mite-boxes? I will do all I can for the missions.

Yours truly,

Clare McKinnon.

Thank you, Clare, and God bless you (and all the Buds) for your interest in His missionaries.

* * *

321 East Avenue,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am on the Sanctuary at St. Patrick's Church. If I qualify may I join the Rose Garden? . . . I have some stamps, where will I send them? Hoping to see my letter in next month's "CHINA."

Your New Bud,

James Dwyer.

Sure you qualify . . . An altar boy at St. Patrick's! . . . Send the stamps to CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

* * *

470 Armadale Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

May I please join the little Flower's Rose Garden? . . .

Yours truly,

Jaunita Chard.

Certainly, Jaunita, and I know you will keep the TWO rules faithfully.

* * *

204 Argyle St.,
Sydney, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a girl of fourteen years of age . . . in Grade Eight. I am interested in pen friends . . . I hope to become a member of your club. I will try to keep your rules. I wish you the best success in your work. God bless you.

I am, yours respectfully,

Tena MacAdam.

Thank you, Tena.

* * *

35 Wrenson Rd.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am twelve years old. I have two brothers, Joe and Fred, fifteen and nineteen, and one sister, Dorothy . . . sixteen. Please count US in as Rose Buds.

Respectfully yours,

Gordon O'Hearn.

Nice going, Gordie. That's the spirit . . . just line up the whole family circle. Good work. There is really no age limit to membership in the "Garden." We are all children in the eyes of God.

Pray for the Children of China

Carhoner, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden . . . My Mommy is sending a Money Order for \$1.50. Please renew our sub. to "CHINA" . . . Father Jim, will you say a little prayer for my two cousins, Ed. Lahey and Owen McGrath, who are now in the "Forestry Unit" in Scotland . . . Why don't you put your picture in "CHINA," Father Jim?

I am yours respectfully,

Angela Hoskins.

Glad to pray for your brave cousins, God bless them. My picture? Well, I tell you last time I tried to get my picture taken the camera fell apart when I stood in front of it. Yip, as bad as that.

* * *

Mount St. Bernard,
Antigonish, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . We should like to belong to your Rose Garden. We shall send in the enrolment list as soon as all our class is back at school . . . We are enclosing a dollar as a new subscription to "CHINA."

The Girls of Grades VII and VIII,
Joan Perryn, Secretary.

We should like to have you all and are waiting for that list.

* * *

65 Douglas Street,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . Please send me a certificate. I would also like to correspond with any Buds who are interested . . .

Your faithful Bud,

Evelyn Diamond.

I hope you get some letters soon, Evelyn.

* * *

170 Andrew Street,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am ten years old and in Grade Six. . . I enjoy reading the letters from all your Buds, and would like to be a Bud also in your Rose Garden . . .

Sincerely yours,

Phyllis Diotte.

That a girl, Phyllis. I am sure the Buds will enjoy reading your letters from time to time.

* * *

St. Columban, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I have been reading the "CHINA" magazine for a while. I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. if I may.

Sincerely,

Joseph Murray.

Joe, you may.

Dear Father:

I have been reading the "CHINA" paper for a while and I am quite interested . . . I would like to join . . .

Sincerely,

Doreen Murray.

Thank you, Doreen.

188 Mary Street,
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a boy of sixteen years of age and I think I would like to join the Rose Garden. I have already sent you some stamps . . . I wish you the best of luck in your mission work and God bless you.

Yours respectfully,

Charles Holland.

Many thanks for the stamps, Charles. You are very welcome to our "Garden of Friends" and just come right in and make yourself at home.

TO: THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Many thanks for your donation to the missions given through Father Chafe. Your interest in the missions is known to us and we are very grateful to you one and all, not forgetting your good teachers: THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

LETTERS FROM THE FOLLOWING:

Caroline (Prima) King, Lindsay Ont.
Marie Rose King, Lindsay, Ont.
"Would like to have a pen-pal."

Helen Skipworth, Lindsay, Ont.
Mona Leach, Sydney Mines, N. S.
Many thanks for your letters and sorry I did not have room to publish some lines from each. However, you are all "old" Buds, Now.

63 Lymptone Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

My sister and I would like to become Buds . . . We would like very much if some of the Buds would write us and tell us about the club . . .

Your little friends,

Helen and Frances La Bine.
Welcome, Helen and Frances La Bine.

Bailey's Brook,
R.R. 1, Avondale,
Pictou Co., N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I wish to join. . . I am fourteen and in Grade Seven.

Yours truly,
June MacDonald.

Thanks for joining, June.

Letters from the following: John Brettingham, Oshawa, Ont.; Marylou Flannigan, Lindsay, Ont.; Jean Butler, Lindsay, Ont.; Clara Toth, Toronto.

1509 Dufferin St.,
Windsor, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I should like very much to join. . . Could some of the Buds write to me?

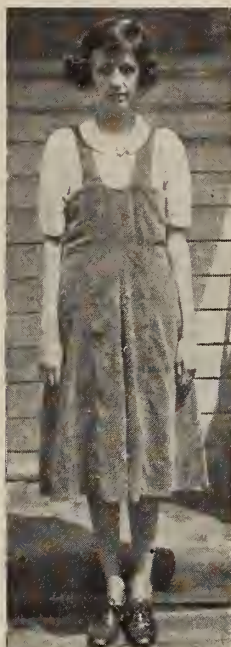
Respectfully yours,
Angela Melady.

Thanks for the picture, Angela. Welcome!

113 East Brock Street,
Fort William, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

It is three years since I wrote to you last, but haven't forgotten and have been faithful in my day's prayer for the missionaries . . . I was in a motor accident nine years ago and have not been to school since on account of disability . . . I am eighteen years old, although not strong like others of my age I am willing and resigned to the will of God to do my little bit in my humble little way . . .



Your friend,

Elizabeth Frances (Betty) Davis.

Well, Betty, it is nice to meet a young lady like yourself who is carrying a cross along the road of life but who is so happy about it all. May Our Divine Lord lead you along the same road of sanctity which the Little Flower travelled leading surely to the very throne of God. Have CONFIDENCE in Him; ABANDON yourself to His loving care and your happiness will increase day by day. Pray for peace, Betty, and do not forget Father Jim and all the Rose Buds. God bless you!

St. Francis X. School,
Brockville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I do not take the "CHINA" magazine, but I saw where you needed more pictures, so I am sending mine . . . I would be very glad to join your club . . .

Yours truly,

Mary Martin.

Well, am I surprised! I didn't think there was a person in Brockville who didn't take the "CHINA" . . . well, well!!! Thank you, Mary, and you are very welcome to the club. Thanks for your picture.

Grade I, College St. School,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

We saved up our pennies instead of buying candies. Then we had a Sandwich Sale, so we have made \$10.14. We are sending \$10 and the stamps. We hope you will like our gift for the missions. We shall work and pray hard for the missions. We had a nice crib and tree. Good-bye to you and everybody.

Your little boys and girls of
High Grade I,

Lorraine Conrod, Sec.

This is the letter of the month. God bless you all . . . and your good teacher.

Lancaster, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am writing to ask you if I could join your nice, good club. I will do my very best to keep the rules. . .

Sincerely yours,

Andrea White.

Welcome, and you may send the stamps—they help a lot.

1103 St. Clarens Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I will do my best to keep the rules. . .

Jean Muirhead.

Fine, June, and we will keep you.

1103 St. Clarens Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join. . . I will send you a picture.

Your loving friend,

Ted Muirhead.

Thank you, Ted. Don't forget the picture.

269 Dorchester St.,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a little girl of 13 years who would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I would like to correspond with any Buds who are interested.

Your new Bud,

Annie Bell.

Now, Annie, how about campaigning for Buds in Charlottetown?



OH, OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!



Muddled

A Tommy spending his leave in Paris was trying to work off some of his French in a cafe.

"Hi, garson," he said, "je desire et hun . . . no, half a minute . . . Un piece of hang."

The waiter said helpfully: "I'm sorry, sir, I don't speak French."

"Very well," said Tommy, irritably, "send me someone who can!"

Wouldn't They Get Wet?

A British destroyer was on patrol. When the captain signalled the order to stop, the first lieutenant appeared on the bridge.

"Why have we stopped, sir?"

"There's an enemy submarine immediately below us."

"Shall we get busy with the depth charges, sir?"

"No, I'm sending down a diver with leaflets."—*Fenelon Falls Gazette.*

He's on the Air

A minister who has been conducting a school for children who have not been evacuated was testing the general knowledge of his small class.

Asking the question: "Who is Minnehaha?" he was astonished when one small voice piped in reply: "Please, sir, the daughter of Lord Haw-Haw!"

Human Silencers

A man took his wife to the doctor. He was a simple fellow.

The doctor placed a thermometer in the wife's mouth. Just before he removed it, the man, who had watched spellbound, being unused to such silence on the part of his better-half, blurted out: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing you put in her mouth?"

Fruitless

"Did you hear that when old Robinson returned from abroad he fell on his face and kissed the ground of his native town?"

"Emotion?"

"No—hanana skin."

In the Soup

A small hoy, his head enveloped in a saucepan, was led to a tramcar by his mother. Various passengers expressed sympathy with the lad, whereupon his mother announced with a certain amount of pride, "Just taking him to 'orspital."

"How did he come to get that thing on his head?" asked the conductor.

"Playing at soldiers. He wanted an 'elmet, so he took the saucepan," announced his mother.

"That's a had joh for him," said a passenger.

"Yus," agreed his mother, "but it'll be worse for me. 'Is father's dinner's in it."

Keeping Company

As his request for an increase of pay had been received in stony silence, Jones thought he'd better strengthen his case.

"You see, sir, the reason I'm asking for more money is because three other companies are after me," he explained.

The boss smiled coldly.

"Indeed!" he sneered. "And may I ask who they are?"

"Well, sir," replied Jones, "there's the gas company and the coal company and the company we got our furniture from."

—*Derry Journal.*

Pass!

Some officers were discussing an Irishman, a private in their regiment, whom, it was alleged, no one could frighten.

One decided he would try to "put the wind up" Patrick.

Arraying himself in all the fearful and awesome habiliments of His Satanic Majesty, he stealthily approached Pat when the latter was on sentry-go.

In response to the challenge: "Who goes there?" he answered in sepulchral tones: "The Devil."

"Pass, Devil," replied Patrick. "You know where to go!"

"Modern" Families

"And whose little girl are you?" the kind old lady asked of the little evacuee.

"That's up to the judge," replied the little modern. "Mum and Dad are fighting it out in court."

Just for a Lark

A crowd had gathered round a little man who was uttering strange noises.

"Now, what's all this about?" inquired the policeman who came up to find out the cause of the commotion.

"I'm not doing any 'arm, sir," said the little man. "I'm only a hird-imitator."

"A hird-imitator, are you?" asked the policeman. "Well, then, let's see you 'op it."

The Ailing Sister

"Wot's all this about Mrs. A. 'aving 'er hexpenses paid to the seaside?"

"That's right. She's going as a delegate from the Guild."

"Delegate, indeed. She ain't arf as delegate as me."—*Fort William Times-Journal.*

Welcome!

At a party the husband of one of the guests arrived very late.

"I have only come to take my wife home," he explained.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Blank," said the hostess, "why didn't you come sooner?"

Getting His Signals Mixed

Joe: Working, Mike?

Mike: Yip. Hitch-hiker in a heauty salon.

Joe: What ya' mean—hitch-hiker in a heauty salon.

Mike: Do the finger-waving.

Waste Not

McAndrew had been huying a few things at the local chemist's shop. As he was collecting his change he knocked over a bottle of iodine and smashed it. Most of the liquid was spilt on his clothes. Noticing this, McAndrew made a dash for the door.

"You needn't be afraid," the chemist shouted after him. "I won't make a charge for it."

But McAndrew never slackened his pace.

"It isna that," he hawled over his shoulder, "I'm just going hame to cut my finger."

Missionary Hardship is No Joke

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Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

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The Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Directors, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Ryan, Hamilton; Rt. Rev. Monsignor McRae, President of the Seminary; and Rev. Alex. J. Macdonald.

● Means of Support:

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "CHINA."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

Young Man!

Have You a Vocation?

**Are you in Doubt about
your Future?**



If So

W R I T E N O W

T O

RT. REV. JOHN E. McRAE

Rector

CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

CHILDREN

Scarboro Bluffs,
Ont.

May, 1940



M O T H E R
A N D
C H I L D





Chinese Catholic Layman Visits Toronto

The week following Easter saw Toronto entertaining for the first time a Chinese Catholic layman here on a special mission for his country and carrying on the work for Refugees begun by His Excellency Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China.

The distinguished visitor was Dr. Stephen C. Y. Pan, a Doctor of Philosophy from the Catholic University of America.

Dr. Pan is concurrently a lay secretary of Bishop Yu Pin, managing editor of the newly established *China Monthly* in New York City. His work in Toronto was part of a nation-wide speaking tour on behalf of the Chinese Government. During his visit to Toronto he spoke to many organizations and institutions including St. Francis Xavier Seminary, St. Augustine's Seminary, the Alumni of Newman Hall of the University of Toronto, and with the Archbishop of Toronto to the members of St. Francis Xavier Seminary Auxiliary. Much of the credit for the founding of the Chinese Catholic Mission of Toronto is due to Dr. Pan. We hope he will soon return to our city again to help us in our work for his own people "who are our next-door neighbours" and whom we are preparing to assist in a religious and educational way.

Social Evening for the Seminary

On the evening of March 27th at Columbus Hall in Toronto, one thousand people turned out for our Annual Card Party. This affair was the largest of its kind in the history of Columbus Hall.

To the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary and the friends who assisted them, China Mission Seminary extends sincere thanks.

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Friends Across the Sea

In far-off Shanghai live two people, husband and wife, personal friends of the writer of this page. Their life work is the publication of a Catholic magazine known as the *Catholic Review*. The last issue was an anniversary number celebrating the sixth birthday of this beam of Catholic light in the darkness of Cosmopolitan Shanghai. The *Catholic Review* has continually printed stories concerning our missionaries in China and when the Shanghai Catholic Hour was founded by Monsignor McGrath, it generously gave valuable space to place the new venture before the public. "CHINA" wishes to pay its respects through these columns and we assure Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie that though thousands of miles divide us we do not forget Shanghai and the *Catholic Review*.

Father Venini says: "I find the work (Fr. Venini is studying at an eye clinic at Shanghai) more and more interesting every day now that I have begun to understand a bit. I have performed my first operation. Nothing very serious, simply removing a growth from an eyelid, but one must start with the simple things. I have also received permission to study in the hospital laboratory. I spend my afternoons there examining blood, sputum, etc. If only the days were twice as long.

"Life goes on here as usual. Shanghai is still bearing the imprint of the terrible fighting carried on here, and there still seems no hope of peace.

"As I mentioned in one of my former letters it is my ambition to bring a medical doctor back to Lishui and we shall, with God's help, be able to accomplish something more for souls."

In Your Prayers Remember Our Departed Chinese Christians



MARY'S MISSION

By

REV. R. REEVES
SUNGYANG, CHINA

EVERYONE LOVES FRIENDS. From the king who rules to the serf who serves, friendship is a chain; and a good friend, a golden link in that chain. Yes, how often have we heard that one should wear out the doorstep of a good friend's home; not that we would wish to be bothersome, but that we might learn of their goodness, and strive to imitate them. I remember a person telling me once that "a good friend is one, who in spite of our faults loves us."

On my mission trip this year, I had the company of a good friend; one of the best. One who would not fail me because of my fickleness but help me all the more to carry on in a work so dear to missionaries, that of dispelling the darkness of paganism by the light of Christianity. My friend is very well known and loved by millions; so I started on my mountain trail full of confidence. By the way, I did not tell you my friend's name. Names indicate and mean very much sometimes, and in this case it meant everything to me. Yes, to me it meant the best and most joyful of company, for who wouldn't be happy in the company of "Mary, Friend of Missionaries."

A DAY IN MAY

It was a May day, very pleasing to everyone. Nature had already spread her magic wand over the countryside and transformed every-

thing from the dullness of winter to the brightness of spring. Not unlike, I thought, the transformation of a soul when cleansed by the waters of Baptism.

The first jaunt of the journey was completed by a stop at a place called Swetchang. This place I rightly call, "Missionaries' Heartache," for here the truths of Christianity are not well received and Mary not loved. Some day, please God, the dark cloud will roll by and Mary the Morning Star will cast her tender light on the now gloomy garden of Swetchang. At this particular spot I tried to make acquaintance with the children, so when evening came, supper being over I bought some Chinese candy and 'Bi-Bow,' a Chinese fruit something like apricots. These I gave out to the children who had gathered around to watch me make funny faces. Don't be surprised when I speak of funny faces. After the candy was eaten I got the children to sing and at the conclusion said: "Now we will have night prayer." At this, one little non-Christian lass piped up and said: "Sure I'll pray for you." I told her not for me but to God for China. She stayed, this little Chinese Bernadette, and so I thought my efforts were well repaid. Indeed, at Mass next morning in she came marching with some of her friends.—"Oh Mary,

Friend of the little ones, be now a Mother to them. Show them thy maternal protection and guidance."

AFTER MASS and thanksgiving, I partook of some rice, peas and green tea. Then I collected the Mass kit together and started out with my sacristan on the long trek over the mountains. We had on this part of the journey two mountain climbers who carried a chair on poles for us in which we rode at times. Not being used to mountain climbing, one finds this a great aid in travelling. After a half day of climbing and descending with the odd stop for a drink of Chinese tea, we found ourselves midway and thought it time to eat. Needless to say the chair carriers were very hungry and proved it by their avidity at table. As for myself, I joined the company and used chop-sticks to the wonderment of the Chinese. Again the children gathered around and asked the familiar questions about my nationality, why did I come away up into the mountains, why I wore a big long black dress, why didn't my wife travel with me, and so on. These questions are very interesting as it gives one some light into the question of how the Oriental mind operates.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Dinner eaten I took out my pipe and together with the Chinese

Remember, Our Missionaries Are YOUR Representatives in Pagan Lands

passed some time in smoking and chatting. Finally, after I had paid the bill, they all bade farewell, and we advanced on over the other half of the mountain road. About two hours travelling brought us to the top of a high peak and here we rested for a while feasting our eyes on the mountain scenery. Hundreds of feet below was a beautiful valley clothed with a mantle of green. Quite near me two mountain streams rushed headlong over big rocks filling the air so I thought with the melody: "My Big Rock Mountain Home." Once or twice the lowing of cattle was heard. Spring in the mountains made one feel fine, and added extra pep to the climb through the clouds. Occasionally I started to sing, but for fear of offending nature stopped to listen and learn. On we went until nightfall, and in the distance lo and behold a cross appeared, a sign of just a little of heaven in the midst of the devil's hunting ground. After another two hours travelling the Mission was reached and so ended a long day's journey for tired travellers.

It was just seven in the morning of the next day when I started Mass. A goodly number was present and after Mass all came to see the Foreign Priest eat with chopsticks and talk Chinese. They were quite surprised and so was I to find that I didn't drop so many pieces of food as formerly. I guess

it must have been my lucky day. Then slowly but surely the kiddies came nearer and started feeling my clothes to see just what wonderful foreign cloth the priest was wearing. Then came numerous questions, and they were most anxious to know my age.

"FROM HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED"

In the morning I gave the Mission a general inspection and in the afternoon administered four baptisms. Towards evening I gathered the children outside the doorstep of the Mission and each sang a song for a piece of candy. It was great fun to hear them all, and altogether the day was passed very pleasantly. After supper we had night prayers and all promised to attend Mass in the morning. The next day, bright and early, many came for their last visit with the priest. After Mass came the farewell, and it was no time before I again started for another Mission fifteen miles away. This was a little village composed mostly of catechumens. They are learning very quickly about God, and in the evening I took the opportunity to preach to them on Our Blessed Lady. It was in an old house. The crowd was scattered, sitting on improvised stools and on the ground. It was a grand thing to see this

village so eager to learn about Jesus and Mary, and one little boy recited the Commandments and the Precepts of the Church by memory without a mistake. I thought he was a real wonder. In the evening, after night prayers, by the light of one flickering candle they all sat and listened to the story of the goodness of Mary. In fact, when the time came to leave, one boy about seventeen caught hold of me and made it rather hard to part. On promise of a return visit he and the others knelt down for my blessing and then accompanied me to the edge of a river over which I was carried by one of the new catechumens.

Returning I visited another village and at the Mission erected the Stations of the Cross. There I baptized some more catechumens, a girl named Mary and a boy named Joseph. They were married afterwards and celebrated with a little banquet. This was rather nice and they were indeed pleased to have the priest present for everything.

At last after another long journey I reached home and found it happy to relate that Mary had been my "Perpetual Help," not failing me once. Thus my spring mission ended and I thanked God for having chosen me, His unworthy servant, as a helper in His vineyard.



Fr. Boudreau

who is going to China for the first time. Father Boudreau has been on his first leave of absence having spent ten years in China. Father Pinfold was ordained Dec. 3rd, 1937, and since that time has been engaged in parish work in the Archdiocese of Toronto.

The readers of "CHINA" will wish these two Soldiers of Christ godspeed as they start out on their ten-thousand-mile journey to the land of their adoption.

TWO MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR CHINA

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS Rev. Bernard Boudreau will return to his Mission in China accompanied by Rev. A. Pinfold



Fr. Pinfold

Owing to the difficulties of travel, due to war conditions, we ask friends of our priests and Sisters in China not to send any packages at this time. When our 1939 Band left they were unable to take the scores of presents which came to the Seminary. It was not until early in 1940 that we were able to arrange for their transportation. Perhaps in the Fall, when we expect to send another Band of Missionaries to Lishui, provision will be made for the conveyance of the many parcels and packages that come annually to Scarboro Bluffs for our Canadian Missionaries labouring in China.



"WE MADE IT"

By

REV.

JOHN

McGOEY

Lishui, Che., China

LEFT TO RIGHT: Fathers E. Moriarty, H. Murphy, K. Turner, R. White, L. Beal, and J. McGoe. Evidently Father G. Stringer was the photographer. We title the picture: *Our 1939 Mission Band and Escort.*

NO DOUBT DUE TO the cablegram received at the Seminary you realize that we all arrived safely. However, there were a few events of interest in the trip from Shanghai to this place which might be worth recording.

Having spent a week and a half in Shanghai at the Franciscan Procure waiting for the coastal boat to make up its mind whether it would sail this year or next, we finally managed to get tickets. We were to ride in state to Ningpo on the "liner" Elbhof, flying the Swastika for the good of its health, because it might not be healthy for it if the Japanese found it flying the Chinese flag. We travelled on this huge liner which might possibly rival the ferry running from Toronto to Ward's Island, first class, which meant that our party of six, including Father Beal charged with delivering the four new arrivals safely at headquarters, and Father Moriarity, who had come to Shanghai with Father McKernan and his over-ripe appendix, had two of the six cabins on the boat. The remaining four cabins could hold twelve persons, and that meant that the rest of the passengers, 1,182 in number, slept

on the deck, or in the hold or down the hatches or wherever they and their chickens and children could find a place. Yes, the "liner" had twelve hundred passengers on board and sailed all the time at the water line. I was afraid someone would lean overboard and capsize us. Thus laden we embarked on the overnight trip to Ningpo, and the ship pulled out into the Whangpoo at four-thirty Saturday afternoon.

At four o'clock the following morning, Sunday, we were at anchor outside the boom at the entrance to the Ningpo river, and there we waited until such time as tenders of all shapes and sizes came out to remove the passengers and their baggage and move on up the river. We did not succeed in doing this until four o'clock in the afternoon. However, we had been forearmed by the forewarning that in China time means nothing. This was what helped us decide to have Mass on board, and the Captain of the good ship Elbhof gladly allowed us to use his cabin for that purpose. While assisting at Mass, I happened to glance up, and I noticed a large picture of Adolf over the altar, and I could not help thinking

that that was the first time in a long while that he had come so close to going to Mass.

Finally, we found that at four o'clock the six of us and our baggage were almost the only ones left, and so we embarked on the last tender with the hundred pieces we had in supplies for the Mission. A three-hour run up the river brought us into Ningpo about seven o'clock and once there we went to the Bishop's House where we received a very warm welcome from His Excellency Bishop Defebvre, who had visited our Seminary in 1930 and ordained three of our priests there. We were each shown to our room and were very glad to get there even though we still kept our overcoats on because of the cold. It was very seldom during the next week that we had the same overcoats off, because winter in China, even though not nearly so cold as at home by the thermometer, is every bit as cold and even colder by the carcass, which after all is the one thermometer that really counts here. We remained in Ningpo for three days while making arrangements to have the baggage taken up the river to Chi Kou whence it was

Each New Reader of "CHINA" Means a New Friend for the Missions

taken by truck to our own Mission. The day after the baggage went we followed in a river boat.

The trip in this boat was a bit of a novelty for newcomers because we were, for the first time, introduced to a mode of travel hitherto read about only, and after a little while we still wished we were only reading about it. The boat was to leave at seven o'clock and so to insure ourselves against standing all the way we had to be there an hour ahead of time. We rose therefore at ten after four and went to the church and said Mass. We then had breakfast, and took the good lunch that a thoughtful procurator had prepared for us, against the hunger which might possibly persist after the native food we would try to eat during the next four or five days. A rickshaw procession then made its way out of the compound amid many *adieux* from our kind hosts, and we were on our way to the wharf. Getting there we jumped on the boat and took a quick "looksee" to get a place to sit down for the trip would take several hours even though we only had forty miles to go. Before many

minutes we were considerably scattered around that tub, and "yours truly" could have been found comfortably ensconced in his two coats on top of a packing case. The top of the engine-room and the ten feet of rail up for'ard seemed to be the roosting place of the other five.

However, the boat seemed to be standing up remarkably well and it was not until it was unlashed that we found why the boat didn't go deeper and deeper into the water as the load increased. When we finally found out why, we learned that the boat had been resting all the while on the dock and so when it pulled out it gave such a list that the most appropriate exclamation I could think of was the Act of Contrition. However, she righted herself but the engines were stopped because the deck amidships was four inches under the water much to the chagrin of the passengers amidships. The holler that went up made me reminisce a little about the time Farmer ran the ball over the goal line for Argos against Ottawa last October. My reminiscence was untimely and stopped as I wondered whether I would see

Lishui or Heaven first. However, some of the passengers were coaxed by the crew into leaning over to the other side, and then a smaller boat was lashed to the starboard side to kind of stabilize her and we were off. The number of passengers on that boat seemed almost as unlimited as the oil in the cruise of the Widow of Sarepta, and after that there was some baggage. I stood on the packing case as long as I could and then decided that if anything happened I wanted to be the last to go down and so I climbed up through the awning above me to stand on the top beside the smoke-stack. It must have been the guardian angel of the Mission Band who told me to do that (I found two more of the Band must have been told too) because they were there ahead of me.

The two Father Murphys, Charlie and Harold, met us at Chi-Kou and told us that they had a truck for the baggage and that we could go in the bus the remaining two hundred miles the day following. The truck had been loaned by a kind Chinese who did all possible to help us get safely to our destination.

Requiescat in Pace

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Corbet McRae, of the Diocese of Alexandria. He had been parish priest of Lochiel for the past eight years. He was 61 years old. He went to Brockton, Mass., a few months ago because of ill health but failed to recover and passed away Sunday, March 31st.

For many years the late Father McRae had been a close friend of China Mission Seminary and only last Fall paid us a visit.

May his soul rest in peace.

Donors of New Tabernacle Visit Seminary

On Sunday, March 17th, a group of ladies, friends of China Mission Seminary, called on us to present a cheque in payment for our new Tabernacle and Crucifix. Mrs. Hymus, President of our Ladies' Auxiliary, read the address and made the presentation on behalf of the many friends who accompanied her and who had made possible the gift that we appreciate so very much. The visitors attended Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

NOTICE TO TORONTO FRIENDS

St. Francis Xavier Seminary Ladies' Auxiliary

The First General Meeting will be held at Rosary Hall, 264 Bloor Street East, Toronto, at 8.15 p.m., April 25th. All members are asked to attend and others interested in this organization are cordially invited. There will be a special speaker for the occasion and a musical programme is being arranged by the Executive of the Auxiliary.

Another Recruit for the Lay-Apostolate Means Additional Effort in the Conversion of the World

Editorial

May, The Month of Mary

AS THE MONTH OF MAY comes to us each year at China Mission Seminary we rejoice both spiritually and physically. The physical joy comes from our surroundings. We are close to the shore of Lake Ontario, surrounded by budding trees and green grass and the many flowers of springtime. The dullness of winter has passed and the brightness of the long summer months lies directly ahead. Our spiritual joy arises from our devotion to Mary the Mother of God and Queen of the Missions. The faithful friend, companion and mother of every missionary is Mary. When in the days ahead our students of to-day shall be priests in far-off China, Mary will be their light from Heaven; when paganism surrounds them on all sides Mary will be there to point to the Cross of her crucified Son; when labours seem in vain and souls revert to their former state, separated from the True God and His Infallible Church, Mary will be their counsellor to encourage them to persevere in prayer before the Eucharistic Throne of her Divine Son. Every priest and future priest knows that Mary is his Guiding Star and as she sheltered the infant Church at Jerusalem so she will watch over and guide the Church of her Divine Son in China.

•

“.... Come, follow Me.”

AT THIS TIME of the year many young men are preparing for a much-looked-forward-to graduation. In a few weeks these “Grads of '40” will stand at the beginning of a new “road of life.” The road chosen by many men leads towards fame and fortune; few they are, however, who ever attain the goal of their ambitions.

Among these “leaders of the world of to-morrow” some few will choose to serve HUMANITY, sacrificing success that others may benefit from their years of study. Others will go a step further; they will hear the call of the Master “Come, follow Me.” Answering this call from Heaven they will steer a course that leads to the Eternal Priesthood of Jesus Christ.

To these latter young men we would say: When considering the Priesthood as your place in life, and

the means of attaining your everlasting salvation, give some thought to the Missionary Priesthood. Separation from parents, home, country and friends undoubtedly means great sacrifice and suffering. But, think what that sacrifice of yours would mean to countless non-Christian souls. Think, too, of the pleasure it would give the Sacred Heart of Jesus Who died that all men “might be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.”

When day is done and life's journey is o'er it may well be that those who have made this sacrifice for the love of the Sacred Heart will stand high above their classfellows as the men who have done really great things. After all is said and done, we must give thought to the teachings of Christ and should one feel called to the Field-Afar let him remember the immortal words: “*What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul.*”

Remember, each soul one saves for Christ helps fill the vacant thrones in the Eternal Court of the King of kings. He came to this world; He lived as Man; He suffered as no other man had ever suffered before; He died that ALL men might live for ever. Go preach to all nations, was His command: incessantly He calls for recruits for His spiritual army and so few heed the call. Perhaps, He is calling you,—now! If so, will you not heed the voice that says: “Come, follow Me?”

•

Our New Missions in Canada

WE HAD THE PLEASURE of opening a new school at our Vancouver Mission just a short time ago. That event marked progress in one part of our work, namely, the care of the Chinese who have made Canada their home. It is therefore with added joy and a sense of greater achievement that we now announce in this issue of “CHINA” the opening of two new Missions for the Chinese: one at Victoria, B.C., and the other in Toronto.

As announced elsewhere in this issue the Toronto Mission has the blessing of His Grace the Archbishop, The Most Rev. James Charles McGuigan, D.D. His Excellency the Bishop of Victoria, The Most Rev. John C. Cody, D.D., is responsible for the new venture in Canada's western-most city.

China Needs Christianity

St. Francis China Mission Institute to Conduct Two New Missions in Canada for the Conversion of the Local Chinese

Archbishop McGuigan Makes an Announcement

TORONTO—At the first open meeting of the newly organized St. Francis Xavier Seminary Auxiliary, held at Columbus Hall, Toronto, on Sunday, March 31st, the Archbishop of Toronto gave the new organization his blessing and officially recognized it as one of the group of Archdiocesan Catholic activities.

His Grace said: "This Auxiliary must be successful because it has among its members mothers of priests—women who have given of their own flesh and blood, and who have nourished at their own breasts the young men who are now priests in Christ's Foreign Legion in China.

"When a former Cardinal entered his See he recommended his programme to his people in these words: 'Catholic Action for the Diocese and Catholic Action for the Mission Fields.'" His Grace continued: "As you know, Our Blessed Lord desired to have within the sheltering arms of His Church peoples of every nation, tribe and tongue. Our Blessed Lord died for all men."

Speaking of the activities of the Church His Grace said: "In the Church there are three spheres of action. There is first the Foreign Mission Field. Secondly, we have the Home Missions. In Canada we refer to them as Western Canada; so well known and so generously aided by the Catholic laity of Toronto. Thirdly," continued His Grace: "We have right on our own doorsteps a missionary sphere of activity among those who are not of the household of the Faith and among them souls from the countries to which we send Foreign Missionaries. Here is a missionary field ripe unto the harvest."

Speaking of Canada's part in the preaching of the Gospel His Grace said: "There is one institution in English-speaking Canada specifically devoted to the preparation of priests for the Foreign Missions and that institution is none other than St. Francis Xavier Seminary standing side by side with St. Augustine's Seminary which is the home of our future diocesan

priests. It is our duty to rally to the aid of the Foreign Missions and I am happy to have the headquarters of the above mentioned institution in Toronto.

"At this time I am pleased to be able to do something for the Chinese people of Toronto, and I hereby announce the organization of a Chinese Catholic Mission in this city. I appeal for help to the audience here present to help the local Chinese. Who knows but that in a few years we may have, here in Toronto, a great centre of Canadian Chinese Mission Activity. What Vancouver can do, I feel sure Toronto can also do."

Other speakers were the President, Mrs. A. Hymus; Rt. Rev. Jno. E. McRae, Rector of St. Francis Xavier Seminary; Dr. Stephen C. Y. Pan, Ph.D., Secretary to His Excellency Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China, and Rev. James P. Leonard, of China Mission Seminary. The meeting was conducted by Dr. Hubert Pocock, who has done much to help this new endeavour: Toronto's Catholic Chinese Mission.

Bishop Cody Cares for Canadian Chinese

VICTORIA—On the invitation of His Excellency The Most Rev. John C. Cody, of Victoria, B.C., China Mission Institute has decided to take a new Mission in Victoria for the care of the local Chinese of that city and vicinity. Rev. William J. Matte is now on his way from China to take charge of this new venture. Fr. Matte has been in China since 1936 and is well fitted to work among these new Canadians.

The financial end of the foundation will be cared for by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Angels, whose Motherhouse is located at Lennoxville, Quebec. At present the Sisters are operating a Ladies' Hostel in Victoria in order to raise the necessary funds for the new undertaking.

Subscribe to "CHINA"... Read It... Tell Your Friends About It

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from PUKIANG, one of the eight counties of KINHWA (the vast district under my direction). The native priest, Fr. Tcheng, who labours in PUKIANG and IWU counties accompanied me. We left by train at seven o'clock on the morning of January 5th. Twice during the four-hour train ride we had to leave the train at air raid signals but nothing happened. After many hours waiting for a bus we finally arrived at PUKIANG city, twenty miles west of the railway. There is a nice new church dedicated to The Queen of the Apostles at this place. Over the altar is a large oil painting, executed in Shanghai, of Our Lady surrounded by the Apostles in different very expressive postures.

MISSION AIDS REFUGEES

The church was filled on the following Sunday, and I noticed that many of the congregation were old ladies, recent converts from paganism; they make very pious Christians, having been already accustomed to religious observances before their conversion. The next day we made a distribution of rice to 41 war victims. They desire to return to their homes but are prevented for the present by military operations. We paid a visit to their shelter, a large idol temple outside the city, where they are huddled together in unsanitary conditions and live by begging. I have now arranged to take the whole group under the care of the Mission. They will thus have time to study prayers and Christian doctrine and in time, no doubt, will receive the grace of Baptism. A few days ago, Father Ly, one of my assistants, who is caring for a large group of refugees, baptized 150 of them; they had been upwards of a year under instruction.

FUTURE CLERICS

Five little boys are boarding at the Mission and attend the public school as there is no Catholic school yet in that Mission. They are being well instructed, say the prayers beautifully, and the one who served my Mass has a perfect pronunciation of Latin; he and another of them intend to enter the Seminary.

MONSIGNOR FRASER MAKES A MISSION TRIP

An interesting account of the work and progress of the Kinhwa Catholic Mission. In spite of war, building goes on; in spite of suffering, souls are saved.

BUILDING IN SPITE OF WAR

At YAMAOTIEN there is also a new church, dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua. The congregation was very assiduous in attending prayers, Mass and instructions every morning and evening during our stay of six days, and many received Communion daily. There is a Catholic school in which forty boys, the majority baptized, and one girl are receiving secular and religious instruction. The schoolroom is a dingy attic, but we are building a new school for the boys, and have bought a piece of land on which to erect another for the girls, many of whom will come for instruction when the new school is finished. Of the 300 people in the village more than half are recent converts.

LAST RITES IN A CHURCH

Just before we left they witnessed for the first time the

administration of the Last Sacraments to a poor sick man living next door to the church. The ceremony was performed in the church itself, and they all crowded around to see and to recite the litany; the priest also gave them an instruction on Extreme Unction. The poor man has six little children, and it will be a great misfortune should he die. His wife, a very devout woman, is also unwell. She has learned prayers and catechism, studying them while she did her housework, tending the fire with one hand and holding the book in the other.

AN APPEAL

While we ate our meals the simple mountaineers would come to keep us company; once I counted twenty-five children seated on benches around the room. It was with sadness they saw us depart. How ardently they desire to have a resident priest! There is no place in my district more in need of one. May their Patron, Saint Anthony, soon send them one!

We had arranged to leave on January 15th, but the chair-bearers refused to go on account of the rain; they were afraid of slipping on the wet stones descending the mountain pass. The delay was providential, as the above-mentioned sick-call came in towards evening. Next morning our two chairs were ready and an extra man was engaged to speed up and lighten the labour. In descending the pass one had to hang on for dear life for fear of falling forward out of the chair. At noon for dinner we took a bowl of macaroni at a tiny restaurant, and changed to rickshaws for the rest of the journey, five miles to the railway station. On the train I was seated beside an officer — a writer; he presented me with an autographed copy of a magazine containing a play he had written. Opposite was his wife, also dressed in uniform, and a darling child with an angel face. They made very pleasant company during the few hours run to Kinhwa. They came from Peiping; the train was packed with people from all parts of China, making a bable of voices, nearly everyone speaking a different dialect.



Father Matte, the author of "The Lure of the East," is now on his way back to Canada. He has been recalled to take charge of our new Mission at Victoria, B.C.

The Lure of the East

Dear Readers of "CHINA":

In this floundering attempt at verse (I dare not call it poetry) I shall try to answer our unknown friend who penned so well "The Call of the West" and with which millions are acquainted. But, *for missionaries*, there is a real and tangible lure of the East; the corporeal trials of which our anonymous poet describes so well. That call beckoning the missionary from across ocean and wasteland is not motivated by any illusionary desire for enchantment to which our disgruntled writer seems to have fallen a victim. It is motivated, however, by a very simple but forceful gospel text uttered in command by the divine lips of Christ: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature." No, dear reader, no other motive could keep us in this foreign land which every minute of the day hurls at us its pagan ideals and thought, with a challenge that is stubborn and relentless. But why say more? Let's get on with it.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

I'm sick of the Chink and the Tartar;
I'm sick of the Jap and Malay;
And far away spots on the chart are
No place for yours truly to stay.

I've had enough undersized chicken,
And milk that comes out of a can;
The East is no region to stick in
For this one particular man.

I'm weary of curry and rice, all
Co-mingled with highly-spiced dope;
I'm weary of bathing with Lysol
And washing with carbolic soap.

I'm tired of itch skin diseases,
Mosquitos and vermin and flies;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes.

Oh, Lord, for a wind with a tingle,
An atmosphere zestful and keen;
Oh, Lord, once more just to mingle
With crowds that are white folks and clean.

To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net,
And throw away all my collection
Of iodine, quinine, et cet.

To know all the noise and the glamour,
The hurry and fret of the West,
I'd trade all the Orient glamour
That damned, lying poets suggest.

They sing of the East as "enthraling,"
And that's why I started to roam;
But I hear the Occident calling—
Oh, Lord, but I want to go HOME.

Father Vincent Morrison Keeps in Touch

Someone once said that every missionary in China ought to have a Radio and we think that person was right. In a recent letter from Fr. Morrison, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Lishui, Chekiang, we read: "I get world-wide reception, including San Francisco from GEHL. I hear Big Ben strike nine o'clock in the morning when it is five in the afternoon over here, and that is followed by the news. The papers are very slow in coming here so if we did not have this set we would be in the backwoods again, just as we were when Monsignor Fraser and myself first arrived here. I listened to the Rose Bowl Contest on New Year's Day. *Wasn't that great!*"

THE LURE OF THE EAST

We assent with no hesitation
To your lines on food and disease;
We understand your indignation—
Your prayer for just one bracing breeze.

For we too have lived East of Suez;
We too in the West heard a song;
Of the luring enchantment of Asia,
Its strange tales, so varied and long.

But those who for us the East painted
Sang not of its comforts or gain;
Spoke not of this land as untainted;
No, friend, *that* was not their refrain.

But they said: "Our song, don't confuse it;
From China take nothing away.
But bring of your *own* wealth, diffuse it;
Expect sickness—death, in repay.

"Bring crucifix, missal and chalice;
A staff, rugged shoes, and a cloak;
Your faith and devotion—no malice—
And Christ's aid and His Mother's invoke."

"For there you'll find millions who blindly
Are seeking for Light, and a friend
To succour their travail, and kindly
That great shroud of darkness to rend."

Their challenge and dare was alluring
But yet no illusion contained;
For the flesh not too reassuring
But with Grace we've come and remained.

We lay claim to no brave heroics,
As it's He Who quickens our aim;
Our trials, not borne ever like stoics
But if so, by strength in His name.

We are simply doing our duty
By force of the Master's command:
"Go! rescue and salvage that booty
I've won by pierced Side, Foot, and Hand!"

"On you I have lavished My treasure;
It is yours to spread, not retain;
If you'd have My grace beyond measure,
Go forth! and return with great gain!"

"For you who all human ties sever;
Who assuage the thirst of My least,
Will sit at My right hand forever!"
For us—THAT'S the lure of the East.

REV. WILLIAM J. MATTE.

INSIDE FRONT COVER

Group picture taken recently at Lishui Catholic Mission, China, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Rev. Sister Julitta, of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont. Sister Julitta is the Superior at Lishui and is seen in the picture standing fifth from the left in the second row. Congratulations!

Our Subscribers Are Our Friends. . . . We need Many More Subscribers

Monsignor McGrath Meets Catholic Chinese at Boston

MR. LEE is one of the most prominent of Chinese Catholics in Boston. He is well educated, well informed on current affairs and his point of view is thoroughly Catholic. He feels—and so do I—that there should be more Chinese students in Catholic universities in America because of the fact that in China the student educated in America enjoys unrivalled prestige and often occupies a very prominent position in the Government. And, unfortunately, the vast majority of those returned students have been educated in secular or non-Catholic colleges. Many of them have come to the conclusion that religion is useless if not harmful and most of them have heard all sorts of stories about the Catholic Church.

He was awaiting me when I entered his restaurant, on Washington St., Boston, where I had been invited to a Chinese dinner. His friends had not yet come and we enjoyed a few cups of excellent Chinese tea while awaiting their arrival. The setting was somewhat different from what we would encounter in Lishui. In a compartment nearby some of the customers were playing one record over and over again from a musical slot machine. The record was Bobby Breen's rendition of "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," and the customers insisted in joining in the chorus.

It was not long before the other guests arrived, three young ladies and one gentleman, college students all, and all Catholics except one of the girls. We all seemed to feel quite at home from the moment of their arrival. If there were the least suggestion of formality or stiffness at the outset it was soon dispelled by a few phrases of conversation in Chinese and the arrival of the good old chopsticks. Except

for the music and the sight of foreign guests passing to and fro, I could easily have believed that I was back in China. There was that delightful air of friendliness and they were all so genuinely delighted to know that my campaign in this country would result in securing some help for their unfortunate fellow countrymen during those cruel days of war.

AND THE BANQUET. Rarely have I enjoyed one so well. There was soup, the main dish of chopped chicken with mushrooms, rice and Chinese chestnuts, a very "meaty" sort of omelet. I was glad to discover that my chopstick technique had not suffered as a result of my stay in America. There were, of course, knives and forks also set out but no need to use them. And an Occidental touch capped the feast, a dish of ice cream for each of the guests.

But what interested me more than the bill-of-fare was the point of view of those young Chinese students who have come to our shores. They, of course, discussed the war and the sufferings of China. One of the girls had been in Canton during the greater part of the siege of that city. They were willing to help me here in Boston in any way possible. And their great concern was that some way might be found to give China the blessings of Christianity. They spoke of the vast population of the country and felt how sad it was that as yet so few of their countrymen knew the blessings of our Holy Faith.

I suggested to one of the Chinese ladies that it would be a good idea if she or some of her friends would engage in a series of lectures, that it would be a real novelty for an American audience to hear a Chinese lady lecturing on condi-

tions in her own country. She demurred on the grounds that her English was not good enough, but, as a matter of fact, she does speak English remarkably well.

One suggestion caught their fancy. It was that Father Venadam train his boys' choir and have them tour America. For a long time now I have been toying with that idea, but the thought of the initial expense has always been a serious obstacle. In Shanghai, Mrs. MacKenzie, Editress of the *Catholic Review* (a Catholic publication, by the way, second to none and far ahead of many that I know), proposed to me seriously that Father Venadam take the boys to her native Australia, where they would be assured of a warm welcome. But the Chinese boys and girls were all for having them come to America. They even figured out with pencil and paper how much it would cost, where the children could stay, how many cities they could visit in their tour and assured me they would be received in San Francisco by a Chinese delegation with a brass band.

At that, the idea has great possibilities. Possibly the readers of "CHINA" could offer a few suggestions. I can guarantee that Father Venadam is a miracle-man when it comes to training Chinese choirs. About that end of it there would be no difficulty. And a choir of Chinese boys would certainly win their way into the hearts of the people of America. After the enthusiasm shown by Mr. Lee's friends, I must confess that I felt more than ever inclined to give it serious thought. What do you think?

Mr. Lee has been most kind during my stay in Boston, placing his

(Continued on page 14)



JUST WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED had Pope Gregory X acceded to the request of Kublai Khan (grandson of the famous Genghis), transmitted through the two uncles of Marco Polo, for "one hundred men, wise and true, who can prove by their words that the law of Christ is the true religion." The great Mongol Emperor, conqueror of China, whose word was unquestionably law, promised that if such proof were forthcoming, he and all his subjects would become Christians.

* * *

The Emperor also asked for oil from the lamp which burned before the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Years later, when the uncles returned with their famous nephew, Marco, they brought the oil. But the request for missionaries went unanswered and the greatest opportunity ever known for the Church in China was lost forever.

* * *

That was 650 years ago. To-day in China there are some 3,500,000 Catholics. And the number of conversions is 100,000 per year. Some may regard it as an impressive figure but it rather pales into insignificance against a background of 475,000,000 people. For if the present rate of conversions were maintained annually it would take 4,750 years to convert the present population of China. The present population of China, of course, will not be there for 4,750 years. About seventy years from now they will all have vanished off the face of the earth and will have been succeeded by possibly 500,000,000 more.

What, then, are the prospects for China's conversion? To go mathematical for once, how long would it take to convert China at the rate of 100,000 converts per year? It would take 5,000 years to convert 500,000,000 people. But in 5,000 years the population of China would have repeated itself about 70 times if we allow seventy years (a generous figure) as the allotted span of one generation. So it would take seventy times five thousand or 350,000 years to convert the whole country. What's wrong with this calculation?

* * *

Well, it would be difficult to accomplish 350,000 years of work in 5,000 years. And time would keep marching on. The answer is, of course, that at the present rate, the conversion of China would be a mathematical impossibility. Missionaries could never catch up with the death rate, could not work fast enough to reach all the Chinese in their lifetime.

* * *

WHAT, THEN? Is the conversion of China impossible? No. But there will need to be a tremendous stepping-up in the annual rate of conversions. At that, the rate of conversions has more than doubled in the past twenty-five years and therein lies some hope. If it could keep on doubling every twenty years the conversion of China would be at least within the scope of human calculations, though not exactly just around the corner.

* * *

Suppose we view it from another angle. After what we have said above it may sound fantastic to assert that the conversion of China's 475,000,000 in a period of

less than eight years is theoretically possible. But it is. How? Well, there are to-day in China 3,500,000 Catholics. Let us suppose that 2,000,000 of these are adults. And that each adult Catholic could make just one conversion per year. That should not be outside the bounds of possibility in a land where pagans abound.

* * *

One convert per year on the part of 2,000,000 Catholics would mean 4,000,000 Catholics the first year and 8,000,000 the second year and so on, in geometrical progression, till in eight years there would be 512,000,000 converts. In other words, the conversion of all China would have been affected in the eighth year. That is, if the plan worked 100%. Not that it ever would, of course. But it does seem that large scale Catholic action and a vigorous lay apostolate are the great hope of China as well as the rest of the world. If the plan were adopted by the twenty million Catholics in America that country could, theoretically, be completely Catholic in less than three years. But somebody would have to tackle Judge Rutherford, a none too hopeful assignment.

* * *

Fantastic, maybe, but strictly in harmony with the mind of the Church. Read once more Father Stringer's excellent article on Catholic Communism in April "CHINA" and see if it doesn't give you a jolt. Ask yourself if a great deal more could not be done if we got away from individualism and lived as lay apostles, as living, active members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Perhaps you can make your one convert—or more—this very year.

JOTTINGS

By

REV. GERALD DOYLE

SHANGHAI, CHINA



SAFE IN LISHUI Fathers Turner, Gordon Stringer, McGoey and White have now started on the study of the Chinese language. On their trip down from Ningpo they had a "taste of China" according to the reports reaching Shanghai. The weather was cold, there were two or three nights of sleeping in the "best places available" and the bus broke down twice. However, they arrived safely in Lishui in time for the big celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Sister Saint Julitta; and it was a real celebration which will be described at length in "CHINA," so I shall just mention here that the jubilarian received a special Papal Blessing and quote a few lines from a recent letter from Father MacNeil: "Father Desmond Stringer and I were up for the celebrations and everything went off beautifully. The pageantry was all that could be desired. Monsignor Fraser was down from Kinhwa and pontificated at the Convent with due solemnity. Father Morrison did ample justice to the jubilarian in a scholarly panegyric. The Chinese were not to be outdone, they gave Sister St. Julitta all kinds of presents and scrolls, and were responsible for some High Masses, etc., besides a costumed musical they held in her honor in the school yard on the night of the second day which attracted thousands." So it was a happy occasion of much praying and much feasting. The newly arrived

were pleasantly surprised at the fine dinner the Sisters prepared from such limited supplies.

FATHER STRANG has many friends in Lishui. During a recent visit there from his mission in Pihu he was presented with a live hen. He was grateful but the difficulty was to get it home, he having come by bicycle, which he calls his "beast." But Fon Sz, the ingenious sacristan, quickly tied the hen on the carrier of the "beast" and back Father Strang went to Pihu, with the cackling hen in the rear.

As he was leaving, Father Steele turned his camera on him. The light was poor and Fr. Strang had just slipped his three-speed beast into high gear, but at least you can get the outline of Fr. Strang, the beast, and the hen. See above picture.

FATHERS McGETTIGAN and McKernan are now quietly convalescing after their operations and after a further rest hope to get a boat to Wenchow, which route is more convenient than going by way of Ningpo, but these days any form of transportation is welcome as long as the final destination is reached.

BEFORE starting language study Fathers Turner and Gordon Stringer made a hurried visit to Tsingtien, making the trip down

river by sampan in one day. On the return trip they came a quarter of the way by boat and then continued on by bicycle. Being newly arrived from Canada this manner of transportation was new to them. They are still rather stiff.

Monsignor McGrath Meets Catholic Chinese

(Continued from page 12)

car and much of his own time at my disposal. And we have had many most interesting discussions regarding the Church in China and the future of the Missions when peace returns. He feels that the devotion shown by priests and Sisters during the war and the fact that they braved death to remain at their posts have greatly enhanced the prestige of Catholicism and that this Christianity in action is more efficacious by far than mere preaching, especially at a time when the nation is engaged in a life and death struggle. Who wouldn't agree with him on this point? Example rather than mere precept on the part of the followers of Him who went about *doing* good. Don't you suspect at times that our involved system of spirituality has placed thick layers of dust over the stark yet simple fundamentals of Christianity, love God above all and love your neighbour as yourself. Be faithful to that and all else will follow as the night the day.

"CHINA" Presents, for Your Enlightenment and Enjoyment, Outstanding Articles and Stories of the real China

THE Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

My dear Buds:

I am very happy this month because of the great number of letters I have received from Buds right from Shanghai to Newfoundland. And pictures! I must cut down on the number of letters to be printed in the Rose Garden. I just have not enough space to reproduce them all, so I must "think up" some new scheme to include the names of all who have written to me.

Now, here we are right into the month of May, the month of Mary. I am sure you all have a great love for Our Blessed Mother and that every day you kneel before her picture or statue and offer a prayer asking her to watch over you. I wonder how many of you say three Hail Marys to her each night and morning? I would be pleased indeed if all my Buds were to make a resolution right now: "From now on I will say three Hail Marys each night and morning in honour of Our Blessed Mother asking her to watch over me throughout my life and to bring me safely to the home of her Divine Son, Heaven, when I die."

In another month or so you will begin your Summer vacation, you must try very hard to continue your daily prayer for the Missions and your monthly Holy Communion. Remember, my dear Buds, there is no Summer vacation from religion and prayer. God demands our love each day of each year. So now, do not forget! During your devotions to the Blessed Virgin in your schools this month ask God to bless the two Missions we are beginning for Chinese living in Canada. You can read all about them in this issue of "CHINA."

God bless you one and all.

Your friend and director,

FATHER JIM.

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)



OH, OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

The only conditions of membership in the Rose Garden are: (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels; (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations. Certificates will be sent to all members.

Father Jim's Mailbag

Holy Cross School,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

We are sending you seventy dollars, the results of this Term's Collection. The increase over last Term is due to the enthusiasm of the pupils and makes us very pleased. It is a happy augury for the future, relying, of course, on the support of the good Brothers. . . .

Sincerely yours,

G. Glynn,
E. Hearn,
B. Stowe,
C. Nelder,
W. Ivanev.

On behalf of the Mission Club.

Your generous donation of \$70 has already been acknowledged by letter, but I cannot allow your great interest in our work to pass without thanking you through these pages. May God bless you all for your efforts to make His Son known to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Total amount received from your club since Christmas: \$110. Thank you!

* * *

Smith's Falls, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . At school we get the book "CHINA" and Sister reads us the children's page and many other stories. . . .
Ethel Hughes.

* * *

Tweed, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . A year ago, my room at school bought a little Chinese baby and we named it Mary Dorothea. . . . This year we got another one, which we called Peter John. Next year we are going to try and save \$10 to get two more babies.
Sheila Rashotte.

Many thanks for stamps.

* * *

Tweed, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . We have a new Separate School here. . . . It has a very large assembly hall which seats 300. . . .
Ruth Ann Roshette.

* * *

26 St. Germaine Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . Please tell me how to join and send me the prayer.

Peter Boyle.

Peter, promise to keep the rules. The rules and the prayer are printed on page 15 of this issue of "CHINA."

Auburn, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I shall try hard to keep the rules and help all I can, if I can become a member of such a wonderful organization as the Little Flower's Rose Garden. I am also hoping that all the other Buds will fill my mail-box. I promise to answer all letters.

Roma Theresa MacNeill.

* * *

House 80, Reserve Mines, C.B., N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am still encased in the plaster cast, so my Easter week-end was rather quiet. However, most of my friends remembered to send greetings, letters and gifts. Their kindness, mingled with the holiness of the beautiful Easter season, convinced me I was missing nothing. . . .
Betty MacNabb.

Betty, you are a real Bud. God bless you and I hope many more Buds will write to you.

* * *

108 Harrison St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

We were reading the "CHINA" at our Mission meeting on Sunday night and we thought we would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden. . . .

The Girls of the Second Class,

Carmelite Convent,

Bridie Buckley, Secretary.

We are very happy to have you in the Rose Garden.

* * *

Dublin, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would like to join if you would give me the prayer for the Rose Garden.
Helen Murray.

You've joined, Helen. Prayer on page 15 of "CHINA."

* * *

Summerside, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would like very much if Mona Leach of Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, would be my "pen-pal," and would write soon. I hope to see your picture in the "CHINA" some of these days.

Zita Silliphant.

About my picture, Zita—well, one can never tell!

* * *

Dashwood, R.R. 3, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I will save stamps. I would like to see my picture on your page and would like "pen-pals."

Madeleine McCann.

I don't seem to have your picture, Madeleine. Send it along and you'll see it next month.

Apple Hill, R.R. 1, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . This is my second letter but did not see the other printed. . . .

Helen Shago.

Sorry, Helen.

* * *

Big Beach, C.B., N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . We hope that many of the members will write us, and promise that we will be sure to answer their letters.

Leona MacNeill,

Leona MacKinnon,

Mary J. Burke.

* * *

31 Bernice Crescent, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am sending you my picture.

Marie Elizabeth Smith.

* * *

1920 Ave. Joffre, Shanghai, China.

Dear Father Jim:

I've been reading "CHINA" for quite a while now, although I don't subscribe. It's really a pleasure to see how much interest the children in Canada have for Chinese children, but I hope they don't think all children in China are Chinese children, 'cause they're not. I've been taken for a Chinese many a time in letters and even when we were in Boise, Idaho. . . . I would like to know if I could become a member of the "Rose Garden." I'll try to get other children to join. It may be quite hard as I don't go to a Catholic school.

Pauline Scbinazi.

Welcome, Pauline, to the Little Flower's Rose Garden. You who live in China and are not Chinese can do much to help the Chinese children to come to a knowledge of the true God by giving very good example. You are now a member. I know you will keep the rules faithfully.

* * *

36 Clarendon St., St. John, N.B.

Rev. Dear Father:

We have been having more Bingo parties on Friday and Saturday evenings and have made a few more pennies for China Missions. . . .

Marie Corkery,

Ann Oland,

Mona Kelly,

Marjorie Harrigan,

Mary Kelly.

Many thanks for the sum of \$5. It is a great help to China Missions.

* * *

DONATIONS

St. Anne's High School, Glace Bay,	
N.S.	\$ 7
St. Anne's School, Glace Bay, N.S.	\$50
St. John's School, Toronto, Ont.	\$50

CHINA



TOP ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Pearl Herbert, Fort William, Ont.; Doreen Murray, St. Columban, Ont.; Bernadette La Berge, Tweed, Ont.; Mona Kelly, St. John, N.B.; Jean Groves, St. John, N.B.; Helen Shago, Apple Hill, Ont.; Marie Elizabeth Smith, Toronto, Ont.

CENTRE ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: John Kelly, Helen Kelly, Mary Kelly, St. John, N.B.; Three Buds, Rustico Convent, Rustico, P.E.I.; Marjorie Harrigan, St. John, N.B.; Eddie and Roddie McNeil, Glace Bay, N.S.

LOWER ROW—LEFT TO RIGHT: Marie Corkery, Margaret Corkery and Anne Corkery, St. John, N.B.; Mary Kent, St. John's, Nfld.; Patricia McGarry, Perth, Ont.

Letters received from the following—
 L. Matke, 24 Grenadier Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 Joseph Matke, 24 Grenadier Rd., Toronto.
 Marie Fennell, 37 Hayward Ave., St. John's, Nfld.
 Mary Cain and Margaret Doran, St. Mary's School, Lindsay, Ont.
 Jean Groves, East St John, N.B.
 Eddie and Roddie McNeil, 40 Victoria St., Glace Bay, N.S.
 Doreen Murray, St. Columban, Ont.
 Marie Butler, Hunter St., Halifax, N.S.
 Joan Doran, 45 Winthorpe Rd., Toronto.
 Mary Frances Barry, 197 Perth Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 Teresa Kelly, Athlone, Ont.
 Frank Murphy, 264 New Gower St., St. John's, Nfld.
 Thomas Curley, Weirstead, Quebec.

Kathleen Chaplin, Newcastle, N.B.
 Pearl Herbert, 1309 Victoria Ave., Fort William, Ont. (Stamps received. Many thanks.)
 Mary Kent, 31 Cookstown Rd., St. John's, Nfld.
 Margaret Leydon, St. Andrews, Antigonish County, N.S.
 Bernadette La Berge Tweed, Ont., and Florence Jones, 342 Fifth Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 Genevieve Gaudet, June Fredenick and Louise Gaudet, 15 Inglis St., Sydney, N.S.
 Jack Vowels, 1270 Wilton Ave., London, Ont.
 Johanna Stephenson, 12 County Rd., Box 118, New Waterford, N.S. (Thanks for stamps.)

Robert Thompson, 72 Le Marchant Rd., St. John's, Nfld.
 Arnold White, Burin, Nfld.
 Doreen Dunphy, Box 105, Curling, Nfld.
 Mary Paul Faidif, Mill St., Fairville, N.B.
 Ruby McCann, R.R. 3, Dashwood, Ont.
 Ann Spellin, 178 Beech Ave., Toronto.
 Georgian Doiron, Cymbria, P.E.I.
 Stan Tompkins, Tompkins, Nfld.
 Patricia McGarry, 15 Grant St., Perth, Ont.
 Mary Ellen Murray, Dublin, Ont.
 Ronald Penny, 15 Walsh's Square, St. John's, Nfld.
 Shirley Atkins, Mount Stewart, P.E.I.
 C. Butts, Sydney Mines, N.S.

All the above-named Buds would like other Buds to write to them. Certificates have been sent to those who asked to join.—Father Jim.



A man entered the outpatients' department of a hospital, his head enveloped in bandages.

"Married?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the man. "Knocked down in the black-out."

Two Canadian soldiers stopped a Civil Servant in Bloomshury. They pointed to an impressive building and asked what it was. He told them it was the Ministry of Information.

"I thought the Ministry must be about that size," said one, "to store up all the information they never give away."

The taxi shot out of a side street, just missed a policeman, whizzed past a traffic island, over a Belisha crossing, and stopped on the pavement a few inches from a plate-glass window.

The policeman walked across, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Listen, cowboy," he said to the driver. "On your way back see if you can pick this up with your teeth."

"What makes you think she doesn't like you?"

"She told me she thought there was a fool in every family."

"Well, what of it?"

"I'd told her a few moments before that I was an only child."

"Yes, old man," said the meek-looking little man, "I took your advice and told my wife straight out that she couldn't henpeck me any more."

His friend patted him on the back.

"Splendid!" he said. "Now you can hold your head up."

The little man winced.

"Yes," he replied, doubtfully, "but it's still pretty sore and bruised."—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Two motorists were zipping along at 70 or 80 miles an hour when a police patrol appeared from nowhere and forced them over to the curb.

"What's the matter, officer?" asked one, blandly. "Were we driving too fast?"

"No," answered the officer, sarcastically, "you were flying too low."

"I suppose your baby is very fond of you?"

"Fond of me! Why, the rascal sleeps all day when I'm at work so that he can stay up at night and enjoy my company."

—Regina Leader-Post.

He had passed all the tests and was before the recruiting sergeant, giving particulars.

"Married or single?" he was asked.

"Married."

"Any children?"

"Eleven."

"Sorry, chum. Too expensive. We could get a couple of generals for that money."—Kitchener Record.

"This is the radiator and here is the fan," explained the car salesman.

"That's fine!" announced the lady.

"I've always wanted an all-season car."

—Barrie Advance.

Bill: "How long do you need a horse?"

Smith: "The longest one you have. You see there are four of us."

Mrs. Donut: "Jimmie's been in the third form for two years. I wonder how he'll ever get ahead."

Mr. Donut: "Don't know. If he wasn't horn with one he never will."

"Quick, Smithers, bring me some brandy. Her ladyship's fainted."

"Yes, your lordship, but what shall I bring her ladyship?"

Pedagogue (severely): "Now, sir, for the last time, what is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?"

Boy (desperately): "I'm afraid that it's equivalent to a caning for me, sir."

George: "Why do Radio Announcers have small hands?"

Joe: "Haven't the faintest idea."

George: "They give short pause (paws) for station identification." — Brennan "Syndicate."

"Darling, this steak tastes like burnt leather," said the husband.

"What strange things you've eaten in your life," replied the wife.

A wealthy woman asked an assistant in the wool department of a big shop for instructions on how to make a dog's sweater.

"How big is the dog?" asked the sales-girl.

The woman's illustrations were not very successful.

"Maybe you'd better bring him in," suggested the girl.

"Oh, I can't do that," said the woman; "it's to be a surprise."

An American optician was instructing his son in the technique of getting a fair and honest price out of a customer. He said: "Son, after you have fitted the glasses to a customer, and he asks, 'What's the charge?' you should say: 'Ten dollars.' Then pause and watch for the flinch."

"If the customer does NOT flinch, you say: 'That's for the frames. The lenses will be another ten dollars.'"

"Then you pause again—and again you watch for the flinch. If he doesn't flinch, you say, 'Each.'"

Young Doctor: "I'm afraid I made a mistake in filling in a death certificate to-day."

Old Doctor: "How was that?"

Young Doctor: "I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space left for 'cause of death.'"—Woodstock Sentinel.

"Thank goodness I had the foresight to get in a store of petrol before rationing began," said the young man. "I've enough to last me a year."

The motorist who overheard him was indignant and went straight to the petrol rationing authorities. Investigations were made.

"Quite right!" the young man smiled, when the official demanded an explanation. "But I only have a couple of pints." "A couple of pints! You said you had enough for a year."

"So I have. It's for my cigarette lighter. I don't run a car."

Amateur Photographer: "Have my films developed all right?"

Chemist: "The answer is in the negative."

Toronto Auxiliary of China Missions holds Overflow Bridge and Euchre in Columbus Hall



A portion of the crowded hall on the occasion of our Annual Bridge and Euchre Party. One thousand people attended.



UPPER GROUP: Father Leonard, editor of "CHINA"; Mr. T. Wu and Mr. Wong, editors of the Toronto Chinese Daily Newspaper, and Dr. Stephen Pan, managing editor of the China Monthly and lay secretary to His Excellency, the Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking and Special Envoy to the United States for the Chiang Kai-shek government of China.



CIRCLE: Dr. Pan tells Toronto audience that China is not Communistic. As proof of this statement he quotes His Excellency, Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China: "If China were Communistic the government would not have as their special envoy a Catholic Bishop; nor could a Catholic Bishop act as an envoy of a Communistic government."

LOWER GROUP: Miss Therese Egerton of Toronto receives the Door Prize from the President of St. Francis Xavier Seminary Auxiliary, Mrs. Hymus, on the occasion of the Annual Bridge and Euchre. For news on this affair see page 3.





**"...Come,
follow
Me"**

We appeal to our friends to help us build up our Burses by sending donations marked for this purpose. A Burse is the sum of \$5,000, the interest of which is used to educate students for the Priesthood indefinitely.

Mark your special donation: For The Burse Fund

For information concerning the Foreign Missionary Priesthood write to:

RT. REV. JNO. E. McRAE
RECTOR,
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY
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CHILDREN

Scarboro Bluffs,
Ont.

June,

July,

1940



Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

● *Management :*

The Seminary is governed by the Bishops of Ontario through their Board of Directors, consisting of His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, Toronto; His Excellency Archbishop O'Brien, Kingston; His Excellency Bishop Ryan, Hamilton; Rt. Rev. Monsignor McRae, President of the Seminary; and Rev. Alex. J. MacDonald.

● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances a Mission for the Chinese at Vancouver, B.C., and is now preparing to open Missions at Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Privileges of Benefactors :*

1. They share in all the Masses and prayers offered by our priests and students.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
4. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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● *Burses :*

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"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Winnipeg's Auxiliary Bishop-Elect

The recent announcement from Rome concerning the appointment of the new auxiliary Bishop of Winnipeg came to us as a surprise but certainly as a very pleasant surprise. The choice of the Rev. Francis Ryder Wood, former Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Winnipeg, is indeed a happy one.

Father Wood became a national figure with his learned addresses on the Trans-Canada Catholic Hour during the past winter series. CHINA offers congratulations to Canada's youngest member of the hierarchy: His Excellency Bishop-Elect Francis Wood, auxiliary Bishop of Winnipeg and titular Bishop of Livida.

Two New Priests for China Mission Institute

Rev. Rogers Pelow of Kingston, Ontario, was ordained to the Holy Priesthood at the Cathedral in Kingston by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Michael J. O'Brien, D.D., on May 18th. On June 9th, at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, Rev. Michael McSween, Ironville, N.S., will be ordained by His Excellency the Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, D.D.

To both these newly ordained priests we extend, on behalf of the benefactors of this institution, sincere congratulations. It is due, in large measure, to our benefactors that we are in a position to educate our students for the Priesthood and therefore you, our readers and friends, have a right to rejoice on the occasion of each ordination. The ordination of our priests is for you a day of joy, for these priests are YOUR priests: Canada's contribution to the cause of Christ in China.

Ad multos annos!

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JUNE-JULY

CHINA

1940

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Editor, REV. JAMES P. LEONARD

NO. 6

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Mission Week at Noranda



Father Pelchat

indicative of the Catholic outlook of those responsible.

The sponsors, the Catholic Commercial Travellers of this section, under the direction of the zealous pastor of Noranda, Rev. Father J. M. Pelchat, D.D., deserve the greatest credit for the enterprise. Taking part in the exposition were the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, the Grey Nuns, the White Fathers, priests from the Quebec Foreign Mission Society at Pont Viau, St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs,

Ontario, Jesuit Fathers of the French-Canadian Province, the Oblates of Mary and Clerics of St. Viator. The following Mission countries were represented in the eight Mission booths in the parish hall: Africa, Alaska, China, Western Canada, India, Japan and the Islands of the Pacific.

Besides the opportunities given the laity to visit the booths and learn of the customs of strange peoples, lectures were given daily with moving pictures illustrating vividly the customs and living conditions of the various non-Christian peoples. The services of the local radio station, CKRN, was availed of daily. Each missionary had the opportunity of a fifteen-minute broadcast each day.

If this plan could be copied and followed throughout Canada very soon we would have a mission-minded people and consequently a better informed laity. It is a fact that Catholics who "do not see" the Missions do not understand their Faith.

Be

A Realist

And Like It

By

Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath

THERE MAY BE A LESSON for you and me in the story of William Jay.

"Here lies the body of William Jay Who died maintaining his right of way,

He was right, dead right, as he sped along

But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

You can visualize the scene. William Jay was driving peacefully down Main Street in the old home town. The road was clear and the green light beckoned at the intersection. But suddenly a heavy truck emerged from the side street and with "truckulent" disregard for the other fellow, just kept on going. As far as that driver was concerned, friend William could do all the worrying.

Now, two courses of action were open to William but he'd have to think fast. He could apply the brakes, surrender his unquestioned rights and let the truck pass by. Or he could go to his death like a man. Which would you have done?

A law abiding citizen and a man of unswerving principle, William chose the latter course. He stood for his rights—to the last. Never, said he to himself, will I accept the principle that might is right. Never will it be told my grandchildren that I yielded to mere brute force. If that driver hopes to get away

with such a flagrant traffic violation, it will be over my dead body. And it was. Some such thoughts, we imagine, must have flitted through William's brain as he stepped on the accelerator and passed into history.

NOW FOR THE QUESTION. Was William's supreme sacrifice really worth while? Was he an idealist, a realist or a fool? Would you lay down your life to prevent a traffic violation on Main Street? Would you, for that matter, lay down your life for anything? After all, we may as well face the fact that the traffic regulations of life are being continually ignored. As you and I bump along life's highway there are plenty of people to dispute our right of way, even when we are right and they are wrong, dead wrong. Sometimes the issues at stake are large but most of the time they are relatively unimportant. They could, conceivably, be large enough to die for but ordinarily they are not. When confronted with such petty violations that we cannot prevent and in the clutch of circumstances that we cannot control, would it not seem the part of wisdom at times to apply the brakes and let the trucks roar by?

No use looking for an ideal world. We've known that long since. And it is to no purpose to bemoan the fact. Life's countless little injustices may goad us to sudden and literal suicide—like Wil-

liam—or we may worry ourselves to death over evils that we cannot control. In either case, we shall be just as dead as if we'd been wrong. Better accept things as they are, always remembering the enormous amount of good there is in people and beauty in this world of ours. Better, for our own health of mind and body, to be realists and like it.

We cannot advocate the abandonment of idealism. It would be a sorry world if we did. There are principles for which you and I, aided by God's special grace, would lay down our lives. There always have been, and always will be men and women who prefer death to the surrender of their most sacred and inviolable rights or the denial of their faith. These are God's heroes and, if the opportunity arose, perhaps you could be one of them. But opportunities for martyrdom are still rare in our country. There are plenty of people who love to *make* martyrs of themselves. They mull over their miseries and fancied wrongs and turn a blind eye to the pleasant things of life. But they can hardly be compared with the great souls of history. To-day especially, when war and the shadow of war and the war of nerves have reached even to the uttermost parts of the earth, it ought to help us a little to realize that there is in this world plenty to be happy about, even though things are far from being what we desire. Healthy realism

June is the Month of the Sacred Heart

implies an effort to take these things into consideration.

"ANCIENT" PROPHETS OF GLOOM

Evil is always more blatant than good. These days especially, when once more there is the cry of no hope, our daily paper has become our daily headache. The only people are dictators, war-mongers, blitzkriegers and assassins. The only things that happen are invasions of small countries, merciless air massacres and lingering death to brave men in the freezing waters of the sea. As ever, more than ever, sensationalism has become the daily bread that feeds the monster presses of the world. Only God can make a tree but look what man has gone and done with his mass massacre of our forests and their conversion into printed pages of disaster and despair. Like the friend quoted by Beverley Baxter, there are many of us these days who, after reading the evening paper just "prefer to lie quietly and await the end." But the end is not yet. And if you think you were born about fifty or a hundred years too soon, try to bear in mind that since creation's dawn we have had with us purveyors of gloom and prophets of despair. Tell yourself that this is the end, if that helps any, but in spite of the mess man has made, it might be more helpful to realize that God is still in His Heaven and there is still much that is right with the world. *"Diligentibus Deum omnia cooperantur in bonum."*

"The good old days" you say, "are gone." But when were the good old days? Was it in the widely-pedestalled and over-idealized Victorian era when they danced the Minuet and frolicked care-free on the village green? Were those the good old days when disaster and foreboding were unknown? Actually, they were as much filled with fear and apprehension as our year of grace 1940. You must have seen the quotations long since, but since they are so apt, we venture to include here Sir Josiah Stamp's now famous references to prove that the despairing pessimists of the past were wrong. Why couldn't they be wrong to-day?

1. William Pitt said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

2. Wilberforce remarked: "I dare not marry. The future is so dark and unsettled." But he changed his mind, and took a plunge, in 1797.

3. In 1819, one hundred and twenty-one years ago, Lord Gray "believed that everything was tending to a convulsion." Where have we heard *that* before?

4. The Duke of Wellington, on the eve of his death, thanked God he would be "spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering round us." To-day the Duke, were he with us, might agree that nobody can win the present war, that the victor so far has been Russia, and that Communism is poised, vulture-like, atop war-torn Europe, to feed and breed some day amid war's aftermath of chaos and ruin and pestilence and despair. Well, it hasn't happened—yet.

5. Disraeli was admittedly one of the greatest minds of his time. He gave it as his considered verdict, in 1847, that there was "no hope, in industry, in commerce or in agriculture."

6. Finally, in 1848, Lord Shaftesbury, anticipating Goebbels or Lord Haw Haw by some ninety years, proclaimed with an air of pessimistic finality that "nothing could save the British Empire." And there were no claims in his day that diving planes could liquidate the British Navy.

Do these prophecies of long ago, which did not materialize, differ so very substantially from those we hear to-day? Many of them sound suspiciously like our morning paper.

MODERN PROPHETS OF "CHEER"

BUT IF THE PAST WERE GLORIOUS, in the eyes of the now-no-hope school, the future is too horrible to contemplate. If you cast aside realism and insist on crossing every bridge, you may go on envisioning disaster till you find yourself in accord with the late George Elliot and her prescription for humanity "one grand simultaneous act of suicide." Here are some of the cheerful statistics compiled by our modern prophets of cheer even apart from the depressing influence of war's alarms.

1. Fifty years from now one half of the people of the United States will be in insane asylums and the other half will be their keepers.

2. One hundred years from now America will be a negro country, the White Race having liquidated itself through birth prevention.

3. England, too, will share a similar fate. In a hundred years from now she will be a fifth or sixth rate power with a population of six million.

How do they know? The answer is "statistics." At which, if your optimism is not completely stifled, you mutter to yourself "The three kinds of lies. Lies, damned lies, and statistics."

THEY MAY BE WRONG

Take this question of birth control or birth decline. It is giving many people serious concern. It is the problem of our age. Setting aside for the moment any discussion on moral grounds, we query the pronouncement that the end of the White Race is just around the corner. The pendulum is always swinging and we find it hard to subscribe to the total depravity theory, that mankind as a whole is going to go completely morally berserk. Who can say with finality that there will not be a return in time to a more serious view of marital responsibility? And who knows but that twenty years from now ten children to a family may even be as socially correct as two or three to-day? I do not say it will be so. I only want to know who *knows* that it will not. God has not abandoned humanity so why not give the beleaguered old human race the benefit of at least an occasional doubt? Think of the Victorians and their predecessors whose cheerful prophecies of consummations of ruin have not yet been realized. Be a realist at least to the extent of not going all round the globe to look for imaginary disaster. Matters may be bad enough but does it help to make them any worse than they are or ever will be?

CAPTAINS OF OUR SOULS

SO MUCH FOR WORLD CONDITIONS. They are beyond our control. But we can, surely, be realistic enough to face the facts of our own little world. We are the masters of our fate, are we not? And the captains of our souls? Yes—and no. Ask yourself as you read these lines how much energy you burn

(Continued on page 14)

WHEN FATHER VENADAM sent invitations to all the priests and Sisters for the formal opening of the new convent in Lungchuan, he culminated in a courteous gesture a long string of less formal but more imperative and compelling invitations. Ever since his appointment as pastor of Lungchuan, now over a year and a half ago, he has played host to many guests at diverse functions. And we might call Monsignor McGrath's appointing him as an invitation. And from that time Father Venadam's favorite Chinese expression seems to have been "Ching, ching, ching," which translated is "to invite," "please" or "to deign." So whether it was in so small matters as "ching tso," "please be seated," or in such big affairs as "ching ting tao li," "please listen to some doctrine," his winning way made hundreds glad to accept the invitation; whether it was such charitable invitations as inviting the sick to come for medicine and care or more conventual invitations as inviting the workmen to a banquet the day they erected the frame of the new convent, he always made good his promises and often received promises from the guests to be good Christians.

When Monsignor McGrath "ching-ed" him to take the responsibility as pastor of Lungchuan, Father Venadam took over the most far flung and most difficult parish in the prefecture. It is the most inland and highest part of our district; a few years ago the district there had been attacked by bandits who despoiled some of the chapels and captured a catechist and some Christians. That and some local scandals at the time did a lot of harm to the prestige of the Church, and it was Father Venadam's ambition not only to regain what was lost, but also to obtain a lot more. And so the invitations started.

First, it was to those who had stopped coming to Church, and he put all his personality and zeal into these invitations. It was his persistence more than anything else that caused them to be answered. He prevailed upon some to give the use of their houses for

"Father Venadam Sends a String of Invitations"

By

REV. CRAIG STRANG
PIHU, CHE.
CHINA



nightly doctrine-talks and so obliged them to come back, and he did get a fair number. These nightly talks, the manner in which they were conducted he has already written for readers of CHINA, formed another set of his invitations, this time to the pagans, and so very much resembling the invitations of the king in the parable who made a wedding feast for his son—and it was this parable that Father Venadam developed when writing his article on "The High-ways and Bye-ways."

As an added enticement, he also issued invitations—open ones—to the sick, and it was this invitation that was the immediate precursor of the work now taken over by the Sisters. He filled the reception room with all kinds of medicine, part of which was supplied by the Sisters at Lishui, and part bought at Wenchow, and personally attended all the cases himself; Father

McFarland, who was his assistant, helped him while he was there and wrote an account of that for CHINA also. Such was the demand that they had great trouble to keep within scheduled hours—and this in spite of the fact that there is a city hospital and another dispensary run by the Protestant Mission. Many of the cases came from distant towns and villages—not a few being carried long distances by chair. When Father Venadam would be out making the country missions at almost every village he would pass he would see familiar and smiling faces of those who had heard of his fame and had come to him for a cure. Altogether there were over seven thousand cases treated within a year, so work as hard as he would, Father certainly could not attend to it adequately.

The former pastor of Lungchuan had had hopes of a convent there, confident of the wonderful work that the Sisters would accomplish and aware of the big attraction it would be for the Church. But it was left to Father Venadam to make this dream come true, and he was not long in Lungchuan before he set about erecting the building on property next to the Mission Compound. He himself drew up the plans and gave personal supervision to the many details. Of materials, the only thing handy was lumber (we all buy our trees from Lungchuan), but other things, such as bricks, lime, tiles, all had to be brought from distant places at quite some expense; the lime came from the other extreme of the prefecture, Tsingtien. So, slowly enough, the edifice took form—a square house with upper balcony and lower veranda on three sides. A hallway divides the front and back rooms on the lower floor, save for the chapel which runs the whole width of the building, complete with chapel doors and windows. The centre front is the reception room and on the other side the Sisters' Community room—at the back is the dining-room and store-room for medicines, etc. The stairs face the reception room and lead to a centre hallway upstairs, from which all rooms, side and front, have their entrance—each room has a door leading to

To Ensure Your Salvation Practise Devotion to the Sacred Heart

the balcony. The artistic arrangement of the plaster and the coloring were designed by Father Venadam and give the building one of its distinct features—much to the admiration of all. A small house is built immediately behind to be used as kitchen and laundry, and as living quarters for the domestics. The convent is set well back from the street and the dispensary is at the main gate leading directly to the street—it has a waiting room and dispensary proper. This is part of the old building and one of the rooms formerly served as a school.

CANADA'S FINANCIAL AID

ALL THIS WAS FINANCED for the most part from Father Venadam's personal resources and by the generous contributions of the priest and people of his home parish, Pomquet, Nova Scotia, collected when he was with them two years ago doing campaign work. Out of gratitude to them and to their memory he has dedicated the Convent to the Titular of his parish Church — which is the Church of the Holy Cross. The participation of these good people in the building of such an excellent convent may also be styled as accepting another of Father Venadam's invitations, for although these people did give freely, still they have a big privilege in knowing that they have built a convent in China.

And then Father Venadam sent another invitation; this time through Monsignor McGrath, to the Sisters in Lishui, inviting them to come and live in this convent and to care for the sick of his parish. Busy as they are in Lishui, the Sisters were only too glad to accept the invitation, once permission was obtained from the Motherhouse at Pembroke, Ontario. The spirit of adventure and the zeal of real missionaries animate our Sisters in their home in Lishui as much as it does our priests scattered all over the district. None of the Sisters had been so far inland before—in fact, their travelling was limited to a few necessary trips to Shanghai and short sick-calls to nearer parishes. So the appointment of

three of their members to the Convent of the Holy Cross in Lungchuan took on all the solemnity and some of the sadness attached to departure ceremonies. Sisters Mary Angela and St. Martin of the 1934 band, and Sister Mary Genevieve of the 1932 band, formed the new community. Sister Mary Angela is the new Superior, Sister Mary Genevieve, registered nurse, is in charge of the dispensary, and Sister St. Martin is an indispensable aid in the running of the convent and dispensary. The three of them have long acclimatized themselves to China and have done great work in their former home—we can wish them no better fortune than that they may be able to keep up the good work.

OPENING OF THE CONVENT

We were all invited to attend the opening and solemn blessing on August 15th, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Because it was one of the big feast days of the year, the pastors of the various Missions could not attend; the length of the journey and increased cost of travelling deterred many of Father Venadam's and the Sisters' friends in Lishui. However, these friends were generous in sending gifts of pictures, scrolls and other ornaments to decorate the new rooms.

The Christians of the country chapels all made formal appearances—every Christian family in a village eighty li away was there with their presents and congratulations.

There were ten priests present and seven of the nine Sisters, and if the number of the priests taxed the capacity of the house, it was far from taxing the hospitality of the pastor, who had foreseen every detail and arranged for the comfort of his guests in every way possible.

Invitations had also been sent to the civil authorities of the city; special ceremonies were prepared for their reception and places reserved for them in the Church. Lungchuan, famous for its love of music, offered its best orchestra, and played its repertoire through

many times during the three days of their engagement.

THE CEREMONIES began with the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Very Rev. Father Curtin, assisted by Fathers Moriarty and MacIntosh as deacon and sub-deacon; Father Maurice was master of ceremonies. Father Gignac was the preacher for the occasion and made all the appropriate remarks. Not only the Church, but the whole Compound was packed to capacity, and the notables of the city were most favourably impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and unstinting in their praise of Father Venadam.

After Mass there was a procession to the convent and the new building was blessed by Father Curtin and solemnly dedicated to the mystery of the Holy Cross. During the whole ceremony Father Venadam kept himself modestly in the background, but the guests all insisted in giving him due praise not only for erecting such a fine building and for giving the place the blessing of active missionary Sisters, but also for the wonderful interest and zeal he had displayed in the year and a half at his new post.

Father Venadam then tendered banquets to the priests, Sisters and civil authorities, and cared for many of the poor, who had come a long way to be present at the ceremony, and who wanted to give their pastor *face* as much as to enjoy the celebrations themselves.

And so the invitations go on, now more than ever, since the Sisters are there ever ready to answer every call. They average over five hundred patients a day. Several of the former patients still come to Father Venadam for medical attention; he now refers them to the Sisters, but still takes the same interest in them. He is busy now preparing new invitations for the surrounding country villages to come to the "heavenly marriage" feast.

On our part we thank Father Venadam for his invitations, and wish him and his able assistants every grace and blessing as they play host to so many of God's very own.

Sacred Heart of Jesus I Place My Trust in Thee

Missionary Education

THE Mission Week as reported elsewhere in this issue is of great importance to those interested in the building up of a missionary consciousness in the minds and hearts of the Catholic people throughout this country. This affair held at Noranda, Quebec, shows what can be done. For a whole week the people of the town and surrounding district were really interested in the explanations of lands, peoples and customs. The lectures were excellently attended and the radio talks were well received.

If only we had an organization devoted solely to the sponsoring of such Missionary Weeks and Exhibitions throughout the country we think the dioceses and parishes would benefit spiritually and certainly would not lose materially. It takes vision to see beyond one's own boundaries but Father Pelchat, pastor of Noranda, had vision, and his vision of souls beyond the seas proves his realized Catholicity; proves that he is following the wishes of the Popes for Catholic Action. In organizing the missionary display he set down three objects to be attained: first, to show the world-work of the Church; secondly, to foster vocations; thirdly, to educate the laity to the fact that they, too, are missionaries.

It is appropriate at this point to recall the words of the late Pope Benedict XV on the subject of Missions: "We now turn to all those who by the gift of God's mercy are possessed of the true faith and participate in the innumerable benefits which flow from it. And in the first place, they ought to give heed by what holy law they are bound to help the sacred Missions to the heathen. For God 'gave to every one of them commandment concerning his neighbour' (Eccles. xvii. 12); and this command is the more binding according as the need of the neighbor is greater. . . . Now there are three kinds of aid which they can give to the Missions, and which the missionaries themselves are ever requesting. The first is one which everyone can give, to invoke the goodwill of God upon them. . . . In the second place the smallness of the number of the

missionaries must be remedied. . . . Lastly, considerable resources are needed for the preservation of Missions, especially since their needs have increased enormously owing to the war (reference to World War I). . . . We therefore call upon all good people to be generous according to their means. For 'he that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?' (I John iii, 17). So St. John the Apostle, speaking of those who are in want of temporal goods. But how much more strictly is the law of charity to be observed in this case, where it is a matter of not only giving assistance in hunger and want and a multitude of other miseries, but also, and primarily, of rescuing so vast a number of souls from the arrogant dominion of Satan into the liberty of the sons of God? Wherefore We desire that especially those Institutions which are intended to assist the sacred Missions should be helped by the generosity of Catholics."

The above quotation is taken from the Apostolic Letter, "*Maximum Illud*," issued by Pope Benedict XV, November 13th, 1919. It would be well to ponder these thoughts seriously and to realize that the work of the "sacred Missions" is by no means just something that a few zealous men and women may take up and carry on in far-off lands. It is the strict duty of each and every Catholic to know this fact: That the most important work of the Catholic Church is her missionary work. "For the Church has no other reason for existence, than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption." Encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae* of Pope Pius XI. Those Catholics who maintain that we have work enough to do at home must learn at once that they are wrong. Let them recall the words of Christ and meditate upon their meaning: "GO YE INTO THE WHOLE WORLD, AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE." (Mark, xvi, 15).

Sacred Heart of Jesus look with Mercy upon China

Father Boudreau Bids Adieu

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Here again, gone again. I have been among you now about two years, and by the time you read this letter I'll be westward and homeward bound. I have not been able to get around to you all to say good-bye. I have been fortunate enough to spend at least a few days with some of you; with others, only a few moments; but whatever time I did spend with you all I have enjoyed to the utmost. No one could have been treated more kindly and sympathetically than I was by you. Absence rather increased our sentiments towards each other . . . a thing I keenly felt with growing sensibility. Through old Friends I have made new Friends, and you, my new Friends, I will always consider my old Friends. At eventide when all will be more or less quiet, maybe in some mountain hamlet or in some city dwelling, I will easily amuse myself with thoughts of you

all and our many grand evenings together. I do want now, through the medium of this great Mission publication of ours, the CHINA, to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kind consideration towards me. You have assisted me much, both spiritually and materially and I know from your promises you will continue. Though we will be far away from each other, we need not feel our separation. The last time we met you were happy, healthy, and smiling. It is this picture of you I am carrying away with me. You all asked me to say a prayer for you now and then. I am human, too. I ask you also to say a prayer for me now and then. Don't forget my work and my Christians wherever I'll be. They also will need your spiritual assistance.

MOST OF YOU have asked me what to do about sending parcels over to me. Well, China is a great country, in which are living peoples

from all over the world, either in business or otherwise. There are cities there as beautiful, wealthy, cosmopolitan as Boston, Chicago or New York, where sweet teeth can be sweetened as delicately as in any of these places; wearing apparel, etc., procured, and much to our liking, with prices varying according to our pocketbook, and all to our advantage, mind you. So, personally, I prefer you would not send any parcels to me. Circumstances, times, taxes, rolls of red tape, filling good fountain pens with what should be good post-office ink to fill in reams of question papers, and last but not least, I'm in the sticks.

YOU WILL NOT be hearing from me, perhaps, until I reach my destination. After that I will inform you of my place and my activities. So until then, as the Chinese say,

Tsai chien (au revoir),

BERNARD BOUDREAU.



“BENEDICAT TE”

(Dedicated to a Priest's Mother)

You taught him, mother, at your knee,
The Holy Name, the Persons Three—
To cross himself with holy sign—
And whisper, “Jesus, make me Thine.”

You helped him, mother, to learn of God,
And aided the first faint steps he trod
To the Holy Table, feast Divine—
And whispered, “Jesus, make him Thine.”

You watched him grow with tender care,
And often asked in pious prayer
That he be called, and chosen, too,
To walk with Him, one of the few.

In his boyhood days, you saw him rise
To serve at the Altar, and pray for the prize
Awarded to those who live and love
And aspire after higher things above.

Then came the grace, the call was clear,
To his young heart and waiting ear;
Like the sun to the flower, and the rain to the tree,
Were the words of the Master, “Come follow Me.”

Thus blossomed the petals of this young soul
And reached toward the Sun, its eternal goal,
And grew in beauty and grace and power
With the sweet scent of heaven entrusted to shower.

Now Priest of God, with power divine,
His hands he places on bowed head of thine;
With faltering voice,—God's power to pray,—
My mother, he says, “*Benedicat Te.*”

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To him entrust the Sacred Host,
The Blessed Trinity, Holy Three,
That you taught him, mother, at your knee.

—Louis Murphy

Items of Interest

THE STORY OF A SOUL

By Rev. Kenneth Turner

LEE MO arrived at the Mission one morning with a terrible case of seriously infected feet. Some stranger had pity on him, and had bundled him in a rickshaw and sent him to the Sisters. The old man apparently was not suffering very much—his feet were too far gone for that, blackened and decayed to the ankles. The poison had spread through his system and it is doubtful if he could have survived amputation even if such had been possible.

Life, we thought, would not be more than a matter of days for him now, and, while nothing could be done for his body, much might be done for his soul. The Sisters took him in. He had frozen both feet over a month before, probably up in the mountains. He seemed a kind of a vagabond for none claimed relationship. The Sisters placed him in the isolation annex of the hospital.

MR. WONG, our venerable catechist, instructed him in the principal mysteries of our Faith, and the poor patient learned well, according to his lights. On the second day, the writer was given the privilege of his first Baptism in China. Lee Mo received the name of Patrick, because the 17th of March was only two days away and it was hoped that this heavenly patron would look after things when we could do no more. Even if Palm Sunday this year nearly ousted St. Patrick entirely from the liturgy, we knew we could depend on him.

OUR OLD PATIENT was apparently well and happy that evening, for he smoked his two-and-a-half-foot pipe and even inhaled a pinch

of Philip-Morris with relish. It seemed certain that he would last the night and probably longer. The next morning at seven-thirty o'clock the hospital attendant made his rounds and found old Patrick quiet in death. His face was drawn, his limbs rigid and all respiration stopped. The only thing left was to commit his body to the grave. In the early afternoon I prepared for the Last Blessing. Vested in surplice, stole and cope, we waited while two attendants straightened the deceased's limbs prior to putting him into the coffin. Before the body was straightened, one gave a shout: "*He's alive.*" We rushed into the room and, sure enough, the moving had brought back a faint respiration and this gradually increased until breathing was deep and regular. We looked at each other in perplexity and astonishment. One thing we certainly could not do, and that was to bury him! Accordingly, cope and thurible were sent back to the sacristy while we watched and watched.

Was St. Patrick making sure that Patrick got a last absolution and the prayers for the dying? Before the prayers were over, Patrick breathed his last. It was Vespers, First Vespers of Saint Patrick's feast. Thanks, Saint Patrick, please God we'll give you more poor souls to look after in the future.

NEWS FROM SUNG YANG

By Father Beal

MY NUMBER is up again for an article to CHINA and the trouble is, what am I going to write about?

I have several copies of war bulletins on my desk here, but that would be old news before it reached

you. That gives me an idea, we have a war of our own going on here. When Christ refused the Devil's offer of the kingdoms of this world in the third temptation this declaration of war was made, the die was cast. It will be a struggle between the two standards to the end of time. We are up in the front line trenches, keeping Christ's Banner unfurled and flying high. Some would say our cause is nigh hopeless, that the enemy has over ninety-eight per cent. of the city folk on his side doing his bidding, yet we are assured of victory by our Leader.

Now that the yearly retreat for the Christians is finished and the year's work planned out for all sub-stations, outside pressure of duty is for the moment a little easier and we can devote more time to the school. I find about sixty per cent. of those attending here are left-overs from other schools, those who did not make the grade in the last examination at mid-year. It looks as though we are getting the crumbs, but there is no use complaining. The remaining forty per cent. are a credit to the school and many are ready for Baptism but for the opposition of their parents.

There are two little Hangchow girls in the 7th grade, so-called refugees, punctual at all exercises, polite, clever, interested in learning and listening to the doctrine. They are ready for Baptism, but their parents object! They can recite all the prayers as well or better than a Christian and most earnestly desire Baptism, but the saving waters must be withheld until the parents consent. Two other girls in the 8th grade of local stock, each has lost a father and new guardians have come into the home who are not sympathetic to

Sacred Heart of Jesus Have Mercy upon the Dying

the Catholic cause. One has to bear a good deal of scolding, ridicule and inconvenience in order to attend Mass on Sunday, while the other girl, who is already baptized, is now forbidden to come at all. A child, after all, must eat, and when the prohibition becomes too severe, there is no road open but comply to unjust requests. The poor hovel in which they live, void of all earthly conveniences, is nothing compared to the spiritual condition of their souls, void of God's grace. Then there are two boys who need special mention, one wears an ear-ring on the left ear and the other has a silver bracelet on the left hand. These two lads would be the butt of many jokes in our schools at home and would probably be called *sissies*. But over here the story is different. The lad with the ear-ring told me all about it. He has no brothers and only one little sister. It seems when he was still in swaddling clothes a severe eye condition overtook him. All the cure-alls failed, so a "fortune teller" was consulted. He told the anxious mother that her child could only be spared the ravages of this sickness by investing two dollars, plus his own fee, with the silversmith for one ear-ring to be worn on the left ear. When the sickness had run its course and Nature was given a chance, the eyes got better. To the parents the ear-ring did the trick, so he still wears it. The mother promised to have it removed, but the father has so far not given his consent. The other lad is also an *only son* and the best way to protect his life from evil influence and harm was by wearing a bracelet to give him a girl-like appearance so the devil would be deceived.

Customs that are prevalent in this city may not be quite so pronounced in other cities. My teachers come from Hangchow and Ningpo and they tell me Sung Yang is a

singular city and the people have a character all their own.

Jewish history tells us that it was the one desire of every Jewish maiden to become the mother of the Messiah. This idea of having a son migrated with the Sons of Han to China. To be childless is therefore a humiliation for a Chinese mother. Hence it is easy to account for the presence of so many Chinese women in the temples making sacrifices to Kuan Ing (the goddess of child-birth).

Catholic Youth and Missions

On Sunday, April 28th, Mount Saint Vincent, Halifax, was the scene of the sixteenth annual reunion of the Halifax units of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Formerly, these annual meetings had taken the form of a church rally, but in order to provide for the reading of the inspirational reports from the various units it had been decided by the executive council of the Halifax units that this year's meeting would be a reunion. Reverend Charles Curran, S.T.D., Diocesan Director, was chairman.

The meeting opened with the singing of the Crusade hymn *God Wills It*, and following Dr. Curran's opening remarks reports were presented by the units represented, which were: Convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Saint Vincent Academy, Saint Mary's High School, Saint Patrick's Girls' High School, Saint Patrick's Boys' High School, the Veteran Units of the Sacred Heart Convent, and of Saint Patrick's Girls' High, Saint Mary's College, and Mount Saint Vincent College. Every report bore witness to the activity of the Halifax units and of their zeal for the welfare of the Missions throughout the past year. Following the presentation of reports, papers were read by members of various units upon subjects relating to missionary endeavour. A paper on *Mother Duchesne* was read by Catherine Renner, Convent of the Sacred

Heart; *Our Graduate Crusaders* by Betty Abraham of Saint Patrick's Girls' High School, and *The Ripening Harvest* by Ronald Duffy of Saint Patrick's Boys' High School. A very appropriate and thought-provoking paper, *Prayer for the Missions in Time of War*, was read by Michael Fitzpatrick of Saint Mary's College, and *The Catholic Medical Missions* by Mary Coombes of Mount Saint Vincent College. The units were complimented on their reports and on the papers presented by Dr. Curran. Reverend Michael Dwyer, of the China Mission Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont., delivered a brief address. Right Reverend A. E. Donahue, Ph.D., Very Reverend Arthur Stanton, C.J.M., and Reverend Brother Birmingham also spoke briefly to the Crusaders, extending congratulations and exhorting the Crusaders to continue in their good work. Also among the clergy and religious were: Right Reverend William Burns, V.G., Reverend John Quinan, P.P., Reverend Charles Aucoin, C.J.M., Reverend Henry Cormier, C.J.M., Reverend Anthony Laba, Reverend Gerald Murphy, and Reverend Brothers Roth, Kehoe, Aileran and Ignatius.

After the business meeting the delegates assembled for a photograph which was followed by a social intermission. Following this intermission the units proceeded to the chapel, where after the singing of the hymn *To-day, O Heavenly Father*, and the renewal of the pledge of the Legion of Decency, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated by His Excellency Most Reverend John McNally, D.D. The singing of the hymn *For Christ the King* marked the end of the day's proceedings.

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Sacred Heart of Jesus Have Mercy on Us

"IN PASSING"

By REV. WM. J. MATTE, Victoria, B.C.

This is the last article written by Father Matte before leaving China to take up his new duties at Victoria, B.C. As announced in the last issue of CHINA Father Matte has been recalled to take charge of a new Mission for the Chinese of Victoria, B.C. He is now at his new post.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the longer one's sojourn in China, the less he finds to write home about. The time comes when all to him is usual and common place. He arrives at the stage where he has to sit back in his chair, put his feet on the desk—if he's an ordinary human, suck at his pipe, and muse: "I wonder what would interest those people at home—I wonder if I can find something to tell them that they have not heard of before." Would it be that the newcomer, his fingers calloused from typing off "My First Impressions" still has to be inoculated with a shock-absorbing serum that will make him immune to surprise of any nature, but which will overtake him inevitably as time goes on, as it does to us all? So it seems. The time will invariably come when he'll sit at his typewriter and write to Mother something like this: "Dear Mother. Nothing new at all Mumsy. Yes, I'm fine. Please write soon and tell me all the news." The serum has done its destructive work. His receptive mood has passed, and it is only with great effort that he can sometimes recapture a little of his pristine flair for narrating the unusual. China, of course, is just as strange as ever, and just as interesting. Thus the missionary finds himself growing stodgy. Witness the dust-covered typewriter in the corner of his room. His fan mail becomes less and less, until finally, in desperation he requests his friends to send him a subscription to the *Daily News*. From that time on, he begins to take on, albeit unconsciously, the attributes of "That dear old missionary priest." But, patient reader, in spite of the foregoing, I have in mind a few items which may be new to you, and which you may find of interest.

BOUND FEET

ONCE upon a time there was a Chinese princess whose feet were abnormally small. The poor creature felt most conspicuous and sought ever to be alone. The emperor feeling, too, the embarrassment of his daughter, knew of only one scheme whereby she would be put at her ease. He ordered all the women of China to bind their feet—and made it a penal law. Such is the version of the local Christians. In 1911, the first year of the Chinese Republic, this law was abrogated, but even yet, in remote mountain villages, we find little girls toddling about like their grandmothers—their feet bound.

CHINESE WRITING

EVERYONE, I THINK, knows of the important part the lowly bamboo has played, and still plays, in the civilization of China. Thousands of useful implements are made from it, and then too, bamboo shoots are good to eat. But primarily, it is the bamboo that has caused the Chinese language to be read vertically instead of horizontally. In the very long ago, when paper was an unknown quantity, the scholars painted characters on narrow bamboo strips. It's much easier to write down, than across, on such strips because of the narrow space. Thus the system of writing down was tried, found practical, and so is still in use.

THE GODDESS OF LIGHTNING

ONE EVENING some time ago, a terrific thunder-storm raged over the valley. It had not yet rained, and the flashes of lightning were most interesting to watch. During the course of the storm the catechist came up on the verandah where I sat. "Are you afraid of the storm?" I asked him. He paused, his face stoical for a moment, and then he smiled—it seemed with forbearance. "No Shen Fu" he said, "I am not afraid, but if you'll permit me to advise you, do not ask a pagan Chinese that question—it is not very polite." He went on to explain why. According to old Chinese legends, he told me, there is a being known as the Thunder God who assists in the administration of divine retribution. He governs a large coterie of minor gods and goddesses, including the Goddess of Lightning. Armed with two mirrors, the reflections of which are said to produce the fiery dart, she, the Goddess of Lightning, stands by, ready to strike down anyone whom the Thunder God may point out. Thus this dreaded being helps in curtailing the evil of this world, electrocuting the wicked whose secret and all the more dangerous plots go undetected by the human guardians of the law and whose plotted or committed crimes are so serious that a mere strangulation or decapitation is not sufficient as punishment. No death in China, therefore, is more disgraceful than to be killed by a lightning bolt, and hence the question: "Are you afraid of the storm?" which the pagans understand as "Are you afraid the Thunder God will punish you for your evil plots?" is indeed a great breach of politeness.

CHINA

STRANGE CURES

WHILE OUT ON A SICK-CALL a month ago, the catechist pointed out a pagan's house and said: "Shen Fu, a woman died there yesterday—she took poison." "Was she insane?" I asked him. "Oh, no!" he replied, "she just wanted to cure herself of an illness." Tradition has it that since very early times the Chinese knew of some very violent poisons, such as arsenic, and nux-vomica. In cases judged by the medicine man to be desperate, they used such poisons, to produce, not a graduated curative effect but a terrible shock to the constitution. They termed it a "heroic reaction" which they believed could sometimes bring about a cure. More drugs are known and used now, of course, but whereas at home their use for stimulative purposes is wisely controlled, it seems that here, especially in the rural districts, this control is sadly neglected, resulting in many cases of poisoning and premature death.

* * *

FOOLING THE DEVIL

OUT FOR A STROLL one day, I met Mr. Wong, a local pagan, and his little son. "How's the little son?" I asked him, trying simply to be polite, and not, I must confess, particularly interested in the health of the robust child. I learned later that I had made another mistake. Such a question, if addressed to a pagan, is taboo here—a serious breach of etiquette. Why? Well, should his child become ill, a pagan father will believe it under the influence of the Devil—a great disgrace. So the question: "How's the baby?" they take as: "Is your child under the Devil's influence to-day?" It is also very common here to see

Father
Russel White
receives a letter
from home.

The mail-man
is always
welcome
at the Mission.



pagan children with silver rings around their necks. Pagan parents attach these rings when the child is very young in order to convince the evil spirit that they maltreat their children, and do not love them. The ring is supposed to resemble the strap about an ox's neck—therefore abject submission. "If we manifest our love for our children," they argue, "the evil one will certainly torment them."



Above: Fathers Morrison and Harold Murphy, pastor and assistant at Lishui, Cheking.

Make all cheques payable to:
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER
SEMINARY

PLEASE PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF THE FOLLOWING

Rev. Charles O'Brien,
Toronto.
Mrs. Mary O'Leary, Toronto.
Mrs. Moore, London, Ont.
Mr. O'Meara, Quebec.
Miss Catherine Cassidy,
Toronto.
Mr. James McAuley, Mani-
waki, Quebec.
Mr. Serra, Spain.

Below: A group of wounded Chinese soldiers instructed and baptized by Fr. H. Murphy. (Frs. Lyons and McIntosh in foreground).



Be a Realist and Like It

(Continued from page 5)

up over the well-known disasters that never happen. You would be a rare person, indeed, in this our day and age, if you could escape the barrage of "introvert" literature that has so many people taking themselves apart to see just why they aren't ticking. With the modern craze for subjectivism and self-analysis, this relentless introspection fostered by a flood of "Wake up and Live" books, our poor human system is being denied the chance to work automatically, the way it works best. We are not to be permitted to forget ourselves. We are curling up in our little egos like pussy cats asleep in a basket. We have turned relentlessly inward much of the energy that our forefathers spent in climbing trees or dodging sabretooth tigers. And look at so many

of our generation. Walking answers to a psycho-analyst's prayer.

SYNTHETIC MISERY

Whenever you find yourself indulging in that popular indoor sport known as crossing bridges just remember the old lady. She was unmarried, lonely and over fifty. And she sat one night by her fireside in the village by the sea. It was a wild and stormy night. Outside the wind was howling, God help the sailor, and hail was lashing in driving sheets against the window pane. From the cosy comfort of her fireside chair she could hear the breakers roar as mountainous waves rolled, storm-driven from the Atlantic and dashed themselves to foam against the unyielding cliffs. Boy, it was colossal. The hell-let-loose outside should have accentuated the cosy comfort of her snug retreat. She should have been thanking God. But was she? Take a look at her as she

gazes vacantly into the burning embers and the tears course down her furrowed cheeks.

"Mary, my darling," asks her sister with genuine concern, "Whatever is the matter?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "I was just thinking. Thinking that I might have been married and had three sons and that they might all have been out to sea on a night like this."

She broke at the thought, and sobbed disconsolately. It was all too terrible. One would imagine that the dear soul could have arranged to have at least one of those hypothetical boys home on shore leave that night. Or working in the village drug store. But no. She would drain her cup of synthetic misery to its bitter dregs.

Do you go in for synthetic misery? Do you enjoy being a martyr? Do you see no hope for the world, for civilization, for humanity? Perhaps you think I am just whistling going by the graveyard, that there really isn't any hope and that I and everybody else must know it, too. Well, if it helps, have it that way, but me for the people who still see God in His Heaven and plenty that is right with the world, and with themselves.

Left:

Rt. Rev.
Monsignor
Fraser,
whose new
Christians
are pictured
below.
Monsignor
Fraser is the
founder of
St. Francis
Xavier
China Mission
Institute.

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

Below: A group of Chinese refugees at Monsignor Fraser's Mission, Kinhwa, Chekiang, China. In centre: Father Ly, Chinese priest, who instructed and baptized these new Catholics.



THE Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

My Dear Buds:

The month of June is, as you know, the month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is a time of the year when the Church asks us to revive our devotion to the loving Heart of Our Saviour. He suffered very, very much for all of us and in fact suffered as no one has ever suffered before; He, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, died on the cruel cross of Calvary for all mankind. He died that all might be happy and come to the knowledge of the truth. How sad must His Heart be to-day when men are killing each other on the sea, land and in the air.

June is also a special time to make REPARATION to the outraged King of kings and now more than ever before is He being outraged by men who are disregarding His sacred teaching.

I want all my Buds to make this month of June a month of SPECIAL PRAYER OF REPARATION to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by practising special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Visit your churches and, in silent prayer before the Tabernacle, tell Jesus you are sorry that so many have turned their backs upon Him but that at least He can count on YOUR love and loyalty, and when you grow up you will do your best to see that He shall be recognized by all as the King of kings and the Saviour of souls.

Remember, although your vacation is about to begin there can be no vacation from your prayers and religious duties. Continue to receive Holy Communion AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH during the summer and besides your ordinary prayers recite the special prayer

for the conversion of Infidels once a day.

God bless you, my dear Buds,
and a happy vacation.

Father Jim.



THE ONLY CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

- (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels;
- (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations.

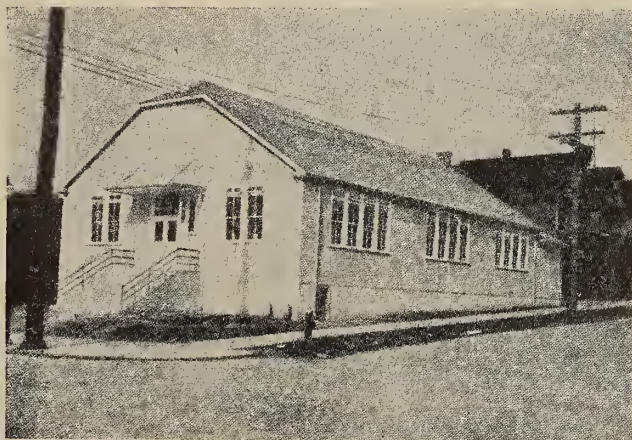
PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY BY "BUDS"

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

CHINESE CATHOLIC SCHOOL AT VANCOUVER



Where young Canadian-Chinese are taught the principles of Christian-Canadian Civilization.

Father Jim's Mailbag

River Ryan, C.B., N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join your club and I promise to keep the rules. . . . Please tell me if you want any used stamps. . . . I would like the following pen-pals to write to me: Mona Leach, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Pearl Herbert, Fort William, Ont.; Mary Kent, St. John's, Nfld.; Anne Corkery, St. John, N.B.

Mary C. Ryan.

* * *

Passchendaele, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I am sending all the pennies I could save during Lent. I fasted from candy.

Yvonne.

Certificate will be on its way one of these days, Yvonne.

* * *

Donation—\$1 from Miss Helena M. Munroe and her Class, Notre Dame School, Noranda, Quebec.

* * *

33 Winchester St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I would like very much to join the "Rose Garden" and become a "Bud." I am 12 years old and in Grade 8. Could some of the "Buds" please write to me?

Mary O'Brien.

* * *

98 Milton Avenue,
Summerside, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

I am sixteen years of age, I am very interested in the Club and would like to become a member. I would like other Buds to write to me.

Leonora MacInnis.

* * *

1253 Victoria Ave.,
Windsor, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I have been reading the letters and became interested. . . . Please send me a certificate.

Gladys Zakoor.

Welcome, your certificate will be forwarded soon.

628 Parliament St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I would like to join the "Little Flower's Rose Garden." Mother Irene gave me a CHINA. I phoned one of your members, Mary Frances Barry . . . she is sick in bed.

Mildred Mills.

Thank you, Mildred. Tell Mary we are hoping she is well again.

* * *

146 Queen's Road,
St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a girl of fourteen years. . . . I promise to be faithful to the rules. Please pray for me that I may do well in my "Music Exams," thank you.

Eileen Nash.

Hope you pass your tests, Eileen.

* * *

237 Brady Street,
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I have been reading the CHINA for quite a while. . . . I will try hard to keep the rules and try to get my friends to join also. I hope to receive letters from other members.

Agnes Higgins.

* * *

Apple Hill, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

. . . I saw a picture of Mona Kelly in the CHINA and I wish she would be my pen-pal and write to me.

Lurline Dancouse.

* * *

Apple Hill, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

Please tell me how I can become a member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden?

Joan Ida Filion.

* * *

Windon, Morell, P.E.I.

Dear Father Jim:

I have been reading the CHINA magazine for quite a while. I would like to join the Little Flower's Rose Garden.

Marie O'Brien.

Letters from the following: Madonna Smith, Corner Brook, Nfld.; Robert Thompson, 72 Le Marchant Road, St. John's, Nfld.; Lorraine Clory, 126 Lester Avenue, Moncton, N.B.

* * *

St. Bonaventure's College,
St. John's, Nfld.

My dear Father:

The enclosed draft for Twenty-five Dollars is just to let you know that our students are not unmindful of your ever-increasing needs. Our boys are REAL mission fans, not alone does their help go to CHINA, but to *Holy Childhood, Far East*, and *Maryknoll* as well. So you see!!

With best wishes for the continued success of your grand work.

Yours sincerely,

Brother Dunphy.

Yes, I certainly do see and understand that you folk are REAL missionaries. God bless you, one and all.

* * *

120½ Bellwoods Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

I am a boy of sixteen and I think the CHINA magazine is a wonderful Catholic periodical.

John Garny.

I hope the editor reads that one, John.

* * *

Donation—\$5 from the Crusaders of St. Michael's Academy, Chatham, N.B. Many thanks, friends.

* * *

Catholic Action

The Bristol Study Club, P.E.I., has completed its course of studies for the past winter, and by means of small weekly collections has obtained the sum of \$5.00, which will be forwarded to the Holy Childhood Association at Vancouver, for the ransom of a pagan Chinese child.

This is the second pagan child ransomed by the Club.

Holy Cross School, St. John's, Newfoundland



To the boys of Grades 3 and 6 we say: well done. During the past term you have contributed \$22.



Grade 6



Grade 3



Grade 2A



Grade 1



Grade 9



Grade 7



Grade 2B Grade 5



Below:
Left — Agnes Higgins
Sudbury, Ont.
Centre—Grade 4
Right — Mission Club





Domestic Diplomacy

Mr. Henpeck, standing in the witness-box in a sorely battered state, was being cross-examined by a bullying counsel.

"Do you mean to tell me that you have always treated your wife with respect?" asked counsel.

"Always," replied Henpeck firmly.

"And you've never once spoken a hasty word to her?"

Mr. Henpeck hesitated for a moment, and the barrister was quick to seize the opportunity.

"Be careful how you answer," he roared. "I want the truth!"

"Well," faltered Henpeck at last, "I remember I did once say to her: 'Put down that poker.'"

Another Shot

She marched into the china shop and addressed the assistant severely.

"I've just broken a complete set of dishes over my husband's head," she announced, "and I want to replace them as cheaply as possible."

The assistant started.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Did you kill him?"

The customer glared.

"Of course not!" she snapped. "If I had I shouldn't want any more dishes."

Positively, the Last . . .

Winkleby: "How d'you go on when you and the wife have an argument? D'you ever have the last word?"

Baggleton: "Yes—always. I apologize."

Not Chewing the Rag

Two men, strangers to each other, were seated in a railway compartment. Presently one looked at the other for a few minutes, then cried in dismay: "I've dreaded this all my life! I always knew my hearing wasn't good, but I never expected to go stone deaf."

"What's the trouble?" asked the other.

"Well, you've been speaking to me for some time and I haven't heard one word."

"Speaking to you? I'm not—I'm just chewing gum."

Not So Dumb

A bull may be dumb but he understood the red flag before the rest of the world.—*Petrolia Advertiser-Topic*.

They've All Got To Stop

Boy: "There's a man in this carriage gone barmy. He says he's Napoleon."

Porter: "Never mind—the next stop's Waterloo, anyhow."

Great Expectation

If trade after the war is to be on a barter basis, we hope the rate on editorials is about two bushels of potatoes or a good porterhouse.—*London Free Press*.

Bouncers

A local wisecracker suggests that one way to prevent auto accidents would be to plant rubber trees along the highways.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Lost Her Sense (?)

A young woman working on the land was sent to get some liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a cow. Two or three days later she returned to the chemist with a grievance.

"Look here," she said, "the other day you gave me eau-de-Cologne instead of liniment, and I put it on the cow before I found out."

"It hasn't hurt her, has it?"

"Can't say it has," answered the land worker, "but ever since she's done nothing but look at her reflection in the duck-pond and sigh."

Two little girls were discussing a costume contest.

"I'm going as Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans," said one.

"That's funny," replied her companion.

"My brother's going as Noah's ark, made of cardboard."

Horizontal Champ

The heavyweight boxer looked furious. "What's up?" a friend asked.

"A firm's just written to me," he said, "for advertising space on the soles of my shoes!"

Mother's Boy

"Fancy!" exclaimed the proud mother, "they've promoted our 'Erbert for hittin' the corporal. They've made him a court-martial!"

Caution

A newspaper reporter approached an official of the Ministry of Information and inquired whether British troops had gone into action.

"I'm sorry, I cannot say," replied the official.

"Well, they're in position, aren't they?" pressed the reporter.

"I'm sorry, I cannot say."

"Is a statement likely to be made soon?"

"I'm sorry, I cannot say."

The reporter gave it up. Just as he was about to leave the room, the other called him back.

"Don't quote me," he requested.

Practical

"Hush yo' mouf, Sam. What yo' allus complain' of? You al' lose yo' job. You jus' betta keep quiet ef yo' know what side yo' bread's buttered on."

"Whata I care what side it's buttered on, man?" replied the belligerent Sam. "I eats both sides, doesn't I?"

"And how many children have you?"

"Four alive and one in the Civil Service."

A rival to the Loch Ness monster has made its appearance in the marshes of the river Bosna, Northern Yugoslavia. It is alleged to emit bloodcurdling cries which echo for miles down the valley at sunset.—*News Review*.

It wouldn't be just Goebbels on holidays?

Wise Folk

An American professor is investigating the origin of the Eskimo people. Our own theory is that they were just Europeans who had sense and got as far as they could out of the way.

"Was the bus crowded coming down?"

"Yes, even some of the men had to stand."

To Our Readers!

Our students will call on you during their summer vacation. They will ask you to renew your subscription to "*China*"—may *we* suggest that you give your caller the name and address of a friend who as yet does not receive this magazine!

What Do You Want?

When Do You Want It?

That's all you need tell us

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Colors, too!

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263 Adelaide Street West

Toronto

"FILL THE SHIPS"

A GREAT missionary authority, the late Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior - General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, when asked to sum up the whole missionary position of the world, said "Fill the ships. Send more and more priests to the field."

"Never before, perhaps, in history did the world stand in greater need of Catholic missionaries than to-day. Even at home the need is great; how much greater the need in non-Christian countries, where souls are deprived of even the elementary truths and consolations of the reign of Christ! It is true to say of China that the great effort for her conversion will be made in our own day. The next generation will probably be too late. And the same holds good of practically all the pagan countries. The boys who are now growing up must face the grave responsibility of leading paganism to Christ. Now is the acceptable time."

Think! Pray!

Reflect on your duty of making Our Lord's Name loved and honoured by the world. Ask Him, like St. Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He may intend you for the sanctuary and for the Missions. Pray earnestly!

Write us about it, and you will receive direction and help.

Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae, Rector

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

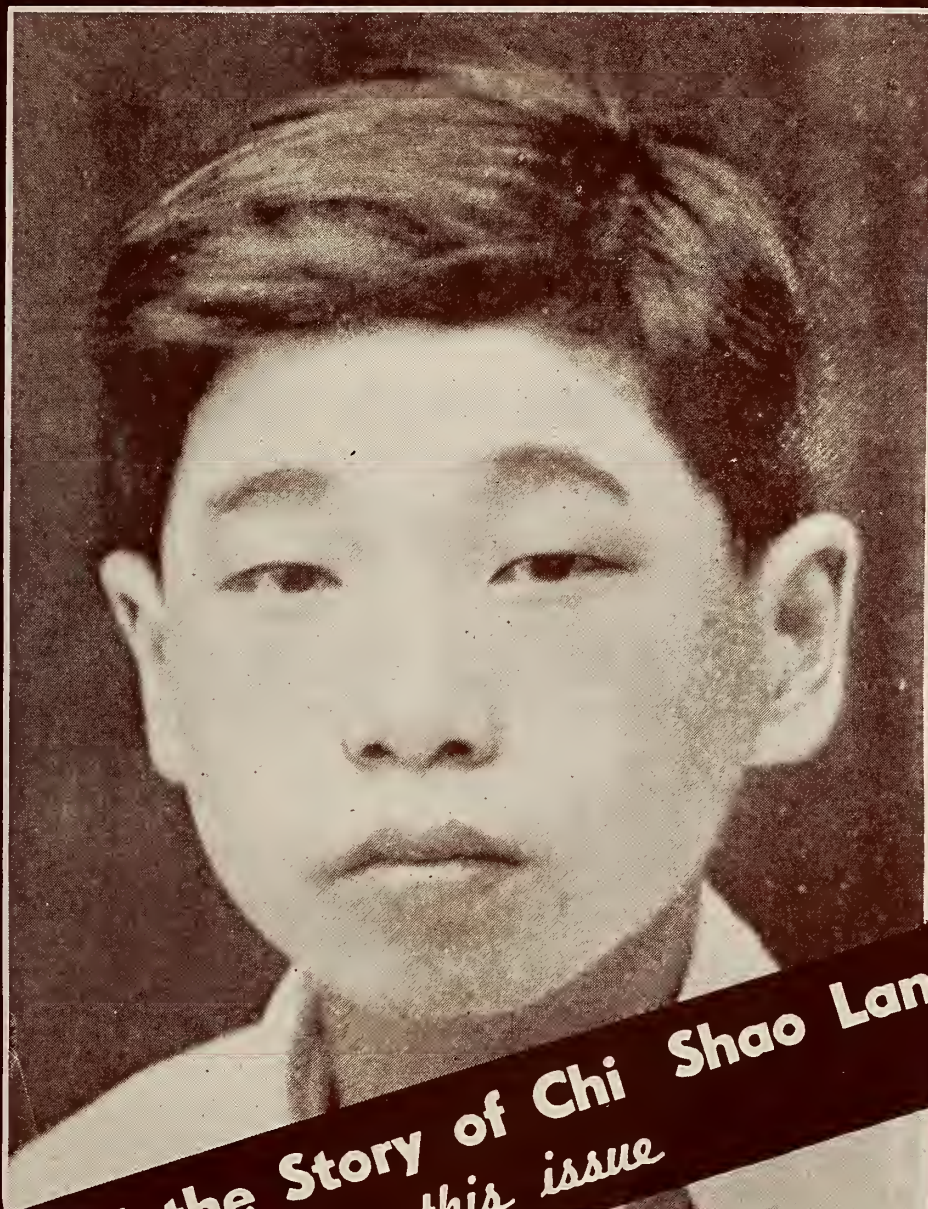
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

CHINA

NATIONAL

MISSION

MONTHLY



August-

September

1940

Read the Story of Chi Shao Lan
in this issue

Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.

中國月報

Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances a Mission for the Chinese at Vancouver, B.C., and is now preparing to open Missions at Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Privileges of Benefactors :*

1. They share in all the Masses and prayers offered by our priests and students.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

4. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.

2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.

3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

New Vicar Apostolic for Yukiang, China

It is with great pleasure that we learned recently of the appointment of Father C. W. Quinn of the Vincentian Mission at Yukiang to succeed the late Bishop Misner as Vicar Apostolic.

The Vincentians in China have always been closely associated with our Fathers chiefly because it was under a Vincentian Bishop that our Founder, Monsignor Fraser, first worked when he went to China nearly forty years ago. Since then we have lived with them on our visits to Shanghai and have worked side by side with them in the Province of Chekiang. Bishop-Elect Quinn is following in the line of great missionary bishops as he now takes the place of such men as the late Bishops Sheehan and Misner.

CHINA wishes Bishop Quinn a long life to work for souls in the vineyard of the Master in the far-off fields of Yukiang.

Ad multos et faustissimos annos.

To a Great Catholic Leader

It is fitting that all Catholic publications at this time pay tribute to His Excellency Bishop Noll, Editor of the *Sunday Visitor*, for the gallant leadership he has shown in his recent appeals to the decency of men and women to turn the tide of filthy literature which has caused a sex mania in the modern world. It is about time we had concentrated action on this matter and we hope that all those who can will join with him and do something realistic to clean up the condition

Subscription: 50c per year

Circulation: 24,000

AUG.-SEPT.

CHINA

1940

VOL. XXI

Editor, REV. JAMES P. LEONARD

NO. 7

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which is dragging our manhood to the gutter and which has already started our womanhood on a march back to slavery.

dition to assurances of remembrances in prayer for his success in seeking souls for Christ, was a purse of something more than \$500.

Significance

This shows that our Catholic people are ready and willing to help those who dedicate their lives to carry on the missionary work of the Church of Christ, regardless of the pressing needs of home and parish undertakings. To both Pastor and people we say: Well done, and may God bless your own parish, for this noble gesture to help a knight errant of Christ on his way to a strange land ten thousand miles from home and friends.

An Appreciation:

Father Andrew Pinfold who has just recently arrived in China spent about two years as an Assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Port Colborne, Ontario. Before taking his leave to begin his life's work as a Foreign Missionary the parishioners got together, under the kindly and active leadership of Rev. E. Canning, P.P., to 'do something' by way of showing appreciation for Father Pinfold's service in their midst. The result, in ad-

Evils in Our Midst

THE HOLY FATHER has asked us to pray for the "Press" in his appeal for the Mission Intention of the month of August. The Press is a most influential power in the forming of public opinion; if therefore public opinion is to be formed aright it is necessary that we have an *enlightened* Press. The wisdom of this medium of public opinion can often be questioned. Let us take the question of Divorce as an example: Canada and the United States claim to be Christian countries. Christianity teaches that Divorce is anti-Christian yet the leading newspapers of both these countries wander far from the path that leads to a respect for the Sacrament of Matrimony.

DAILIES

On the front pages of leading dailies we find stories and pictures of the most recent socialite who has broken asunder the bonds of Matrimony. Horrid details are described in the "cause" presented for judgment. The result is that the public becomes more and more imbued with the idea that Divorce is an accepted form of living among Christians and the true idea of the indissolubility of the Sacrament fades from minds of men and women who do not acknowledge the authority of the Church which Christ founded.

Then there is the mania for startling headlines on the latest sensation of the day. Some editors seem to care less for the truth of the latest dispatch than for the fact that they get the first headline on the street, regardless of the truth of the story. Often the headline is contrary to the story itself.

This question of disregard for truth in our newspapers was evidenced in the recent Spanish Civil War. Many papers defended the Communistic Loyalists and have not, as yet, had the courage to withdraw their former false statements.

Many of these "pro-Communist" dailies and weeklies are now heralded as the defenders of Christianity in this struggle against the powers of evil let loose upon us. We do hope that they have "seen the light" and that henceforth they will take a little more care in sorting their dis-

patches. They would do well, too, to ascertain the veracity of their "foreign reporters." We recall the case of Van Passen and the challenge put up a few years ago by the *Toronto Catholic Register*.

PULP

MORE INSIDIOUS STILL is the "rot" that comes off the thousands of presses throughout the world. This filthy "literature" is produced by so-called Christian countries. In many instances it is not fit to pass the lax laws of Postal censorship and must be transported by train or truck. On the front covers of this species of "journalism" the human body is exposed immodestly for the set purpose of arousing the lower passions and of inciting to sin.

TIME FOR ACTION

It is time that Catholics take a hand in this matter. We have the right and the obligation to demand what our children shall read and to use these rights to keep filth off our news-stands and street corners. Let us read the handwriting on the wall and put our own house in order as we ask pardon of God for the colossal hypocrisy of our so-called Christian Democracy. Only then may we pray for victory with right on our side; only then will God hear us and grant our request.

AN APPEAL

The Catholic Press is doing all in its power to bring the above mentioned dangers to the attention of the world; trying with all its force to "make known the sad results on the bewildered inhabitants of our Western world of the daily mass of evil poured out on it." Our people have been weakened and as it were inoculated with the germ of modern paganism and "respectable" immorality.

OUR PARTICULAR INTEREST

The effect of this sort of thing on the heathen is very great and equally serious. We, as Christian Missionaries, are labouring to bring Christ and His true doctrines to them. They say to us: "Look at your magazines, your movies, your divorce laws, your lax moral code in general!! If that is Christianity we want none of it." What they say is right. But this is *not* Christianity. There rests upon the shoulders of every one of us an obligation to "clean up" this condition. Action! Catholic Action!!

Sacred Heart of Jesus look with Mercy upon China

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Institute

Becomes

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

The Decree:

The Constitutions of the Foreign Mission Society of Scarboro which were provisionally approved in 1925, have recently been submitted to this Sacred Congregation for final approval.

The entire work has been thoroughly examined by the Most Reverend Consultors by whose decision the text of the Constitutions has been revised according to the exemplar attached to this Decree.

Accordingly, after mature deliberation and mindful of the representations of Their Excellencies, the Canadian Bishops under whose care and patronage the said Society at Scarboro is placed, by virtue of the faculties granted by His Holiness Pius XII, by Divine Providence Pope, this Sacred Congregation, now by this Decree definitely approves of these revised Constitutions and decrees their faithful observance by all those concerned.

Given at Rome from the Sacred Congregation *de Propaganda Fide* this eleventh day of June, 1940, on the Feast of St. Barnaby, Apostle.

P. CARDINAL FUMASONI-BIONDI, Prefect.

CELSUS COSTANTINI, Secretary.

1918—Founding

1925—Provisional Approval

• 1940—Definite Approval

Significance:

This final approval by the Holy See has at last established our organization as a permanent SOCIETY in the Church. It brings to fulfilment the dreams of our Founder, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Jno. M. Fraser (Prot. Ap.) and fills the heart of each member with joy. Hitherto we have confined our activities to the Chinese and China but with our new title: "The Foreign Mission Society of Scarboro" that scope is enlarged to take in all Foreign Missions everywhere and anywhere the Holy See may send our members.

When an ecclesiastical organization is first set up for any particular work in the Church, provisional constitutions are adopted and submitted to the Holy See; under these constitutions the Institute proceeds to organize and to develop its intended work. From time to time changes are suggested until finally is acquired a set of rules considered apt to guide the destiny of the organization on a permanent basis. These rules, or constitutions, are again sent to Rome for *final* and *definite* approbation and when returned by the Holy See the Institute becomes a SOCIETY and proceeds to organize its administration by calling a First General Chapter for the election of a Superior General and other necessary officers. This Chapter generally takes place within one year from the time of the final approval.

As we embark on this new sphere of activity we thank God for His many blessings and pray that further divine favours may be in store for us as we go on our way to win souls from darkest paganism to the light and the liberty of the Church of God.

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY that the world has ever known was the Fall of our First Parents. As a result of that sin all their descendants, with one glorious exception, come into this world in the state of Original Sin. As children of Adam, we are all subject to death, which is the wages of sin. Even after the guilt of Original Sin has been removed through the saving waters of Baptism, we still retain our corrupt nature, which leaves in us a tendency to evil, a tendency that is overcome only through the grace of God, and our co-operation with it. What a different world this would be if Adam had not yielded to the temptation of the Evil One! All the ills and woes, all the disappointments and heart-aches, all the trials and crosses that human nature is heir to, can be traced to that greatest mistake of human history, the transgression of our First Parents.

THE EVIL OF BABEL

It sometimes occurs to the Foreign Missionary that next to the sin of Adam, the pride of the builders of the Tower of Babel stands a close second. The confusion of tongues, the punishment for that sin, has had far-reaching results, right down to the present day, and is the cause of great inconvenience, if not confusion, to the Missionary. This diversity of language is one of the obstacles that confront the priest as soon as he sets foot on foreign soil. If he is to accomplish anything he must first of all acquire a working knowledge of the local language. Unless the Missionary is blessed with a talent for languages, even if he is, this is not an easy task. Years ago in College, we thought we had difficulties when we tried to acquire a very limited knowledge of French, Latin or Greek, but, compared with the study of Chinese, these were easy. Even Hebrew is considered no match for Chinese. At least there is some semblance of similarity between these languages and our mother tongue. The alphabet is the same, or sufficiently similar to make it possible to learn it in a short time. Not so with Chinese. There is no alphabet as we understand it, but characters, characters and more characters. Just the other day our professor told us that

THE EFFECTS OF A TRAGEDY

By

VERY REV. M. L. CURTIN

Lishui, Che.,

China

we were expected to learn 3,000 characters, but at a very conservative estimation, that represents only about one-quarter of the number of Chinese characters in existence. It can be readily seen that the study of Chinese is a life-time study, and that a special facility for languages would be a great asset to the would-be Missionary.

As though that were not enough, there is in addition, the difficulty, particularly in this Chekiang province, of a difference of dialects that makes it still more difficult. It is almost true to say that every little village has a dialect all its own. It has been said that every twenty *li* (about every seven miles), one meets a new dialect. This may be an exaggeration, but certainly every large centre has its own peculiarities to such an extent that it amounts to another dialect. If a *native* of Lishui goes to Wenchow for the first time, and it is only about 100 miles from here, he does

not understand a word that is said to him for the first few weeks he is there. You can imagine the difficulties of the foreigner who may not have mastered even one dialect. A few months ago a party of Columban Fathers went through this province on their way to their headquarters in the interior. Their guide was one of their veterans, who was quite at home in the dialect where their Mission is located, but in Chekiang he was lost when he tried to convince immigration officers that they were not spies. Changing busses at Tungyang, where Fathers McFarland and Kelly are stationed, they were questioned and when they could not give a satisfactory explanation, they were detained, and had Father McFarland not interceded in their behalf, and explained (in the Sungyang dialect) that they were *bona fide* Missionaries, they would have been arrested and held as prisoners.

NONE UNDERSTANDS ALL DIALECTS

During the past few months I had an opportunity to witness the troubles that arise due to this diversity of dialects in our Prefecture, when I visited five different sections of the District. The first of these was Tantz, now attended by Father Ly of Kinhwa, in the absence of Father Boudreau.* Father Ly is Chinese, and, like all Chinese priests, speaks Latin fluently. He also has a working knowledge of French, but does not speak English. With my limited knowledge of conversational Latin and French and my still more limited knowledge of Chinese, I found it hard enough to converse with him, but with the people I was absolutely hopeless. Luckily for me, and for them, there was no great necessity, for Father Ly did all the preaching, and heard all the confessions.

Later I went to four other districts in this Prefecture, and it was the same. In Tsingtien, with Father Desmond Stringer, in Huangtan with Father King, in Lungchuan with Father Venadam, and in the Sungyang district, with Father Reeves, a different dialect confronted us at every turn, and they were all new to me. We have not a priest in the whole Prefecture, even in

cluding the Chinese priests, who can speak and understand *all* the dialects. Some know several, but none know all, and there seems to be little we can do about it.

AN ATTEMPT AT UNIFICATION

THE NEW LIFE MOVEMENT, of which we hear so much, has made an attempt to universalize the language, but it is a slow process. It is recommended that Peiping Mandarin be adopted as the language of all China, and it is being encouraged in the schools. At present it is the language of the *literati* and is spoken almost entirely in official circles. If one speaks and understands this "dialect" he can travel almost anywhere, but for the Missionary more than this is necessary if he wishes to reach souls. He must be familiar with the dialect of the people among whom he works, or his work will bear little fruit. To meet this emergency, if it could be called an emergency, it has been decided, after much discussion, to have all our new Missionaries learn the Peiping Mandarin during their first year in China, and for this reason a professor, Mr. Ly, was brought from Peiping. After a year's study, they have a foundation, and can go ahead and learn the dialect of the place in which they will be stationed in their subsequent years. This plan presents many difficulties, but seems to be the most successful one and is the one adopted by most Missionary Societies. Even though a priest takes about two years to prepare himself for active work, if he has a command of the language, the time spent in acquiring that is time well spent.

*Father Boudreau has since returned to China.

YOUR WILL

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

A
SHORT,
TRUE
STORY

Along the China Road

By JEAN EWEN, R.N.

THE ROAD BACK FROM ANHWEI was doubly more difficult by the Japanese blockade of Wenchow. Our party of Doctors and Nurses and a Polish newspaper correspondent, who had come down from the rear hospitals of the New Fourth Army, in Japanese-occupied territory, were indeed disappointed when the Jardine Matheson steamer cleared the docks at Wenchow and we were not aboard her. This meant that we must needs retrace our steps to Lishui, and go through the Province of Fukien to Foochow, and then out to Shanghai which was our destination.

At Lishui (the headquarters of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society) we somehow happened to get on a bus bound for Lungchuan. Most of the way to Lungchuan I sat on the floor of the bus, supporting the weight of a rather portly lady who insisted on stabilizing her equilibrium by resting her knees on my shoulders. This is not my idea of solid comfort, especially when the bus came to a sudden stop, the impact of her weight threw my body against a steel bar near the door. After four hours of this most uncomfortable position the bus made a sudden stop at the Lungchuan station. Ah, it was good to be free, good to stretch one's legs. The hot sun of mid-May had driven most of the *populus* on a *siesta*. Going up to a chappie lying by the roadside his bare feet covered in the hot dust, and a straw hat drawn over his eyes, I enquired, "Hey, old man, where is the Catholic Mission?" By way of response I got a wave of a rather dirty arm in a southern direction and a grunt.

WELL, NOTHING LIKE finding out for ourselves. As we approached the Mission Compound, the cook came out to see what these two peculiar looking foreigners wanted.

"Where is Father Venadam?" I asked him.

"Father is busy" was the only information he would volunteer.

Going through the back gate to the kitchen, a series of loud "Aye oh's" were coming from the direction of the front of the Compound.

"Aye ohhhhhh, Father, it hurts, don't touch it any more," came the pleading, pitiful masculine voice.

Looking in the door, Father Venadam was trying to extract a bomb fragment from the arm of a young chap of about nineteen years of age. The lad had been wounded some ten days ago, and since there just aren't hospitals* and doctors and nurses in out-of-the-way places, he had travelled some hundred miles to have this Foreign Missionary help him. The arm was beginning to swell above the elbow, and the ragged edges of the wound were turning black.

Father Venadam was more surprised than was his patient at the approach of another white person. After some difficulty the piece of metal was extracted along with bone fragments, and with a packing of vaseline gauze he was ready to go home till to-morrow.

Later I visited the cook in the kitchen, who was in a glum mood, his face looked like a seven-day storm. "What chance have we against such things as bombs?" he mumbled, giving the wood in the stove a harder shove with his poker. "We haven't even a dressing station. Father always talks, 'Some day,' he says, 'Lungchuan will have a hospital, with nursing Sisters and equipment' but that some day never seems to come," continued the cook with a sigh. "Father's dreams are good, beautiful, but look how poor he is," he commented.

YES, FATHER was indeed very poor, without even the barest necessities. Here in the warm weather Father's shack, yes shack, for that was all it could be called, hadn't a screen on the windows.

Like the Poor Man of Nazareth, he owned nothing, and with compassion cared for the sick and wounded, asking nothing in return, not even "Thank you."

*Since this time a dispensary has been opened here.—Ed.

"GO YE INTO THE Nine Priests



REV. F. DIEMERT



REV. M. DWYER



REV. J. MURPHY



REV. P. BURKE

Departure Ceremony
St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto
Sunday, September 22nd
7.30 p.m.

All our friends are invited to attend

Actions Speak Louder Than Words!

WHOLE WORLD..."

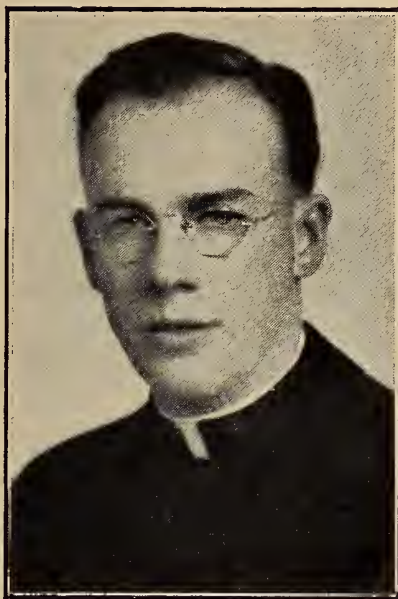
Leaving for China



REV. A. CLEMENT



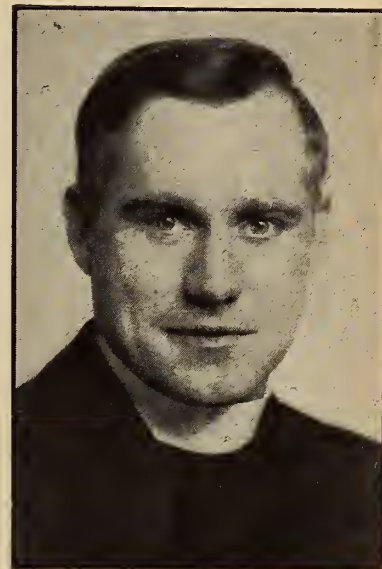
REV. J. P. LEONARD



REV. M. McSWEEN



REV. T. McQUAID



REV. M. MALONEY

To a Strange Land...Ten Thousand
Miles From Home...Leaving All
They Hold Dear in Life...Far Behind

What More Can We Say!

— SEE INSIDE BACK COVER —

FIRST IMPRESSIONS — *In Reverse*

REV. GORDON J. STRINGER

Lishui, Che., China

To see ourselves as others see us. The effect of our conduct on the Chinese. These and other aspects are gone into interestingly by Father Gordon Stringer.

WITHOUT BEING IN A frame of mind too serious for one so new to China, it is quite possible to find much of interest in those things which are ordinarily passed by unnoticed by a stranger in this country. By force of his position in life, a priest in a strange country does not have to undergo the trying experience of witnessing only those things suggested and listed in a travel guide. He does not return to his lodgings at night foot-sore and weary from seeing monstrous statues and past century celebrities. His neck does not suffer the pains and aches of one who has been forced to stand and gaze—travellers and strangers never seem to have the opportunity to *look down* on something, its always up—and his mouth is not still puckered from using the expressions, "Oh, yes," and "How wonderful!" Such sights then are the first, and in most cases the only impressions of a new country made on the "in and out" traveller. That is why home is so good to them after the "work" of travelling and sightseeing.

And so by force of his position in life, his dress and his manner, the priest is ordinarily spared this tribulation, and in compensation, the natives of a place, in this instance the Chinese, receive the questionable privilege of being able to stand and gaze at *him* to their heart's content. Nevertheless the priest also has his eyes wide open to the strange sights before him, and year after year as more and more Missionaries come to China, their "First Impressions"

are duly set down and recorded for the readers of CHINA. Mine, no doubt, would be about the same as the others, but what never seems to be noticed, what is never told to our friends at home, and even further, what never even seems to be important, are the First Impressions *we give* to the Chinese! We are the foreigners and strangers; all the things we do and the words we speak are noticed and absorbed to the extent that if we could only see into their minds, no doubt there would be found very extraordinary first impressions of us.

We spent the last day on board our trans-Pacific liner glad that at last we were within sight of our goal. It is true that we had come this far for the one and only purpose of saving souls, but nevertheless the prospects of setting foot for the first time on Oriental soil thrilled us. We had never seen anything quite like it before, and so the magic word "*Shanghai*" gripped us. We knew that times had changed a great deal since St. Francis Xavier undertook his Missionary travels and whereas he probably firmly gripped his Missionary cross in one hand and prayer beads and medals in the other, as he neared the land of his adoption, to be greeted on the shore by pagan masses, we did not prepare in any such manner for any such reception. Although none of us dared express it, we did have a secret feeling and hope that some at least in this vast country would be glad we had come.

WE THOUGHT it very nice that as the tender brought us up the Whangpoo from our liner that the docks were lined with people waving in great motions of welcome. Even a band played. Perhaps the thought crossed our minds that the world had not changed so much after all. It was not our fault that in the hustle and bustle on the deck to get off we were a bit ruffled and winded; neither was it our doing that when we finally set our feet on China's shore for the first time it was with a hurry and rush which as much as proclaimed to China that at last we are here to serve you! Nor did it dawn on our bemuddled minds that two facts were very much in evidence on that dock; we had not yet seen even one Chinese countenance in the throng — and the cries of welcome were not for us at all! It seems there was an important "official" returning from home leave.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

BUT NOT FOR LONG were we left out by at least some reception committee, and soon we were being received with broad smiles into the open arms of the representatives of the Palace, Cathay and Park hotels. For I am sure that for every lodging house in Shanghai at least two agents or barkers were there to tell us that this one did not make foreigners eat with chop-sticks, that one had three windows overlooking the Whangpoo, or another had elevators and supplied free alarm clocks. And it was not until

we had successfully run the gauntlet and had refused almost every rick-shaw coolie in Shanghai who wanted to drive us to the nearest Catholic Church that we were officially in China and free to go our way.

THE AWKWARD FOREIGNER

THE ADDITION of four extra foreigners in Shanghai would make no difference at all in a city where people from almost every nation under the sun associate in daily life, but in the course of our trip to the interior I would wager we were quite an eyeful. Did you ever have anybody laugh at you, or at the way you did something, at a time when you yourself could not for any reason at all find it amusing, and at the same time think of nothing to say in return? It was not our fault the bus broke down—the Chinese just laughed it off; they were not impatient, but we were—so they laughed at us; we did not like that, but knowing no Chinese could not tell them so—so they laughed the more. Neither was it our fault in the little hotel where we stopped for dinner that the chop-sticks invariably let fall everything they held once they came within range.

IN LISHUI they even try to say *hello* as we do; our walk is comically imitated and slowly but surely the Chinese are getting their first impressions of four new Missionaries. At least we are the centre of all eyes as we stroll down the street, and when we stop to watch anything it is the signal for the crowd to gather, some of whom without much hesitation will measure their small feet and our big ones and then get a great laugh out of the difference in size.

NO BLUE MONDAY

IT IS REMARKABLY characteristic of these people that they have such a light-hearted sense of joyfulness and humor. My eyes have certainly been opened. Until now in my mind everything I had read or heard had shed over them the shadow of an exaggerated gloom and darkness which withered and suffocated all light-heartedness and peace. But how wrong I have been—how I have misjudged these people! Their good nature and

tranquility is contagious and we even feel it creeping into our lives. A man can eat his last bowl of rice and wonder where he is to sleep tonight but it does not hinder him from enjoying such things as the glorious day it is, or that no airplanes have come. How thankful they all are for small favours! The hustle and bustle of Western life has been far removed from us; in its stead has come the Oriental cure for all din and noise and restlessness. We have settled into place as a cog in the wheel of a slow moving life and are quite content along with them to let the rest of the world go by. Gone is all turmoil and what we have been taught to understand as "excitement." Worry is a word we will never learn, I wager, in this language and grey hairs are a sign of dignity and well being. We have but to show the least semblance of a smile, or a nod of our head, to guarantee our being received with gracious bows and two rows of shiny white teeth. There is no such thing as Blue Monday here. No small wonder we say that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

It is thus easy to impress them, whether favourably or otherwise, with our own customs and habits. But that's not our task. Nor did we come this far to be taught by them what's wrong with our mode of life. Our concern is to teach them our religion, the worship of a God

Who loves them. If, as we live our life here in the heart of China they laugh at the way we do things, or nod their heads at our helplessness and perhaps even at our imprudence, these things will at least be making impressions on them and will serve to arouse their curiosity, first towards us and then ultimately to the God we four new Missionaries represent.

There still rings in my ear the first words spoken to us by a native of this country when in Shanghai we finally emerged from the business of customs inspection. With his hand reaching for an alms, his skin dirty and his clothes mere rags, a little Chinese urchin bravely spoke up, not in his own language, but with English words, and said "*Heppity New Year*." It was not exactly the King's English, but we still remember it, and thus far his wish has come true. We are glad now that we gave him the alms.

The Church in Newfoundland Rejoices

TWO NOTABLE events in the ecclesiastical history of Newfoundland took place during early Summer. In June, His Excellency the Most Reverend Edward Patrick Roche, D.D., celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Consecration as Archbishop of Saint John's, and on July 7th, Most Reverend John M. O'Neill, D.D., was elevated to the Episcopacy as the Sixth Bishop of the Diocese of Harbour Grace.

The Church in Newfoundland has had a long and glorious history, and the sterling Catholics of the country demonstrated their love and affection for their Shepherds, the Jubilarian Archbishop and the New Bishop, as the events were celebrated with joyful acclaim.

Archbishop Roche is the second Archbishop of St. John's, and the first of its long line of Bishops (the See is the third oldest in North America) to reign for 25 years. His Excellency Bishop O'Neill was Rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Hr. Grace before his appointment as Bishop of the Diocese to succeed the late Bishop John March.

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The Story of Shao Lan

By REV. HAROLD J. MURPHY

LISHUI, CHE., CHINA

IF WE CONSIDER THE NUMBER of people in China and the comparatively small number of conversions to our Holy Faith, perhaps we are struck with the thought that this idea of turning China into a Catholic nation, is one of the most hopeless tasks ever undertaken. And when Missionaries come to China, learn the language and begin their active ministry, they too, perhaps, become discouraged at their slow progress. It all seems a hopeless task, one that requires a moral miracle; a task to be undertaken for love of Christ with no hope of ever accomplishing more than laying a bare foundation for the work that Missionaries of centuries to come will be able to do. And yet the Missionaries soon realize that this is not the case at all.

The work of building up the Faith in China is a slow work. It is not easy to eradicate centuries of superstitious practices from the minds of these simple people. It is not easy to convince a Chinese that his ancestors, whom he loves and reveres, were all wrong in their morals and beliefs. It almost seems ridiculous to expect him to suddenly give up all the liberties that he has always enjoyed and live a life according to the rules and regulations the Missionaries insist he must adopt. This work is certainly not easily done. And even though certain interventions of Providence, such as the current war opening the eyes of the Chinese to our charity, even though these do seem to hasten the coming of Divine Grace into the hearts of these people, yet the average adult Chinese is far from convinced that this all means he must adopt an entirely new mode of life. But my dear friends all this refers to the adult Chinese; this is all true only with those who have passed through their youth under the influence of the stark madness of paganism. It is not true of the youth of China.

During the past two years I have been working as a Missionary almost entirely with boys. Under my charge is a Catholic school for boys and so far in this school there have passed through my hands over four hundred boys from the ages of eight to eighteen. By means of a club and a school for English I have been in constant daily contact with over a hundred other older lads. To be in charge of students in China means being a mother, a father, a big brother, and a pastor to each and every one of them.

THE CHINESE BOY IS THE same as an American boy. He has the same likes and dislikes. He loves sports of all sorts and is just as anxious to fight other boys who insult him or challenge his

superiority. He is as wax and may be moulded to suit any taste. If properly supervised the possibilities are unlimited. I heartily agree with Father Flanagan of Boys' Town fame, when he says no boy is a bad boy, and I add whether he be black or white, yellow or red, all boys are the same. The Chinese boy is what you make him. No Chinese boy is a bad boy.

I could relate many stories, true stories of human interest to prove my contention. But let us be content with the story of Shao Lan.

THE STORY OF SHAO LAN

Shao Lan came to Lishui about two years ago from Shanghai. He had been to school in the "New York of the Far East," he was not a Lishui product. He found his way to our school attracted by the fact that the school was run by foreigners. He arrived to give us the impression that he was a sophisticated, spoiled youth beyond hope of reform. He was as proud as any pagan is capable of being. He disliked the other boys and showed his open contempt for the priests, these crazy foreigners sacrificing their lives for a foolish ideal. And the Sisters—he despised them so heartily that once in the presence of other students he turned his back on them to show his contempt. But he was the best athlete in the school, the most brilliant student.

ONE YEAR LATER, SHAO LAN died here in our hospital shortly after an air-raid, the shock of which proved too much for him as he was recovering from typhoid. But he died a Catholic, one of the most fervent Catholics in Lishui. In the months before his death he practically worshipped the priests and told one of them that he could foresee many years in Purgatory for his former uncharitable thoughts about the Sisters. He called them angels. And when he finally breathed his last, at least one priest wept in grief.

This change took place in one year. His family life did not do it, for his father is still notorious for the number of mistresses in his household. I repeat, no Chinese boy is a bad boy!

Right now, as I write the finishing lines of this article, I hear the alarm for an air-raid. And so before I dash for our dugout, I cannot help but be reminded that the sound of airplanes was the means of hastening the death of Shao Lan, one of the finest boys I have ever known. Let the planes come. Let any calamity happen to us. Who cares as long as we can always recall incidents like the change in Shao Lan, incidents that continually assure us that our sacrifice is not in vain!

Lishui Has Its First Night Raid

By REV. PAUL KAM

Father Kam is one of our two Chinese priests and here gives his impressions of a raid from the sky by night—in his own native land.

IT WAS ON APRIL 15TH at 5.30 p.m., that the air-raid alarm sounded, and a few minutes later—the urgent alarm was given. Men and women, old and young, were taking flight to their dugouts or places of safety. They did this in a rather swift manner, for they have been doing it all along and have become accustomed to “act quickly.” There, in the air, was a metal bird flying high and circling above the city of Lishui. This metal bird continued for fifteen minutes apparently trying to find suitable places to lay its eggs. But at last, instead of dropping its eggs, the metal bird landed at the Lishui airdrome for a good rest. It was not a wild bird nor one sent by the invaders, but one bought by the Chinese Government and domesticated. It was a false alarm!!

The hearts of all were gladdened to see a Central Air Defence Corps plane visiting Lishui. The sudden change of expressions from fear to rejoicing was very noticeable. But I said to myself, it is rather a bad thing to have only a single Chinese plane, especially if it should stop here overnight. My guess was right.

At 11 o'clock p.m., another air-raid alarm was heard. Within ten minutes there came twelve Japanese airplanes. They wasted no time, and right away located the Lishui airfield. Right above the airdrome, many flares were dropped from the planes which burned brilliantly as they floated in the air. A number of bombs were dumped down on the airfield. Was that Chinese plane smashed to dust you might ask? No, no, a thousand times no! Our Chinese plane long before this had winged its way to a place of safety. By doing that, the Chinese plan is to have the invaders waste their resources. This is what they call “Consumptive War Strategy.” During the past bombardments, we had no Air Defence Corps, but at this time we were all surprised when we heard anti-aircraft guns in operation. In a moment there were bombs from above and shells from below; a scene no doubt resembling events taking place on the Western front. Believe me, this was no trifling fight. The night raid lasted about one hour or more. Ninety-eight bombs were

landed on different places. Most of them fell on the airfield. Some bombs fell on the jail, with devastating results. There were bombs landed on two city stores, killing a few persons also. I am not going to frighten you, so you must picture the scene of the victims for yourselves. A few bombs fell on an orange-dealer's store, a place only four minutes distance from our Mission. The oranges were covered with human flesh and blood. The next morning, our school boys picked up quite a few pieces of shrapnel in our Mission Compound. Church window panes were broken by shrapnel. We must attribute to Divine Providence the blessing that none of us were injured. Having finished their attack on Lishui, the planes left us. But three guesses, could we sleep quietly that night?

DURING THIS TRYING TIME of warfare, the work of God is not impeded. On the contrary, the Church is progressing noticeably. *T'ien-Chu-T'ang* (Catholic Mission) has gained greater recognition than ever, since the Sino-Japanese war. There are numbers of Catholics working on behalf of the refugees. Others are attending the wounded soldiers. Still other Catholics, under the leadership of Father Labe who is at present a Lieutenant-General, are worthy members of “War Area Service Corps.” Before closing, may I express our sincere and heartfelt thanks to you all, for your prayers and material help in the past, and request your continued good works for the future. May your interest in the spreading of the Gospel in China be, day by day, more vigorous, in order that China will the sooner be converted to the true Faith. God forbid, if through your lack of interest in us, the work of salvation of souls in China be much delayed. So pray for our work fervently and often, moreover save your dimes and quarters and send along your material assistance to us, your mite will bring you compound interest. I shall conclude by quoting the words of the Holy Writ: “*And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I MUST BRING, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.*”

Gottings

By Rev. Gerald Doyle

IT IS THE NIGHT of May the 10th and the priests in Lishui are in the upstairs *K'e T'ing* (the Community Room) gathered around the little radio, listening to the broadcast from Shanghai, and learn that Holland and Belgium have been invaded. Having recently experienced a night bombing attack on the city of Lishui they could sympathize with the civilians in Europe.

The priests retired to their rooms. The doors of the rooms of Father Curtin, Father Kam and Father Steele opened into the *K'e T'ing*. In his room Father Curtin finished writing a letter that was in his typewriter, addressed the envelope and then covered his very useful portable machine. In a short time the house was in darkness and all were asleep.

Then came the robbers. By a ladder they mounted to the verandah outside Father Curtin's room. The screen door was locked but they cut the screen and entering his room took his typewriter and then passed into the *K'e T'ing* and carefully removed the radio. They returned the same way they came. Father Curtin and Fathers Kam and Steele, whose room doors were open, heard not a sound.

In the morning the robbery was discovered. The loss was reported to the local police but little hope of recovery is held. In these trying times the radio was a real comfort and will be missed as the Shanghai papers are old before they reach Lishui and the Missionaries depend on the radio for news.

Father Curtin will certainly miss his typewriter. He is one of the most faithful correspondents I know and at all hours of the day his typewriter could be heard as he typed out his personal and official letters. If you are one of his friends, or if you would like to be, may I suggest that you send him a small cheque to help him purchase a new typewriter? His address is: *Very Rev. M. L. Curtin, Catholic Mission, Lishui, Che., China (via Shanghai).*

As ROBBERS are usually armed at night perhaps it was just as well that none of our Missionaries heard them. If heard in time they can be scared off, but when an armed robber is cornered — well, most anything can happen.

SPEAKING OF robberies reminds me that shortly after Father Gordon Stringer arrived in China he paid a visit to his cousin, Father Desmond Stringer, the hard working pastor of Tsingtien, and returned to Lishui with a bicycle which he carefully parked in the downstairs *K'e T'ing*. The next day it was gone, and is still gone.

ALTHOUGH IT HAPPENED some months ago, before that section of the road to Lishui was blown up, I heard the story only recently. Father McGettigan borrowed Father Matte's motor-bike and on a cloudy morning left his parish of Dolu. As the sun was not shining when he left he did not bother to wear gloves, but he was only a few minutes on the way when the clouds rolled away and the sun burst down on the sun-helmeted, shirt-sleeved Missionary "putt-putting" along the highway. With

the sun and the wind his ungloved hands got red, then started to burn and swell. What to do! Father McGettigan decided to put on speed and get to Lishui as soon as possible. He put on speed. Turning a corner he ran into loose sand. There was no time to apply the brakes and stop. The sand gripped the wheels of the motor-bike while Father McGettigan continued on his way, but over the handle bars, in the general direction of Lishui.

Fortunately there was no serious damage to either the Missionary or the machine and eventually both arrived safely in Lishui.

IN THE KINHWA district Father Lawrence McAuliffe, at Tangchi, is busy building a new gate to his Mission Compound. If he can raise the money he hopes to start building a church in the fall. He has a good little Christianity.* In Tungyang Father Lorne McFarland and Father John Kelly are doing real Missionary work; while in Kinhwa, with Msgr. Fraser, Father Allan McRae and Father Thomas Morrissey are busy visiting the chapels in their care.

*"Christianity" is a common term used to describe a Catholic Community or Congregation.



THE Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

My dear Buds:

I have very little space this month for my letter so I will just send along a few thoughts. You will all be back at school again when you read this so the first thing I want you to do is to get right down to "the books" and make up your minds that this year is going to be your best yet.

I want you to pray very hard this term for peace and for the soldiers and civilians, on both sides, who are dying every day and every night.

Then, you must give a very special place in your Masses, Holy Communions and visits to the Blessed Sacrament to your fellow-Missionaries in far-off China. They are Soldiers of Christ, too, and are fighting day and night against the power of Satan.

So you see, I am asking you to study and to pray well as you begin a new term at school. Don't forget to pray for me, once in a while.

Your friend,

Father Jim.

A PRIEST ASKS FOR PRAYERS

AS a good friend, please continue your fervent prayers for me. I promise to pray for all my benefactors in every Mass I shall celebrate. Ask your friends also to pray for me. "More things are wrought through prayer than this world dreams of."

A SHORT LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

1873

CHAPTER ONE

1897

Teresa of the Child Jesus was born at Alencon, in France, of parents noted for their singular and constant piety towards God. She was imbued with the Divine Spirit from earliest childhood and desired to lead the religious life. She earnestly promised that she would deny God nothing that He might ask of her; she had to suffer a great deal to keep this promise faithfully until death. Teresa lost her mother when five years old and committed herself wholly to the providence of God, under the watchful care of her affectionate father and her elder sisters. Under such teachers Teresa rejoiced as a giant to run the way of perfection. At the age of nine she was sent to school with the nuns of the Order of St. Benedict at Lisieux, where she made remarkable progress in the knowledge of divine things. In her tenth year she was afflicted, for a long time, with a serious and mysterious illness from which she was miraculously cured by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to her smilingly, and to whom Teresa was making a novena under the title of Our Lady of Victories. Then, filled with angelic fervour she began to prepare herself with all care for that sacred banquet at which she was to receive Christ.

(To be continued next month)

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY BY "BUDS"

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)



The Way of Spiritual Childhood

Father Jim's Mailbag

Grand Falls, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

... My mother has been a faithful reader of CHINA for eleven years and she always reads the letters of Father Jim's Mailbag for us. There are already several priests from Newfoundland preaching Missions in China. My big brother has joined H. Majesty's R.A. and has gone overseas. Let us pray that the war in Europe will soon end.

Rex Edwards.

Black Head, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

... I had the very first privilege of receiving Father Patrick Burke's blessing at St. John's, Nfld. ... I got two new members for the Rose Garden: Jean Healey and Margaret Healey. Tell the Buds to say a prayer for their daddy who died almost a year ago and a brother who also died a couple of years ago.

Patrick Hollohan.

North Buren, Newfoundland.

Dear Father Jim:

The only little sister I have will be making her First Holy Communion in June ... her First Communion will be for vocations for China.

Arnold White.

Thank you, both!

Listening In

• A letter from Bernard Lalonde of Penetang, Ontario, says: "The day we received our papers was a real feast. The CHINAS were on our desks when we came to class in the morning. ... We read the letter 'We Made It' and talked about Lishui until almost eleven o'clock. We decided then that we would call it Mission Day."

* * *

• Harry Forristall who is 13 years of age would like to get a "Pen-Pal". ... Harry lives at: Mill Bridge Road, St. John's Newfoundland.

* * *

• We have a new Bud who is confined to bed. She is Joan Berry of 726 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont. Joan is twelve years old and I want some of you Buds to write to her and tell her you are praying for her.

* * *

• Helen McRae, who has a brother studying at our Seminary, writes hoping Father Jim does not work too hard during the summer. Well, I am working pretty hard to-day getting this "Rose Garden" ready and believe me, the heat is terrific.

* * *

• GOOD NEWS IN A FEW LINES:

St. Mary's College Crusaders,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father:

Please accept the donation of

\$25.26 sent at the request of our Mission Crusade Society.

Gerald H. Kelly.

Many thanks, Crusaders.

* * *

Shirley Ann Rosar who is the Prayer Captain of Grades 5 and 6 at St. Joseph's College School, in Toronto, sends along on behalf of her companions a cheque for \$5. We are very proud of you all and ask Little Teresa to bless you, and all the Buds, during the coming school-year. ... And Rosaleen Corkery from 97 Murray Street, Brantford, Ontario, sends along one dollar from HER OWN mite box. What do you think of that! Thank you, Rosaleen. ...

From Sister St. Catherine of Notre Dame Convent, Sydney Mines, N.S., comes a nice letter with a Money Order for Four Dollars. She tells me that Margaret Mitchell contributed \$1.82 of this amount. But Margaret and her father were both ill and in hospital when Sister wrote. Please pray for them. ... Thirteen dollars all the way from Blairmore, Alberta. Mary Polacik who is secretary for Grade V Rosebuds sent it along and tells us that "the gang" raised it by putting on an entertainment for the China Mission Club. *That is real Catholic Action.* ...

And here's a headliner: "This letter is preceding two boxes of medical supplies which will arrive by Express. Along with these supplies are our fervent prayers that God will bless the Missionaries and

shower His many graces upon them." Where do you think this comes from? ... From Hamilton, Ontario. Father Gordon Stringer was stationed there a year or so ago and because he is now in China these young ladies, from the Cathedral Girls' High, held a Mission Shower for medical supplies. Betty Durney is the secretary of the Mission Committee and to Betty and all the young ladies concerned: A hearty *God bless you!*

... There is one place I like very much: Peterboro, Ontario. I happened to be visiting there one time. The rector of the Cathedral parish is a Father Kelly and is he ever full of jokes. I bet the pupils at St. Mary's Convent are happy when they see him coming along. Well, anyway, these same pupils have sent along the sum of \$17 to help out our work for souls. Ah, yes, Peterboro is a great place. ...

This seems to have become a financial column (different from a "fifth column"). Here are some more notes with very welcome remittances: From Grade V (Girls) Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, N.S., the sum of one dollar. From the Sacred Heart Unit of the C.C.S.M.C., Halifax, N.S., \$25, to be placed in the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse. That means that it goes to help make up \$5,000, which sum, when completed, will be invested and the interest will assure the education of students for the Priesthood indefinitely. For this gift we thank all through Madame M. Davis, Religious of the Sacred Heart. ... One dollar from each of the following schools: Our Lady of Protection, Noranda, Que., and St. Basil's, Toronto, Ont. You know, I could go on forever "writing up" these bits of news. It's not that I'm mercenary-

mindful but these donations certainly show results from the Rose Garden and the gardener is allowed to take a certain amount of pride, even if someone else did the planting. Here's some more financial information: \$8.50 from Oxford Street School, Halifax, N.S. Yes, sir, from "down East", sent along by Sister Mary Ida on behalf of the pupils of Grade II (Girls), and from Grades V-VI (mixed). This is certainly the right way to start off a new season. With all the rain we have been having I think maybe the "harvest" will be an unusual one this year. . . . Muriel Rouleau writes and encloses \$3 from the pupils of St. Thomas' School, Drinkwater Street, Sudbury, Ontario. . . . Two dollars from St. Joseph's School, Leslie Street, Toronto, with a clause that makes every Missionary happy: "For any purpose which you deem suitable". The reason we like to see those words is this. Sometimes in China we need a few dollars to do some particular kind of work, say to help bury the dead. We may have received a donation from Canada but because it has been given for some specified reason we cannot use it and so an act of charity may have to be passed up. Thank you, I know you will remember that, Buds! I am now about to close the "report" and all news of this kind received after to-day will have to wait until the next CHINA goes to press. The concluding note says: Two dollars from St. Rita's School, Toronto, and so long until October.

Father Jim.



NOTRE DAME SCHOOL, SYDNEY MINES, N.S., GRADE VII BUDS
Front Row, left to right: Mary Morrison, Betty Doyle, Yvonne McVarish, Irene Keegan.
Second Row, left to right: Rita McLellan, Sadie McDonald, Theresa McKenna.
Third Row, left to right: Mary Legato, Theresa Bonnar, Benita Legato, Florence McDonald, Phyllis Jessome.
Fourth Row, left to right: Louise O'Handley, Nora Flemming, Helen Maneini, Theresa Dillon.

The following young ladies and gentlemen send out the call for "Pen-Pals."

Carnell Czarney, 1201/2 Bellwoods Avenue, Toronto	Age 12
Tom McDonnell, R.R. 2, Gadshill, Ontario	Age 12
Mary MacDonald, 13 Pleasant Street, Glace Bay, N.S.	Age 14
Martina Stock, c/o Mr. Peter J. Stock, R.R. 2, Gadshill, Ont.	Age 12
Theresa Kelly, c/o Mr. T. M. Kelly, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont.	Age 10
Teresa Dwyer, c/o Mr. Joe Dwyer, R.R. 5, Mitchell, Ont.	Age 11
Alice Ruston, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont., c/o Mr. George Ruston.	
Marie Jordan, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont., c/o Mr. Francis Jordan.	
Eleanor Jordan, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont., c/o Mr. Francis Jordan.	
Grace Kelly, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont., c/o Mr. Jno. F. Kelly	Age 12
James Kelly, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont., c/o Mr. Jno. F. Kelly	Age 11
Leon Cassidy, R.R. 1, Sebringville, Ont.	
Catherine Speller, 178 Beech Avenue, Toronto	Age 9
Lucille Dwyer, R.R. 5, Mitchell, Ont., c/o Mr. Tim Dwyer	Age 10
Jeanne Kelly, 105 Military Road, St. John's, Newfoundland	Age 15
Annie F. M. Morrison, Peppett St. North, Sydney, N.S.	Age 18
Lorraine Watson, Summerside, P.E.I.	Age 12
Gloria Watson, Summerside, P.E.I.	Age 12
Rosy Richard, Tignish, P.E.I.	
Pearl Herbert, 1309 Victoria Ave., Fort William, Ont.	



LITTLE MISSIONARIES
Grade IV, St. Mary's Academy, Newcastle, N.B.

THE ONLY CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

- (1) To say every day the Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels;
- (2) To go to Holy Communion once a month for the Intention of Missionary Vocations.

PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF

Rev. Leon Marques, former Parish Priest of Lishui, China.

Rev. Sister Helen of Catholic Mission, Wenchow, China.

Miss Catherine Hubbert, Toronto.

Sister M. Pauline, Cobourg, Ont.

Mr. G. Allanson, Shanghai, China.



JEANNE KELLY
St. John's, Nfld.



Grapes of Wrath

The manager of the hotel rang for the Boy. After a long time the Boy arrived at the office.

"What kept you, George, I rang for you almost an hour ago?"

"Well, sir, it is like this. I was called by the cook to go out for some grapes as an order for fresh grapes had just come in to the Chef. After visiting several stores I found that grapes were out of the question. So I just used my head, sir, and brought back some gooseberries. Then I had to shave them to make them look like the real thing. That's why I was so long, sir."

Short Trip

The English Tommy was chatting with his German prisoner.

"What will you do when the war is ended?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the German, "I will buy a bicycle and have a trip around Germany."

"Yes?" remarked the Tommy. "But what will you do in the afternoon?"—*Kitchener Record*.

It's An Ill Wind

Sea Captain: "There's no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!"

Seasick Passenger: "Thank heaven!"

Feat Enough

An Australian presented himself at the recruiting office but was rejected because his feet were bad.

Officer: "You could never do long route marches with feet like that."

Would-be Recruit: "That is because I walked fifty miles to get here and it is annoying to have come for nothing."

—*Moustique (Belgium)*.

Fair Share

The battle raged fiercely around him, but he sat in a shell hole smoking a cigarette.

"You lazy blighter! Get in there and fight! Don't you know they're three to one against us?" the officer yelled at him above the din.

"Sure, I know it, sir," he replied, jumping to attention, "but I've knocked out my three."—*Frederickton Gleaner*.

The gipsy fortune-teller entering the doctor's consulting room, complained, "I have a pain in my right side. Kindly examine me."

The doctor eyed the gipsy.

"Are you prepared to pay cash?"

"What do you charge?" the gipsy countered.

"Eight-and-six," replied the doctor. "Will I collect that from you?"

The gipsy smiled easily.

"I can't tell yet," he observed. "But for eight-and-six I'll read your palm and let you know definitely!"

Isn't It the Truth

"Since I bought a car I don't have to walk to the bank to make my deposits."

"Ah, you ride there?" ventured a friend.

"No, I don't make any."

In the Style of 1924

"I suppose we think we are smarter than the Chinese."

"Aren't we?"

"The Chinese are not saying a word. They are getting wheat and pork in exchange for Mah Jongg sets."

Reasonable

Girl: "Young man, why aren't you in khaki?"

Young Man: "For the self-same reason that you are not in a beauty show — a matter of sheer, absolute physical unfitness."

Thoughtful

Maiden Aunt (in large store): "I—er want a nice toy, please, suitable for a Christmas present for a small boy whose father is very corpulent and unable to do any kneeling."

Friend: Ha, ha . . . I see you're a man who blows his own horn.

Horn Player: Not quite. It won't be mine until I've made six more payments on it.

Fishy

I wonder why the herring situation causes such a great deal of heated discussion every year? Probably because there are so many bones to pick.

Don't They Always!

Husband: The wife and I had a terrible fight last night.

George: Really? Who got the best of it?

Husband: The jeweller, dressmaker and the milliner.

Going-Up

Shopper: It's hard to believe, these days, that vegetables come out of the ground.

Grocer: Why?

Shopper: They're sky-high!

Scalper

Ned: That fellow's business gets in people's hair.

Ted: What does he do?

Ned: Makes hair tonic.

I Wonder!

"No two people on earth think alike."

"Ever been to a wedding reception and seen the presents?"

John: What are you shivering for?

Joe: I have \$50,000 in cold cash in my pocket.

— CO-OPERATION —

One "One-Way" Ticket to China=\$300.00

(Including Everything)

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Yours!!*



•
St. Francis Xavier Seminary

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

CHINA

NATIONAL

MISSION

MONTHLY

October
1940



Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.



Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Privileges of Benefactors :*

1. They share in all the Masses and prayers offered by our priests and students.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
4. *Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.*

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Appointments

SEPTEMBER always brings its days of interest as plans are discussed and finally determined for the year ahead. The appointments for this year are as follows:

Chosen to go to China were Fathers Clement, Diemert, Maloney, Murphy, McSween, McQuaid, P. Burke, and Leonard. Fr. Leonard had already done service on the Missions, and during 1939 was engaged in campaign work throughout the United States. Since last December he has done very creditable work as Editor of CHINA during the absence of Father Chafe. The new missionaries will have the advantage of his experience in their journey to the Missions. Father Patrick Burke, of Brigus, Nfld., while en route to Toronto for the Departure Ceremony was taken ill, and underwent an emergency operation for acute appendicitis at the Halifax Infirmary some ten days before he was due to leave for China. Fr. Pat regards it as a bit of particularly hard luck since it prevents him from going to Lishui this month with his classmates.

Scarboro priests engaged in Diocesan work in Canada this year are: Rev. W. H. McNabb, Sault Ste. Marie; Rev. J. J. Macdonald and Rev. Leo Burke, in Calgary; Rev. Patrick Moore, in Hamilton; Rev. F. X. MacIsaac, in Antigonish; Rev. Michael Dwyer, in Halifax; Rev. James Walsh and Rev. Robert Hymus, in Toronto.

At the Seminary, Rev. W. K. Amyot, a veteran missionary who returned on sick leave two years ago, replaces Father Moore as Business Manager of CHINA, and Rev. A. Chafe resumes his editorship of our magazine.

The staff of the Vancouver Mission remains unchanged, while two new Missions for the Chinese in Canada begin to function under Rev. Wm. Matte, at Victoria, B.C., and Rev. Edward Moriarty, at Toronto. Both these priests were recalled from China some months ago for this purpose.

Rev. Rogers Pelow, of Kingston, Ont., ordained in May of this year,

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CHINA

Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

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has begun postgraduate studies in Canon Law at Laval University, Quebec.

Including this year's Mission Band, engaged in Mission work in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, will be forty-three of the sixty-four priest-members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

Students

Thirty-six students are registered at the Seminary this year, of whom thirteen are new men entering to begin their studies in Philosophy. Of these first-year students, four are from Toronto, two from Ottawa, and one each from Edmundston, N.B., Salmonier, Nfld., Williamstown, Ont., Lourdes, N.S., New Waterford, N.S., Saint John's, Nfld., and Hr. Grace, Nfld.

Ordinations

In the chapel of St. Augustine's Seminary, Saturday morning, September 21st, His Excellency the Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., raised the following China Mission seminarians to the Order of Deacon; Rev. John McCarthy (Calgary, Alta.); Rev. John McIver (Staffa, Ont.); Rev. Francis O'Grady (Ottawa, Ont.); Rev. John Gault and Rev. Lawrence Hart (both from Cornwall, Ont.). These five Deacons will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood on December 19th this year.

The Minor Orders of Porter and Lector were conferred on Wm. Cox (Glance Bay, N.S.); Hector Davis (Kingston, Ont.); John Fullerton and Basil Kirby (both of Toronto).

The Chinese Have No Time for It

By

RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH

Prefect Apostolic, Lishui, Chekiang.

*"They do it in the West
And, of course it must be best,
'But just try and' introduce it into
China."*

WHAT PRICE *self-pity* and *hypertension*, by-products of the American way! What avail raw carrots and vitamin B for those who mull in synthetic misery! Are health and happiness compatible with a set of concert-pitch nerves or can salubrious food calories offset the dire effects of a mind turned in upon itself as a destroyer?

Pertinent questions, maybe, in our high-g geared day and age. But not for the gentlemen East of Suez. The problems with which they deal, very real in America, concern China's four hundred million hardly at all. In China, *hypertension* isn't even in the dictionary. The tempo of life is a slow, leisurely drag, *retardando* at times to the stage where the mental engines are barely turning over.

Cosy, you may say, but hardly consistent with great achievement. But what is great achievement? The Chinese have never given the world a Boulder Dam or an Empire State building. But if you think *that's* a contribution to the fuller life, ask the man who owns one. Life in the Celestial Republic is still unhurried and serene. The ravages of *self-pity* are unknown and neurotics are about as plentiful as rickshaws in Times Square.

If you don't believe us, let's go to work and psycho-analyse an Oriental gentleman who has every reason to feel sorry for himself, the Chinese rickshaw coolie. Take his

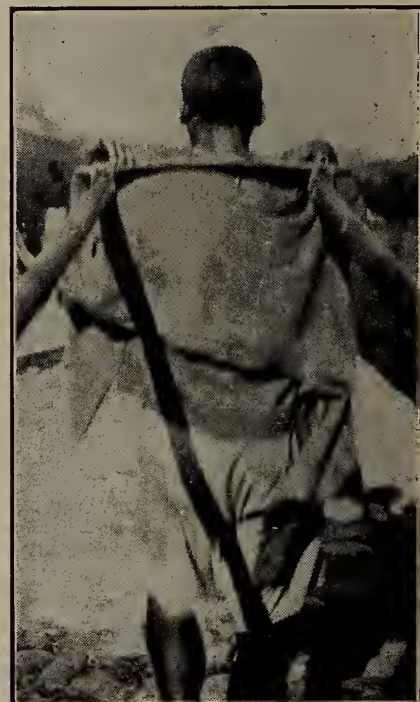
very name, to begin with. *Coolie*—lie. "*Coolie*" means bitter and "*lie*" means strength. *Bitter strength!* The coolie is strong. He'd need to be, to pull you, like a horse, one mile for an American penny. But his is better strength. The strength of a man who must toil like a beast of burden in the inhuman struggle to keep body and soul together for a brief six years. That's his life-expectancy. It takes just that long to wear out in such a job and from alternately sweating and shivering in the murderous climate of Shanghai.

Nobody could blame the poor coolie very much if he were prey to an occasional orgy of *self-pity*. But he isn't, even though rice be dear and flesh and blood so cheap. The grim urge for survival has taught him that bemoaning life's miseries will only hasten the inevitable end. He's a cheery, stoical realist who shuns the lethal luxury of *self-commiseration* as he would the very devil. So he grins and keeps his chin up as he trots between the shafts. By no stretch of imagination could you call him a happy man. But he's the old maestro in person when it comes to the Oriental fine art of co-operation with the inevitable. Suppress morbid reactions. Soft-pedal your emotions. That's the secret. What gets you down is not so much action as *reaction*. No time for civil war within yourself when so many external foes are conspiring against your very life. In practice, if not in conscious theory, that's his fundamental philosophy.

Look at him, this fine sunny morning, as he steps cheerily along with a foreign tycoon in tow. At

least he has a fare. And that's something. A one-mile haul for twenty Chinese cents. Three more such lucky breaks will pay his daily rickshaw rental to the "*hong boss*" and the rest will be clear profit. He's away to a good start. If all goes well he may be able to add a luscious vegetable—or two, maybe even a delectable morsel of fat pork to the evening rice bowl. Things could be worse. He could even lose his rickshaw if he didn't make the day's rental. He grins broadly at the thought of that evening meal, bliss — almost — in this dawn to be alive.

NOW TAKE A LOOK at the back seat. There, in state, rides the foreign "*master*." The cares of the world on his shoulders, he looks as if he were heading for the last round-up. His face is strained and tense, like the faces of so many foreigners in Shanghai. Or like those you see in America, on the busses or subways, not a relaxed expression in a carload. The foreign gentleman lives in one of Shanghai's most modern apartments. He has been known to make more money in a good day than the coolie will see in a year. But he is far from being as contented as the poor human beast of



"The poor coolie . . . as he trots between the shafts."

CANADA AND THE CHINESE

burden who is grinding his life away. He can't be bothered, anyway, with this stupid business of suppressing reactions. Frustration just burns him up. Isn't he used to getting his own way and ordering people around and isn't that as it should be? So he swears impatiently at the sweating coolie when traffic bars the way. In the cheery rickshaw puller and the haggard tycoon you see an interesting contrast in expression and reaction, so typical of the placid Oriental and the nervous, irascible go-getter in timeless Cathay.

With the Chinese peasant it is much the same. He, too, has learned to take it on the chin and, smiling, come up for more. He refuses to jeopardise his chances of survival by burning up nervous energy in purposeless introspection. Disaster is ubiquitous, inescapable. Strive and toil as you may, there are tragedies that you are powerless to avert. Who can hope always to escape drought or floods or famine? Some day it may be his own turn to eat grass or bark of trees or die in agony in the abandoned temple, like the refugees he sees these days, straggling wearily from nowhere to nowhere, till their own bitter strength is broken. Even if crops be good, there are the mountain bandits and the perennial outbreak of epidemics. Lucky, perhaps, to have escaped cholera or typhoid or typhus himself. Life is precarious. Misery abounds. But it will avail nothing to kick petulantly against the goad and make two miseries out of one.

Truly objective is the Chinese peasant in his appraisal of disaster. He asks but little of life. He is content with a pathetic minimum that would be an American's despair. But yet, no bridge-crossing for him. He wastes not a mouse-power of nervous energy in envisioning those imaginary disasters that never will occur. He needs all that energy to cope with disasters that *do* occur. Clear-eyed eternal vigilance is the price of life in these parts. For even when the sun shines benignly or the kindly, moderate rains send the precious rice plants shooting up out of the irrigated paddies, he knows that the lean old wolf just backs a few paces away from the door and, paws crossed, awaits another day.



St. Francis Xavier Mission in Vancouver, B.C., was the first of the three Missions established under the direction of the Scarborough Fathers for the spiritual welfare of the Chinese living in Canada. It was formally opened on December 3, 1933, with Father Hugh Sharkey (standing, centre, above) as Director. Father Sharkey's efforts have met with phenomenal success. Assisting him now are Fathers Roland Roberts (who is also National Director of the Holy Childhood Association) and Cameron MacDonald, shown above with Msgr. McRae. Six Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception aid in the flourishing Vancouver Chinese Mission.



REV. WILLIAM MATTE

Recalled from China in 1940 to assume direction of the Mission for Chinese in Victoria, B.C. Fr. Matte will have the assistance of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Angels.



REV. EDWARD MORIARTY

Recalled from China in 1940 to take charge of the newly-founded Mission for Chinese in Toronto, Ont. The St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary will assist him in this work.

Editorials

A BIRTHDAY

WE SUPPOSE that people and institutions get rather accustomed to the recurrence of birth-days. As the years come and go, however, particular anniversaries are noted. The "twenty-first" is usually a marked milestone, and so we would not pass over in silence the attainment of CHINA's twenty-first year of publication. Starting at scratch in October, 1919, at Almonte, Ontario, where Father Fraser laid the foundations of the present Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, our little magazine was sent out on its mission of presenting to the public in Canada the record of the new foundation for the Chinese Missions. The intervening years have seen CHINA safely through the vicissitudes of infancy, childhood, and early youth.

Month after month CHINA has gone forth regularly with its messages of success achieved, of dangers encountered, and of difficulties surmounted. Infrequently, thank God, has it recorded hopes disappointed. But all in all, between the pages of its twenty-one volumes of mission literature, CHINA records what we like to consider as a remarkable achievement in the history of the Foreign Missions for Canada and Newfoundland.

The experience represented by these twenty-one years is for us a precious heritage. Outstanding, at the very top of the list, is the conviction that, under God, we owe what has been achieved to the devotedness of our friends. Some of our earliest subscribers are with us yet; many have answered the call of Death. Always, there have come others to take their place. Down the long road of the years CHINA has travelled, increasing in stature from eight pages to twenty, and gaining twenty-four thousand friends as subscribers, compared with the initial two hundred.

To the old friends, and to the new, we offer our thanks. You have been reader-witnesses to the introductory chapters of a mighty story, and, please God, in the years ahead that story will be rounded out and presented in CHINA as a documentation of historical and spiritual events whose effects will last unto eternity. We are the mouthpiece of Christ's ambassadors, the missionaries. With your continued support, their work and their efforts will be carried on to glorious fulfilment of their Divine commission to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

You would add very genuinely to the spirit of this anniversary if, during October, you hasten along your renewal subscription, when it falls due, and try to secure another reader for CHINA.

OUR DEBT TO THE EMPIRE

SINCE our particular field is missionary, naturally we are disposed to present news and views in their relation to the missions. Out of the welter of comments and discussions on the present war no clearer presentation of the case for the missions in relation thereto has come to our notice than that which appeared in *Jesuit Missions*, the authoritative and official journal published by the Jesuit Order in New York City. Although the article, under the title "If the British Empire Falls", has already received much publicity in the Catholic periodicals of this country, we reprint it on the opposite page because we think it is a patriotic duty to make widely known to Catholics that the defeat of Great Britain in her present struggle with Hitlerism, and the consequent collapse of the British Empire, would be a catastrophe which would involve the far-flung missions of the Church in disaster.

At no time, and least of all in a time of crisis like the present, do Catholics need a spur to their patriotism. But every Catholic heart will be further steeled to the utmost endeavour and sacrifice by the full realization of the dire consequences which would result if the forces of decency, as represented by our Empire to-day, were submerged by the patently evil gang which seeks the domination of Europe and the world.

Fortunately, the course of the war to date seems to have reduced to a minimum the possibility of the British Empire failing. The magnificent defence of England, and the heroic courage of the Empire war effort, appears to have put a stop to the hitherto victorious onslaught of the German forces, and, in time, the enemies of Christian civilization will learn to their cost that it does not pay to match brute force and cruelty and wantonness against a people and institutions who abhor such methods from the very depths of their souls.

When the going is particularly tough it oftentimes has the effect of making us realize the blessings we enjoy. The war has given us a new opportunity to take stock of the benefits we have received by reason of our citizenship in the Empire. We may have taken as a matter of course our freedom, and the justice given us by our laws and constitutions, and have thought of our future in terms of peace; we may have had but a slight idea of what it would mean to find ourselves under some system like those systems which at the moment are dominating almost all Europe except Great Britain. The thrilling story on the opposite page of what the protection by Britain has meant to the Catholic missions in Africa and Asia, and the plight the missionaries will be in if that protection fails them, ought to serve in heightening our appreciation and understanding of the great measure of freedom, peace, and justice we have enjoyed, and which, please God, we shall yet long enjoy.

THE MISSIONS AND THE WAR

VERY few of us paid much attention at the beginning of the present European war to Hitler's prediction that the conflict would end in the break-up of the great British Empire. The general opinion was that the Allies were strong enough to bear up under any offensive Germany might launch and after that the war would settle down to something very much like the last World War, with the Allies finally victorious. In estimating, too, the harm the war would inflict on the missions, we were guided by this concept.

The question now arises: Must not this concept be revised? In the light of the German victories in Holland, Belgium and France, is it not realistic to conceive the possibility of defeat for England? And if so, might not this defeat mean the loss to Great Britain of her vast colonial empire?

Remote as all this may have seemed to us a few months ago we must to-day concede it as at least a possibility. And it is as a possibility that we should now examine it. For the collapse of that empire upon which the sun never sets would seriously affect all of the foreign missions of the Catholic Church. It is true that the Church has many missions which are not within the eighteen million square miles of British territory. Nevertheless, it is accurate to say that any essential dislocation of this huge empire would be felt by our foreign missionaries everywhere. For the British Empire has been in the past and is to-day the chief force responsible for the preservation of order in mission countries. This is true not only of the territory she herself governs, but of all of Africa and the Orient and, roughly speaking, most of the world that is non-European in culture.

Her commercial interests are wider and vaster than her territorial empire and these interests have demanded peace and order for their efficient operation. So she has preserved order with a navy that is the largest in the world. Other nations with colonial interests and large navies have done little more than co-operate with her in this work.

However non-spiritual her motives may have been for establishing and maintaining this order, it has been of great value to the missions of the Church. All over the world, and especially in Africa and the Near and Far East, our priests, brothers and nuns have been able not only to travel safely but to have the protection of government in preaching the Gospel of Christ; moreover, the just administration of law has enabled them to own property and to build churches and institutions of learning and of charity.

THE collapse of the British Empire would not necessarily mean that all this would be lost. The first effect of such a catastrophe, however, would undoubtedly be a long season of great confusion and disorder in mission countries during which anything might happen. There would be a mad scramble on the part of other European powers and of Japan and Russia, to grab the choice bits of British possessions, whereas, countries like India and Egypt, with strong national aspirations, would undoubtedly fight for independence. We can well imagine the plight of missionaries and mission establishments caught in this vortex of land-grabbing and revolution. What rights, too, would be granted to them when order was

finally established, we have no way of knowing because it is impossible for us to see at the present time any nation large and powerful enough to take the place of the British Empire. The end of the British Empire might also be the end of the European influence in the Orient, with that part of the world slipping back into the condition it was several centuries ago.

One does not have to have any particular love for England to see that the break-up of her empire would be immediately and perhaps for a long time a very serious blow to our missions. But it is something which, in these days of changing world order, we must be prepared for. The spread of the Church throughout the world is indeed helped or hindered by the rise and fall of secular empires. But it is not absolutely dependent upon

them. And as great an assistance as the British Empire has been to the spread of the Faith, its existence to the Church is not indispensable.

We remember from history how providential the great Roman Empire was in the Apostolic Age and, after, to the spread of Christ's doctrine. It, too, had established and preserved order all over the pagan world. It had made travel possible and it gave to the early missionaries some security and protection of law. Yet its collapse did not mean the collapse of the Church. It did, however, mean the loss to the Church of large and important Christian areas, areas which, even to this day, such as in Africa and in Syria, have not been recovered.

So as the war rages in Europe, we wonder if our generation will see the collapse of the British Empire just as another Christian generation witnessed the collapse of the Roman Empire. We think that Catholics should pray that this calamity be averted, if not for the sake of England, at least for that of the Church.

"Jesuit Missions," N.Y.



THE EMPIRE'S RULER



Photograph of the student body of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society with His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate and other eminent members of the Hierarchy visiting the Seminary in connection with the Departure Ceremony for seven young priests leaving for China. The photograph shows members of the staff of St. Francis Xavier's Seminary, the President and professors of the neighbouring St. Augustine's Seminary and the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

"DEPARTURE SUNDAY" AT THE SEMINARY

THROUGHOUT the scholastic year at China Mission Seminary no day is looked forward to more eagerly than "Departure Sunday." This year it had especial significance because of the presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti.

Guests at a farewell dinner given at the Seminary in honour of the departing missionaries were Their Excellencies the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Toronto, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, and the Bishop of Hamilton; also Rt. Rev. Msgr. Brennan, V.G., President of St. Augustine's Seminary; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Harris; Very Rev. Dr. W. T. Davis, National Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society; Rev. Dr. C. Kehoe, O.C.C., Professor at St. Augustine's Seminary, and Rev. Fathers F. Allen (Toronto), A. O'Brien (Hamilton), and S. Larkin (North Bay).

The dinner was featured by the addresses of Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D.; the Apostolic Delegate; Rt. Rev. Monsignor McRae, President of the Seminary, and Rev. Michael MacSween, speaking for the Mission Band.

Afterwards, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Seminary Chapel by three of the departing missionaries, who remained standing

at the Altar, with their other companions of the Mission Band, as the China Mission seminarians sang the Departure Hymn. Of the whole day's programme this has always been the most touching event, as the companions of seminary days, and their future co-workers on the Missions, feelingly bid farewell, in the intimacy of our own little chapel, to the priests setting out for the Missions.

Several group photographs were then made, the one above including all who were present at the Seminary, with the exception of the Archbishop of Toronto, who had to leave to keep an early afternoon appointment.

The Apostolic Delegate, who had cancelled important travel plans to be with our missionaries, captivated us all by his charm and personality, and by his gracious friendliness with everybody. Before His Excellency left the Seminary he personally made arrangements for including in the Departure Ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral in the evening the impressive and traditional "kissing of the feet" of the missionaries. As His Excellency mentioned in his address at the Cathedral, "for you all I will kiss their feet: those blessed feet of whom it is written: 'how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things.'"

The Apostolic Delegate Officiates At Solemn Farewell To Missionaries

Eminent Members of Hierarchy, Many Clergy and Vast Congregation of Laity Attend Service

THE DEPARTURE CEREMONY of missionary priests for China is now a long-established annual event at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and the service Sunday evening, Sept. 22nd, was made more impressive than it had ever been before by the presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti and six members of the Ontario Hierarchy. The Cathedral was crowded to its utmost capacity and, in addition to the choir of St. Augustine's Seminary, was the Cathedral Schola Cantorum, directed by Rev. Dr. Ronan.

The choir assembled in the sanctuary before the service, which began with a procession of seminarians, clergy, Monsignori, Bishops and Archbishops in the nave. The seven young missionaries who are making their departure, walked in their black soutanes without surplices, after the Monsignori and before the members of the Hierarchy, who were the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, Bishop of Hamilton; the Most Rev. R. H. Dignan, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie; the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough; the Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, Bishop of London; the Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Archbishop of Kingston; the Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, and His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate.

The choir sang *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* during the procession, followed by *Tu Es Petrus*, when the Apostolic Delegate entered the sanctuary. His Excellency then intoned the *Veni Creator*, which was sung by the choir.

After the sermon, by Bishop Dignan of Sault Ste. Marie, the choir sang *Panis Angelicus* and there was the ceremony of the blessing of the Crosses by the Apostolic Delegate and the reception of their Crosses by the departing missionaries. The young priests recited their oath of allegiance to the Scarboro Foreign Missions Society. They were then addressed by the Apostolic Delegate, who gave them his blessing, and the Departure Hymn was sung, after which the six young priests gave their collective blessing to the congregation. Then the Apostolic Delegate embraced and kissed the feet of the missionaries, an act performed by the Holy Father's representative in Canada on behalf of the entire congregation, symbolizing the veneration and affection all should have for the office and person of the Catholic missionary. At the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was celebrant.

The ceremonies were directed by Rev. Dr. L. Barnett of St. Augustine's Seminary, assisted by priests and students of China Mission Seminary.

"Going therefore teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."—(Matthew xxviii, 19 and 20).

Addressing His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, Their Excellencies the Archbishops and Bishops, and the priests, Bishop Dignan continued: Dearly Beloved Brethren:

ON THIS solemn occasion of the departure of seven young priests for the missions of China, what more appropriate scriptural background may we find for our remarks than the words of the Great High Priest Himself, at what might be termed the First Departure Ceremony, wherein the Risen Christ when about to ascend into Heaven gave His final instructions to His beloved Apostles—to those who themselves and through their successors in the priesthood were to bring the light of faith to those sitting in the shadow and darkness of error.

They had seen Him die with outstretched hands on Calvary's heights, symbolizing by the very position of His



BISHOP DIGNAN'S SERMON

extended arms the universality of His Redemption. But the lips, then sealed in death, were now to proclaim the all-embracing character of the Church of the New Law. *"Teach ye all nations"* or, as St. Mark records that final discourse: *"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature."*

Throughout the ages, dearly beloved, history proves that the Church has fulfilled her missionary responsibilities to all nations, nay, more to every individual of every nation.

EARLY FULFILMENT

This was the impelling force that sent forth the Apostles from their native Pales-

tine. This was the commission which sent St. Thomas to India, St. Bartholemew to Egypt. It was this missionary urge instilled by Christ Himself that compelled St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, to leave the flourishing Church of Antioch in favour of Imperial Rome, still pagan, where the martyr's crown awaited him. This quest of souls for Christ was the force that made the great St. Paul become all things to all men that he might save all, and sent him into distant lands, despite the perils of prisons and stripes, privations and shipwreck.

In the light of the divine commission of Christ the missionary zeal of a Patrick in Ireland, a Boniface in Germany, an Augustine in England, of Cyril and Methodius in Eastern Europe becomes understandable.

IN CANADA

Three centuries have elapsed since the love of Christ and the quest of souls sent into the wilderness of our own Province those intrepid soldiers of Christ, the Jesuit Martyrs. At the cost of untold sufferings and the torments of excruciating deaths, they exemplified once again the truth of the axiom that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

(Continued on page 14)



The map above gives a good idea of the location of the Prefecture of Lishui in relation to all the important places of South-Eastern China. Without detail of boundary, Kinwa is marked immediately to the north of the shaded area of Lishui. Not on the map, but away up north is Peking, where the priests of this year's Mission Band will join at least four others of our Fathers at the Chabanel Chinese Language School. Address: 1A Ti Tzu Hutung, Pei Hsin Chiao, Peking.

Below: The splendid church at Chuchow, Kinwa District.



The Holy See Lishui Prefecture

ADDS TERRITORY

BY A DECREE of the Sacred Congregation "*de Propaganda Fide*" dated June 25, 1940, the Holy See has detached the District of Kinwa from the Vicariate of Hangchow, in Chekiang Province, China, and brought it under the jurisdiction of the Prefecture of Lishui, in charge of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

As will be noted from the map on this page, the new territory of Lishui Prefecture comprises a considerable section immediately to the north. Kinwa was one of six Districts which made up the Vicariate of Hangchow. Since 1932 Monsignor John Fraser, founder of China Mission Seminary, has been Superior at Kinwa. Working with him were five Chinese priests, and (since 1939), five priests of our Society.

THE ORGANIZATION

In view of the announcement above, it will be helpful to furnish our readers with a very brief outline of the organization of Catholic missions. Few phases of the activity of the Catholic Church are more highly organized or better-regulated than the work of the missions. It is directly planned and supervised from Rome, the capital of the Christian world. The Holy Father himself shoulders the responsibility for spreading the doctrine of Christ throughout the world, and he carries on this work through an executive department known as the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, one of eleven Congregations through which he governs the Church. This Congregation has the authority to perform "everything necessary and opportune" for preaching the Gospel and spreading the Faith in mission lands. Wherever the missionaries have penetrated there the authority of the Congregation reaches. From the headquarters in Rome it conducts the immense business of financing, organizing and supervising all mission activities. Its scope and the variety of its interests may thus be realized.

The Church follows a definite system of development in its efforts to bring the blessings of normal Catholic life to the cities and villages of the pagans. Before beginning the work of Christianizing a certain territory the Congregation begins by dividing it and marking off definite boundaries, usually corresponding to the territorial divisions of the civil government. Usually this new district is a section of an older mission, and when a

e Enlarges Prefecture

KINHWA DISTRICT

FROM THE most recent statistics to hand we quote that Kinhwa has eight subprefectures containing over two million inhabitants (pagans), over five thousand Catholics, fifteen hundred catechumens, and about 35 churches and chapels.

At present, Monsignor W. C. McGrath, the Prefect-Apostolic of Lishui, is doing campaign work in the United States. Very Rev. Leo M. Curtin, of Ottawa, is the Vicar-Delegate. The Vicar-Apostolic of Hangchow, to whom Kinhwa was formerly subject, is Most Reverend J. Georges Deymier, C.M. On July 2, 1931, the original Prefecture of Lishui was formed from territory detached from the Vicariate of Ningpo, whose Bishop is Most Reverend Andre Defebvre, C.M.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS

A definite start has been made by the pioneer missionaries who are sent there the new section is cut off from the original mission and made an *independent mission* under a priest who is called Superior of the Mission. If the development of the mission proceeds successfully the Congregation next makes the mission a *Prefecture Apostolic*. The priest in charge is called the Prefect Apostolic. The third stage is reached when the Prefecture is raised to the rank of a *Vicariate Apostolic*, and then the head of the Vicariate is always a Bishop as the Vicar Apostolic is the Pope's vicar. Sometimes the mission remains a Vicariate Apostolic for many years, but if progress is constant the territory will in time be made a *diocese* or even an *archdiocese*.

Since the Church in all its completeness and with every aid for its work must be introduced into mission lands, the superior must provide the machinery for a well-organized apostolate. He must establish missionary posts and stations, open schools, found orphanages, hospitals and dispensaries, provide all these with the appropriate staff, build chapels and churches and train a body of competent lay catechists.

The more efficiently the work of building and organizing is carried on the sooner will the missionary bishop realize his dream of a Catholic diocese. With the growth of the native clergy and native Religious Orders the mission begins to be a vital, self-sustaining unit. Normal Catholic life begins to flourish and then one more province of paganism has been won for the Cross.



Above is the fine church in the important city of Kinhwa, where Monsignor Fraser has resided since 1932. Names of other important centres in the District are Lanchi, Tungyang, Tanchi, and Yungkang.

Below are the five priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society who have laboured with Msgr. Fraser in Kinhwa since early in 1929. Left to right, seated with Msgr. Fraser, are Fathers Allan McRae (St. Raphael's, Ont.); Thomas Morrissey (North River, Nfld.); Standing are Fathers Lawrence McAuliffe (Peterboro, Ont.); John Kelly (Eganville, Ont.); and Lorne McFarland (Toronto, Ont.). As we go to press, word has reached us that Father McFarland has undergone an operation for appendicitis in Shanghai.



Apostolic Delegate, Formerly Himself on Papal Service in China, Addresses Moving Words of Farewell to China Missionaries

"MY LORDS, ARCHBISHOPS and Bishops, Rt. Rev. Monsignori, Rt. Rev. and Rev. Fathers, and missionaries, dearly beloved in Our Lord Jesus Christ:

"It is with a very lively emotion that I preside, this evening, at this inspiring ceremony of the departure of the new missionaries.

"I am among you not only as a Representative of the Holy Father, but also as an old friend of the China Seminary and the valiant missionaries whom I had the privilege of knowing in their apostolic field of labour, when I was attached to the Papal Delegation in China.

"In joining you to glorify, in such a touching manner, the Catholic Apostolate, I am particularly glad to express the profound appreciation of the Holy See for the splendid missionary work accomplished under the leadership of your venerable Bishops, with the generous co-operation of all of you.

"The China Seminary is one of the most glorious achievements of your spirit of Christian brotherhood, which leads you to assure, through these courageous apostles, the light of the Gospel to those who are still in the darkness of death.

"It is consoling to see that in this age of materialism and religious indifference, there are still generous souls consecrating the best of themselves, not for temporal interests, nor for political reasons or personal endeavours, but to enlighten new peoples in truth and justice and charity.

A MEMORY OF CHINA

"They are departing with the beacon of a divine light: the light of the Gospel, the light of Rome.

"While I was in China, in 1931, during the tremendous flood which destroyed immense regions, causing death to hundreds of thousands of people, I had the great joy to assist the poor victims by distributing to them the gifts of the paternal charity of the Holy Father.

"The Governor-General of Hankow was so touched by this thoughtful act, that he wished to express his feelings and those of his people in a tangible way. So he gave me an ivory tablet with golden engraved characters containing this poetic inscription: 'On the river of jade with the silver shores, the night has been as long as many centuries. The oldest dynasties of Chan and Chow have passed away,

and over the river appeared a bright star: it is the light of Rome that comes to enlighten us.'

"The pagan Governor of Hankow could not express more fittingly the apostolic work of our Catholic missionaries, spreading the teachings of the truth of the Gospel and the charity of God under the leadership of Rome.

"This evening, in the name of the Vicar of Christ, we are entrusting to these young missionaries the beacon of this inextinguishable light, and we repeat to them the words of Our Lord: 'You will be my witnesses' by the diffusion of your virtue, by your apostolic zeal and by the complete immolation of your life.

MEANING OF CRUCIFIX

"You have received this evening a Crucifix as a symbol of the Divine Mission which is entrusted to you, and you will take it with you in your apostolic peregrinations: it will be your mainstay in difficulty, your comfort in tribulation, your joy in sorrow. Christ will be the model of your life; and you, showing Christ to your faithful, can repeat: 'Be you my imitators as I am of Christ.'

"When I was in Spain, during the recent civil war, I met a young wounded soldier in a hospital. While I encouraged him with sympathetic words, he said: 'I would have liked to do more for my country and God. . . . At the beginning of the revolution, my saintly mother, with tears in her eyes, gave me a piece of cloth impregnated with blood, saying: it is the blood of your father, assassinated by the communists; be always worthy of him. I carried with me this treasure which inspired me to the most unselfish heroism, and sustained me in the most difficult engagements.'

"My dear young missionaries, you have received to-day from Holy Mother Church not a small piece of cloth impregnated with blood, but a priceless object, the Crucifix recalling to your mind the greatest sacrifice of history; that of the death of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by whose precious blood we are redeemed, and whose treasure you will distribute among the peoples where you are going to accomplish your mission.

"To-day the Church repeats to you: 'Be worthy of Him. . . .' Taking with you this priceless treasure, you will feel a new energy, transforming you into valiant soldiers of this holy, noble and saintly army to which you belong for ever. 'Go, and be the witnesses of Christ.'

"I wish to add a word for you who remain. You will witness the departure of these missionaries amidst the indifference of the world preoccupied with other battles, and ignoring these soldiers of the peaceful army of Christ. I will kiss for you their feet: those blessed feet of whom it is written: 'how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, of them that bring glad tidings of good things.'

PARENTS OF MISSIONARIES

"Fathers and mothers who have the honour of having given your children for the evangelization of the world, be proud and accept the deepest gratitude of the Church.

"In the name of God I add heartfelt thanks to all the pious benefactors who, by their prayers, and their generosity, have helped the China Seminary for the formation of these apostles. Be always the friends of the Missions, which are the work of God.

"Pius XI from the very beginning of his Pontificate pressing invited all the faithful to take an active part in this crusade, and to participate in the merits of the pioneers of truth and charity.

"That only one soul should be lost through our negligence; that only one missionary be unable to continue his work, due to the lack of help, what a responsibility for each and every one of us who has received the light of the Gospel and who is enjoying the benefits of Christ's redemption.

"It is inspiring to view the spectacle of a mother embracing her child leaving home to fight for his country. Her heart is broken by this separation, at the thought of death that might befall him: but at the same time she has a vision of triumph and glory which will accompany the name of a new hero of her country. To-day, at the departure of these soldiers of Christ, Holy Mother Church has only a vision of glory and triumph.

"Dear Missionaries, you may fall perhaps in an unknown place of the most abandoned mission of China; but your name will be written in the book of life. Your holy protector, Saint Francis Xavier, after a glorious and fruitful apostolate, died in a small and poor hut, abandoned by everybody except a faithful Chinese; but to-day his name is glorified everywhere. Under his protection may you accomplish your mission 'that the word of God may run and may be glorified through you.' Amen."



HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI
Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland

BISHOP DIGNAN'S SERMON

(Continued from page 9)

Yes, my dear brethren, there are those still living who fondly cherish the memory of the missionary priests of past generations, who left their native lands in the Old World, to organize the Catholic Church in our own beloved Ontario. Braving poverty and the hardships of pioneer life, they laid the foundations upon which rests the Church of this country. Oh how welcome were those missionary priests in the homes of the new settlers who perhaps had not seen a priest since they left the shores of Europe.

But to-night, my dearly beloved brethren, the scene is reversed from that of the early days and you have come to participate in this liturgic farewell to valiant young Canadian priests, who not only have heard the Master's voice, "*Come follow Me,*" but in whose ears He has also whispered the words "*Other sheep I have.*" "*Alias oves habeo.*" They are not leaving their native land in quest of adventure. Neither are they departing because the over-crowded ranks of the priesthood here leave no scope for their spiritual zeal.

THEIR VOCATION

Like Abraham of old they have heard the Divine command: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee."

They are the labourers whom the Lord of the Harvest is sending into His vineyard. They have heard His voice and hardened not their hearts. The subtle chains of worldly attractions they will set at naught to extend Christ's universal Reign.

Theirs is to be a highly specialized work in the Church of God, the plowing, so to speak, of the pioneer furrows. They must sacrifice things which men hold dear—their mother tongue and the culture in which they have been raised. They must adjust themselves to the ancient civilization they will encounter, respecting its dictates even to the extent of submerging their own traditions. To use the words of our Holy Father Pope Pius XII in his encyclical, "Summi Pontificatus:"

"The Church has repeatedly shown in her missionary enterprises that such a principle of action is the guiding star of her universal apostolate. All that in such usages and customs is not inseparably bound up with religious errors will always be subject to kindly consideration and when it is found possible shall be sponsored and developed."

PROTOTYPE

Assuredly this was the policy followed by one of the greatest missionaries of all times—St. Patrick. Despite the fact that he was not a native of the land he evangelized, no Saint was ever more closely bound up with a people than St. Patrick is bound up with Ireland. There is no other nation that possesses a

Patron-Saint so thoroughly national. This honour he owes not to accident or arbitrary choice nor to any trivial or extrinsic connection with that country. He owes it to the fact that he himself earned nobly the title—that Catholic Ireland is his work, his trophy, his triumph—that in Christ Jesus by the Gospel he has begotten it.

MISSIONARIES ALL

It may be permitted to put a comparative few to become missionaries of Christ in distant lands. But all may become missionaries by the suffrage of their prayers for the extension of God's Kingdom and by the alms which they may contribute to sustain those actually in the mission field.

Why are prayers necessary? Because a spiritual edifice can only be erected on a spiritual basis. Faith may come in a variety of ways, but it always remains the Gift of God. "*Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*" Without the sustaining force of prayer on the part of the missionaries abroad and their helpers at home, the work of winning souls would languish and fade.



MOST REV. RALPH H. DIGNAN, D.D.
Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

The roles of alms in building up the missions is fully realized by our devout Catholics. We appreciate the value of the corporal works of mercy, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked. Let us not forget the multitude who are spiritually famished and who thirst after Divine Faith, and aid our missionaries who are willing to act as our almoners in their regard.

Will the harvest of souls to be reaped by these future missionaries be great or small? God alone knows. Going forth

as they are in God's name, their reward will not depend upon the results achieved, but upon their willingness to become the pliant instruments in God's hands, for the salvation of souls. How consoling and reassuring, then, are the words of Holy Writ: "*Every one that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess Life Everlasting.*"

MEMORABLE SCENE

What a multitude of thoughts flash through our minds at such a solemn moment as this Departure Ceremony, graced, as it is, by the presence of His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, the personal representative of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, as well as other members of the hierarchy, numerous priests and a vast concourse of the laity. What thrills of emotion will well up in the hearts of fond parents and devoted friends as they witness the mission cross, the symbol of man's Redemption, bestowed upon those dear to them who will hear it henceforth as their sacred standard.

ITE

In the name, then, of Christ Himself, may they go forth with assurance and carry out His divine command of preaching the Gospel to every creature. May their years be many and their apostolate fruitful. May God sustain them and shower upon them an abundance of His choicest blessings. Amen.

POPE'S BROADCAST OCTOBER 19

To Be Heard Over Red Network and Columbia System

(By N.C.W.C. News Service).

New York—Pope Pius XII's message to North American peoples for the observance of Mission Sunday—October 20—will be broadcast direct from Vatican City and will be heard over the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company from 1.30 to 2 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, Saturday, October 19.

This was announced by Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, following the receipt of final details from Rome.

In addition to the Holy Father's discourse, this half-hour N.B.C. broadcast will include the Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, voicing thanks to Pope Pius XII for his message, and brief remarks by Monsignor McDonnell. The choir of Propaganda College in Rome will provide the music.

The Columbia Broadcasting System has announced its intention to pick up the Holy Father's address and broadcast it over its facilities in this country.

CHINA

The Widow's Mite

We can never lose consciousness of the fact that the blessings with which Divine Providence has favoured our work have been bestowed as a reward of the sacrifices made on our behalf by the poor and needy. Typical of many letters that come to us throughout the year are the following:

Written in a feeble hand came a letter recently from the West, including this: "please find enclosed two dollars for my back subscription to your dear CHINA. Sorry that I have so long neglected it, but my old husband and I only get . . . (sum mentioned, less than fifteen dollars) a month to live on. On the . . . (date) we celebrated our golden wedding. Our priest gave us a most loving and pleasant sermon at mass, and the choir was lovely. Friends gave us a few dollars, so I take the advantage of paying my debts. God bless you."

From a lady in the Maritimes we received this:

"I read your appeal for help for your new priests going to China. Let me assure you my heart and prayers are with them. I am enclosing 25 cents, almost the last penny I have, but it is for such a good cause I could not possibly refuse this money. Please say a prayer for my special intention."

The First "China"

In connection with the 21st anniversary of the publication of CHINA, it may interest our readers to recall the contents of the first issue in October, 1919, from Almonte, Ontario.

Father Fraser, the editor, detailed his efforts to enlist support for the new work at Almonte, and mentions the words of praise and approbation given by the then Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Pietro di Maria, and the Archbishop of Quebec, Cardinal Begin.

Letters of encouragement and good wishes are printed from the following members of the Canadian Hierarchy: Archbishops

"Oriental Bazaar" To Aid New Chinese Mission and Clinic

Announcement was made in a recent issue of CHINA that His Excellency, Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, had given full approbation to the establishment of a new mission for the Chinese in Toronto. Father Moriarty was recalled from Lishui to take charge of this mission. Already, a good deal of preliminary work has been done, and steps are being taken to have the mission in full activity very shortly. It is proposed to have at the mission a medical clinic for the benefit of the Chinese.

Friends of the Seminary will understand that in such an important work a fairly large amount of money will be necessary at the start. Fortunately, good friends have come forward and offered their services. The St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary, whose members have already done valuable work for us, have generously undertaken to raise the funds required for the proper establishment of this Chinese mission and clinic.

To this end, they are organizing an "Oriental Bazaar" to be held in Columbus Hall, Sherbourne St., Toronto, on November 11th. In connection with this Bazaar the Women's Auxiliary is sponsoring a Grand Drawing for prizes. Tickets are now in circulation, and if you are asked to help by buying these tickets may we ask you, please, to consider our urgent need for funds and help us all you can. We shall be most grateful for any assistance you give us.

McNeil, Toronto; Mathieu, Regina; Spratt, Kingston; Sinnott, Winnipeg; and the Archbishops of Halifax and Ottawa. Also Bishops Morrison, Antigonish; Ryan, Pembroke; Scollard, Sault Ste. Marie; Macdonell, Alexandria; Brunet, Mont-Laurier; O'Brien, Peterboro; Emard, Valleyfield; LaRocque, Sherbrooke; O'Leary, Charlottetown; McNally, Calgary; Dowling, Hamilton; Forbes, Joliette; Bernard, St. Hyacinth; and MacDonald, Victoria.

Letters are also quoted from the Very Reverend Superiors of St. Michael's College, Toronto; St. F. X. University, Antigonish; the Paulist Order in Toronto; the Director of the Propagation of the

Faith Society in Boston, Mass; and the Superior of the Irish Mission to China, Omaha, U.S.A.

Tributes are reproduced from *The Catholic Record*, *The Canadian Freeman*, and *America*.

The written Blessing given to Father Fraser in Rome by Pope Benedict XV is printed in Latin, with its English translation, and a photograph of the parchment is published, with small views of the Almonte house and the first students superimposed thereon.

Mission news items, and a long list of donations, ranging in amount from one thousand dollars to one dollar, including the *Catholic Record* Burse Fund, complete the issue.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Dear Boys and Girls:

By the time you read this, all of you will be well accustomed to the routine of school life after the long days of summer holidays. Your school societies will be organized for the term, and in full swing again. I want to ask the members of our Club to join wholeheartedly in all the efforts your class may be making for the benefit of the Missions. "Buds" of our "Rose Garden" should be the best missionaries in their school. Of course, I expect your interest to be shown especially by trying to have your classmates enrol as members of our Club. It will help them to be numbered amongst the many thousands of boys and girls in Canada and Newfoundland who have promised to go to Holy Communion once a month for the intention of Missionary Vocations, and to say every day the prayer for the Conversion of Infidels. If you have not a copy of that prayer, copy it from this page and learn it by heart. It was the favourite prayer of St. Francis Xavier, the great Patron of Missionaries.

Many of you now have brothers in the Canadian Army and Air Force. Naturally, you are interested in what these brothers of yours are doing, and I am sure you pray for them every day that they may be safe from danger. The missionaries are engaged in a war, too. A different kind of war, it is true, but one in which there are many dangers, and they need your prayers just as the soldiers do. Our home-army of little missionaries must get right into the fight to make sure our Soldiers of Christ win the victory over the enemy of souls. Nobody can be a "slacker." God always answers the prayers of innocent young hearts—but you must not neglect the prayers which are needed so badly now.

Your friend,

FATHER JIM.

Edited by Father Jim



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

A SHORT LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

1873

CHAPTER TWO

1897

After her First Communion, Teresa felt an insatiable hunger for this heavenly food and, as if by divine inspiration, besought Jesus to turn all earthly consolation into bitterness for her. Thereafter she was aglow with a most tender love for Christ the Lord, and the Church. She desired with all her heart to enter the Order of Discalced Carmelites, that by self-abnegation and self-sacrifice she might help priests, missionaries and the whole Church and gain innumerable souls to Jesus Christ: all of which at the point of death she promised she would obtain from God.

Her extreme youth was the source of many difficulties for her entrance into the religious life but she overcame them by her incredible strength of soul, and happily entered the Carmel of Lisieux at the age of fifteen. There God disposed the heart of Teresa in a wonderful manner to ascend to Him by steps and by imitating the hidden life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Like a well-watered garden she bloomed with flowers of every virtue but above all in her very great love for God and her neighbour.

(To be continued next month)

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY BY "BUDS"

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

When a seminarian called at 407 Albert St., Sault Ste. Marie, this Summer, collecting subscriptions for CHINA he was given a "life" subscription. Not to be outdone, young Donnie Stephens proudly handed over to the seminarian his mite-box collections for the year, \$2.62. Nice going, Donnie.

Bill Hall, writing for Senior 4th Class at Corpus Christi School, Toronto, asked for ten extra copies of CHINA, and 25 mite-boxes. It certainly looks as if Corpus Christi means business again this year. The pupils there have always been right on the job when it comes to helping the missions.

The Mission Crusade Unit at Preston, Ontario, gave a very beautiful spiritual bouquet to Father Diemert before he sailed for China, and presented him with a nicely-done membership card making him an honorary member of their Unit. On several occasions this active Unit has invited priests from China Mission Seminary to speak to them on the missions. They are bound to have a banner mission year in 1941, because working in their St. Clement's Parish is one of

our priests who had been in China for some time, Father P. J. Moore. Father Diemert told "Father Jim" he was highly pleased to have a Crusade Unit from his own Diocese of Hamilton adopt him as "their missionary."

Patricia Toner, writing for a group of Children of Mary, from Pembroke, Ont., asked us to choose a priest in China to be adopted by the Sodality. The young ladies expressed their intention of making articles for their adopted missionary, such as altar-linens, etc. "Father Jim" was only too pleased to offer some advice, and thanks the Pembroke Sodality for their nice letter.

Arnold White, of Burin, Nfld., wrote a swell letter telling about holiday activities. Part of the letter we quote: "We had a lovely children's concert, at which I sang 'Old Black Joe'. . . . We had a picnic given us by Father Collins, our pastor. The ride in the motorboat, and the picnic gave us a very enjoyable day. Later, came the parish garden party. Soon all the fun will be over, and we will be hustling back to school, but that does not

worry me, as here at Burin all of us like school and have the chance to play many games." Arnold ended up by sending the names of the following new "Buds": Mary, Kathleen and Theresa Hanton; Leo and Kitty Fleming; Patricia and Adel Heneberry; Clement, Patrick and Bernadette White. Thanks, Arnold. Certificates will be sent the new members.

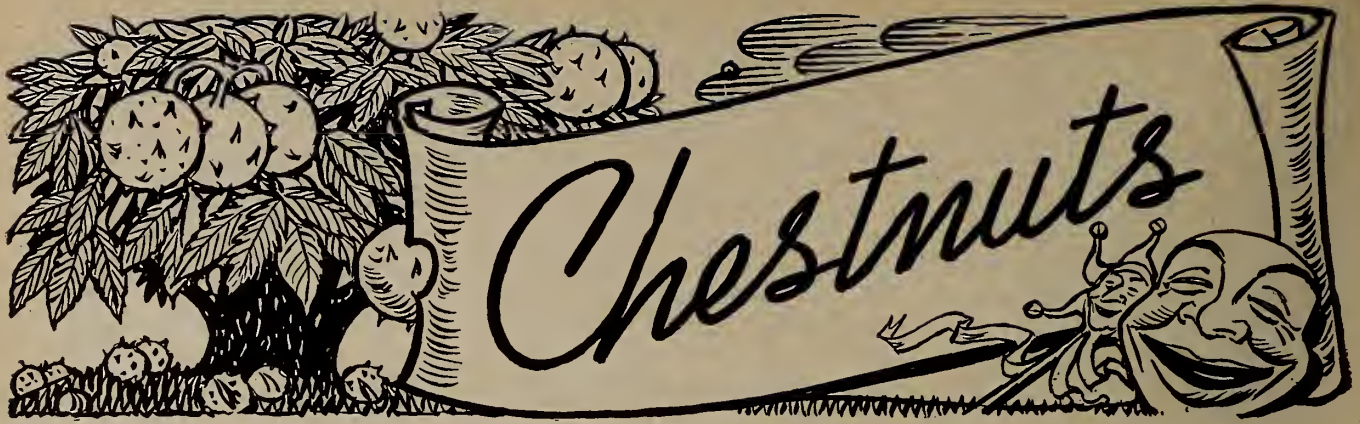
In the June issue, pictures of the Boys at Holy Cross School, St. John's, Nfld., were featured. They richly deserved their photographic introduction to the members of our Club. Here's a letter from George Glynn, Secretary of the Mission Club at Holy Cross, received during the holidays:

"The enclosed gift of \$35.00 is to help you and your fellow-workers in forwarding the cause to which the missionaries are devoting their lives. With the untiring encouragement of the Christian Brothers, and the co-operation of all the boys, our Mission Committee has succeeded in collecting the above amount as our final effort before school-closing.

"Best wishes for continued success for the Missions."



The receipt of the picture of Grade IX Girls at Immaculate Conception Convent, Pembroke, Ont. reminded Father Jim that in his files were yet unpublished photos of the 1938 and the 1939 pupils of the same Class. So now we present them all together—graduates as well as present-day Grade Niners. Top, right, 1940; lower, right, 1939; both groups at left, 1938.



A lady who had been away on a visit, was expected home on the seven o'clock train. Her husband was waiting at the station when a telegram was handed to him: "Missed train; will start at the same time to-morrow. Margaret."

The husband was very logical; he immediately despatched a reply: "If you start at the same time to-morrow, you will miss your train again."

A country woman went to the barracks to see her son, who had joined up some time, and as his name was Smith it was difficult to locate him. The sergeant on guard said to the woman:

"There's a Smith in the officer's mess. I wonder if that's him?"

"Yes, that's 'im," said the woman.

"Why, what makes you think so?" said the sergeant.

"Well," said the woman, "e was always in some mess or another when he was at 'ome, so it's 'im right enough."

A teacher whose spelling's unique Thus wrote down the days of the wique:

The first he spelt "Sonday."

The second day "Munday."

And now a new teacher they sique!

"So you and your neighbour are not on speaking terms?"

"No, all diplomatic relations are suspended."

"How did it happen?"

"My neighbour sent me a can of oil to use on my lawn-mower when I started to cut the grass at 6 a.m."

"What did you do about it?"

"I sent it back and told him to use it on his wife when she started to sing at 11 p.m."

Even when the fighting was hottest, the colonel of an Irish regiment noticed that one of the privates was following him everywhere, with apparently much devotion.

At length he called the man to him and said: "You've stuck to me well this day, Private Rooney."

"Yis, sor," replied Rooney, saluting smartly. "Me ould mother she sez to me, sez she: 'Patrick, me boy, stick to the colonel, and ye'll be all right; them colonels nivir git burt'."

"What do you do?"

"I keep house, scrub, scour, bake, wash dishes, cook, do the laundry, iron, sew."

And the census taker listed her: "Housekeeper—no occupation."

Sonny: "Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps a doctor away?"

Mother: "Yes, that's what they say."

Sonny: "Then I have kept ten of them away to-day, but I think you'll have to call one of them at once."

The minister of war is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in barracks.

A blizzard is the inside of a duck.

Polonius was a mythical sausage.

The king wore a scarlet robe, trimmed in vermin.

A soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels.

A fissure is a man who fishes.

MacDonald: "That's a poor blade you've got on your safety razor, Sandy?"

MacTavish: "Well, it was good enough for my father, and it's good enough for me."

Customer: "Have you any four-volt, two-watt bulbs?"

Clerk: "For what?"

Customer: "No, two."

Clerk: "Two what?"

Customer: "Yes."

Mr. Painter was painting Mr. Wright's name over his shop. And he had spelt it "Right". "Oh!" cried Mr. Wright, "You shouldn't write 'Right'; that's the wrong 'Wright'. Write 'Wright' right, because 'Right's' wrong."

Pat went to England to spend his holidays. Once settled in his lodgings he placed a full bottle of Scotch whiskey in the cupboard. After a few days he discovered that the whiskey was disappearing rapidly. Calling the landlady he enquired about it, and she cried indignantly: "Me take your whiskey? Not likely. Remember, I come of good English parentage."

"Sure," said Pat, "I'm not concerned about your English parentage, it's your Scotch extraction I'm asking about."

On hearing a report that the shocking condition of the firemen's hose had resulted in the destruction of a large amount of property, a woman sat up all night darning her husband's socks.

"I'll have you know, Madam," said the grocer, "that for many years my reputation has rested on my cheese."

Madam: "If it's anything like the cheese you sold me your reputation rests on a very strong foundation."

Tenderfoot: "What does 'knows no bounds' mean?"

Trooper: "A kangaroo with rheumatism, my lad."

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pig-sty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. You think jest because I'm from the country . . ."

Disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum. Get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

A lady brought her little boy to school on opening day and said to the teacher: "Little Bernie is so delicate. If he is bad—and sometimes he is—just whip the boy next to him; that will frighten him and make him behave."

A shortsighted old lady entered a large curio shop, and, after pottering around for a while, asked an assistant, "How much is that big Japanese idol by the door worth?" "A great deal," replied the assistant; "that's the proprietor."

Boss—"Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy—"Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

"My florist certainly believes in his slogan 'Say it with flowers'."

"How do you mean?"

"He sends a bunch of forget-me-nots with his bill."

Nurse — "Have you ever run a temperature?"

Patient — "No, but I've driven most every other kind of car."

THE HOLY FATHER CALLS US TO THE COLORS



The soldiers of "Christ's Foreign Legion" — our heroic missionaries — are on the firing lines.

We can enlist in this war against the powers of darkness — and assist our gallant soldiers at the front — by joining

**THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION
OF THE FAITH**

PRAY AND GIVE

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Pledges Himself or Herself—**

1. To recite daily for the Missions ONE OUR FATHER and ONE HAIL MARY with the invocation: ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, PRAY FOR US.
 2. To make a contribution to the funds of the Society.
- 60 cts. a year—ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.
- \$1.00 a year — ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP, PLUS OUR MISSION PAPER, "THE ANNALS."
- \$6.00 a year—SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP, with the right to enrol NINE OTHER MEMBERS, living or dead.
- \$40.00—PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP, with the spiritual privileges of the Society in PERPETUITY.
- DECEASED PERSONS may be enrolled by their friends, as ASSOCIATE, SPECIAL or PERPETUAL members.

MISSION SUNDAY OCTOBER 20th

is the day set by the Pope for all Catholics to contribute to the Catholic Missions. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is a universal society giving aid to all Catholic Missions everywhere in the world.



**JOIN THE SOCIETY
ON MISSION SUNDAY**

In Addition to Numerous Partial Indulgences

ALL MEMBERS SHARE—in 15,000 MASSES offered each year by the missionary priests.

—in all the PRAYERS and GOOD WORKS of 5,000 MISSIONARY BROTHERS, and 45,000 MISSIONARY SISTERS.

—in the heartfelt prayers of EVERY CONVERT and RESCUED ORPHAN, as they kneel before GOD'S ALTAR IN PAGAN LANDS.

IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER — ENROL AT ONCE, AND PRACTISE, IN ITS HIGHEST FORM, THE VIRTUE OF CHARITY TOWARDS GOD, YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOURSELF.

CONSULT — YOUR PARISH PRIEST, YOUR DIOCESAN DIRECTOR, or write

VERY REV. WILLIAM T. DAVIS, D.D.
National Director

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Seven priests are now on their way to China from the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs.

Approximately three hundred dollars for railway and ocean travel fares for each missionary means a total of two thousand one hundred dollars.

If everyone helps just a little the sum needed will be realized.

Will you help, please?

Send your offering for the 1940 Mission Travel Fund to:

St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



CHINA

NATIONAL MISSION MONTHLY



Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.

November 1940

Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Privileges of Benefactors :*

1. They share in all the Masses and prayers offered by our priests and students.
2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.
3. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.
4. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Bouquets

TO MRS. T. H. HAY, of Regina, Past National President of the Catholic Women's League in Canada, on receiving the Pontifical decoration "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice", a signal hour for her meritorious work of leadership and self-sacrifice. Mrs. Hay is the first woman to receive a Papal decoration in Saskatchewan.

* * *

TO REV. RICHARD DOBELL, M.A., Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, on his election to the Vice-Presidency of the Catholic Biblical Association of America during the fourth general meeting of the Association recently held in Toronto.

* * *

TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS on the observance of the fourth centenary of its Founding. The glorious motto of the Society is "For the Greater Glory of God". The past 400 years have found the members of St. Ignatius Loyola's Order always to the front in all that concerns the advancement of Religion. To-day, the Jesuits contribute almost more than any other Order to the Mission personnel of the Church. The roll of Saints developed in the Order proudly includes the Patron of all Missionaries, St. Francis Xavier.

* * *

TO THE GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL on the completion of one hundred years of service in the educating of students for the Holy Priesthood. The Gentlemen of St. Sulpice have done more than any other body of men to Catholicize this Continent. Their Montreal Seminary, in its first hundred years, has ordained 7,529 priests. Of these, 83 became members of the Hierarchy. They included 50 Bishops in Canada, 27 in the United States, and 6 Vicars Apostolic in foreign mission fields. At present, under the Superiorship of Very Rev. Rosario Lesieur, P.S.S., there are 14 regular, and 18 special, professors teaching 15 subjects to 300 students at the Seminary.

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NOVEMBER

VOL. XXI

CHINA

Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

1940

NO. 9

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Jubilarian

It gives CHINA much pleasure to add its words of greeting and felicitations to Rev. Father George Daly, an illustrious member of the great Redemptorist order in Canada, who, last month, celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a priest.

Many are the claims that Father Daly has on the affection and admiration of all Canadian Catholics. Scarcely any priest in Canada is more widely-known for his work in Retreats, in the Confessional, in bringing spiritual and material comforts to suffering members of the flock in far-flung sections of the Dominion. His has been a rich experience in important posts of his Order. While serving as rector of the Cathedral in Regina, the needs of the Western Missions made such an impression on him

that he resolved to take steps to solve the great problem. His establishment of the Sisters of Service was the notable contribution this ever-active apostle made to the advance of the Faith in our country.

As fellow-missionaries, we of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society pay tribute to Father Daly, the Jubilarian, and the Inspirer of a magnificent Home-Mission organization whose activities even now are the glory of the Canadian Church. Fifty Golden Years of Priesthood! May the Lord of the Harvest spare Father Daly for many more years of zealous work for the spread of the Faith in our country. Our sincere congratulations, Father—with our prayers for you, and our gratitude for your contribution to Canadian Missions.

Items of Interest

Our New Missionaries

Six of our priests who sailed from Vancouver early in October reached Yokohama, Japan, on the *Empress of Asia* October 16th. From that city they will travel overland through Japan and then take a boat to Peking, in North China, where they will spend at least one year in the study of the Chinese (Mandarin) language.

Our Scarboro priests will have their own House of Studies at Peking, with Father Michael Carey, of Newfoundland, in charge. (Fr. Carey studied at Peking last year.) They will attend classes at the Chabanel Language School. The following priests will be at Peking this year: Fathers Carey, Pinfold, White, G. Stringer, McQuaid, MacSween, J. Murphy, Clement, Diemert and Maloney. Their address is: Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, 44A South Huang Ch'eng Ken, Outside Hsi An Men, Peking, China.

Honoured

From an article by Charles G. Nearing in the *Gloucester Bay Gazette* we learn that our Father Harvey Steele, now in Lishui, China, has been honoured by having his name identified with one of the Housing Groups which are bringing fame to Nova Scotia as the centre of projects for the betterment of living conditions for the people. Fr. Steele, before going to China, worked in his own parish of Dominion, N.S., for more than a year as assistant to Rev. Charles Macdonald, P.P.

In September, the "Steele Co-operative Housing Corporation" officially opened Villa Nova, a village of 14 houses at Dominion, N.S., built by their owners under the Nova Scotia Housing Act. Mr. Nearing writes:

"With the wholehearted co-operation of the St. F. X. University Extension Department, Antigonish, and under the leadership of Rev. Harvey Steele (after whom the Corporation is named), these men began to study ways and means of improving their living conditions and furnishing themselves with new homes for their families."

Those Who Stay Behind

To the Parents of Departing Missionaries

"Great though our tribute be to those who go, greater still must be our homage to the dear ones who stay behind, and especially to the ageing fathers and mothers of these boys. It is not unlikely that a Missionary career was not the life they had dreamed of for their sons. Perhaps they dreamt that their lads would be near them in their last hour. Is it hard to sympathize with the first shock at contrary news? The Recording Angel alone knows the unseen tears, the heartbreak and the final triumph of Faith. Spare a prayer, then, for the Mothers and Fathers of the Missionaries who go."



DIES IN CHINA

A cablegram to the Seminary on Oct. 30th announced the death of Rev. Aaron C. Gignac in Wenchow, China, following an operation for appendicitis.

Father Gignac was ordained in 1929. He returned to China, after a year's furlough at home, in June, 1939, and has since filled the important post of Mission Procurator at Lishui.

The deceased priest is the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Elmer Gignac, now of Tillsonburg, Ont. To the sorrowing family we offer our heartfelt sympathy, and we beg the prayers of our readers for the repose of Father Gignac's soul.

More extended reference will be made in the next issue of CHINA.

R.I.P.

Farewells

Before leaving for China, the members of our 1940 Mission Band were given individual "farewells" by various Parish units and organizations. On behalf of our missionaries, CHINA takes this opportunity to publicly thank the Pastors, and the various Societies and units in the missionaries' home Parishes and in Parishes where our priests had served at Diocesan work, for the very splendid testimonials and presentations, all of which were a distinct encouragement to the young men leaving for the missions, and an evidence of the deep interest the "people at home" have in their welfare. Our priests will endeavour to prove worthy of the fine compliments given them, and we have no doubt that the friends they've "left behind" will continue to follow their careers with prayerful interest. We avail ourselves of this opportunity, too, to thank all those who made such generous sacrifices to contribute to our 1940 "Travel Fund".

Tribute

The National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Very Rev. W. T. Davis, D.D., writing in *"The Annals"* about his goodwill tour of the Western Canadian Dioceses this past Summer, has this to say about our Chinese Mission in Vancouver:

"This summary of my tour would not be complete without adding a word on my visit to the China Mission at Vancouver, B.C. I found wonderful improvements had been made since my last visit, four years ago. What was formerly the kindergarten school is now converted into a respectable-looking church, thus replacing the living-room in the house that was hitherto used for services, while a substantial four-room school, neatly designed, and properly furnished, houses the children who follow the regular school courses given by the Grey Nuns of Pembroke. Father Hugh Sharkey, the Pastor, deserves the congratulations of all his well-wishers, and certainly merits whatever support we are able to give him. I learned this lesson from my conversations with the Chinese, young and old,—these people are docile, respond easily to kindness, which they never forget, and I came away thinking, 'If the Church had an army of missionary Priests and Sisters to send to China itself, and sufficient funds to enable them to carry out their work, it could convert China to the Faith to-morrow.'"

CHINA

CHINESE ATTITUDES

AS ALL readers of CHINA know, Chinese politeness demands the belittling of self. We must not take this external belittling too seriously; they don't themselves. Let a man be as proud as Lucifer in his heart, but as long as he presents a lowly-worm exterior, then all is well. Poor doctrine, certainly. But not nearly as bad as it looks at first sight. For two things we must remember: first, this doctrine is a product of ages of paganism, and as such it speaks very well of the Chinese people, and is one of the reasons why they have survived down to the present day as a distinct race with a relatively high culture. Had they shown less self-effacement and mutual tolerance, even if only external, they might long ago have destroyed themselves as a nation.

The second thing we are to remember is the unbelievable crowding and congestion in China where one rubs elbows with his neighbour all the day long and every day, where only on the barren mountain tops may one find solitude, and sometimes not even there. When a race is as numerous as that, they are forced to devise a sure plan whereby human relations can be carried out as smoothly as possible. Constant friction will start a fire, and the Chinese don't like fires any more than anybody else. But apart from Christianity in blossom there is only this plan of mutual agreement that everyone at least externally should make little of himself, his talents and his possessions—externally because that is as far as the average pagan mind can see, and besides it is enough to suit their materialistic purpose. There is no gainsaying that in this they show the wisdom of their generation.

THUS IT IS that we are bound by Chinese convention always to refer to Canada as the "lowly" country, and to China as the "honourable" country. Likewise, the Chinese will call Canada the honourable country and always refer to their own as the lowly coun-

Father Lyons, of Calgary, Alta., went to China in 1938. He spent last year in Peking, studying the Chinese language.



REV. E.
LYONS

try. This external method of self-effacement is carried into every department of life, and the convention must be observed mutually by all in regard to one's name, district, home, and even to one's relatives. Speaking to a Chinese of his son, one would ask his age thus: "What is the honourable age of the virtuous glory?" And the answer would come back, "The little pup is only thirty-seven". Again, instead of settling all arguments by bluntly coming out with "I think—" the Chinese will say, "The ridiculous opinion is such-and-such—". Their etiquette demands the constant praising of one's neighbours (to his face only, of course), and on the receiving end it is never lawful to accept a compliment, but every word of praise must be emphatically denied, word for word.

If it is hypocrisy with a purpose it is, nevertheless, hypocrisy, and does prove very annoying to us at times, for we of North America, even more so than Europeans, appreciate and delight in frankness and straightforwardness. However, that is fatal in China, and to overlook one of the rules means "face" lost, with no knowing when it will be recovered. To be absolutely rash and actively oppose these conventions is no more than social suicide, and the loss of "face" which you are then made to feel by the Chinese race at large as a suitable punishment for your crime against their society is practically irreparable.

A little patience and one soon becomes accustomed to these rules,

and in a very short time the observance of them becomes even a positive pleasure. Just the same, to this we would all naturally prefer the more solid and far more beautiful Christian way.

The Chinese are much like the Jews of old; when the day arrives when we can convince the majority of them that we have not come to destroy their ancient customs and usages but rather to complete and perfect them and give them a lot more besides, then shall we be able to dispense with this legalized hypocrisy, if we may call it that.

LET US CONSIDER the attitude of the Chinese towards money. They think it is a very nice thing to have. Well, who doesn't? But at the same time the Chinese conviction on this subject goes a lot deeper than ours. Thank God there are still limits to our worship of money, but the Chinese race, which has endured through centuries of paganism, during which time it has suffered cruel famines and every sort of national calamity, is convinced that the sweetest thing this side of the grave is a well-filled belly. But that requires money, as the other less fundamental but very necessary things like clothing, shelter and station in life likewise do. So money rules over all, and there isn't anything you can't buy in China if you have the money. They are pagans, but they are shrewd, hard-headed pagans, and such thinking habits of centuries are not easily thrown off.

(Continued on page 13)

By
REV.
EDWARD
MORIARTY



The author (with hand to helmet) and Fr. Reeves with catechists, teachers, and pupils at Sungyang Mission.

SEE FOR YOURSELF

IT HAD BEEN rumoured for some time in one of our missions that the civil authorities were not at all favourably disposed towards the work which the Church was carrying out in the district.

We learned that the inhabitants of the town had been warned by their leaders to have nothing whatever to do with the Catholic Mission.

It was reported that the very polite invitations which had been sent out on the occasions of big functions had been refused because those who sat in high places did not wish to give the mission a share in the "big face" which, to the Oriental mind, especially, would be the portion of one who entertained such worthy guests.

We understood, too, that there must have been something in all such rumours, especially when our Sisters had been hindered by the authorities from carrying out one of their greatest works of charity in the town; for they had been politely informed that it would be appreciated if their visits to the sick in the prisons would be discontinued. Rather unusual, however, was the way in which the matter was finally brought to headquarters, making us realize that *It was so and so*.

"Never say We learn so and so, or It is reported, or We understand so and so, but go to headquarters and get the absolute facts, and then speak out and say, It IS so and so".

Such is the advice that has been left to us by Mark Twain in treating of the question of rumours, and although we cannot at all times take advantage of this advice in practice, yet it did find its fulfilment in the following story.

It took nothing less than an air-raid alarm to bring the mission into direct contact with the town's headquarters, and then the "absolute facts" were brought to light.

ONE OF THE servants at the mission had been unfortunate enough to set off a small fire-cracker after the air-alarm bell had sounded, and his action, of course, trespassed the law which urged everyone to maintain all possible silence and calm during the critical periods when air raids were in progress. In due time he was summoned to headquarters and the question of his offence was finally settled by the imposition of a determined fine.

But the interview did not end there; for now that one who was so intimately connected with the

working of the mission was in their power, the authorities had a very opportune occasion to inquire diligently into the doings of the foreigners. The servant was a good Christian, and he determined that no words of his questioners were to frighten him. He calmly replied to all their queries, and asserted again and again, in spite of the efforts to make him declare otherwise, that the priests and Sisters had no other ambitions than to do everything they could to alleviate the sufferings of the people of the town by caring for their bodily ailments; and by offering them the truths of Christianity they hoped to care for the more serious ailments which are the unhappy lot of a Pagan soul.

The servant was only a young lad, and we cannot think of his behaviour on this trying occasion without crediting him with the highest praise, especially when we know that he told them they could do what they liked with himself. He was willing, as his words showed, to accept any punishment in testimony of the truth of his words, and as an appreciation of the gift of Faith which had been given to him. We like to think, too, that on this occasion there were some present who experienced somewhat

the same amazement at his answers as the hearers of the boy Jesus felt within themselves as He answered the learned doctors of the law.

At length the period of questioning was over, and the servant, having paid his fine, returned to the mission to bring full details of all that had transpired, which left no doubt as to the suspicion with which the authorities regarded the "T'ien Chu T'ang" (Catholic Mission).

AS TIME WENT ON, the mission personnel found very little time to be bothered by the displeasure of the officials. The new dispensary had been recently opened, and the number of patients coming for treatment, not to speak of the soldiers who were always most eager to receive relief from their various ailments, soon made it very evident to all in the town that the work of the mission was a good one.

Of course, in spite of opposition, every endeavour was put forward to cultivate the friendship of the authorities, but it was very much of a surprise when, one day, a messenger appeared at the Convent presenting the compliments of the Mandarin, and earnestly requesting the Sisters to come and care for his niece.

No time was lost in answering the request and when Sister arrived on the scene she was ushered into the presence of a young girl whose life was wasting away in the last stages of consumption. No doubt, every local remedy had already been tried before Sister was summoned, but that did not prevent her from doing what she could to relieve her patient, nor from suggesting that the sick girl be moved to a little country place not far from the outskirts of the city, where conditions were much more suitable for a consumptive. Her suggestion was followed, and from that time on the good Sister spared no effort to do what she could for her patient, even though it did mean a long walk to the country every time she went to visit her.

It was soon very evident, however, that there was very little hope of saving the girl, and now every effort was made to prepare her for

what is always so vital a concern to the Catholic missionary when dealing with the soul of a pagan — the question of eternal salvation.

The dying girl showed herself well disposed to the instructions in Catholic Doctrine and although the Sister did not expect her patient to die so soon, still the consolation derived from knowing that she departed this life a child of God through Baptism amply repaid the sacrifices and prayers which were offered on behalf of the Mandarin's niece.

On the very morning that Sister went out to be informed that her patient had passed from her hands to God's, she was greeted by none other than the Mandarin himself, who came forward and offered his greetings in a very friendly way. He stated that he had felt from the first that there was very little hope of recovery, and he thanked the Sister for doing everything possible to save the girl. His manner left no doubt of how he had been impressed, and how his prejudice had disappeared, as all prejudice must in the face of that Christ-like charity which prompts every missionary priest and Sister to give their

all for God and souls. In conclusion to his words of gratitude, he expressed the sincere wish that his wife, who was now ailing, be put under the care of the Sisters.

SUCH IS THE simple story of how yet another soul was won for Christ, and how the Charity of Christ was made to undermine the foundations of what seemed to be an insurmountable wall of prejudice. In the face of such *absolute facts*, we do not have to sit and ponder when *it is reported* that the work of the Church in Mission lands is so important; or when *we have learned* that our interest in the work of the spreading of Christ's Kingdom is so very praiseworthy; or when *we understand* that prayer and sacrifice on behalf of the missions are constantly reaping a rich reward. For we know with certainty that *it is so and so*, as is clearly shown from the records kept at headquarters by those whose privilege it is to spend their lives so that the light of the Divine Missionary will not cease to shine for those who still "sit in the darkness and in the shadow of death."

Read This:-

October 3rd, 1940.

Dear Monsignor McRae:

Please accept the enclosed cheque for Three Hundred Dollars to be applied exclusively for the education and support of students for the Chinese Missions.

This is a legacy I had provided for your Seminary in my Will a considerable time ago, but as I have not been lucky enough to die and go to Heaven yet, I thought I would just take it off my Will and send it to you with the hope that you may find it as useful now as later on.

Wishing you every success in your good work and asking a remembrance in the prayers of your students for myself and all my family, I remain,

Yours truly,

It May Be

that you are in a position to give us a helping hand by a large donation, but are deciding to wait and leave it to us in your Will. That is good, but may we remind you that our need at the present time is very urgent, and that by remembering our work now you will make sure that your good intentions will not be interfered with after your death through legal technicalities, and that we will benefit to the extent you desire without surrendering a large portion of your intended gift in Succession Duties. The gentleman from Ontario who wrote us the above letter had the right idea.

Editorial

THE CALL OF THE MISSIONS

WITH THE PASSING of another "Mission Sunday" we have drawn a step nearer the happy day when all Catholics in our country will be familiar with the subject of Catholic Missions. There can be no doubt that the publicity given to the Missions from the pulpits throughout the land on Mission Sunday is steadily having its effect in forming the mission-consciousness of our generation.

Nothing has so much served to emphasize the importance of Mission Sunday as the fact that the Pope himself considered it an occasion to visit us, almost personally—to come right into our homes, into our living rooms, and bring the message of the Missions right home to us in living words. (The text of his broadcast is printed on pages 10-11). It makes us aware, at least, of the earnest desire of the Church that all her faithful children should be well informed concerning her missionary character.

We feel that we are not understating the situation when we say that most of us know very little about our Missions, their scope, their importance, their needs, and our corresponding duties and obligations towards the Missions. It was the object of the "Mission Sunday" observance to bring to the notice of the faithful throughout the length and breadth of Christendom the work that is being done by missionaries everywhere, and to impress upon us all the gigantic task that yet lies ahead before the world is won for its Divine King and Lord.

TO PERFECT this crusade of knowledge of the Missions, and to gather the necessary material support, the late Pope Pius XI chose three Societies which he designated as his very own, and dignified them by naming them his official Pontifical Mission-Aid Societies. These three are: *the Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, *the Holy Childhood Association*, and *the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy*. Each is working mightily to forward the advance of the Church in her God-given task to bring the message of the Gospel to all the world. These Pontifical Mission-Aid Societies have first claim on the generosity of Catholics when it is a question of giving support and aid to the Missions. Only after their appeals have been answered do the individual organizations engaged in mission activities expect attention. In making this clear we are only following the directions of the *Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide*, which is the "Head Office" directing from Rome the vast mission enterprise of the whole Church. It would be an ideal situation if every adult Catholic in Canada were a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, every young person enrolled in the Holy Childhood Association,

and all doing their utmost to support the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy.

In addition to the Pontifical Mission-Aid Societies there are numerous Institutes, Societies, and Religious Orders who are contributing personnel and money to the task of converting the world. All taken together represent the vast machinery of missionary organization in action. The purpose of each unit is to contribute its modicum of mission information, to awaken mission interest, and to solicit mission support. Each in its own way is doing its utmost to win souls for Christ.

IT IS CHINA's big task—and humbly we say it—to help keep before the minds of Catholics in Canada and Newfoundland the efforts of foreign missionaries and their crying need for more helpers in the Field Afar and more generous support from Catholics "at home". It may be too much to expect that there will come a day when such "propaganda" as we are privileged to assist in will be entirely unnecessary; too much to expect that a time will come when Catholics everywhere will regard assistance to the Foreign Missions as a natural consequence of their own possession of Faith. We must go on month after month pleading the cause of the missions and trying to awaken in the hearts of our people an understanding sympathy for the plight of hundreds of millions of fellow human-beings who are without the knowledge that leads to salvation. What a consoling thing it would be if every day in the year could be termed a "Mission Day" for all of us as far as our circumstances permit.

We must sadly admit that far too many Catholics are lacking in interest and charity towards their brethren who are wandering far from God; they forget that Christ their Saviour is to be served in His desolate ones, especially in the souls that are most abandoned on earth—the wandering sheep of paganism. They fail to realize the depth of the agony which rent the Sacred Heart of Jesus as He hung on a cross bleeding and dying for the souls of men. They read and hear of the thousands of souls who die in pagan lands every day without ever knowing the One True God, and the figures have no meaning for them.

Yes, there are too many Catholics who go their way forgetting that those abandoned souls have a claim upon them on every ground on which they themselves hope for life eternal through Christ. In China alone there are almost half a billion pagans—suffering, heavily-laden human souls. Men and women and children, living and dying ignorant of the means of salvation—and too many of us go our way, forgetting. Let the message of the recent "Mission Sunday" be taken to heart by all.



The above photograph was taken early this year as the Mission of Lungchuan celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Sister Julitta, Superior of the Grey Nuns in our District. The new Convent of the Holy Cross, built by Fr. Venadam (centre) at Lungchuan has three sisters: Sr. Mary (Superior), Sr. St. Martin, and Sr. St. Kenneth. In centre (rear) is the Jubilarian, and at left is Sr. Genevieve from Lishui. The priests with Fr. Venadam are Frs. Gignac (Procurator at Lishui) and MacIntosh.

OUR WORK HERE in Lungchuan is very much the same as in Lishui. Here, too, one comes across the same diseases and misery. Poison cases are no exception. This reminds me of one day in Lishui, on arriving at the convent after an exceptionally busy morning in the dispensary we were greeted with "Whoa Tien". (The Chinese equivalent of "Oh, Heavens!") "Sisters, come quickly, my wife took poison about a half an hour ago and is dying." This from a rickshaw coolie who lived a couple of blocks up the street. In a few minutes we were on the way with the necessary articles in a medicine kit. Arriving at the house we found the poor woman lying on a heap of ashes beside the kitchen stove, with broken crockery all around her. (The smashing of crockery is a superstitious practice performed when a person is dying.) She was unconscious, so I quickly administered a stimulant by hypodermic.

She seemed beyond human aid, and in desperation I turned to Sister Mary who was looking on, "Are you praying, Sister?" Yes, Sister had already asked the "Little Rose of China" to help us out. Much to our surprise our patient was regaining consciousness, I immediately administered an emetic. After working on her for about an hour she seemed to be out of danger, so we left her to rest. In

LUNGCHUAN LETTER

By a Grey Sister

the afternoon she was up and quite happy. She promised to adore "Our God" for saving her life. But like so many others, she came only on two or three Sundays, then

They Are Depending on Us

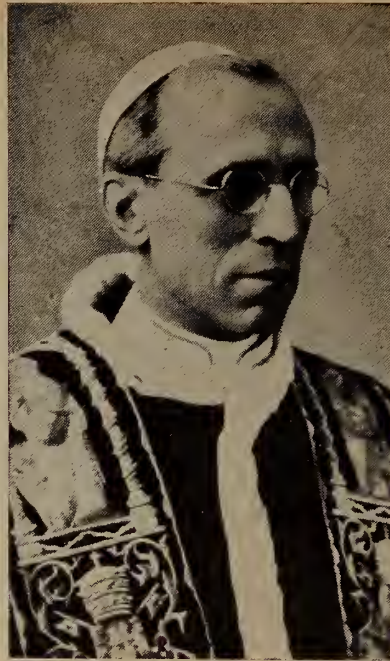
"PRACTICALLY all of us have suffered some material losses. Naturally we try to economize; but it is hoped that in our economy we will not neglect the Missions. That might easily prove disastrous. We all know what happens when an advancing army is cut off from its supplies, when food and ammunition are left far in the rear. It affects the morale; it interrupts the advance of forces; it readily causes a rout and defeat. The missionary movement is but Christ's Army advancing for the salvation of souls. They are depending on us. We are their source of supplies. We must not fail them, for, if we do, we are halting the furtherance of Christ's cause. We can economize on luxuries, we can curtail our pleasures, but we must not fail the missionaries in the field and slacken the progress of the missionary movement by paring down contributions."

(The late Cardinal Mundelein)

evidently thinking it was enough, she does not come any more.

Her reason for wanting to commit suicide was to make her husband "lose face" for fighting with her. In this case he came out all right but she "lost face" badly.

THERE IS ALSO the case of the "faithful" pagan woman, whose father was baptized on his deathbed. "Chi Yuing" was espoused to a pagan, so after her father's death she was not allowed to come to church. About two years after her marriage she got seriously ill. We were called to see her. She had a little child a few months old which was in danger of death also. After attending to the baby and baptizing her, I went to examine "Chi Yuing". While being thus occupied I discovered a Rosary around her neck. On questioning her I learned that Father Wong gave her the Rosary a few years ago and she never parted with it. She believed in God and needed very little instruction as she remembered all she heard at her father's bedside, and desired Baptism since she saw his peaceful death after he had been baptized. Father Gignac baptized her that afternoon; she died early next morning. Her baby died a few days later. Being faithful in wearing the Rosary, even though she did not know how to say it, obtained for "Chi Yuing" a happy death.



Pope Appeals By Radio For Aid to Missions

The "large-souled liberality" of North American Catholics gives honour to their name "in the harvest fields of the Gospel and among the tillers of Christ," Pope Pius XII declared in a special Mission Sunday discourse broadcast to the United States over the Vatican City radio station, October 19th. The Holy Father spoke as follows:

"Venerable Brethren and Beloved Children:

"We are on the eve of the day dedicated to advancing the growth of Catholic Missions throughout the world and, while Our heart embraces with the love of a father the whole vast flock of Christ, it turns with special feelings toward you, generous citizens of the United States of America whose lands have received from nature herself an abundant largess of her treasures and where the heavens smile on a people industrious and strong.

"Delightful and still vivid in Our mind is the memory of Our visit among you, and of the long journeys We made by air across those fertile regions, amazing with their mountains and plains, lakes and rivers. Then it was We came to know and admire your cities, your churches and cathedrals, your high schools, colleges and universities, the well balanced spirit of your strenuous activity, the extraordinary

monument of your ardent faith and charity. To-day, though his unworthy successor, We occupy the Chair of Peter and, while these precious memories never to be erased carry Our thoughts to you, Our gaze stretches far beyond, over the face of the earth, and the hope that you will help in spreading the Gospel takes on new life, new strength, expands and is lifted up to the sublime heights scaled by your eager and unselfish zeal to bring the nations to the feet of Christ. Yours is Maryknoll, the Society for Foreign Missions of Maryknoll, whose members in Eastern Asia are toiling to spread the Faith in holy rivalry with those other religious institutes of men and women found, it is true, in Europe, but even they counting among their missionaries so many of your own heroes and heroines.

"Yours, too, is the glory of large-souled liberality that gives honour to your name in the harvest fields of the Gospel and among the tillers of Christ.

"As to-morrow dawns and Catholics the world over vie with each other in their desire to assist the Missions, Christ's Missionaries will look up from the fields where they labour in the sweat of their brow, where they suffer deprivations, fight their battles, win their victories. Sisters consecrated to instruct youth and alleviate the hardships of human fortune will look out from their orphanages, from their hospitals, from their schools. The East and West, the icebound lands of both poles, the immense regions incarnadined and made desolate by international strife will be expectant. The Church, Christ's spouse, her hands outstretched, and We, with eyes uplifted to Heaven for you to Christ Himself, Redeemer of the World, will await with holy confidence the promise of the day.

"Is not He, as it were, the Good Missionary of the Father, Who came down from Heaven in the form of a servant, herald of the good news, Divine Ambassador, and, when His mission to bring life was crowned by the bitterness of death—raised from the earth on Golgotha's cross—crucified He opened wide His arms to draw all men unto Himself. (John 12, 32).

Heroes of Christ

"Look, Venerable Brethren and Beloved Children, gaze on the world and on the harvest of souls everywhere so fair to see, but over it sweeps in thundering waves the tempest of battles, of destruction, of suffering, of countless human sorrows. Behold how many messengers of the Gospel, how many men and women—heroes of Christ, workers in His vineyard—are living and toiling and struggling and suffering amid dangers and obstacles, amid deprivations and destitution that chill the ardour of their zeal and put stumbling blocks in the path of their holy and charitable ambition. With eyes and hands upraised they look to you, and with them look the faithful of their flock and those others, too, who have yet to hear the Shepherd's voice while they wander and sit in the shadow of death, knowing nothing of Him Who has redeemed them and Who has promised them eternal life and peace.

"Pray that the Master of the Vineyard send workers for these, your brothers, too, for they also have been called to be born again in Christ. Prayer is the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy. It is the offering made by your lips, by your heart's loving interest in the missionaries of Christ, in those lambs that have strayed from the fold, in those pathetic sufferers who are bearing the burden and torments of our age.

"Thy Kingdom Come!"

"The raising of prayer before the sacred tabernacles, where the Divine Shepherd of His redeemed flocks lives, encourages and associates Himself with His apostles in the fields and by-paths of their wearying toil, will not fail to be accompanied by the gift of your hand. You will offer it in this sad and distressing hour to help the Spouse of Christ in the propagation of the Faith. You will help her to push

on the good work begun, to rebuild what has been damaged or destroyed, to reassure the faint-hearted and discouraged, to multiply the scant resources, to sustain, to increase and advance the whole missionary movement on towards the ultimate triumph of that Kingdom of God on Earth which is the subject of our daily petition to the Heavenly Father in the prayer taught us by Christ 'Thy kingdom come'.

"This is the kingdom of peace between our soul and God. It is the kingdom of peace between brothers founded on their mutual affection, of peace between the peoples and nations of the world based on the equitable adjustment of differences and on that union that comes with right order.

"At the present hour men are far, far removed from this grace. The intimate sense of common values, both in the natural and supernatural order, threatens to abdicate in many hearts to opposing principles. So much the more comforting, then, and inspiring, will be your efficacious fidelity to the Catholic missionary spirit, for, after all, the peace of the world, is also a missionary aim of the Church. On the tranquillity of order among men depends her life, the conquest and salvation of souls, the diffusion of the precious gift of Faith, the triumph over evil—all leading to that goal of unchangeable peace in eternity.

Loan to the Lord

"In these sublime and holy thoughts let your prayer and your generosity find their support. The money you give to help the poor missions is a loan made to the Lord and the Lord will recompense you for it. Christ, Who speaks and works in the champions of His Gospel, will grant you to share in their merits. He will consider as given to Him what you give to them.

"May the God of our tabernacles find you ready with the earthly goods with which He has blessed you, to co-operate in building and multiplying the tabernacles of Divine Delights in the midst of the children of men. May they rise on every shore of the sea, on every plain and mountain of the earth, even unto those limits frozen over by Polar ice or scorched by burning sun, whither only the droning plane can carry the priests to make an altar for our Divine Sacrifice.

"In those solitudes of God, in those remote recesses far from the haunts of men, souls new-born to Christ will be lifted up in prayer of thanksgiving to God and of gratitude to you, for you and for your work, for your scores of flourishing schools, your centres of learning, your centres of charity and relief. They will implore an abundant recompense of Divine favours as a token and presage of these heavenly blessings. Receive the Apostolic Benediction which, mindful of your sincere and warm devotion to the Vicar of Christ, We impart to each and every one of you with all the deep affection of the Shepherd of Christ's flock."

By Msgr. Enrico Pucci

(Vatican City Correspondent, N. C. W. C. News Service)





The Devil in China

By Rev. CRAIG STRANG

ONE THING that Christians and pagans profess in common is the existence of the devil. They differ quite a bit, however, in their conception of him. Certain it is that the pagans do not mean Lucifer and his legions when they talk of the devil; they understand him in his true form only when they become Christians. As pagans, they placated and adored him and used their various superstitious practices to fool him in his tricks; as Christians they renounce him and all his works and all his pomp in the Baptism ceremony. So whether they are Christians or pagans, they have this monster to fight against; in his double role—that of an evil deity or god for the pagans, and in his intimate associations with world and flesh for Christians—the devil is doubly busy.

In Christian lands it seems to suit his purpose to conceal his identity; he seems quite content that people there do not believe in him and his power for evil; the less credit he gets there the more he seems to be pleased. He works on men's pride to get them to consider their material happiness as their ultimate end—that there is no devil and no God. Very seldom does he ask direct subservience to himself; as

long as there is none to God, his purpose is accomplished. The anti-God movement which is now trying to get a foothold in Christian lands is also professedly anti-devil, but there is no doubting that the devil himself is the sponsor of the movement for his own evil ends.

But in pagan lands he does not fear recognition; in pagan lands he has worked up a reputation for himself that puts fear in the hearts of all and his worship into their lives. The pagans have no weapons with which to fight him and drive him off save what he himself gives them—and he is sure to give them useless devices to which he is impervious and invulnerable. Rather these devices are all in his favour and set his throne more firmly in their midst. In pagan lands he has no Sacraments and Sacramentals to fear and so can dictate his own terms. What does he care if people say all evils come from him as long as they continue to fear and honour him?

A DISTRESSING and even tragic incident occurred here just a short time ago which serves as an apt illustration. Sung Ying, a little girl thirteen years old, was coming to the Catholic school here for

her first term and, of course, was learning about God in her classes. She was here hardly two months when she fell in the school yard and evidently sprained her wrist. For a few days she mentioned the fact to no one, but then her arm began to swell as infection set in and she had a high temperature, and so could not come to school. She had heard of the Christian practice of praying for the sick, and she asked her pagan mother to ask the Catechist and some Christians to come and pray for her. This was the first we heard of the accident and so we went to pray there, bringing some iodine and liniment to relieve the pain.

Her pagan family were convinced by now that it was the devil who got into her arm to punish her for going to the Christian school.

After the prayers were said they called a Chinese doctor who gave her some sort of an injection, after which she felt a little better; but then with terrible swiftiness her temperature mounted and she died that night without our having time to go again. We do not know whose is the victory—but we comfort ourselves that the little one had baptism of desire. Afterwards, the pagan family wanted us to

chase the devil out of the property here but had to be content with our statement that there was no devil lurking about here. They were surprisingly mild about the whole business and seemed to think that there was nothing much they could do about it once the devil took a hand.

But he is not content to let their thoughts form themselves as they will; he must direct them and bring them to his way of thinking. He demands their worship; he asks for plays in his honour; if he permits customs to thwart his power, he makes sure that these customs cannot hurt him, or better still, that they be a cult usurped from God. So he laughs at and encourages the custom by which mothers put feminine articles of jewellery on their newly born boys and call them churlish names with the hope that he will think they are girls or else that they are maimed and deformed. Amulets and charms are right down his alley; good-luck signs over doors, and barriers behind them to keep him out of a house, are the most cordial invitations he wants. He rests all the more securely when they sacrifice to their gods to dispel him and his powers, for they are his tools and allies. And always he hates them — the more they curry his favour the more he hates them; the more they shrink from him in fear, the more he has them in his power.

THE DEVIL'S HATE bears no bounds when he sees offered to these pagan slaves of his the Faith of his arch Enemy; when over his kingdom appears the shadow of the Cross, his rage is at the highest, for in that Sign they can conquer him. What inroads on his domain are made by the Sacraments and prayer! He must exert himself more and more to plant hate in their hearts; if the gods fail him he must also bring in the more destructive weapons of atheism and selfishness and wage a war that is not merely confined to spiritual things. He is determined that if souls are to be won over to Christ they will be won only at great cost.

He will make it hard for the missionaries; he will try their courage to the utmost; he will seek to raise discord in the hearts of

HAVE PITY ON ME

HAVE pity on me, at least you, my friends! Thus does the Church interpret the cry of the Souls in Purgatory. If you wish to have Holy Mass offered for your deceased relatives we shall be glad to receive the Intentions at our Seminary.

the Christians and discontent in the minds of the catechumens. He will work with the world and the flesh to keep people from being interested in a Faith that asks so much and promises so little—here on earth. Communistic beliefs will deter officials from investigating Christianity and even arouse in them a hatred for the Church. Love of money and luxuries he will use to stop the rich; rebellious inclinations he will plant in the hearts of the poor.

And so, not for one moment is this monster resting up in his hateful desire for the damnation of every soul, for he knows how easy it would be to lose his grip. He knows much more than we the value of the prayers and offerings of the faithful; of the sacrifice and work of the missionaries, of the

overwhelming influence of the Sacraments and the prayers of the newly converted, and so in his dual role he is more formidable than ever. If his former throne as a local deity is tottering he is busy to build up another. War was declared long ago for him and he is forever starting new battles even on the ground where he was recently beaten. Christianity meets its enemy in every form, beating each attack as it comes, fighting him now in his double stronghold of paganism and atheism, and so—as always—to victory.

The Bishop—Poor Soul!

"Some of our people here seem to realize the anxieties and difficulties in the life of a missionary bishop," says Bishop Bouter of Nellore, British India. "In one of our villages I heard the catechist announcing to the people: '*We will now say one Our Father and Hail Mary for Our Holy Father the Pope, for our Bishop, and for the other suffering souls in Purgatory.*' Splendid! Thank God, we can keep smiling."

CHINESE ATTITUDES

(Continued from page 5)

EVEN THE Christian Chinese has a reverence and awe of money that not infrequently carries a decidedly avaricious flavour with it. So much the better, for you see it makes for him a powerful argument for the disinterested virtue of our benefactors at home. That the Catholic missionaries are foreigners come to interfere with their country and eventually wrest it from them, and such-like talk, carries no weight with the hard-headed Chinese—not against the generosity of the benefactors of our missions. For the fact that they know you give money for the building and conducting of missions and missionary work in China, without even being known in an earthly way to those who will reap the benefits of your charity, coupled with their instinctive reverence for that same article is something that figures heavily in the present-day success of the Catholic missions in China. From the day that this last

war began to cause so much suffering and poverty in this country, this very point has come much into prominence; for the Church has been everywhere exercising the corporal works of mercy, and the spiritual, too, of course, wherever and whenever opportunity afforded, so that recently a very highly-placed Chinese official speaking of the Catholic missionaries said, "We now know who our real friends are". The Chinese are impressed by your charity and, making allowances for their pagan environment, they are grateful, too.

Though politeness would forbid a Chinese to openly publicize his good deeds, nevertheless the pagan would not fail to see to it that in spite of all his efforts to keep it secret somehow or other the story would finally leak out. Where no such plan can be put into action, as in your case, and the charity still goes on — that is something that impresses the Chinese.

Generous But Forgetful

That our missionaries are not receiving the backing they should from the Church at large does not generally depend on any ill-will on the part of our Catholic people. We all love Mother Church. We all desire to see her line of battle well protected and well supplied with fresh forces. This interest is born of our Baptism. But . . . we forget. And it is because "we forget" that our missionaries now suffer and are in dire need.

As soon as any good work can be brought home to our people, as soon as they are really made to understand the value and importance of a work, they rally to its support in a most astonishing manner. Our people are generous but "they forget." —*"The Annals"*.

The Canada Year Book, 1940

We wish to call to the notice of our readers that the 1940 *Canada Year Book* is now available for distribution and may be obtained from the King's Printer, Ottawa, as long as the supply lasts, at the price of \$1.50, which covers merely the cost of paper, printing and binding. By a special concession a limited number of paper-bound copies have been set aside for ministers of religion, bona-fide students, and school teachers, who may obtain copies at the nominal price of fifty cents each.

The *Canada Year Book* is the official statistical annual account of the country and contains thoroughly up-to-date information regarding the natural resources of the Dominion and their development, the history of the country, its institutions, its demography, the different branches of production, trade, transportation, finance, education—in brief, a comprehensive study within the limits of a single volume of the social and economic condition of the Dominion. This new edition has been thoroughly revised throughout and in all its chapters includes the latest information available up to the time of going to press.

The *Canada Year Book* is a publication that should be found in the home of every citizen who wishes to keep abreast of the developing history of the Dominion. Whilst in part statistical it carries a story of absorbing interest to all patriotic citizens and the price at which it is issued should create for it a wider demand than ever from all parts of Canada. No library, large or small, in the Dominion can be considered complete unless it has on its shelves a copy of the *Canada Year Book* and we strongly recommend our readers to secure their copies early before the limited edition is exhausted.

A Legend of Heaven

THE angels had ceased from their singing
Strange whispers were filling the air;
The Saints seemed perturbed over something
And gathered in groups, here and there.
Strange people were walking through Heaven,
With shadowy garments and face.
Said Paul to Saints Thomas and Andrew—
"Who let those queer folks in this place?"
But no one could answer his question;
He set out to look for his mate,
For surely St. Peter could tell him,
He'd know if they passed through the gate.
But Simon knew nothing about it,
So off they both went to explore,
And hunted in vain through the heavens,
Until, at the very last door,
They heard such a terrible racket
Both looked at each other and stopped.
Says Paul—"What can Joseph be doing?"—
For this was his carpenter shop.
Then, opening the door kind of slowly,
Sure, what do you think they did see—
A hole in the flag-stones of Heaven,
And Joseph down there on his knees;
Till, spying a ladder descending,
They saw the whole mystery unfold—
He'd built a back door-way to Heaven
To rescue the poor, suffering souls.
St. Peter got mad as a hatter;
"Old man, this has all got to stop,
Or else you'll get put out of Heaven;
We'll close up your carpenter shop."
St. Joseph got up from the ladder
And drew himself up full of pride—
"If you dare to put me out of Heaven
I'll take with me, Mary, my bride;
And since she is truly God's mother,
She'll take with her, Jesus, her Son,
And then there won't be any Heaven."
Says Peter—"St. Joseph, you've won."

From FATHER SHARKEY'S
"THE ANVIL OF THE CROSS".

Appointment

At the annual General Meeting of the Episcopal Directors of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, held early in October, Rev. A. Chafe was appointed Vice-Rector of the Seminary. Father Chafe, whose home is in St. John's, Nfld., has been on the staff of the Seminary since his ordination ten years ago.

A practical Catholic is filled with enthusiasm for Christ's missionaries. He not only admires their heroic sacrifice, but even in the comfort of his own home brings them encouragement in their labours through his prayers and alms.

"Charity to the Missions exceeds all other charity." (Pope Pius XI).

"HELP! POLICE!"

By REV. MICHAEL P. CAREY
Peiping China

I LOST MY BICYCLE. I lost my passport and also my reading-glasses — yes, and my sun-glasses, too; two text books are missing and half-a-dozen other little things. All were stolen in broad daylight.

The time was 11.25 a.m., I had just returned from class and had gone to my room to remove my winter outer garments. The "Boy" had seen me enter and so when he did not follow up with my bicycle to park it in the usual place I asked him to do so. As he was busy, some ten minutes went by before he got round to this little job; when he finally got to the place where I had left the "bike" it was gone!

He reached the only possible conclusion—it had been stolen by "some person or persons unknown". He brought me the bad news. Out went the cry: "Calling All Boys", and close to a dozen started out on the search. We discovered the wheel tracks in the snow. Then the cook came forward to volunteer some information: He had seen the villain and had even stopped and talked to him; had asked him if "he had eaten his rice yet" and in general if he was feeling quite well. Had the cook been Sherlock Holmes he certainly would have noticed the thief start when spoken to, but he had noticed nothing of the kind. He thought he was just another well-dressed young Hsieng Sheng (Sir) pushing a fine-looking bicycle.

All my questioning, phrased in my best text-book Chinese, could elicit nothing further from those around the house.

Western Methods Fail

THEN I CHANGED my tactics and adopted the hurry and rush of the West, giving orders to 'phone the Police, to go and search a couple of the big pawnshops. From the eyes of my hearers I could read: "It is easy to see that you are a Foreigner. Do you not know that the 'phone is out of order to-day? Anyway, 'phoning the Police is not the right way to go about it at all".

Father Carey has been studying at the Language School at Peiping in North China. He is a native of Fortune Harbour, Newfoundland, and has been in China since 1938.

So we had dinner and I read my Office, leaving the search in the hands of a "Boy". He then decided that it would be well to inform the Police. He went to the head-office, two miles away, and bought a long slip of paper for five cents, this was stamped with the official seal and now he was ready to make a list of "things lost". When this was completed to his satisfaction he presented it to the sub-office of the Police protecting the district in which we live. They would not accept this because the colour of the handlebars was not given nor the make of the bell and the tires.

After a second journey of two miles for another official paper, and after spending a half-hour carefully filling it out, including another trip to the sub-office, the petition was officially filed.

The whole process had taken seven hours and I think the "Boys" considered this fast work.

A New Theory

A "Boy" and the cook came along now with the theory that the whole thing had been an "inside job". This strengthened my suspicion that someone knew more than that someone was telling. I appealed to "Face"—this often has magic results, I am told. I just let it be known that these "Boys" would lose a tremendous amount of "Face" because my bicycle had been stolen right from the very house these same gentlemen are said to protect. Next, I appealed to their Rice Bowl. This a strong force for good in any man's country. Again it was allowed to be made known that if any of the "Boys" around the house were suspected of complicity and released from our employ they would be without jobs. (Rice Bowl would be broken.)

Lastly, I resorted to "bribery", letting it leak out that if someone "happened to find" the lost articles and returned them, a substantial reward would be given and no em-

barrassing questions would be asked.

Now, four great forces are working for me—*Police*, "*Face*", *Rice Bowl*, *Reward*. These are the maintainers of order, preservers of peace and restorers of ill-gotten goods—but the greatest of these is *FACE*.

(Editor's Note: The satchel, with the contents, including the passport, was later returned under cover, with the understanding that Fr. Carey does not make too much fuss over the lost bike. He must be content to bear that loss stoically.)

Msgr. Fraser Writes

"God always takes good out of evil. The war in China has been for many a blessing in disguise. In the Kihwa Mission during the past year we have housed and fed thousands of refugees. They have all been instructed in the Faith, some more, some less, as circumstances permitted. Hundreds of them have been converted to the Faith. Many have already gone to join the Angels, baptized on their death-bed, and their mortal remains now rest in our Catholic Cemetery. As this seems to be the case all over China, what a harvest of souls has been reaped throughout the whole country!

"We also notice a pronounced movement towards the Church among the Officials of the Government and the Army. It is wonderful, also, how sympathetic the daily newspapers have become towards the Catholic Church. The death of the late Pope and election of the present one were related at length. Not infrequently unsolicited articles appear supporting the claims of the Christian Church.

"No doubt all this is due in part to the fact that many officials high up in government circles are Christians, but it also must be ascribed to a special outpouring of grace in this time of tribulation, and to that innate, interior conviction, common to all men, that in great distress God alone can save. Let us hope (and pray) that at long last the hour has sounded for the mass conversion of the Chinese nation. Now is the acceptable time; now is the time when thousands of vocations to missionary life in China are needed."

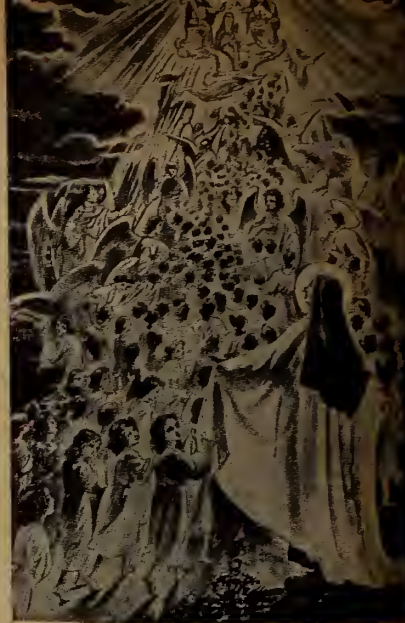
Little Flower's Rose Garden

Dear Boys and Girls:

One of the ways the Church uses to make us familiar with her teachings and to encourage us in their practise, is to set aside a particular devotion for each month of the year. I wonder how many of you can say what is the full list of these monthly devotions. That's something to inquire about from your teacher. Almost all of you will certainly know that the present month of November is devoted to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Anyone who dies without mortal sins on their soul, but who has smaller sins not yet forgiven in Confession, or who has not done sufficient penance for mortal sins confessed and forgiven, must be purified in Purgatory before being admitted into Heaven. While suffering for their faults, these souls in Purgatory, through God's mercy, are able to be helped by us who are still on earth and who ask God's mercy for them. Love of God and love of souls will suggest that we do all we can to hasten the entry into Heaven of those suffering souls. Some day we ourselves may need such help. The more we pray for the Souls in Purgatory the better chance we have of being remembered ourselves after we die. So, this month, it would be nice if all who can attended Holy Mass each morning for the benefit of the Souls in Purgatory. And always in your prayers say at least a "Hail Mary" for them.

The numbers in our Club are increasing every month. We are now a real army of young missionaries. Every army must have weapons—and ours are Prayer and Holy Communion, weapons that are more powerful than all the guns and battleships in the world. Use these weapons often, and you will win many battles for the salvation of souls against the power of Evil.
FATHER JIM.

Edited by Father Jim



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

A SHORT LIFE OF ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS

1873

CHAPTER THREE

1897

St. Teresa read in the Holy Scriptures the words: "Whosoever is a little one, let him come to Me." Desiring to please the Most High, she determined to be a little one in spirit and thus committed herself with childlike confidence to God as to her most loving Father. This way of spiritual childhood, according to the Gospel, she taught to others, especially to the novices, whose training in the religious virtues she undertook out of obedience. Filled with apostolic zeal, she set the way of evangelical simplicity before a world full of pride and the love of vanities. Jesus, her spouse, inspired her with the desire of suffering in soul and body.

Moreover, seeing that the love of God was almost everywhere neglected, she was filled with great grief, and about two years before her death offered herself as a victim to the merciful love of God. Then, as she herself relates, she was wounded by a flame of heavenly fire whence, consumed with love, rapt in ecstasy and fervently repeating the words: MY GOD I LOVE THEE, she passed to her eternal home on September 30th, 1897, at the age of twenty-four.

When dying she promised that she would let fall a shower of roses, which promise she has fulfilled since her entrance into Heaven and still continues to fulfil by countless miracles.

His Holiness Pope Pius XI enrolled her in the Catalogue of Virgins who are Blessed, and two years later, at the recurrence of the great jubilee, placed her among the Saints and appointed and declared her Patroness of all the Missions.

FOR THOSE IN STRIFE

"Great deeds are forbidden me. I can neither preach the Gospel nor shed my blood . . . but what does it matter? My brothers labour in my stead while I, A LITTLE CHILD, stay close to the Throne and love Thee for all those who are in the strife. But how shall I show my love, since love proves itself by deeds? I, the little one, will strew flowers, perfuming the Divine Throne with their fragrance. I will sing Love's canticle in silvery tones. Thus will my short life be spent in Thy sight, O my Beloved! To strew flowers is the only means of proving my love, and these flowers will be each word and look, each daily sacrifice. I wish to make profit out of the smallest actions and do them all for Love. For Love's sake I wish to suffer and to rejoice; so shall I strew my flowers. Not one that I see hut, singing all the while, I will scatter its petals before Thee. Should my roses be gathered from amid thorns, I will sing notwithstanding, and the longer and sharper the thorns, the sweeter will grow my song."—Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, the "Little Flower", Patroness of the Missions. The words are found in the story of her life written by herself.



Young pupils at St. Peter's School, Fort William, Ont., as they appeared in an Empire Day pageant this year. The Literary Society at the School sent \$10 from their mite-boxes for Fr. H. Murphy in China.

A 1938 snap of the Sanctuary Club at Greenfield, Ontario, whose members joined our Club at that time.



14 years old, and in Grade 8, is Angeline Bruno, shown in picture below behind her sister Ann. She asks for letters from Mona Kelly, Mary O'Brien, Agnes Higgins, John Czarny, Gerald Kelly, and Harry Forristal.

* * *

Tom McDonnell, 12 years old, Grade 7, wants some other Buds to write him. His address: R.R. 2, Gadshill, Ont.

* * *

Gratefully acknowledged are gifts for the Missions from the following: Grade 7, Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Paul and May Doucet, Tompkins, Nfld.; Blessed Sacrament School, Toronto; Gertrude Delahunty, Bell Island, Nfld.; The Children of Misericorde, P.E.I., per Ormond McNeill; St. Ann's School, Brantford, Ont.; School children, St. Nicholas, P.E.I.; St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax.

* * *

We are glad to have as new members the pupils of St. Linus' School, La Manche, P.B., Nfld., whose teacher, Miss Annie Rose, has them all interested in the missions. Thanks for the stamps sent.

* * *

A Bud who has corresponded with us faithfully for many years is John W. Richards, of St. John, N.B. He asks all his fellow-mem-

bers to remember a special intention of his in their prayers.

* * *

The Buds from Penetang wrote a swell letter wishing good luck to the missionaries who have gone to China, and they are all pleased they know personally several of our missionaries now in Lishui. Their prayers are offered for them.



ABOVE: From Regina, Sask., comes smiling Marie Delyse Langfield. Her address: 2324 Garnet St.



On the bicycle are Angeline and Ann Bruno, of 720 McLaughlin St., Fort William, Ont.

Grades 5 and 6 at Sacred Heart Convent, Sault Ste. Marie, have "a special interest in Sr. St. Kenneth who went to China from here," and were very glad to forward a generous gift for Sister and the work of the Grey Sisters in China.

* * *

Reggie J. Kay, of Erindale, shows no slackening of interest in the missions. He writes of the privilege he had in attending the First Solemn Mass of one of our missionaries. Thanks, Reggie, for the generous mite-box gift, and subscription to CHINA.

* * *

Our thanks to the pupils of St. Peter's High School, Peterboro, Ont., for their splendid offering "to help educate priests for the Chinese Missions."

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"The certificates received some time ago for myself and my little sisters are very nice, and we feel honoured in being members of your Rose Garden." Joan Berry, 726 Brock Ave., Toronto.

* * *

Thanks to Mary Sheridan, of 39 Fairholt Road, Hamilton, for the mass stipends she sent "to help some missionary in China." It's a splendid way to help the missionaries, Mary.



A lively Club member is John Czarny, of 120 1/2 Bellwoods Ave., Toronto. His brother Carnell, aged 12, is also a member.



"Mr. Jiggers," asked the professor in the freshman class, "what three words are used most among college students?"

"I don't know," said the student.

"Correct," replied the professor.

He was telling her about the members of his football team.

"Now, there's Johnson," said he; "in a few weeks he will be our best man."

And then she lisped, "Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!"

She: "It's nearly six weeks now since baby was born. Have you told the registrar yet?"

He: "If the registrar lives anywhere within ten miles' radius he'll know already."

The New Religion: "And what denomination are you?"

"Well, my mother goes to the Baptist church, and father to the Methodist, but speaking for myself, I'm radio."

A passenger in an airplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.

Passenger: "What's the joke?"

Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped."

Mary had a little mule,
It followed her to school,
The teacher, like a fool,
Went up behind the mule,
And hit him with a rule,
And there wasn't any school.

A Scotsman was admitted to hospital with a wireless loud-speaker jammed on his head.

It turned out that while he was listening to a church service someone had dropped the plate.

Husband: "Dinner isn't ready?"

Wife: "No, I've been shopping all day."

"Looking for something for nothing, I suppose."

"This is putting it a bit severe. I was trying to get you a present."

A great Greek scholar, when visiting a woman's college in the United States, was asked whether he would do the institution the compliment of translating their college motto into Greek. He most

courteously agreed and then asked what the motto was. It was placed before him and he read the words: "Pep without purpose is piffle."

Views on Life

Gimlet: Life is so boring.

Nail: It means nothing but hard knocks for me.

Ruler: I can never make both ends meet.

Saw: You haven't so much to go through as I have.

Hammer: Stop arguing, or I'll go on strike.

Then AWL was silent.

Brick: Life's hard with me.

Old Suit: Well, what about me? I'm just about worn out.

Match: As for me, everyone strikes me and after that they have no use for me.

Iron: I'm worse off than any of you—they all make it bot for me.

Pencil: I make pointed remarks.

Sponge: I'm "soaked" all day.

Waste-basket: I'm full, too.

Scissors: I'm cutting up.

Paper-weight: And I'm trying to hold the Scissors down.

Mucilage: I'm just sticking around.

Stamps: WE'RE in for a good licking.

Ink: Inkwell, but I appear to be blue.

Calendar: I'm expecting to get a month off.

Blotter: I've been taking it all in.

Bill: Yea, hut I'm stuck here on the file.

I've seen a "Ropewalk" down the lane,
and a "Sheeprun" in the vale,
I've seen a "Dogwatch" on a ship and a
"Cowslip" in the dale;

I've seen "A-hun-dance" on a plate, and
the "Lamplight" on the floor,

I've seen a "Catfish" in the sea and a
"Hatstand" by the door.

You ask what gave the window pane?

'Cause it saw the Venetian blind.

The quack was selling an elixir which
be declared would make men live to a
great old age.

"Look at me," he shouted, "Hale and
hearty, and I'm over 300 years old."

"Is he really as old as that?" asked a
listener of the youthful assistant.

"I can't say, sir," replied the assistant,
"I've only worked for him 100 years."

They say the first time a Scotsman used
free air in a garage he blew out four tires.
—Ottawa Journal.

Two newshoys were seeing "Hamlet"
for the first time. The duel had been
fought: they saw the Queen poisoned
before their eyes; they saw Laertes killed,
the King killed, Hamlet killed. There
was a crash and a clatter in the gallery,
as up started one of the newshoys.

"Come on, Jimmy," he said, excitedly
to his companion, "there'll be special
editions out for this."

A courier named Bull and a doctor
named Boyle had grounded their hoat
in a shallow cove. Stepping overboard,
Bull took Boyle on his back and started
shoreward.

"My first ride on a Bull," remarked
Mr. Boyle.

"And the first boil on my back," was
the witty reply.

"What are these things?" asked the cus-
tomer.

"Pencil-erasers" said the shop-girl.

"I don't want anything that will erase
a pencil—I want a pencil-mark eraser."

"That's what I meant. These are
pencil-mark erasers. Anything else?"

"Have you lead pencils?"

"We haven't any lead pencils. We have
wooden cylinders with graphite inside
them. Will they do as well?"

A dear old lady was visiting a prison.

"You find the singing of the birds a
great comfort to you, don't you?" she
asked one of the convicts.

"Birds, ma'am?" he said.

"Why, yes," she said. You know—the
gaol-birds we hear about so often."

Boss (to office boy, who is half an hour
late): "You should have been here at
nine o'clock!"

Office Boy: "Why, what happened?"

Important Customer — "I want two
strictly fresh eggs, poached medium soft,
on huttered toast, not too brown, coffee
with no sugar and plenty of pasteurized
guernsey cream in it, and two doughnuts
that are not all holes."

Waitress—"Yes, sir. Would you like
to order any special design on the
dishes?"

Make Your Decision *Now!*

If you are fortunate to have acquired a goodly share of this world's goods, since you know you cannot take them with you out of this world, you ought to determine now what use shall be made of your possessions after your death. May we ask your consideration of the needs of our Seminary, and of our Missions in Lishui, China, as you draw up your last will? Priests to be educated, missionaries to be sent forth, churches, chapels, schools and dispensaries to be built—these are a few of the major needs which could be supplied by generous remembrance of our work in Catholic wills. You will never regret it if you put this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS
XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM
OF



St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, President.

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A PERPETUAL BURSE is a gift of \$5,000, given in one sum or in instalments, the interest upon which will insure in perpetuity the education of a student to the priesthood. When you have passed beyond the needs of this world, your gift will still be doing its work.

INABILITY to donate a complete burse need not deprive a generous-minded Catholic from a share in the benefits of the foundation of a burse. Each burse which you help to complete will bring the satisfaction and reward which comes to those whose charitable foresight has brought a priest to the altar.

If I were a man of the world, I should wish to have against all my sins—as a shield over my head and over the heads of my children—a Priest, who owes to me his education and his priesthood, and, who, standing every morning at the altar, would be to me a lightning conductor.

Our forefathers, to expiate their faults, used to found a perpetual lamp before the Blessed Sacrament.

Found a Priest who will be a better lamp, which will give to God more glory and to the world more light.

—Cardinal Manning.

FOUND A BURSE IN PERPETUITY

Think of the endless good you can do for yourself and others by disposing of surplus wealth before death.



CONTRIBUTE TO COMPLETE A BURSE
Your smallest gift will have its important part to play in building up a complete burse.

34 STUDENTS are now studying for the Priesthood at China Mission Seminary. The Annual Tuition cost for each one is \$250. Perhaps you would like to pay for one student's education for one year, or for his entire course of six years. We offer you the chance to "adopt" a future missionary.

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SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO
Right Rev. J. E. McRae, President

CHINA

NATIONAL

MISSION

MONTHLY



Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.

December 1940

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

DECEMBER

CHINA

1940

VOL. XXI

Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

NO. 10

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To Be Ordained Priests

On Saturday, December 21st, our Graduating Class of 1941 will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

Rev. Frank O'Grady, Rev. John Gault, and Rev. Lawrence Hart will be raised to the Holy Priesthood in Ottawa by Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau. Bishop Kidd will ordain Rev. John McIver at St. Peter's Seminary, in London, and Bishop Carroll will ordain Rev. John McCarthy in his home parish, St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary, Alberta.

Bouquets

TO MOST REV. J. C. McGUIGAN, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, on his forceful Address broadcast on November 14th in the Series of radio talks on "The Need of the Hour", under the sponsorship of the Senate of Canada.

TO THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF CANADA on their success in raising a fund of twenty-five thousand dollars as their contribution to the Canadian Government war effort. This amount was pledged at the last Annual Convention of the C.W.L.

TO THE BISHOP OF HAMILTON, Most Rev. Joseph Ryan, D.D., on the outstanding success of the first Hamilton Diocesan Catechetical Congress, held from November 8th-10th, and attended by an enthusiastic gathering of Bishops, Clergy, Religious, and laity.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONCTON, Most. Rev. Arthur Melanson, D.D., on the official opening of his new Cathedral of L'Assomption on November 21st, when the magnificent ceremonies were presided over by the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

TO THE SEMINARY OF CHRIST THE KING on the occasion of the Solemn Blessing of its new home at New Westminster, B.C., by its Founder, Most Rev. Wm. Duke, D.D., Archbishop of Vancouver. The Archdiocesan Seminary will henceforth be under the direction of the Benedictine Fathers.

Bazaar

Although ill-favoured by the weather, the Oriental Bazaar in aid of the new Chinese Mission and Clinic in Toronto, held in Columbus Hall on November 11th, was a splendid success. The St. Francis Xavier Ladies' Auxiliary are to be congratulated on the results of their efforts. The hundreds of people who patronized the affair were loud in their praises of the splendid display at the many booths, so capably stocked and staffed by the members of the Auxiliary.

Our sincere thanks are given to the Executive and members of the Auxiliary, and to the ladies and gentlemen who worked so hard in various capacities to insure a pleasant and profitable evening. We are deeply indebted also to the individuals and firms who donated prizes and articles for sale.

WINNERS IN GRAND DRAW

Prize	Winner	Ticket
1st	Miss Kay Diasio, 60 Curzon St., Toronto.	1235A
2nd	Mrs. J. J. MacKan, 57 Yates St., St. Catharines, Ont.	18389A
3rd	H. Wade, 100 Claremont St., Toronto.	13505F
4th	Mrs. Joe L. Meyer, Teeswater, Ont.	19244A
5th	Dorothy Stockdale, 107 Worthington W., North Bay, Ont.	8227C
6th	Miss K. Flynn, 200 Church St., Toronto.	13032C
7th	E. L. Dubois, 65 Charlton N., Hamilton, Ont.	16045D
8th	Leo Lamic, P.O. Box 415, North Sydney, N.S.	11104B
9th	Mrs. J. Nolan, 1318 Gerrard St. E., Toronto.	14519B
10th	J. Kissick, 265 Brock Ave., Toronto.	13865A

IN MEMORIAM



REVEREND AARON CLEMENT GIGNAC

BORN, Aug. 14, 1902

ORDAINED, May 25, 1929

DIED IN CHINA, Oct. 31, 1940

REV. FATHER AARON C. GIGNAC, one of the pioneer students who joined Father Fraser soon after the establishment of the China Mission in Almonte, Ontario, died in China following an operation for appendicitis. Word of his death was contained in a cablegram received at St. Francis Xavier Seminary on Thursday, October 31st.

The second priest of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society to die in China, Father Gignac went there in 1929. He was born in Windsor, in 1902, but for many years resided in Ridgetown. His family resides at Tillsonburg, Ont.

The son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Elmer Gignac, he was ordained a priest by Bishop Alex MacDonald at London in 1929. He went to China in company with Fathers Sharkey, Stringer and Boudreau.

In China Father Gignac filled important posts with the Canadian

Mission, having been pastor at several large centres, including Lishui, the headquarters city. He was very proficient in the Chinese language of which he made a special study in Shanghai and Peking.

He acted for some years as language teacher to new missionaries arriving in Lishui. Father Gignac was home on furlough in 1938 and returned to China in June, 1939. Since that time he has filled the exacting post of Procurator for the Prefecture of Lishui.

While exact details of his death are lacking, it is presumed that Father Gignac was stricken suddenly and rushed to the Sisters of Charity Hospital at Wenchow, a city 90 miles from Lishui.

Difficulties of war-time travel would have made it impossible for the sick priest to be taken to Shanghai. The only other member of

the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society to die since the Society was founded in 1918 was Rev. James McGillivray of Glace Bay, N.S., who succumbed to malaria in August, 1935, at Lishui. It is a coincidence that both priests died while holding the office of Procurator of the Mission.

Members of Father Gignac's family surviving include his father, Elmer Gignac; two sisters, Mrs. Arnold Want and Mrs. Clifford O'Neill, of Ridgetown, and five brothers: Amos, of Berkley, Mich.; Irwin, Francis, Gordon and Edmond, of Tillsonburg.

To all the relatives of our deceased missionary CHINA extends its sympathy and begs the prayers of its readers for the eternal repose of the soul of Father Aaron Gignac.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

CHINA

TRIBUTES

FROM HIS MISSION SUPERIOR

Msgr. McGrath
Prefect-Apostolic of Lishui



FROM A CLASSMATE AND FELLOW-MISSIONER

Rev. Hugh Sharkey
Pastor of Chinese Mission, Vancouver

YESTERDAY IT WAS hard to realize the import of that cablegram, sandwiched in between the goings and comings of an almost typical "campaign" day in America. In the morning it was a lecture at an academy. There was a short radio address in the afternoon, and at night a dinner party with friends of the Irish Society who are planning a big "affair" for us before we return to China. When we returned home, ready to call it a day, the cable was there, staring up from the desk with a message that rocketed us swiftly across the intervening seven thousand miles that separate Mamaroneck, N.Y., from Lishui, Chekiang. **FATHER GIGNAC DIED FOLLOWING APPENDIX OPERATION, WENCHOW.**



Father Gignac died. Words, words, words! Maybe it was because I was tired that they evoked nothing more for the moment than an intellectual assent. Father Gignac was dead. You remember? Father Aaron! The priest whom all the Chinese loved. The gentle, patient, charitable soul who wouldn't break the bruised weed or quench the smoldering flax. He's dead. You won't see him any more. When you return to China he will be up there on the hillside beside Father Jim McGillivray. Words they were, but words that followed me relentlessly till I tumbled into bed. It was as if they were trying to make me see clearly a picture that was blurred and dim and unreal. Father Aaron is dead, I tell you.

It isn't surprising that I didn't sleep much last night. How could you sleep when you were tramping along the road from Shiao Van to Lishui, tramping along in the rain and at times wading up to your hips as he and I had done the last time we walked that road. How could you sleep! It wasn't dreaming. It was just that you lay there, re-living old days. There was the first day he entered our Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs and the first day I saw him in China, many years later, when he took me around to see the sights of Lishui and interpreted for me all that

(Continued on page 17)

AS I SIT DOWN to write these few lines in loving memory of Father Aaron Gignac, the tears are streaming down my cheeks and my heart is heavy with a sorrow that we all share. Passing and repassing before my eyes are scenes from Seminary days and years spent together at Lishui—days and years that endeared Father to us all and which will never be forgotten.

Father Gignac was associated with the work of our Seminary from the very early days of its inception. He was one of the Old Guard of Almonte days and he was truly a pioneer in our district of Chuchow. He worked hard both at Scarboro Bluffs and at Lishui — always sincere, enthusiastic and persevering; a real pal, a fine missioner and a good priest.

Were I to single out some special characteristics that Father Aaron had I think they would be his simplicity and his humility. He was always just himself—and we all loved him for his unaffected, natural ways. Indeed there was about him those simple, rugged qualities that Christ so loved in His Apostles of old.

The sad cable from China leaves us all heart-broken. We are tempted to ask why God should have taken Father Gignac so soon and left us who are far less able and worthy. But He knows best and His Holy Will be done. Our great loss is Heaven's immortal gain; his sacrifice will call down God's abundant blessing on our work for souls. And from his high place in Heaven the Aaron we loved so dearly and miss so terribly now will look down over Lishui and Victoria and Vancouver and Toronto—still the best of pals, the finest of missioners, helping us, encouraging us, praying for us to the end.

And so to all his loved ones, his friends and fellow-missioners we offer our deepest sympathy in this our common sorrow. Our grateful hearts will not forget Father Aaron Gignac as he lies like a brave soldier in the uniform of Christ's Foreign Legion, high up in the hills of Chekiang, at peace in Christ.



NEWS FROM PEKING . . .

Letters received at the Seminary from Fathers T. McQuaid and J. Murphy, from Peking, give the following information about the new group of six missionaries who left Canada early in October. The letters were dated October 26th.

“FROM THE MIDDLE KINGDOM we are happy to send greetings to all our relatives and friends through the medium of CHINA. The long journey passed pleasantly enough, and all of us enjoyed it. Before leaving Vancouver we enjoyed the hospitality of the priests and sisters of the Chinese Mission there, and were much impressed by the progress evident in the Vancouver Mission.

“For easily-guessed reasons we missed a few meals on the first and

second day out, but after that we found our ‘sea-legs’. From then on we celebrated Holy Mass daily.

“Early in the voyage reports were circulated that we might not be allowed to land in Japan, or even in China, because of the

tense situation in the East. Luckily, the reports were not borne out, for we not only landed at Yokohama but took a train across Japan to Kobe where we spent about thirty-six hours.

“From Kobe, we took a Japanese boat, the *Ussuri Maru*, to Dairen, China. There we transferred to another Japanese boat, the *Manzyu Maru*, which took us to Tientsin. This boat was a very splendid one. It was a ‘real sight for six pairs of sore eyes’ to see Father Mike Carey on the dock at Tientsin. We were fortunate to get through the Customs without much trouble, and in a few hours we were on a railway coach bound to Peking, arriving there Tuesday night, October 22nd, hale, hearty and happy. Fathers Pinfold and White had a real meal prepared for us—including swell steaks. After the fish diet we had on the two Japanese boats you may be sure the steaks were not long disappearing.

“In the past three days we have seen a good deal of Peking while riding around in rickshaws and making necessary calls. We have so far visited the Bishop, the Rector of the Jesuit Language School (where we begin our Chinese classes on October 28th), the British Consul, and the Peking Police Station to fulfil requirements for permanent residence in Peking.

NEWS FROM LISHUI . . .

Under date of October 4th, a letter reached the Seminary on November 23rd from Father Harvey Steele from Lishui. Father Harvey says:

“ALLOWING THE USUAL time for letters to and from here, this one ought to reach you before Christmas. Mail service just now is at its very poorest; if it gets any worse it will mean that no letters are likely to get in or out of here at all. The blockade here is a real and complete one, and mails must travel several thousand miles off their course to reach here—somewhere in the South they can get by all right. The result is that there must be many letters held up just now in transit. Eventually, we hope they will be delivered. Friends who have written us or who are expecting letters from China, can make due allowances.

“Many of our priests who were in Shanghai for some time past reached Wenchow last week; three of them have come on to Lishui, but the necessity of getting baggage through, and a big flood, has delayed some others in Wenchow. We are expecting them home this week.



Fr. Steele.

“We were all delighted with our first introduction to His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Mario Zanin. He is a very gracious Prelate. He is coming to visit us on November 1st, to say Mass at our House, and breakfast with us.

“Father Carey has procured fine living quarters for the Scarborough priests in Peking. It is about ten minutes to the Language School by bicycle. All of us will be experts on the wheel in a short time. Fathers Pinfold and White are going strong at the School already. We six will have to spurt a bit at the start to make up for the two weeks we have missed in this year’s classes.

“Negotiations by a number of ministers with government officials of this country, Japan, and U.S.A. resulted in the granting of a chartered boat from Shanghai to Wenchow, and our men were graciously allowed to come along with them. It certainly is hard to get down the coast from Shanghai now. The party had some exciting experiences, including the shelling of their boat by Japanese who suspected the boat was trying to run the blockade into Wenchow.

“Air-raids have been resumed here recently after a somewhat peaceful summer—peaceful compared with last year, anyhow. We had one-hour raids yesterday and to-day. In fact, it is now only a few minutes since the last bomb dropped in the city.

“In recent weeks I have been assisting as Procurator. It brings home to me just how serious are the difficulties we have to contend with in properly financing our Mission for the immediate future. The cost of living has increased almost 75 per cent. during the past six months; now it is triple what it was two years ago, and still prices increase. The exchange in local money has not increased proportionately.”

Editorials

LITTLE THINGS

HERE MAY WELL BE a heaven-made lesson in the fact that the age which has seen the rise of the cult of bigness has also seen the rise of a modern saint whose cult is that of littleness. We call her The Little Flower of Jesus. Her spiritual technique is known as the Little Way. She was the protegee of the Child Jesus; "His living image", a Pope called her. Yet how great are the causes which the Church has committed to her care! She is the Patroness of the Missions and the Protectress of Russia.

Missioners must find it peculiarly apt that the Church should make the Patroness of Little Things their own. Missions may look imposing in the aggregate, but individually they are usually quite small. And a missionary's life, whether at home or in the fields afar, is essentially a series of little things. Little gifts built the burses that trained and educated him for the priesthood, little duties made up his day as novice and seminarian.

Bigness seemed for once to have come into his life, perhaps, when he went aboard a great liner for his voyage over the great ocean; but it was stripped of any suggestion of the grandiose by the modesty of his destination, the little mission compound that awaited him on the other side of the Pacific. And how soon he learns that even in the Orient his life is to be once more a round of little things—little quarrels to settle, little ills to heal, little nuisances to endure. By such small coins are souls purchased for eternity, but the coins are stamped with the image of the Lamb of God.

THE SACRAMENTS themselves are wed to littleness. Matter summoned to serve the purposes of the immaterial God would fain annihilate itself before Him. A trickle of water, a few whispered words, a little oil, these are the vehicles that bear Divinity as it speeds to the succour of souls down the avenues of sense. And even God Himself preserves the same contrast between His infinity and the frail elements in which He comes to our altars and our hearts.

This may seem like a consoling doctrine, for we are inclined to feel that we can all do little things. But can we? True heroism is required to do little things, so often the same little things, day after day, and to do them consistently well for love of God. The little smile, the little sacrifice, the little prayer, the mighty chain of dedicated details! At times the forging of one small link is a torment. Yet every link must be there. With God's grace, none need be missing. In the end, the chain that seemed so painful and so futile in the making will prove the golden thread that led us to the feet of God.

—W. M. Q., in "The Field Afar".

CHRISTMAS

ABOUT ALL that's left to us of the disappearing year is the Feast of Christmas. And that means much to all of us. Even now, what people are pleased to call "the spirit of Christmas" is in the air, so to speak. We suppose that in a Christmas edition our readers expect to find some extra space devoted to the subject, but we are in the position of one whose chief interest concerns a land where there is very little of what we know as Christmas; true, we are writing for readers to whom December 25th is the "big day", and hence when we speak of the Feast we have no option but to stress those facts which give to it its real and true significance in our Catholic lives.

* * *

Beneath all the talking about Christmas, and all the writing about Christmas, and all the celebrations and decorations incidental to the season, we really feel inclined to ask just how much consideration is being bestowed on its essential characteristics—its spiritual and Christian aspect. Surely it is but stating a truth to say that there are many—too many, alas!—who regard Christmas only as a time of increased commercial activity, just another holiday season that quickens the pulse of business, an occasion for having a "good time" as the world understands that phrase. Unfortunately, there are many to whom the Feast means just that, and nothing more. But we direct attention to the Gift which Christmas is meant to commemorate.

* * *

TO US the Nativity of the Lord, the Incarnation, means Redemption, for Christ was born to give us salvation by His death. He came to earth that we might get to Heaven, and the manifold helps He gives us on our journey are the fruits of that blessed first Christmas night. Our Faith, and all that it means to us and to the whole world, is the result of that first Coming of God to man, and if we set proper store on our priceless heritage we shall be mindful at this Holy Season of our sacred privileges and gifts. Unlike the inn-keepers of Bethlehem, we shall make our hearts and our homes a welcoming place for the Infant and His Mother, and as we welcome them our minds will instinctively turn to those millions of souls who are denied the benefits of Their coming, those millions of unhappy pagans who have yet to hear and hearken to "the tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people". Contrast our lot with theirs and we shall realize that we have something to be thankful for; and may the contrast bring us to the realization that we *can* help, and to the determination that we *shall* help, to bring Christmas and its Divine Gift even to far-off China, where so few adore the new-born King. We who live in a Christian land, enjoying the countless blessings of Faith, must know that prayers and sacrifices offered for the conversion of pagan souls will widen and deepen our own spiritual lives and make us more appreciative of the good things of Christ.

A Missionary Has His Lists

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

I DEPLORE THE DECLINE OF

... the old unity of the Chinese family system when each one, no matter how poor, could depend upon his clan, and was kept within bounds by it.
... the old arch bridges of stone that fit so naturally into beautiful mountain scenery.
... the wearing of native garb by the Chinese. Many do not know how to wear "foreign" clothes correctly, or they make a ridiculous "mixture" of native and foreign garbs.
... the fear of anything spiritual among the younger set, who, at the best, seem definitely atheistic.
... my own ability to notice and take proper notes of Chinese customs.

I DON'T SEE HOW WE LIVED WITHOUT

... a dependable mail-delivery; meaning one which got a letter to us from America in one month.
... matches, the price of which is now becoming prohibitive, and is restoring the use of the awkward flint.
... bicycles for "making the missions", and for going on sick-calls, or for making business trips to other missions. Bicycles eliminate the tiresome walking and the maddening delays while waiting for busses.
... the bus roads, which take us more directly and conveniently than the winding and oftentimes dangerous stone paths.
... Chinese food cooked "foreign fashion", at least in the main residences, instead of having the same otherwise-tasty dishes simmering in repugnant oils, etc.
... a smattering of Mandarin, i.e., the universal or official language for China, which is necessary for us here to carry on conversation with people from other districts (and there are hosts of them these days).
... milk, now that we can procure it in tins.

I DEFINITELY DO NOT LIKE

... Chinese "tien hsin" (i.e., inter-meal repasts) because they may never be refused, and they invariably consist of egg poached in wine and served with sugar.
... the local system of buying bus tickets, which are not for sale until the actual arrival of the bus and yet they are demanded if you get in the line-up to procure the one or two seats available.
... Chinese trousers, because they are too loose and too short and have no pockets.
... regulating our clocks by bus-station time and forever trying to gauge the difference.
... partings, whether they be from college, seminary, home, or mission stations in China.
... having to check-up by subterfuge and confusing circumlocutions on complaints about the employees made by invidious Christians or meddling pagans.
... procrastination in answering letters.
... bean-curd ('nuff sed!).

ON THE OTHER HAND, I DO LIKE

... mountain streams; they are the over-pouring of the rice-paddies which are neatly terraced along the mountain-sides.
... the musical sounds of the tones of a Chinese proverb when correctly quoted, even though I haven't the least idea of its meaning.
... the Peking, or official, dialect, the tones of which flow so smoothly as to give the impression of always listening to proverbs, and this in spite of the fact that it is rarely spoken in our district.
... receiving mail from home, and friends.
... Chinese acting, because it immediately brings one into the land of make-believe, which was the original intent of a play.
... preaching at night, which is the best time to get the attention of the Chinese who have been busy all day.
... the wonderful refreshing drink which Father Venadam has made from the peaches in his orchard.
... giving a banquet to my employees, when we can do away with the stiff formalities which spoil "outside" banquets, and it cheers up the employees decidedly.
... writing for CHINA, because I know many friends, known and unknown, are interested in our problems, experiences, and results.
... the Chinese children because they are as yet uninfluenced by the pagan customs which, all too soon, will finally enslave them.
... selected music (here, necessarily phonographic recordings) which, more than anything else, seems to remove the strangeness of this land and recalls happy moments of other days.

I'D RATHER HEAR NO MORE ABOUT

... indiscriminate almsgiving, which (even when prudently regulated) the poor here seem to misunderstand so badly.
... "China enough at home", after seeing the real China not only so poor in Christian culture and meagre in Christian graces, but so set in temporal and spiritual poverty that it is practically unresponsive to any effort to better it.
... "rice-Christians", who have caused more trouble by their greed than even the surrounding hostile pagans.

I AM GREATLY DISTRESSED BY

... scenes of unbridled grief which are carried to extremes at the death of a dear one among the pagans, some of it from genuine sorrow, and some to "save face".
... scenes of uncontrolled anger in which it is generally a wife or child who is victim of the father's wrath.
... grandparents or parents who refuse to let their grown-up children become Christians.
... the sight of a Christian ashamed of his faith.

I HAVE A GREAT CURIOSITY TO SEE

... Chinese being baptized by immersion, as practised by some of the local "persuasions".
... the scene of the death of the Forty Martyrs of Nagasaki, Japan.
... a rain procession by pagans, because, since rain never comes in answer, the petitioners generally end up in cursing their god and tearing his likeness to tatters.
... the inside of the closed doors of a pagan home on New Year's morning, when the elder, acting as high priest, is joined by the whole family in sacrificing to their gods and ancestors.
... the Imperial Court at Peking.
... a Chinese typewriter which can type any and all of, say, five thousand characters.
... the reverend editor's face when he reads this conglomeration.

I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER SEE

... an air-raid, even from a place of safety, nor the victims after a raid has done its fearsome destruction.
... the way the Chinese make their wine. It must be too much of a strain on the sense of smell.
... the way our food is cooked, especially on the "outside" missions. What the eye doesn't see the heart won't feel.
... Chinese paintings of trees, which always seem to me to specialize in bare branches rather than in stately-looking trees.

I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO

... the Seminary where I spent six wonderful years happily anticipating my little part in the mission work over here.
... to Lishui where I spent my first and very happy year in China.
... the place of my first appointment.
... to St. Patrick's Hall and St. Bon's College, in Newfoundland, where I received my education and the nucleus of the great grace to take up this missionary career.
... to Pomquet, the home of Father Venadam in Nova Scotia, where I passed some pleasant holidays amongst a most hospitable people.
... the days of peace in China when we really did not realize how well-off we were.
... the days when we were the only foreign influence here, for we tried to make it the very best.

NOTHING BORES ME MORE THAN

... walking on a motor road, thinking of how easy it might be on a bicycle or in the bus.
... reading Chinese diaries and catechists' sermons for correction. The novelty has long-since worn off.
... listening to the "laughing record" on my portable Victrola when played between Chinese recordings, but the response from the hearers, particularly the children, compensates for my enduring the record.
... Christians coming to ask for dispensation from some rule or other when I know they've already not observed it.
... banquets of "state" when seated among strangers and having to answer the same interminable questions.

NOTHING, FOR ME, WILL EVER REPLACE

... the consolation felt when baptizing my first converts.
... the joy that comes from seeing trust well-placed.
... the generosity of my friends at home and the kindness of my acquaintances; these constitute one of the finest encouragements we know.
... the care of the Sisters for us when we are ill.
... the mission experience I gained with Father Desmond Stringer when he took me "on the rounds" immediately after my first appointment.
... the happiness I felt during the last days of Mr. Wei, an ardent Christian and ideal catechist, as I saw his unbounded trust in God and his love for Our Lord.
... the abundant kindness of our Superior to each and every one of us, and his paternal care and solicitude for our welfare.

I AM STILL A BIT CONFUSED ABOUT

... the merits of the Chinese custom of parents choosing consorts for their children.
... the advisability of studying the local dialect first, or the Peking, or Mandarin. Both are necessary in our district, the local dialect for our own people, and the Mandarin for the benefit of travellers and those who come to reside from other sections of China.
... the feasibility of sending these pages to the editor of CHINA.



HOLY CROSS CONVENT CHAPEL

This picture fails to do justice to the fine decorations and colourings of both the chapel and the altar in the new Convent at Fr. Venadam's parish of Lungchuan. The altar was donated by Sister Rose Vincent and her pupils at Lourdes, N.S., one of whom is now a seminarian here.



LISHUI

The central residence.



•
Sister Vianney makes friends.

•
The full staff of the Grey Sisters in the Prefecture.





VANCOUVER

The Cast of the play "The Romance of the Willow Pattern Plate", given by members of the Chinese Catholic Mission.



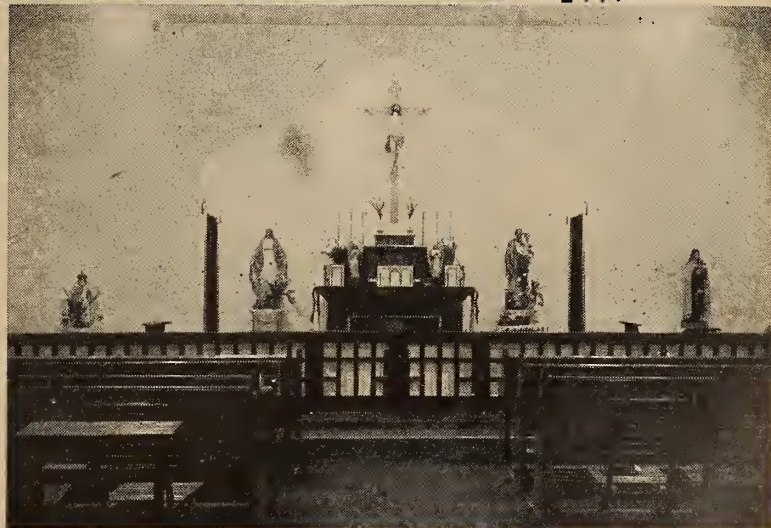
The Grey Nuns at the Chinese Mission.



Interior of the new church.



The "Willow Pattern Plate".



A REPORT OF THE MISSIONS

By

Very Rev. L. M. Curtin,
Vicar-Delegate of Lishui



Fr. McGettigan got this snap of Fr. Curtin inside a Chinese sampan on a mission trip.

Fortunately, missionaries have learned not to judge their measure of success by statistics alone. If we did, I fear we would get but cold comfort from eyeing the annual report which has just been compiled for the Prefecture of Lishui. Doubtless, the first reaction on viewing the figures will be to think that the amount of money spent on the Missions and the efforts put forward by the missionaries are out of all proportion with the results. But the value of human souls can never be measured in dollars and cents, nor in terms of human effort expended.

The actual number of adults received into the Church in our Prefecture during the year noted was less than one hundred. In addition, there were about fifty reclaimed from apostasy, and fifty-eight children of Catholic parents were baptized. There is consolation in hoping that a fair proportion of these will persevere in the Faith. The danger of apostasy is very real for converts in mission lands where new Christians are subjected to such great and so many trials from their families, and from their pagan environments. It needs must be that the net cast into the sea must bring forth all kinds of fishes, some good and some not so good.

We count 2,512 Christians in good standing in our Mission at the present time. Verily, a small number when compared with the total population. But in the designs of Providence these Christians will in due time exert their influence on the masses. The work of convert-making is of necessity a slow process. Rarely is the missionary consoled by mass conversions, as was the happy lot of Father Boudreau during his first year in the mission of Tantz.

To aid souls get to Heaven is the major objective of any missionary. Our missionaries in Lishui baptized 208 adults who were on their death-beds, and administered the saving Sacrament to 469 dying infants. Gifts of Grace bestowed that are worth an infinite expenditure of human labour, and that no amount of money can balance.

spent" in the service of our Holy Faith. It is God Who will give the increase.

The Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception are doing marvellous work. Six Sisters are at the Lishui Convent, and three at the Lungchuan Convent. A newly-constructed convent awaits the Sisters at Sungyang, and still another is almost finished at Tsing-tien. The staffing of these convents is a matter for the future.

At Lishui we conduct a 35-bed Hospital, St. Joseph's, and a women's hospital, St. Mary's, with 15 beds, besides a busy dispensary. A reference to the number of patients treated, and the sick-calls attended to will show that the Sisters have been kept over-busy. To their ministrations we owe most of the death-bed baptisms, both of adults and children. Oftentimes desperate cases are brought to the Sisters for attention when all other means have failed. They refuse nothing, but bring their skill and their charity to every case, and wonderful have been the results obtained. They hurry out to sick-calls even when the odds of being of any use are against them decidedly. If they cannot save a life, at least they have the chance to give life—eternal life—to the dying patient.

In addition, we must take account of the gradual dissemination of Catholic Truth through the medium of our schools, attended by hundreds of young Chinese, and the constant teachings through our catechists under the supervision of our priests. The future is bright with promise, and as missionaries we are content to "spend and be

PREFECTURE OF LISHUI

(exclusive of Kinhwa District)

Chekiang, China

1939-1940

1. TERRITORY:		Small Chapels and Oratories		34
Area (square miles)	10,000	5. INSTITUTIONS:		
Counties	10	Boys' Schools	8	
Mission Stations—		Girls' Schools	1	
With Resident Priest....	8	Pupils (Boys)	481	
Without Resident Priest	34	Pupils (Girls)	489	
2. POPULATION:		Hospital	1	
Pagans	854,000	Patients	706	
Catholics	2,512	Dispensaries	3	
Catechumens	475	Visits to Sick	6,923	
3. PERSONNEL:		Patients treated	55,690	
Scarboro Fathers—		Seminarians (at Ningpo)	3	
In Lishui	22	6. SPIRITUAL FRUITS:		
In Peking	10	Baptisms—		
In Shanghai	1	Adult Catechumens	87	
Chinese Priests	2	Children of Catholics....	58	
Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception....	9	Adults in danger of death	208	
Lay Catechists and Teachers: Men	40	Communions—		
Women	13	Annual	1,144	
4. CHURCHES:		Devotional	39,713	
Large	4	Marriages	29	

NEW CHINESE MISSION IN VICTORIA, B.C.

A LONG-CHERISHED DREAM at last materializes in the opening of a Chinese Mission in the Diocese of Victoria. Ever since the installation here, in November, 1937, of His Excellency Bishop John C. Cody he has recognized the need of such a Mission and with his great zeal for souls was anxious to see the spiritual needs of these people provided for. Lack of money and otherwise seemingly insurmountable barriers presented themselves, but his faith in God surmounted all earthly obstacles, and in December, 1939, the Sisters of our Lady of the Angels came to Victoria to start this work.

The members of this Order devote themselves entirely to work among the Chinese and have twelve houses in China and Eastern Canada. Their thirteenth and latest house is in Victoria, B.C., and is known as "Loretto Hall", formerly the Pendray residence famous for its beautiful Topiary Gardens situated on Belleville Street near the C.P.R. Inner Harbour. The Foundress and Superior General of the Order, Rev. Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart, who is now in China looking after her missions there, came to Victoria to open the Chinese Mission. The Sisters wear a white habit with white silk veils.

We are indeed fortunate in having this Order here, since several of the Sisters now at Loretto Hall have worked in the Far East, one of them is a young Chinese. Our beloved Bishop's trust in God seems to have been repaid in some measure by a Chinese Nun being among their number, for none can know and understand the Chinese better than one of their own people.

Guest House

Loretto Hall is being operated as a Guest House for Ladies with a view to assist in financing the Chinese Mission here. Any lady readers contemplating a visit to the Coast and wishing accommodation in Victoria, may get in touch with

the Sister Superior at Loretto Hall, 309 Belleville Street; she will be glad to make the necessary arrangements. By doing this you will add to your holiday enjoyment while helping the Chinese Mission. Lovely, bright, cheery rooms to suit all purses are available. The House is only three minutes' walk to the Empress Hotel and a few blocks from the centre of the city. Meals are also served and their afternoon teas have become famous. Their thriving Missions in the Far East bespeak the ability and zeal of these good Sisters. They teach music and art apart from the religious and customary school classes.

Chinese Kindergarten

Now we come to the chief aim of this work, which is the opening of a Chinese Kindergarten School. Victoria will be celebrating the opening of just such a school towards the end of November. Rev. Father W. J. Matte of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Institute was recalled from China in April of this year to take charge of the Mission here. His choice of location is an ideal one, the property being situated in the Chinese District at 866 North Park St. It is a corner lot offering room for expansion when necessary. The house, however, was in a very bad state of repair. Nothing daunted, Father Matte and the Sisters immediately set to work fumigating it. They have had the interior and exterior painted, new plumbing installed, and the surrounding gardens put in shape so that one is amazed as one gazes on that building to-day and sees the wonders that have been accomplished within the short time of two months.

I have not mentioned the obstacles and trials which have

confronted this missionary since he first set his heart on acquiring that property, but his grim determination and courage in God's service have overcome them and now he has met with the hearty response of the Chinese. No less than fifteen have signified their intention of attending the School. There are 2,000 Chinese in the City of Victoria and about 3,000 more scattered throughout the Diocese. With God's grace and the aid of The Little Flower, the special Patroness of the Missions, Victoria is sowing the seed which, we hope, will ultimately spread throughout Vancouver Island.

Auxiliary Formed

An Auxiliary has been formed under the title of "The Missionary Circle of the Little Flower" which consists of ladies interested in the Mission, who are working in conjunction with Fr. Matte and the Sisters. Following are the officers: President, Miss Harriet O'Brien; Vice-President, Madame L. Cagnet; Treasurer, Miss Joyce Leavitt; Secretary, Miss Josephine Murray.

The Auxiliary is very enthusiastic in the promotion of this work, and it has occurred to us that there may be some good friends in the interior of British Columbia and across Canada to whom missionary work among the Chinese has an especial appeal and who, in some small way, would like to do something to help in extending the work. No amount is too small to be of help, and your prayers are especially solicited. Many ways may occur to you in which you could be of help in this worthy cause, and if you will get in touch with the Secretary at 132 South Turner Street, Victoria, B.C., she will gladly acknowledge any correspondence.

First Fruits

Three Chinese have been baptized since the beginning of the work here, an achievement which in so short a time bodes well for the future. If we were to pause for a moment and consider how naturally religious the Chinese are, we would realize what wonderful Christians they could make once the true faith had been made known to them and the grace of God had touched their hearts.

(J. M.)



Fr. Matte.

HOW THE "LITTLE FLOWER" BECAME PATRONESS OF THE MISSIONS

A LITTLE LESS THAN thirteen years ago, December 14, 1927, Pope Pius XI of revered memory issued a decree that sent a thrill of joy through* the hearts of millions of members of the Church Militant upon earth. In this decree, the illustrious Pontiff, the "Pope of the Missions," proclaimed "Saint Teresa of the Infant Jesus as Special Patroness of all Missionaries, both men and women, and of all missions existing throughout the world, in the same title and with the same liturgical privileges as St. Francis Xavier."

Behind that memorable decree lies a wonderful story. It is a story that thrills and captivates and enthalls and sets hearts on fire, a story that should serve as a constant inspiration for all those who long to do great things and to have their names written in flaming letters on the Book of life. The story goes back to July 12, 1858. A young man and young woman, by name Louis Martin and Zélie Buerin, standing before the altar in the church of Notre Dame, Alençon, Normandy, France, were joined in the bonds of matrimony. Their unsullied married life was a lovely garden watered by the purest love and the spirit of heroic sacrifice. In that garden nine flowers blossomed. Of these, four were transplanted to the gardens of Heaven before their buds were quite unfolded. The other five were gathered into God's gardens upon earth—one becoming a Visitation Nun, the other four Carmelites.

After the birth of the first four children—all girls—the couple entreated the Lord through St. Joseph to give them a son who would become a priest, a missionary, an apostle and possibly even a martyr. Two boys in succession were given to them but both died before they were even a year old. Yet the love for God continued to burn like a flame within the hearts of Monsieur and Madame Martin. They knew that God would not turn a deaf ear to their prayers and would hear them—in His own way.

An Interesting Bit Of Modern Mission History

And hear those prayers the Lord did in a manner that exceeded their fondest dreams. The last and ninth child—a girl—was born January 2, 1873. She was given the name of Marie Françoise Therese. It was this girl who is to-day known and loved the world over as the "Little Flower". So illustrious was her work in the field of the salvation of souls that only fifty-four years after her birth the Great White Father of Christendom conferred upon her a title that was never before conferred upon a woman—that of Patroness of the Missions!

THERESA MARTIN was a lively girl who loved to play and laugh and sing and have fun like other girls. She was emotionally high strung and had a strong natural tendency to have her own way about everything. Yet, for the love of God and for the love of souls, she entered at the age of fifteen a monastery of the Carmelites, one of the most severe orders of women in the Catholic Church. She was given the name of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. She died September 30, 1897, at the age of twenty-four, an age when ever so many people begin their life's work. That same little Nun of whom hardly anything at all was known was seventeen years later, 1914, to be given the title of Venerable Servant of God. In 1923 she was beatified and on May 17, 1925, she was declared to be a canonized saint of the Church.

Truly, the little Carmelite Nun had soared to the heights of glory and fame and power on the WINGS OF LOVE. But the story of that spectacular rise was not yet to be over. Towards the end of the same month in which she was canonized (May, 1925), two enthusiastic clients of the newly canonized nun

were engaged in conversation in the city of Montreal, Canada. One of them was a layman—Mr. Paul A. Lionel Bernard of Beloeil, Quebec. The other was a bishop—the Most Reverend Ovide Charlebois, O.M.I., veteran missionary of the North and vicar apostolic of Keewatin (died in 1933). Mr. Bernard had worked hard to secure the canonization of the little Nun who had won the hearts of millions. Now that his cherished wish was realized, he wanted the signatures of Canadian ordinaries for an address of thanks to the Holy Father. To his great surprise Bishop Charlebois refused point blank to sign the petition of thanks. When asked for an explanation of this apparently strange turn of mind, the Bishop said: "See here, as for writing to the Pope, I would ask him for something." "And what would you ask for, Excellency?" "I would ask him to proclaim St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus Patroness of the Missions and Missionaries." Mr. Bernard was very much impressed and agreed himself to undertake to do the work of securing signatures for the petition suggested by the Bishop. Thus from a conversation that took place in our own Dominion of Canada, there emerged a bold, a daring and ambitious plan, a plan that was destined to add still one more brilliant jewel to the already radiant crown of a simple nun who during life strove to be unknown and forgotten.

A PETITION FOR THIS most extraordinary favour was drawn up. Within a few months the signatures of the twelve Canadian ordinaries who had Indian missionaries under their jurisdiction were obtained. The petition was sent to Rome, presented to the Holy Father and then referred to the Prefects of the Sacred Congregations of the Propaganda and of Rites. Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Propaganda, suggested to Bishop Charlebois that he try to get the signatures of all the

Mission Ordinaries of the world. With the assistance of Mr. Bernard, the client of the Little Flower already referred to, Bishop Charlebois did correspond with all these Ordinaries.

Two hundred and twenty signatures from Mission Ordinaries representing all countries, all rites, all languages came to Mr. Bernard. These signatures were generally accompanied by enthusiastic letters singing the praises of her who promised to spend her heaven in doing good upon earth and to let fall a shower of roses. Those signatures added to those of the Canadian Mission Ordinaries made up a grand total of two hundred and thirty-two.

All the signatures were gathered into a magnificent volume, illuminated by the Reverend Mother Mary of the Incarnation of the Ursulines of Three Rivers. This volume was presented to Pope Pius XI on October 14, 1927. His Holiness promised that he himself would advocate the case of the Little Flower before the Congregations of Rites and Propaganda. But the victory of Ste. Theresa was not yet complete. There were serious difficulties to be overcome.

Despite the wishes of the Holy Father, the members of the two Roman Congregations rejected the petition. To declare a woman to be Patroness of Missions and Missionaries would shatter traditions and run directly counter to accepted forms. The cause for which the valiant Bishop Charlebois fought so hard seemed definitely to be lost.

But the little Saint who during her life had gloried in her weakness had already won spectacular victories. She was still to win another. Pope Pius XI, an enthusiastic client of the Little Flower, decided to overrule the decision of the powerful Councils. He issued the decree that we have referred to. The Holy Ghost had spoken through the Vicar of Christ. The case was settled. The dear little Saint had emerged triumphant from the struggle.—C. W. K. in *The Prairie Messenger*.

A GOOD IDEA

Mr. M.—“What did you say, Mary, about giving something to the Missions this Christmas?”

Mrs. M.—“I was saying it would be a good idea to share what we have with them. They depend on people like us to help them, especially at Christmas.”

Mr. M.—“Well, to make sure we will not forget, I'll get a money order for a few dollars and send it to Scarboro Bluffs to-day.”

Visitor

China Mission Seminary, always pleased to be host to visiting missionaries, had the pleasure of a visit from Rev.

Joseph A. Jansen, S. V. D., member of the world-famed missionary Order of the Society of the Divine Word, in mid-November. Father Jansen was paying his first visit to

Canada during his first furlough from the Missions in sixteen years. He comes from the Prefecture of Sinsiang, Honan Province, China. On several occasions CHINA has printed articles from Msgr. Megan, the dynamic Prefect-Apostolic of Sinsiang. We were happy to meet one of his missionaries, and we wish Father Jansen a speedy return to health. He favoured our students with a recital of some of his mission experiences.



Fr. Jansen.

CO-OPERATION

Mr. A.—“Who else should we remember this Christmas?”

Mrs. A.—“What about the China Mission Seminary?”

Mr. A.—“Oh, oh! I nearly forgot those missionaries. Had them in mind when I started this list, too. Thanks for reminding me.”

ARE YOU FORGETTING?

Vocation

It was a Supreme Artist who planned the stars, sculptured the clouds, divided the waters, clothed Himself with light as a garment, and walked on the wings of the wind; but these were only items in His repertoire. The exuberance of Infinity then lavished care on the snowflake, built green mansions for the forest folk and designed their velvet fur, composed the song of the thrush, lovingly modelled the wild rose. And finally, as every artist must have a masterpiece, He fashioned an amazing creature that looks like nothing at all, but bears on its priceless soul the stamp of His own image and likeness.

There is a scintilla of the artist in us all, that traces to a heavenly heredity, but it is feeble, limited, particularized. None of us is divine, and most of us are not even Michelangelos or Shakespeares. So we must pick and choose in the exercise of our tiny talents, and it is a good step to choose correctly. Some can make a cherry pie, and that is no inconsiderable contribution to the well-being of the world. Some can deal with sounds, weaving them into the graceful harmonies that soothe men's souls, and we call them composers. Some can make sermons with words and we call them writers, and some can make sermons with stones and they are architects. And some can go deeper under the surface of both words and stones, dealing directly with the raw and quivering feelings and convictions of the human heart, and we call them dramatists. And some can go deepest of all, penetrating with swift precision to the inmost citadel of the human spirit, understanding and applying the divine principles that mould and bless and save the souls of men; and we call them missionaries. We are all artists, in our modest measure, but there is an art of arts: it is the shaping of souls.”—*“The Field Afar”*.



To All Our Readers — A Happy Christmas



THE FORGOTTEN MAN

ONE EVENING I had occasion to call upon a gentleman who, during my youth and for the greater part of my adult life, was known to me by name and by sight, but who otherwise had remained something of a man of mystery. I found my somewhat legendary man comfortably seated in a well-worn armchair smoking a pipe, with the evening paper lying in his lap. On his feet were slippers that, like my own, were built for ease and not for exhibition purposes.

Within easy reach was a small table containing magazines, a few books, and a tobacco jar whose fragrant contents made me itch to pull out my own briar. The rest of the room was in keeping with this picture of solid comfort, a few good pictures, a couple of chairs that permitted a man to slouch nicely in them, and other furniture equally masculine in character. I was courteously bidden to be seated, and notice having been taken of my longing look toward the tobacco jar, a warm invitation to have a fill was instantly forthcoming. I stated my business; it was settled quickly and concisely; and before I knew it we had launched out upon the sea of conversation touching at various ports of mutual interest. Some two hours later I took my leave, and after the front door closed gently behind me, I came to with a start. Good heavens! I had spent an entire evening with my pastor!

I walked slowly homeward in a fine state of mental confusion. In my mind's eye the portrait of our pastor as it had been painted by the composite opinions of his parishioners came into view. This is it:

If he tries to be friendly, he's fawning; if he doesn't, he is high-hat.

If he visits his parishioners, he's an old busy-body, neglecting his church; if he doesn't, he's a snob.

If he can't run his plant on nickels and dimes, he's a poor business man; if he asks for more money, "What does he do with it all?"

If he dresses well, he's worldly; if he doesn't, he's a boor.

If he speaks good English, he's affected; if he doesn't, he's ignorant.

If he delivers a 20-minute sermon, he's dull; if he talks ten minutes, he hasn't prepared.

If he has frequent devotions, he's a money-grabber; if he doesn't, the spiritual welfare of his flock is not uppermost in his mind.

If he is actively religious, he's a hypocrite; if he isn't, he should never have been ordained.

If he lives in a comfortable house, "Who does he think he is?" If he doesn't, he has no parish pride.

If he goes to the ball game or plays golf, tsk! tsk! If he doesn't, he's an old fossil.

Is it any wonder that, after my call, I immediately dubbed him The Forgotten Man? The joke of it is that those who criticize their pastor most are the very ones who know him least. They never think of calling on him or of asking him to visit their home. If our pastor meets one of us on the street, we bob

our head, mutter a greeting under our breath, touch our hat, and skip nimbly on our way heaving a deep sigh of relief at having escaped a fate we dread, but are powerless to name.

Those who read this will probably be as surprised as I was to learn that their pastor is a human being. He is perfectly normal in every way, and even has personal likes and dislikes. There are well-authenticated cases of individuals who, having become acquainted with their pastor either accidentally, as I did, or purposely, have found themselves liking the queer creature. The next time you see your pastor, walk up and shake hands with him (there is no evidence of a pastor ever having bitten a parishioner). If he doesn't swoon away in a dead faint at this exhibition of friendliness, the chances are he will be found a most likeable fellow. If he does something you like, tell him about it; if you have a suggestion that will make his job a little easier, tell him about that, too. Give him your hand, your heart, and your head.

Dorothy's Perplexity

Joseph Reith, S.J.

To provide for her dear, good mother and herself, Dorothy works from one end of the year to the other in a large office, where she has about her men and women of all ages, temperaments, and creeds. She herself is a Catholic, a very good Catholic who would rather miss her wages on Saturday than her Holy Communion on Sunday. And she is Catholic every moment of the week, too.

Only one thing troubled Dorothy. Working all week as she does, with home duties to attend to after the day is finished at the office, she has very little time for outside occupations, for charities, missionary works and the like, for all of which she has a great desire and zeal. Her only brother, I think, is a priest in a missionary order.

One day, Dorothy told me of her perplexity. I listened with joy in my heart for it gave me an opportunity to tell her what I now tell any of you who might be similarly situated.

"Dorothy, and you kindred good souls, you are all missionaries and you don't know it! Every day of your lives you are doing exactly, in your own little way, what the missionary is doing in far-off heathen lands. When a missionary opens up a new field, the first thing he does is to bring Jesus into his mission, to erect a new tabernacle, a new dwelling for God among men. Then he goes about and tries to show the goodness and the greatness of Christ. And that is just what you are doing. Every morning you go into the office, among believers, unbelievers, pagans, heathens and heretics. Into that mission land you bring Jesus Christ within the tabernacle of your own pure soul, the temple of the Holy Ghost. All day long, these people look at you, see your kindness, your charity, your goodness of soul and body. That is a sermon to them, a constant sermon on the beauty and truth of your religion. You are influencing all these people, leading them to Christ, teaching them the value and the splendour of virtue, and, by contrast, the ugliness of sin. That, all that is apostolic work; and you are a missionary, a dear little home missionary."

—JESUIT MISSIONS.

TRIBUTE (Continued from page 5)

the sacristan was saying about the drab and colourless depressing panorama that was our first glimpse of Lishui.

I was back on the deck of the tender that took us out to the *Empress of Russia*, that day in 1934, when I limped aboard in quest of health at home. Father Gignac was there. And he spoke of what a thrill it would be to see the homeland again. And there was loneliness in his gentle eyes as we said good-bye.

Well, he is home now—forever. For him no more of the hard route marches among Chekiang's hills; no more of the heartaches incidental to the life of every missionary. He has gone to join Father Jim and from their home in Heaven they will ask God to send strength and encouragement and cheer to their fellow-missionaries who still bear the burden and the heat of the day.

Life marches on. Every year finds us all more alone as, one by one, those who were part of our lives are there no more to share with us the joys and sorrows and glory of the battle for Christ and souls. It's comforting, somehow, to think of Father Jim and Father Gignac and Father Lellis up there in Heaven, looking down at us all and talking the situation over and pitying our blindness as we cannot visualize the joys that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived.

"Help them, dear Lord, as they fight against human frailty, to bring more souls to know and love Thee. Help them, till they themselves come and join us and know rest and peace and life forever." It is something like that that they say, as they pray before the throne of God. Something like that for all of us, and it isn't strange, perhaps, that at the thought of it we grow braver, too.

A MISSIONARY TO HIS MOTHER

*They say I do not love you, Mother mine,
They say that I have left you to repine;
That I who should have propped your later years,
Have given you a dowry of tears.
They know not, prattlers of an idle word,
The glory of the Call that I have heard.
They know not of your prayer on bended knee
That Heaven's favours might rain down on me.
They know not of your heart—its fire-tried gold
That gave to God, not once, but manifold!*

*Oh, I could tell them of my childhood days
When your hand led ever me in His ways,
When sacrifice of life was held above
The earthly promptings of a mother's love,
And the ideal that you made to shine
Drew me to Jesus, darling Mother mine!*

*Oh, I could tell them of your radiant face
When first I told you of the Call of Grace!
How close you held me, close against your breast,
And thanked our Lord that you had been so blessed!
You knew my love for you had not grown less,
For the wonder of my God's caress
Lay on my spirit with its mystic touch,
I felt I never loved you quite so much.
My mother, far away in alien lands
My thought is yours, and in your tender hands
I place my merits. Can you, can you think
Of all the souls that I have led to drink
From fountains pure, of countless ones who died,
And dying, knew and loved the Crucified!
For you, I offer thanks on heathen sod,
You made of me a Missioner of God,
And e'er before my eyes your teachings shine.
God bless and keep you, darling Mother mine.*

A Missionary's Parents To Their Son

Lad, you were ours,
For many a day
In the long, glad years
Now ebbd away;
As softly the stream
To the great seas ran
As soft was the change
From the boy to man.
Then swift He came,
He called by name,
Your young heart burst
Into golden flame.
He called,
And glad your heart replied,
So away you went to the fields afar,
From mother's side
To Kandahar,
To Cathay east
Or Calabar—
Oh, what did it reck,

When you found the star?
But you left us lone
In our lengthening years,
To face all the shadows
Of human fears,
When we lacked the strength
Of your good right hand
To dig and delve
In your father's land.
Do we weep and wail
For the lad we lost?
Do we seek a sail
On the seas he crost?
Would we call him back
Were we centuries old
For the wealth of Ind,
For romance untold?
Oh, we trust in Heaven,
As we bless the day
When the Captain called

And you marched away,
Your heart as blithe
As a bird's in May!
Sure our tears were pride
And our tears were woe;
But 'tis we were happy
To see you go,
To feel that the Lord had loved us
so!
Please God,
When His barns
Hold all our grain,
Who went to the winnowing
Sieved through pain
Shall taste all the joys
Of eternal reign,
In the Heart of God,
All home again.

—E. P. Dowling, in "*The Annals*".



Johnnie was gazing at his one-day-old brother, who lay squealing and yelling in his cot.

"Has he come from Heaven?" inquired Johnnie.

"Yes, dear."

"No wonder they put him out."

Rastus: "Dat am a great lawyer. Two whole days now he has been argufyin' afor' dat jury."

Sambo: "Yah. What he been argufyin' about?"

Rastus: "He doan' say."

She: "Wis the sairmon guid?"

He: "Aye."

She: "Whit wis it about?"

He: "Sin."

She: "And whit did the meenister say about it?"

He: "Oh, he wis against it."

Manager: "Well, on what salary would you be willing to make a start?"

New Boy: "I should be willing to make a start on three hundred a year, sir."

Manager: "What?"

New Boy: "Yes, hut you can beat me down to fifteen shillings a week if you like."

Unwanted Caller: "Can I see the manager, please?"

Office Boy: "He's out."

Unwanted Caller: "Can I see the under-manager, please?"

Office Boy: "He's out."

Unwanted Caller: "Very well, I'll just wait by the fire."

Office Boy: "It's out, too."

A schoolgirl was asked to write an essay on motor cars which was to consist of two hundred and twenty words.

This is what she produced: "My uncle bought a motor car. He and father were riding in the country when it broke down going uphill. I think this is about twenty words. The other two hundred are what uncle said as they were walking hack to town. But my father told me I must not write them!"

Smith: "Yes, it really was a wonderful party. Last thing I remember clearly was Brown trying to get into Jones' grandfather clock to telephone to his wife."

There was a big to do at the entrance to a famous football ground. Prior to the match a lady was storming and fuming, and a stony-hearted gatekeeper was doggedly refusing to admit her without an admission card, which she explained had been left at home by an oversight.

"Let me tell you, my man, that you are in for trouble," she said with great hauteur. "I am one of the director's wives."

"I can't help it, ma'am," said the gatekeeper, "and it wouldn't make a ha'porth of difference if you was his only one."

Unsuccessful author: "After my death the world will realize what I have done."

Sympathetic friend: "Well, don't worry about it, old chap. You'll be out of harm's way then."

"Has that poet ever had anything published?"

"Oh, yes. The newspaper published the poems he wrote to a girl who sued him for breach of promise."

"Mamma, are all vessels called she?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then how are all national ships called men-of-war?"

"Jane, put that child to bed."

STEWARDSHIP

I bought gasoline; I went to the show;
I bought some new tubes for my new radio;

I bought candy and peanuts, nut bars and ice cream;

While my salary lasted, life sure was a cream.

It takes careful spending to make money go round;

One's methods of finance must always be sound.

With habits quite costly, it's real hard to save;

My wife spent ten "bucks" on a permanent wave.

The church came round begging. It sure made me sore!

If they'd let me alone, I'd give a lot more.

They have plenty of nerve! They forget all the past!

I gave them a quarter the year before last.

Kindly Old Lady: "My poor man, was there no one to stretch out a hand to you?"

Ex-convict: "Yes, mum, that's how they got me."

"How did your article on perpetual motion turn out?"

"Oh, it was a great success. Every time I sent it out it came back to me."

"I understand your wife came from a fine old family."

"Come" is hardly the word—she brought it with her."

"John is an awful liar."

"Oh, I don't know. I think he's pretty good at it."

"Who commands in your home?"

"We share it; my wife hosses the servants and the children and I attend to the goldfish."

Her Father: "So you wish to marry my daughter. What are your financial prospects?"

Her Suitor (eagerly): "I don't know, sir. Er—please tell me."

Joe: "How come you go steady with Eloise?"

Hal: "She's different from other girls."

"How is that?"

"She's the only girl who will go with me."

Doctor: "So your husband talks in his sleep, does he? Oh! we'll soon remedy that."

Mrs. Jones: "Er—I suppose, doctor, that you couldn't do anything to make him speak more distinctly?"

"Can't see why I should buy your book," said the farmer to the persistent canvasser.

"Why, it will show you how to be a better farmer."

"Listen, son," said the elderly man impressively, "I'm not half as good a farmer as I know how to be."

Jake: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Bob: "Why not ruh some on your head?"

For People with Money

The following excerpt is taken from the last will and testament of the late Clarence H. Kelsey. It is from the New York "Evening Post":

"The bequests to the institutions named in the preceding paragraphs do not capitalize, in many instances, the sums which I have given to them yearly for many years, and there are many other institutions to which I have been similarly contributing, but to which I make no bequests. The reason is not because of any change of my interest in, or my appreciation of these institutions or the work they are doing, but because my theory and practice of giving are inconsistent therewith. I have always felt that it was better to give regularly and generously from income rather than accumulate capital with the expectation of making large gifts at the end. I believe that money set to work immediately is better used than if accumulated with the intention of doing great things with it afterwards. These plans often are forgotten or fail to be carried out, and I firmly believe that there is much greater satisfaction in giving money away as you go along than in keeping it and watching it grow in your hands. Money never catches up with time and good done with a little money now may be far greater than that done with a great deal more later on, and it is more sure to be done."



St. Francis Xavier Seminary Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, President.

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When Do You Want It?

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the spreading
of the Faith.

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remember the Missions
when you make your
Christmas Gift lists.

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are vital in
the preparation
of Missionaries.

We have urgent need
of donations to our
Burse Fund

BURSES

are vital in
the maintenance
of Seminaries.

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SCARBORO BLUFFS + ONTARIO

Right Rev. John E. McRae, Rector.

CHINA

NATIONAL

MISSION

MONTHLY

1941

JANUARY - 1941

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.



● *Activities :*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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General Chapter

On June 11, 1940, the Holy See gave definite and final approval to the revised Constitutions of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. On December 12th word was received from Rome of the appointment of Right Rev. John E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L., Rector of the Seminary, as Superior-General of the Society "ad tempus". Given full authority and jurisdiction to convoke the First General Chapter of the Society, Monsignor McRae has set June 9, 1941, as the date when this Chapter shall convene at the Seminary, the Motherhouse of the Society.

Military Chaplain

We are pleased to announce that Rev. John J. MacDonald has assumed the duties of a Military Chaplain with the Canadian Forces, being attached to Military District No. 11 at Victoria, B.C., since early last month.

Father "Chook", as he is so widely known in Canada, is from Windsor, N.S., a former noted Maritime hockeyist and graduate of St. F. X. University, Antigonish. Ordained in 1931, he went to China that year and during his time there came into prominence in the Canadian press because of a single-handed fight he put up against a band of Chinese thugs. Granted furlough, Father MacDonald returned to Canada in 1939, and for the past year has been serving at the Cathedral in Calgary, Alberta. We congratulate Father "Chook" on his appointment, and wish him every success.

Lishui News

A letter written by Father Curtin, Vicar-Delegate of Lishui Prefecture, late in October, and received at the Seminary in mid-December, tells us of the following changes amongst the priests in the Prefecture.

Father Bernard Boudreau, who returned to China last May and was forced to remain in Shanghai for a long period awaiting an opportunity to get to the interior, has been placed in charge of the mis-

sion of Siaokaotsu, with Fr. Paul Tchong as his assistant. Fathers Morrissey and McAuliffe are stationed at Tanchi, and Fathers Kelly and McRae at Tungyang. These missions are now part of Lishui Prefecture since Kinhwa district was added in 1940.

Father Ken. Turner goes to Dolu, and Father John McGoe to Sungyang. Father Harvey Steele has been appointed to succeed the late Fr. Gignac as local bursar and Procurator of the Prefecture.

At the time Fr. Curtin wrote, four priests were in Shanghai awaiting some means of getting to their missions, viz: Frs. D. Stringer, L. McFarland, J. Maurice, and E. Lyons.

Rev. Joseph King, of Newburg, Ont., was due for home-furlough, and Father G. McKernan was scheduled to replace him at Huang T'An.

Sister Mary Vianney had undergone a successful operation for appendicitis at the hospital in Wenchow.

JANUARY

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CHINA

Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

1941

NO. 1

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New Mission Review

Our congratulations are extended to the Foreign Mission Society of Quebec on the publication of their initial volume of their bi-monthly Review *Missions-Etrangeres du Quebec*. We bespeak for the new mission magazine a cordial reception by the people of Quebec Province, who now will have a medium to keep them informed of the doings of their Foreign Mission Society at Pont-Viau and its overseas Missions in Manchoukuo and the Philippine Islands. As the official organ of the Quebec Society, *Missions-Etrangeres du Quebec* will be a powerful medium to develop more widespread interest in the Missions and result in the development of vocations amongst French-speaking youths in Quebec. The January-February number contains a lot of interesting data concerning the Society as well as pictures and letters of the Pont-Viau missionaries. Well done, Quebec!

Bishop-Elect

CHINA extends hearty felicitations to Most Rev. A. Leblanc, recently appointed as Bishop of Hearst in Northern Ontario. Formerly parish priest at Leger Corners in the Archdiocese of Moncton, the new Bishop is the second occupant of the See of Hearst, succeeding Most Rev. J. Charbonneau who was transferred to the Archdiocese of Montreal. On his return from Rome where he received his degree in Theology some years ago Dr. Leblanc was in charge of missionary organization in the Archdiocese of Moncton. We wish His Excellency long years of fruitful apostolate in his new field of labour.

Progress of the Catholic Church in China

THE 1940 issue of the *Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine* has been issued by the "Bureau Sino-logique" of Zikawei, Shanghai. It gives the latest statistics of the Catholic missions in China in so far as present disturbed conditions have not interfered with their compilation.

The summary tables show that the Church in China now has 3,182,950 Catholics, 5,005 priests (2,026 Chinese), 6,133 Sisters (3,852 Chinese), 1,037 major and 5,114 minor seminarians, with a total of 443,462 pupils in 13,632 schools. Baptisms totalled 585,705 for the year, including 106,299 adult converts, 94,396 children of Catholics, 78,481 adults and 306,039 children in danger of death. In addition to these, 490 non-Catholic Christians were received into the Church.

The *Annuaire* points out that the annual increase in the number of Catholics has gone over the hundred thousand mark three times, viz., in 1917-8 (105,000), 1935-6 (115,336) and 1938-9 (100,056). Six Vicariates averaged more than three thousand adult converts baptized last year, while four others went over the two thousand mark and two over the one thousand mark.

Thirteen Vicariates and eight Prefectures are entrusted to the Chinese secular clergy while two Vicariates and one Prefecture are entrusted to the Chinese Vin-

New Centres

Last month's CHINA reported in detail about the new Chinese Mission opened in Victoria, B.C., under the direction of our Father Wm. Matte. This issue shows pictures of the new Mission in Toronto, formally opened by Archbishop McGuigan on December 17th, and scenes of the Blessing of the new House in Peking for our Scarborough Fathers by the Apostolic Delegate to China, Msgr. Mario Zanin. Thus, within two months three new centres of activity have been formally dedicated to service under the direction of our Society.

centians and the Chinese Franciscans respectively, making a total of twenty-four. The other missions are all entrusted to twenty-six different Congregations, with the exception of Macao, which is administered by the Portuguese secular clergy.

There are some forty-five communities of priests and Brothers (six of them exclusively for Brothers) active in China. The *Annuaire* lists fifty-eight foreign and fifty-five native Congregations of Sisters. The purely Chinese Congregations have a total membership of 2,816, and thirty-four of the other communities also have Chinese members, who constitute nearly one-third of the total enrolment—1,029 out of 3,310.

Most numerous among the foreign communities of Sisters are the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary with 428 foreign and 277 Chinese Sisters (total 705), Sisters of Charity come next with 417 (169 foreign and 248 Chinese), while the Canossian Sisters number 288 (246 foreign and forty-two native). Four other Communities total over one hundred Sisters.

Special interest attaches to the comparative tables of statistics for the years 1929 and 1939 showing the progress made within this decade. The third column of figures below gives the absolute numerical increase while the fourth gives the percentage increase for 1939 as compared with 1929.

	1929	1939	Increase	%
Missions	94	138	44	47
Foreign priests	1,975	2,979	1,004	51
Chinese priests	1,369	2,026	657	48
Foreign Brothers	314	585	271	86
Chinese Brothers	466	677	211	45
Foreign Sisters	1,321	2,281	954	72
Chinese Sisters	2,641	3,852	1,211	46
Catholics	2,486,841	3,182,950	696,109	28
Sick in Hospitals	61,708	93,634	31,926	52
Dispensary treatment	6,126,041	11,247,073	5,121,032	83
Pupils—Secondary schools	15,943	18,501	2,558	16
Pupils—Upper Elementary	20,760	30,523	9,763	47
Pupils—Lower Elementary	76,919	176,024	99,105	129

Mission Activity Must Flourish

Holy Father's January Intention

IT IS NECESSARY "that mission activity flourish throughout the earth" if "the will and the command of the Redeemer are to be fulfilled," says a statement issued by the U.S. National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith as a commentary on the January mission intention of His Holiness Pope Pius XII. The intention is: "That Mission Activity Flourish throughout the Earth"

Declaring that mission activity "must not be confined to the so-called 'old Catholic' nations, but should extend also to those but newly won to Christ," the statement adds that "naturally the mainspring and fountainhead for the furtherance of this mission activity is to be found in the Vicar of Christ."

Reminding that the Church "with the wisdom of centuries" has made prayer "an integral part of her plan to foster mission interest," the statement declares that "she knows that once a man or woman is sufficiently interested to pray for something that intention assumes added importance."

The Holy Father's January intention, the statement says, "sets the tempo, so to speak, for the mission interest which should be shown during 1941 by every sincere Catholic member of the Church." "The necessity for mission-mindedness does not confine itself to the Hierarchy and clergy alone," it asserts. "'The entire body Catholic' is included and the laity have a definite role in this apostolate—a role which must be played in every part of the world. Whether in the hustling cities of our own land, the bomb-riddled metropolises of Europe, the busy streets of the Orient, the far-reaching stretches of the African veldt, or the tangled jungles of the island kingdoms of the South Seas, there must be co-operation on the part of the laity to further the mission apostolate. 'Prayer, the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy' lies within the power of everyone."

Editorial

In Review

WHETHER times be difficult or whether they be otherwise, it makes no difference in the purpose for which missionary institutions such as ours were founded. Our work is of such a nature that there can be no change in our outlook, there can be no curtailment of the forces involved, there can be no slackening of effort, for we are urged on by the reality of a Divine Commission and we must press forward with all our strength to victory in "the fields white already to the harvest".

As is customary at the end of a year, we turn our glance backward to briefly review the events of the past twelvemonth. We cannot be other than grateful to Almighty God for the favours and blessings He has bestowed on our work, for by His grace we have made singular progress. Early in 1940 two priests left for Lishui, and later in the year six new missionaries proceeded to the Missions. Their Departure Ceremony was featured by the attendance of the Apostolic Delegate to Canada. In December five new priests were added to our ranks, bringing our total membership now to sixty-five priests.

For us, the outstanding event of 1940 was the definite and final approval by Rome of our Constitutions, giving our Institute the new title of the "Scarboro Foreign Mission Society". Other important happenings were the addition of new territory to our Prefecture of Lishui, and the appointment of Monsignor McRae as our Superior-General and the announcement of the First General Chapter of our Society to be held next June.

For the second time since its foundation in 1918 the Society lost a member through death, when Father Gignac died last October. Two priests were recalled from the Missions to initiate work amongst the Chinese in Canada, and the year was marked by the formal inauguration of a new mission in Victoria, B.C., and one in Toronto.

At Peking, where we have nine missionaries attending language school, a new House for our missionaries was formally opened by the Apostolic Delegate to China. In spite of the very grave difficulties occasioned by war conditions in the Orient our priests have been able to maintain their regular missions, and a consoling record of mission work has been accomplished. At the seminary, thirty-three seminarians are making their studies for the Holy Priesthood, and our financial standing shows a decided improvement over the previous year. We owe such a generally happy condition to the unwearied support given us by our friends everywhere, and here let us voice our sincere appreciation to all who have contributed to our Mission efforts during the past year.

Month after month we have been presenting to our reading public appeals to meet our needs here at St. Francis Xavier Seminary. Naturally, an institution with a large personnel has many and varied needs, so we offer here a brief outline of the chief methods by which you may help us. Please keep them in mind during the year when you may be in a position to do something for us.

Burse Funds. To support our students we have what is known as a Burse Fund. This is in the nature of an Endowment Fund, the interest from which is available to pay the tuition of students whose families are not able to meet that expense. Under the patronage of some saint, etc., we have some 30 burses in course of completion. The *Catholic Record* of London, Ont., has played a big part in securing contributions to this most important Fund.

General Donations. It requires many thousands of dollars each

year to maintain our seminary and its missions. Our chief source of income is the "stringless gift" donation which comes through the mail from interested friends. It is through such gifts that we learn of the sacrifices our friends make for us. The "mites" received are valued as much as the larger donations, but our annual revenue through straight donations is altogether inadequate to meet our current expenses. So, occasionally we are encouraged by the receipt of

Legacies from friends who, in making their Last Will, were mindful of the Missions. Catholics who have goods to dispose of by Will could do themselves and the Church a big favour by remembering the Foreign Missions.

Mass Intentions. Practically the only means of support for our missionaries in the field is their Mass stipends. Could we supply each of our missionaries a daily Mass stipend it would make things so much easier for them. We could satisfy more than twenty thousand Intentions a year, far more than we now receive.

Subscriptions. Were it not for the people who know of our work through reading CHINA it would be impossible to carry on at all. The more subscribers we have the more friends we make for the Missions. There is scarcely a family in Canada and Newfoundland but could afford the half-dollar necessary to subscribe to CHINA for one year. Please send us your subscription now for 1941 and try to get your friends to subscribe.

Those who help our work in any way share in the large spiritual benefits of the Holy Masses and prayers offered by our priests and seminarians. To each and every one of our benefactors we extend our sincere wishes for their success and happiness throughout this year. Let's all do our share to make it a big year for the missions.

THE DEATH OF FATHER GIGNAC

BY CLIPPER AIR-MAIL from Hong Kong a letter reached the Seminary early in the new year bringing us some details concerning the death of Rev. Aaron Gignac in Wenchow on October 30th.

On October 29th the operation for appendicitis was performed on Fr. Gignac by Dr. Rato, the resident surgeon at St. Jean Gabriel Hospital, assisted by Dr. Steteford of the Protestant Mission Hospital and the resident Chinese doctor. Sisters Madeleine and Jeanne, trained nurses at the hospital, also assisted. Fathers McGoe and McKernan were with Fr. Gignac at Wenchow.

The operation appeared to be quite successful when early on the morning of October 30th, Fr. Gignac's heart suddenly weakened, and despite the constant attention of the doctors and nurses his condition grew steadily worse and he died just before three o'clock in the afternoon. Up to the very last he remained fully conscious, and able to respond to the prayers at the administration of Extreme Unction and the prayers for the dying, recited by Fr. McGoe. To the French sister present Fr. Gignac spoke in French, English to the priests, and Chinese to other assistants, and realizing his serious condition he voluntarily made an offering of his life for the conversion of the Chinese two hours before he died. He assured Fathers McGoe and McKernan that he suffered no pain whatever, and added that he was ready for the Great Journey.

Father McGoe's letter stated: "Just before he died he looked at us all with a smile on his face and passed away in absolute peace. His most magnificent death was a gift from God to one who had been faithful in serving Him during the eleven years of his Priesthood."

Many masses were offered for Fr. Gignac on the morning of his death, and the children of the large orphanage and school at Wenchow prayed for him for hours till his death was announced.



The tomb of Rev. James McGillivray, our first priest to die in China. Beside him now lies buried Rev. Aaron Gignac. The inscription (left) in Latin and Chinese gives the dates of Fr. McGillivray's birth, ordination, and death.



The Polish Fathers at Wenchow kindly supplied the priest's vestments in which Father Gignac was laid out. His body was brought to Lishui by boat, and he was waked in Lishui from Saturday till Monday, November 4th, when the funeral Mass and burial took place. He now rests beside his confrere, Father McGillivray, in the little

Catholic cemetery just outside Lishui.

Thus is written the last chapter to the life of a young Canadian missionary who gave his talents and his youth to the great work of bringing the Chinese to the One True Faith. Even in death may his sacrifice prove fruitful unto the salvation of many souls.

AN APPRECIATION

A WAR-TORN WORLD offers many a story of heroism, sacrifice and death on the part of young men who are soldiers in a battle of blood. However, there is another battlefield in which the soldiers are "athletes of Christ" and victory spells the Kingdom of God on earth. Heroism, sacrifice and death abound and are as necessary in this Spiritual Campaign as in any devastating war in Europe or Asia. All this is exemplified in the life and death of Father Aaron Gignac, Priest Missioner of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, native son of Ontario who gave up all to give to others in China the True Faith.

Word reached his Society at the end of October that Father Gignac died in far-off Wenchow, following an appendectomy. It is as hard for a class-mate and friend to realize that he is dead, as it is to write these few lines. Words seem so shallow and inadequate and cold. It may be said in all truth, however, that Aaron Gignac responded to his boyhood Vocation to be a Missionary Priest with all the virile zeal of a man who enlists to save his country in peril. On Ordination Day in 1929 he stood as

By REV. B. S. ELLARD, B.A., J.C.L.,
St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

one who was prepared mentally, morally and physically for whatever task might be asked of him in the conquest of souls in China. His Society tells us that the ten years of his apostolate in far-off China were filled with great numbers of conversions, the fruit of God's assisting Grace and his own kindness, patience, adaptability and unique ability to master many of the Chinese dialects and Mandarin language.

Father Aaron Gignac will welcome into Heaven for all time to come the descendants of those whom he converted in China, and his life and death will be a guiding beacon to other young men who will also aspire to the same Mission Vocation. A true friend, a noble Priest, a sacrificing Missioner of our own day and locality—he has laid down his very life in this age-old Spiritual warfare. May God have mercy on his soul. May God comfort his family with the knowledge that their son and brother has done great things for Him. May God find quickly another young man to take up the work which he was forced to lay down.

—The Annals.

WAKE UP AND DREAM

A TALK TO BOYS

By A Missionary Priest

I WANT you to wake up and dream a bit. What would you like to do in life? Just at present you may be ambitious to get on the School baseball or football team. You have your dreams for later life, too. It may be that the land attracts you, the open-air life, the wide open spaces. Or perhaps your thoughts are set on a profession. You will be a lawyer, a surgeon, an engineer, an architect, and make a name for yourself in the career you have chosen.

It is a splendid thing to be ambitious, but we should try to make the object of our ambitions something really big. You want to make a success of your life: every boy of spirit does. But what about the greatest career of all, the following of Christ the King? Every true Catholic boy follows Christ, of course; but there are some who will follow Him in a specially generous way and will have no work in life but His work.

Did you ever think of the religious or priestly state as a possible career in life? What does it mean? It means giving up your dreams of being a successful farmer, doctor, journalist, lawyer, and aiming at something bigger and better. It means giving up a lot of things a boy naturally loves and living a hard life in the service of Jesus Christ. It means leaving home and family and worldly possessions, just as Peter, Andrew, James, John and the other Apostles did, and saying, "Master, I will follow you wherever you go."

It is a hard life; I do not want to hide that fact. The world is mad about money, pleasure—even sinful pleasure, and power and independence. The religious binds himself by vow to a life of poverty, of chastity, and of obedience. It is easy to be soft and self-indulgent; but it calls for grit and determination to lead a life of self-sacrifice.

A generous boy will not be frightened by sacrifices when he realizes that his Saviour made the same sacrifices before him.

It is the thought of Him that inspires religious vocations. Not long ago a young lad was making the way of the Cross. It was in the Chapel of one of our Catholic Colleges. He was alone in the dim chapel and so he passed slowly from one Station to another. When he came to the Eleventh Station, where Jesus is being nailed to the Cross, it seemed to the lad as if a voice within him were calling: "He loved Me and delivered Himself up for Me." And then and there the lad, repeating a word which he had read in a book some time before, cried out in turn: "Blood for blood, and life for life." Then and there he dedicated himself and his all to Jesus Christ.

Are other boys less generous, less loyal? Once Our Lord was a boy like you, and He had His dreams, as you have yours. He dreamed of the long drawn out battle His soldiers were to wage under His banner. He dreamed of YOU. He wondered could He count on you;

would you hear His voice and love Him enough to throw in your lot with Him.

"As the Lord liveth, and as my Lord the King liveth, in whatsoever place thou shalt be Lord my King, in life or in death, there will thy servant be." That was Ethai's loyal promise to King David. Could you find it in your heart to give the same loyalty to Christ the King?

What is the work of a Priest or Religious? you may ask.

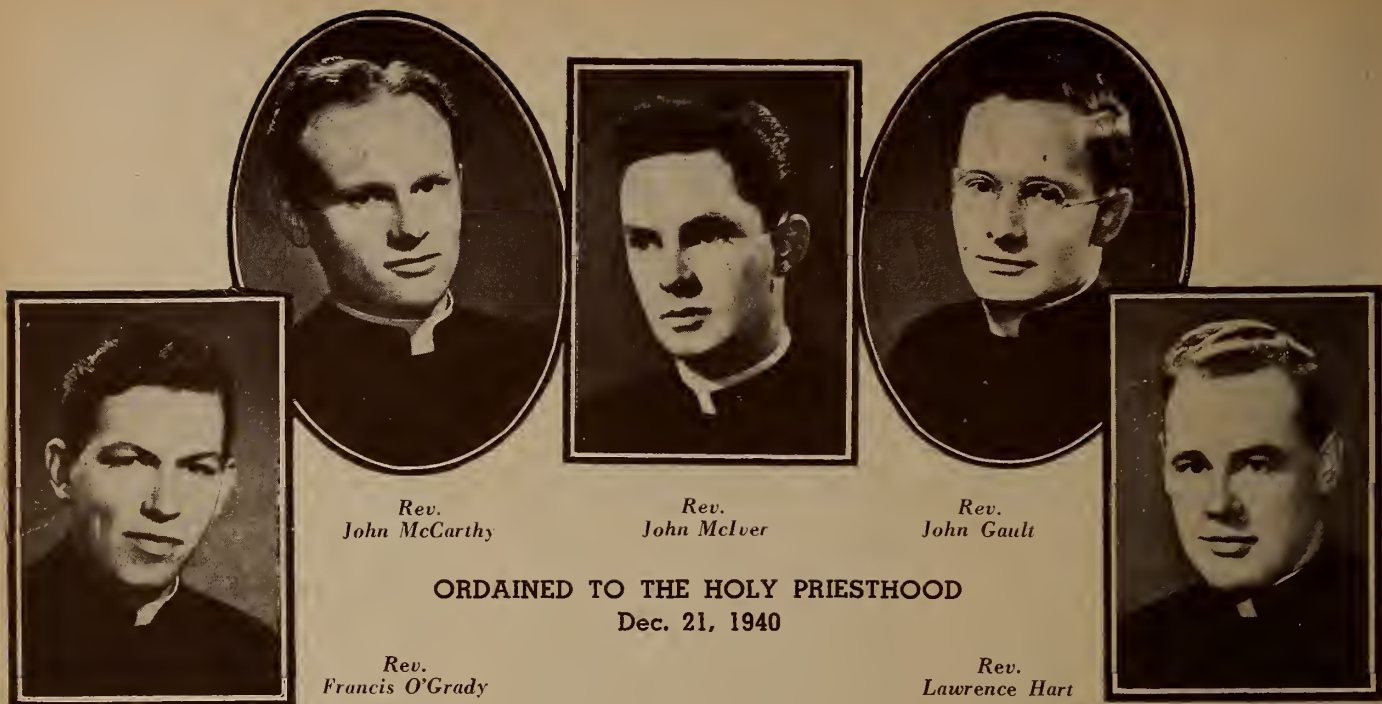
To study the lessons and spirit of Christ and then work with might and main to make His spirit and His principles triumphant in the world. You want to have a great game to play? Here is one worth playing. You want a career that will give full scope to all your gifts and powers? Here is a career where every talent will find its use. You dream of golden harvests? "Lift up your eyes and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest." Our Lord died for souls and there are so many thousands and millions that have need of help that they may be saved. "And seeing the multitudes, He had compassion on them, because they were distressed and lying like sheep that had no shepherd." Then He said to His disciples: "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest."

Can you listen to these words of Our Lord and not feel stirred to do something? When you think of the numberless souls that can be saved for eternal life, will you not stop a moment and consider whether you have generosity enough to come to their assistance? "A fisher of men"—that certainly is a worthy object of ambition for a Catholic boy.

(Continued on page 11)



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself!



Rev.
John McCarthy

Rev.
John McIver

Rev.
John Gault

ORDAINED TO THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD
Dec. 21, 1940

Rev.
Francis O'Grady

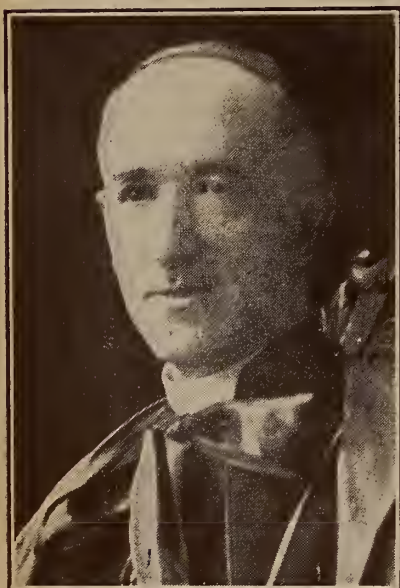
Rev.
Lawrence Hart

MARKING the culmination of long years of anticipation and training, the high ambition of the above five young men was realized on Saturday, December 21, 1940, when they were raised to the Holy Priesthood as members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. In the Basilica at Ottawa, His Excellency Most Rev. Alexandre Vachon, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa, ordained Rev. F. O'Grady, Rev. L. Hart and Rev. J. Gault. Father O'Grady celebrated his first Solemn Mass the following day at his home parish, St. Joseph's, Ottawa; Father

Hart said his at St. Columban's, Cornwall, and on Christmas night Father Gault said his at the same parish church. Father McIver was ordained by Bishop Kidd of London at St. Peter's Seminary, London, Ont., and said his first Mass at his home parish of St. Columban's, Ont. Bishop Carroll ordained Father McCarthy in St. Mary's Cathedral, Calgary, Alberta, where his first Solemn Mass was celebrated the next day. To the new priests, their parents and families, we offer hearty congratulations.

(Above photos by D'Angelo Studios, Toronto)

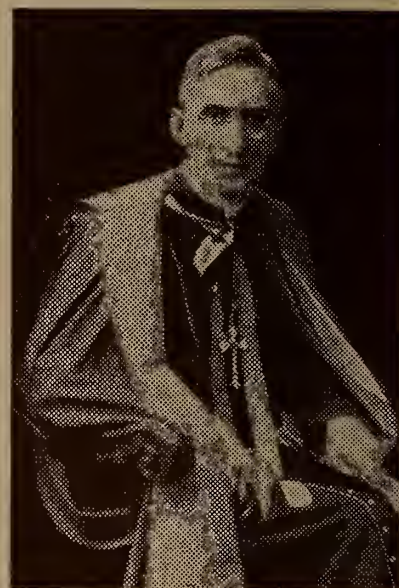
THE PRELATES WHO ORDAINED OUR NEW MISSIONARIES



MOST REV. J. T. KIDD
Bishop of London



MOST REV. A. VACHON
Archbishop of Ottawa



MOST REV. F. P. CARROLL
Bishop of Calgary



Address:

Scarboro
Foreign
Mission
Society



44A Nan Huang
Ch'eng Ken,
Outside Hsi An Men,
Peking, China



WE are very glad to be able to present the above photographic record of an important event for our Society, the formal blessing and dedication of a new House in China for our missionaries.

It had been the custom for our missionaries going to China to proceed direct to our headquarters city of Lishui, in Chekiang Province, and there to pass their first year in the Orient studying the dialect peculiar to the Prefecture of Lishui. In 1938 two priests, Fathers Carey and Lyons, were sent from Lishui to study the Mandarin Chinese at the Jesuit Language School in Peking, a centre to which many Religious Orders now send their young missionaries for their first studies of the Chinese language. When six of our priests left for China last October they went directly to Peking in North China. Awaiting their arrival was Father Carey who, with Fathers Pinfold and White,

had prepared a residence solely for the Scarboro priests who would be attending the Chabanel Language School.

As reported in the last issue of CHINA, our new missionaries arrived in Peking on October 22nd. On the Feast of All Saints, November 1st, our priests were honoured by a visit from His Excellency, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, who graciously favoured our Society by officiating at the formal blessing of our new House on that occasion. The House actually embraces several structures arranged in rectangular fashion within the mission compound.

In the views above are shown the actual ceremony of blessing, sections of the new residence, the Apostolic Delegate and his secretary, and our priests now in Peking, viz: Fathers Carey, Pinfold, White, Clement, Diemert, McQuaid, MacSween, Maloney, and J. Murphy.

DEATH OF NOTED MISSION LEADER

ON DECEMBER 21, 1940, Very Rev. Canon Joseph - Avila Roch, Founder and first Superior-General of the Quebec Foreign Mission Society, died at the age of 65 years.

One of a large family which gave three priests and two nuns to the Church, the late Canon would have celebrated his fortieth year in the Holy Priesthood next June. A graduate of the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and of Joliette Seminary, Fr. Roch went to Rome and attended the College of Propaganda and the Apollinarium, returning to Canada with the titles of Doctor in Theology and Canon Law. For about a dozen years he was professor of philosophy and theology



THE LATE CANON ROCH

at the Joliette Seminary. As a theologian he attended the Plenary Council of Quebec. He was made a Canon at the Cathedral of Joliette in 1914, and four years later was made rector of the Cathedral. While holding this important office in 1921 the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Quebec selected Canon Roch to be the Founder of the Foreign Mission Society of Quebec.

To this task he brought all his splendid gifts of intellect and energy, and with truly apostolic



Rev. John McGoey, of Toronto, with the teachers and pupils of the Sungyang school at its opening last September.

Letter From Sungyang

A LETTER written by Rev. L. Beal on October 20th took just two months to reach the seminary, an indication of the slow-up in mail delivery from China these days. Father Beal had just then returned to his mission at Sungyang from Lishui where he, in company with all our priests, had made the Retreat under the direction of Father Werner, an American Dominican.

From the letter we quote: "A few weeks ago while in Lishui I

zeal he succeeded in his missionary venture to a remarkable degree. Pont-Viau owes much to its first Superior. To-day, the Quebec Society counts almost one hundred priests, and has three mission fields in the Orient. At the motherhouse in Pont-Viau, and at the House of Probation in Quebec, some twenty seminarians are preparing for the Priesthood.

To the present Superior-General, Msgr. Edgar Larochelle, P.A., and to all the members of the Quebec Foreign Mission Society, our own sister-organization offers its tribute of sympathy on the loss of such an outstanding missionary leader. Because of his accomplishments for the Foreign Missions Canada should long cherish the name of Canon Roch. Requiescat in pace.

witnessed an air-raid, with dive-bombers releasing their missiles of death at objects of so-called military importance. An hour after such raids our Lishui dispensary is usually crowded with poor victims who could not make their escape to a shelter. The Sisters attend the afflicted shrapnel-torn bodies as ministering angels of mercy. After such harrowing experiences it is doubtful if the poor Chinese can ever again regard airplanes as anything but messengers of death.

"About two weeks ago two planes visited Sungyang for the first time. It was merely a reconnaissance trip, thank God, and the planes were so low that we could actually see their pilots. Many of the people here fled in terror and a good number are still in the country 'visiting their cousins'. Since all oil supplies are stored outside the city I think we shall be left undisturbed from bombings.

"Father McGoey is in Wenchow just now getting together supplies and furnishings for our new convent. On his return we shall make the missions together. It will be a new experience for him, but he is anxiously looking forward to it. He has made remarkable progress with the language, and was able to take full charge of the parish and hear confessions during a recent period of illness for myself."

WAKE UP AND DREAM

(Continued from page 7)

"But I want to have a good time," you may say. But what is a "good time" compared with a "good eternity"? For the lot of a soldier of Christ is not all hardship and suffering. The day of victory will dawn and those who have followed the King in heroic fashion here on earth, will be close to Him in His glory.

How soon the prizes of this world lose their value. How soon are deeds of bravery forgotten. How soon we begin to doubt if the cause were really worth brave men's lives. But there is no doubt about the greatest cause of all. And those who have shown themselves generous in that cause will not be forgotten in the years of peace that will follow. Throughout eternity the soldiers of Christ will wear a badge of honour; they will be the princes in God's Kingdom; and in the joy of the fullness of that eternal life they will be repaid a thousandfold and more for the sacrifices they made in time.

The religious or priestly life spells sacrifice, yes; but it is a life in which you will avoid sin most easily and save your soul, which after all is your greatest concern. It is a life in which you will store up treasures of merit which will profit you throughout all eternity.

It is a life full of interest and excitement, for you are fighting against strong and crafty enemies and are engaged in the greatest of all works, that which brought God from Heaven to earth. It is a life in which you can save souls in danger of destruction and win their gratitude and the gratitude of the Saviour who died for them. It is a life of friendship and intimate association with Jesus Christ.

Think the matter over and have a talk with your confessor, or, if you prefer, write the Editor, who will only be too pleased to help you. And if you cannot yet make up your mind to come forward as a volunteer in the King's cause, at least do not forget Our Lord's request to pray "the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest".

—*The Crusader.*

St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission



NEWLY decorated within and without, the above house at 25 Chestnut Street, in Toronto's Chinatown, is now surmounted by a Cross, and is henceforth to be the centre of endeavours, initiated by the Archbishop of Toronto, for the conversion of the Chinese in Toronto to the Catholic Faith.

On December 17th, His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan formally blessed this new Mission and dedicated it under the title of Saint Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin. Present at the ceremony was a representative group of Chinese people, men, women and children, of whom some are already Catholic. Present, too, were clerical and lay friends of the Mission and the Executive members of the St. F. X. Women's Auxiliary through whose magnificent efforts the new Mission has been tastefully and completely furnished, providing a chapel, school-room, and a medical clinic, as well as residential quarters for Father Edward Moriarty, a priest of our Society recalled from China to undertake this new work.

Archbishop McGuigan spoke feelingly of his joy at seeing such a Mission established and thanked all those who contributed to the project. This new centre in downtown Toronto (the tower of Toronto City Hall is seen in background of picture) where Holy Mass would be daily offered was destined to bring many blessings not only to the Chinese but to the whole City, and it was one more proof of the Church's solicitude to bring the blessings and consolations of our Holy Faith to peoples of every race. The Archbishop invited the Chinese to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Mission, and commended the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society for undertaking the work at his request.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

Father Jim's Mailbag

Dear Father Jim:

"We're the Brownies. We go to school at St. Joseph's Convent, St. John's, Nfld. We want to be buds in the Rose Garden. We will say the prayer for China every day.

"We want to give a Chinese baby to Our Lord for a Christmas gift, so we are sending five dollars that we have saved up. We would like the baby to be called Mary Josephine."

That letter was autographed by 20 little girls whose picture I am happy to show on the next page.

* * *

Quite proud of her 48 little girls in Grade 3 at St. Joseph's Convent, Russel St., Halifax, is Sister Rita Ursula, from whom came a nice letter telling of the interest in the missions shown by her class. They have all joined our club, and their picture is presented on the next page. On Dec. 3rd they all listened to the special broadcast sponsored by the Mission Crusade in Halifax. Welcome to our club, Grade Three, and thanks for the gift saved through your mite-box for the Missions.

* * *

Dorothy White, of 124 Oak St., London, keeps 100 per cent. interested in our club through her correspondence with other members, and with Father Jim. Her letters are much appreciated. I was glad to get the account of the Graduation Exercises for the London High Schools, Dorothy. I am passing on to the Buds your request for prayers for your brother's safety overseas. Thanks for your lovely letter, Dorothy.

The Third Form at Loretto Academy, Guelph, Ont., through their class president, Geraldine Schuett, sent a donation for our missions. * * *

From Grades 3 and 4 at St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, Ont., comes a letter each month with a gift for the missions, and a different pupil writes the letter each month with the news of school doings. I enjoy reading these letters, and thank the most recent writers, Teresa Cree, Inez Filipuzzi, and Annie Barker.

From one of the letters I quote the following: "We joined the Red Cross and we call ourselves the Happy Helpers because we enjoy helping others. We each bring one potato every Monday and fill a basket and then sell it for fifteen or twenty cents. The money we put in our savings box."

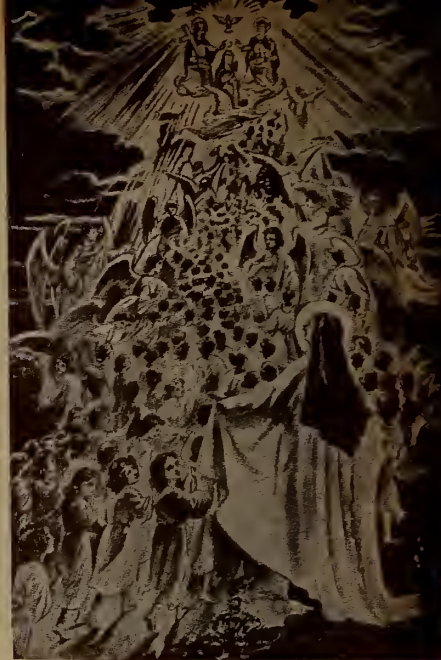
That's quite an idea for raising funds, one that might well be copied by other school groups who are raising money for the Red Cross or for any other such laudable purpose.

* * *

John Czarny has written me a fine lot of letters, and embellished them with his own drawings. Sorry, John, the drawings are not suitable for publication. I do enjoy your letters, even though I cannot answer each one individually.

* * *

"I joined the Rose Garden last Summer and have been faithful to the two rules of our Club. I am in second form now. I am sending a few stamps I saved, and also a renewal for CHINA." From Marie E. Smith, 31 Bernice Cres., Toronto.



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

Dear Father Jim:

"Grades five and six of St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, saved their pennies last month and now are enclosing a cheque for five dollars to help the Missions.

"St. Theresa of the Child Jesus is our Patroness. We have organized a Mission Club in our classroom." Elizabeth Golden, President.

* * *

From Cape Broyle, Newfoundland, come two new Buds, 13 years old, Patricia and Rita Dalton. They tell me they have been reading CHINA for several years, and now want to enlist with our club. Welcome to our Rose Garden, Patricia and Rita. Your school in Cape Broyle has given us many members in the past, and I hope others will follow your example now. Canadian correspondents are requested.

* * *

Pearl Antol, Secretary of the CCSMC Unit at Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, forwarded five dollars "as a feast-day gift for St. Francis Xavier", and expressed the sympathy of the St. Vincent's Crusaders on the death of our Father Gignac.

A similar donation came from Mary Daley, President of the Mission Club at "the Mount".

* * *

Five dollars has been credited to our Students' Burse for the education of students for the Priesthood, at the request of the Girls of Cathedral High, Hamilton, Ont.

CHINA

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY BY "BUDS"

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"**O** ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

For several years Fr. Jim has looked forward to the Christmas letter from his friends at 97 Gower St., St. John's, Nfld., and this year he was happy to be remembered again as the "Fewers" sent their donation saved in their "developing-tank mite-box". Thanks to the Fewers: Jim, Edward, Betty, Michael, Gerald, Mary and Bill.

Holy Cross School in St. John's, Newfoundland, has been most generous to our missions on many occasions. Their Christmas gift this year was fifty dollars. Special credit is due Grades 4 and 5 who made a special drive on the closing week of the school term. To the Boys of Holy Cross, their teachers the Christian Brothers, and their parents, too, we offer our heartfelt thanks for their magnificent mission efforts.

"I have been reading the letters of other Buds in your club for a long time, and would like to become a member myself. I am 14 years old and in Grade X at Holy Redeemer Convent in Sydney, N.S. Just now we are all hoping Sydney Hr. will freeze over so we can have some fun skating. Father Jim, please ask some of your Buds to write to me." That was from Kay Ryan, of 29 Connaught St., Sydney, N.S.

"Please send five copies of CHINA to our Crusade Unit at St. Andrew's School, St. Andrew's West, Ont." John McClave, Secretary.

A request that is easily and happily granted, John—and our best wishes to your Crusade Unit, which has so often helped our missions.

Dear Father Jim:

"I am a girl of 15 years. I am in Grade 9. I walked a mile to St. Francis School every day. I have been reading CHINA for a long time and want to join your club and promise to keep the rules faithfully. I would like the following pen-pals to write to me: Stella Doyle, Jeanne Kelly, Mary MacDonald, Madonna Smith and Eileen Nash." Address: Mary Smart, Outer Cove, Newfoundland.

From 1385 Victoria Rd., Sydney, N.S., comes a nice letter from Therese LeBlanc, who says she is named after St. Therese and so wants to join her Mission Club. Therese is 13 and in Grade X, and is anxious to have pen-pals. She likes all sorts of sports and reads lots of good books.

For Christmas cards and gifts for the missions we thank the Boys and Girls of Grade 2, St. Patrick's School, Hamilton; Grade 1, St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, Ont.; and the Girls of the CCSMC Unit in Grade 5 at Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, N.S. Also Joan and Teresa Cain of 31 Glenelg St., Lindsay, Ont., for stamps sent us.

Christmas greetings were much appreciated from one of our most faithful pioneers, Dot. O'Grady of Peterboro.

The little girl at the right is Mary Bernadette Ogilvie, of Pereaux, N.S. Mary wrote Fr. Jim: "I am 8 years old and in Grade 3 at school. I made my First Holy Communion a year ago in my own home with four other children." Her sister, Doreen Cecilia (14), and brothers, Douglas (16) and Aubrey (12), also became members of our club.



The Girls of Grade Three, Oxford St. School, Halifax, Nova Scotia.



Right: the "Brownies" of St. Joseph's Convent, St. John's, Newfoundland.





"Rastus, does you love me?"

"Mandy, you is one woman I don't like none other no better than."

He: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot?"

She: "Oh, none of us are perfect."

"Are you a doctor?" asked a young lady, stepping into a drug store.

"Naw," replied the youth behind the counter. "I'm just the fizzician."

"Why did you tell Joe you married me because I'm a wonderful cook? I can't boil a potato!"

"But I had to give some excuse."

First Boxing Manager: "Now, at the end of the second round your man hits mine on the chin, and he goes down for the count."

Second Manager: "No, Bill, make it the eighth or ninth: we gotta play fair with the public."

"You can't get something for nothing in this life."

"That's right," replied the gloomy citizen. "If I want even a few kind words about my disposition and some hope of future success I've got to go to a fortune teller and pay for them."

A Negro mammy had a family of well-behaved boys. One day her mistress asked:

"Sally, how do you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell you, missus," answered Sally, "Ah raise dem wid a barrel stave and Ah raises 'em frequent!"

A man had a slight difference of opinion with his wife. But he acknowledged his error generously by saying: "You are right, and I am wrong, as you generally are. Good-bye, dear," and he hurried off to catch his train.

"So nice of him to put it like that," his wife said to herself. And then—she began to think about it.

Mother (to small daughter doing too well at Christmas dinner): "Remember, Barbara, there is plum pudding coming."

Barbara (seriously): "Yes, I know, I'm saving my neck for that!"

An angler who had been endeavouring to hook something for six hours was sitting gloomily at his task when a mother and her small son came along.

"Oh," cried out the youngster, "let me see you catch a fish!"

The mother said, severely, addressing the angler, "Don't you do it. Not until he says 'Please'."

"Both our sons are studying in Paris. Mine is going in for art; what is yours doing?" "He wants to be a writer."

"Indeed. And is he doing anything in that line?" "Yes, quite a lot. He writes for money nearly every week." "H'm. Then we're pretty much in the same boat. My son, as I said, is going in for art, and regularly draws on me."

Admiralty Orders to mariners to keep clear of the Fleet area during the Naval Review were rigidly observed. They were obeyed also by two little holiday-makers at Southsea.

Said a five-year-old to her cousin, a boy of the same age:

"Shall we go and bathe this morning?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't think we'd better bathe to-day. We might get in the way of the battleships!"

Tony the Clown (to Mr. Sanger, ring-master): "I say, Mr. Sanger, what's the difference between a taxidermist and most people at Christmas?"

Mr. Sanger: "That's a very stupid conundrum, Tony; there is no answer to it!"

Tony: "Oh, yes, there is, Mr. Sanger, and here it is. A taxidermist stuffs dead birds with stuffin', and most people at Christmas stuff dead birds with stuffin', and then stuff themselves with the dead birds and the stuffin'!"

Mr. Charity: "By the way, a poor fellow came to our house on Christmas morning and said he was starving, and as it was cold, and he looked down and out, I sent him to your place, and told him to have a good meal at my expense. Did he?"

Innkeeper: "Yes, that's right, sir. Four and six."

"Four and six! He must have had a tidy-sized meal for that. What did he have?"

"Five pints of beer and a packet of cigarettes."

Madge had been to a Christmas party at her auntie's, and mamma said to her: "I hope, Madge, you said, 'No, thank you' oftener than you said 'Yes, please'?"

"Course I did, mummy. I hadn't been eating more than an hour before they began saying, 'Don't you think you've eaten enough? Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself ill?' And I said, 'No, thank you,' every time."

A Scotsman from the remote Highlands paid his first visit to London during the Christmas holidays. Arriving at Euston the first words he heard were: "Taxi, sir?"

Donald shook his head.

After exploring London the Scot proceeded to Bristol. Emerging from the station, he heard the familiar hail, "Taxi, sir?"

The Scot became annoyed.

"No, thank you," he bawled. "I said 'No' in London, and I meant it. Now stop following me about."

The young bride was extolling the virtues of her husband to a friend.

"George is just the most generous man in the world," she declared. "He gives me everything credit can buy."

Visitor—"How far is it to Washington?"

Native—"Wa-al, I don't rightly know, but I'll call Eph. Eph'll know. He's travelled all over. He's got shoes."

"This morning my small son offered me a penny for my thoughts."

"The boy doesn't know the value of money yet."

"So you want to marry my daughter," said Mr. Brown to the anxious youth. "Have you seen her mother?"

"Yes, but daughters don't always grow to look like their mothers," came the faltering reply.

A new idea in scarecrows was being demonstrated at an agricultural show.

"Is it very efficient?" queried a farmer.

"Efficient?" echoed the demonstrator.

"Why, when first we tried it out not only did it scare the crows, but one old black fellow was so chastened that he brought back some corn he had taken three days before."

CHINA

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The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

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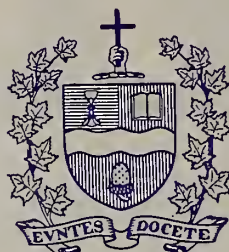
MONTHLY



Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● Activities :

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● Means of Support :

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

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Home From China

After attending the funeral of Father Giguac in Lishui, Rev. Joseph King, of Newburg, Ontario, left China for a furlough at home and arrived in Vancouver on January 11th.

Indicative of the difficulty in travelling in Chekiang those days was Father King's experience. Since overland travel to Shanghai from our district is out of the question owing to war, the missionaries must depend on the chance sailing of a boat from the Japanese-blockaded port of Wenchow, which is only 90 miles from Lishui. Hearing that a boat was in Wenchow ready to run the blockade, Fr. King, accompanied by Fr. Charles Murphy, of Sydney,



REV. J. KING

N.S., booked passage. For 16 days the two priests had to remain on board the anchored ship in Wenchow harbour before finally setting out to the open sea. The boat took them to Hongkong where Father Murphy is

presently attending Language School to acquire the Cantonese dialect. Fr. King came to Shanghai on "Empress of Asia" and sailed from that port the day after Christmas. After spending a few days with our missionaries in Vancouver he arrived at the Seminary on Jan. 21st. He is now with his family at Kingston, Ontario, enjoying his first holiday in more than nine years. For the greater part of his nine years in China, Fr. King was stationed at our most difficult mission of Huang T'An, often molested by bandits, and finally forced to move to a more favourable centre of operation at Paiyen (pronounced, strange as it seems to you, Bong-aw).

He is replaced at Paiyen by Fr. Gerard McKernan of Brantford,

FEB.—MARCH

CHINA

1941

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Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

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Ont., who, with Fr. Paul Wong, will serve the several missions under Paiyen. Fr. King is enjoying good health, and reports that our missionaries in Lishui Prefecture have been experiencing many difficulties owing to the war in the East but are all carrying on in fine style.

We hope Fr. Joe's stay in the homeland will be much enjoyed.

Women's Auxiliary

The annual meeting of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary took place at Columbus Hall on January 30th. The year under review in the various reports showed the extraordinary interest and indefatigable efforts of the executive and members of the Auxiliary. The co-operation of all resulted in the happy realization of the opening of our new Chinese Mission and Clinic at 25 Chestnut St., Toronto, to the functioning of which the efforts of the Auxiliary are now primarily devoted.

Addressing the meeting, the President, Mrs. A. Hymus, thanked the various committees for their excellent work, and announced that plans are underway for the annual Bridge Party at Columbus Hall during Easter week.

Mrs. J. Duck conducted the election of officers for 1941, which resulted as follows: Honorary

President, Monsignor McRae; President, Mrs. A. Hymus; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. S. Fairley; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. J. McGoe; Rec. Sec'y., Miss Mary Pinfold; Corr. Sec'y., Mrs. E. Hunting; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Kirby. Conveners: Membership, Mrs. G. Clark; Press, Miss A. Cordone; Linen, Mrs. A. Kirby; Quilt, Mrs. A. Duck. Councillors: Miss M. Fullerton, Mrs. L. Lithgow, Mrs. L. O'Brien, Mrs. M. Quigley, Miss K. Sullivan.

The Ladies are anxious to increase the membership of the Auxiliary and would be pleased to have interested Catholic women in Toronto get in touch with the Membership Convener, Mrs. G. Clarke, at 65 Parkway Avenue, Phone LL. 0752.

Congratulations

To few priests is given the privilege of celebrating a Golden Jubilee of Ordination. Toronto Archdiocese will rejoice with its senior Vicar-General on St. Patrick's Day as he celebrates his Golden Jubilee Mass of Thanksgiving at St. Michael's Cathedral and afterwards is feted by his fellow-priests.

St. Francis Xavier Seminary extends cordial good wishes and hearty congratulations to Right Rev. Patrick J. Coyle, P.D., V.G., pastor of Holy Family Church, Toronto, on the Golden Jubilee of his Priesthood.



HERE'S TO SHANGHAI

*"Ship me somewhere East of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst"*

KIPLING MAY BE RESPONSIBLE for *your* opinion of Shanghai. In your mind, it may be just another of those cities East of Suez, where vice flourishes, religion is dead and good people stay indoors. I thought so once. Till I came to know so much of "the best", so heedlessly maligned in the oft-quoted couplet and found Shanghai a city where churches are crowded to the doors four and five times a Sunday morning, and where thousands of Shanghailanders have never heard of the horrors publicised abroad. More than that. Most of the contemporary heroes whom I worship are people I met in Shanghai, men and women made of that sterner stuff that rises to occasion of desperate emergency and stands four square to the impact of disaster.

While there, it was only natural to take such people for granted. The perspective was too close. It was hard to realize that we were rubbing elbows with heroes and makers of history. But war-time Shanghai manifested a spirit comparable to that of England now. The fight was desperate and might have been to the death.

These days, writers are singing the swan song of the great Oriental Metropolis. Shanghai is done. We heard that so often during the crisis and Shanghai has heard it so often down the years. But Shanghai just keeps plugging along, like the old Whangpoo that rolls its muddy torrent towards the China Sea. It seems to me that there will always be a Shanghai. Not that the world cares very much, one way or the other.

Colourful, much-travelled, sophisticated but for the most part quite devoid of prejudice, Shanghai people, even in normal times are as interesting as you could expect to find anywhere. The weak, the irresponsible adventurers quickly gravitate towards the lowest stratum of the social order. Unfortunately—evil being ever so much more blatant than hidden good—it is these people who have given Shanghai a reputation that it does not altogether deserve. Yes, it's a tough burg, all right, and a God-help-the-sailor town in spots but that isn't the *whole* story. The other people of Shanghai—and their name is legion—are those who have developed the moral fibre necessary to retain one's balance in a community where Mrs. Grundy hasn't yet arrived and human respect is not as effective a deterrent against moral lapses as it would be back home. Add to this the heroes of recent years and you have a more balanced picture of the Paris of the Orient.

Heroes! Who are they? One of the greatest and most beloved of them all is dead, a martyr to duty. Among my most cherished possessions is his autographed photo, given me one day when he was

(Continued on next page)

By RT. REV. WILLIAM C. McGRATH



making his rounds of the General Hospital. You will have gathered that I refer to

MR. JOSEPH LOH PAH HONG.

Many times over has his general story been told but there are intimate details that were known only by those of us who enjoyed his personal friendship. Better known as the St. Vincent de Paul of China, decorated by five Governments for his outstanding services to humanity, Mr. Loh was the only millionaire I have ever known who took the gospel literally enough to seek first and always the Kingdom of God. Every cent of his one-time huge earnings was spent in works of charity. He lived and spent himself solely for the poor and the unfortunate and it is needless to add that in China there was ample scope for his ministrations of mercy. Fitting climax to so Christlike a career was his death at the hands of an assassin whom he had just befriended.

I often think now of the import of a remark he made to me a few days before his assassination, when he knew all too well of his personal danger. "You know", he confided, "there are some desperate people at large these days in Shanghai. I have received letters". Threatening letters, of course. His friends advised him to leave Shanghai till the storm of hatred and passion had subsided. But he said there would be nobody to find the funds to care for his poor. Himself penniless at this time, he literally begged, often from influential pagans, the twenty-five hundred dollars a day necessary to care for his many thousands of dependent poor.

Then, three days later, came the tragedy that stunned Shanghai. He was making his usual rounds in his car and stopped outside a residence where a ragged street vendor was offering his wares for sale. A crowd of beggars invariably met him at every stopping place and he refused none. This time he decided to help even the vendor, the "do-little-buy-sell-man" as the Chinese call him. He ordered the driver to buy out his whole stock-in-trade and distribute it among the people around. Just as he was speaking, the vendor, really a hired assassin in disguise, drew out a mauser pistol and fired six times. Mr. Loh collapsed on the pavement and was dead before they got him to St. Mary's Hospital.

FATHER JACQUINOT

The world has heard of another great Shanghaier, since returned to his native France. His efforts were responsible for the saving of hundreds of thousands of human lives and the famed "Jacquinot Zone" bids fair to go down into history. Inside its precincts uncounted thousands found safety and peace and came face to face for the first time in their lives with the charity of Christ in action. Day after day, Father Jacquinot and his devoted little band of helpers, priests, sisters, layfolk, spent themselves in the effort to bring back some ray of hope into despairing, broken lives, utterly regardless of personal risk, from war or raging epidemic. So sudden the crisis, so inadequate the means at their disposal when a flood of 350,000 stricken refugees overwhelmed a foreign population of fewer than

40,000 people, that it was impossible to prevent all loss of life. During those days and weeks of nightmare there was hardly a day but saw victims frozen to death on the pavements. Babies were left by frantic mothers at the doors of Catholic missions all over Shanghai. Many a time we stumbled over them in the early morning hours on our way out to say Mass and only too often they were beyond human aid. Till better supplies of the famous bean curd became available, Fr. Jacquinot was using orange-peel soup to offset scurvy, elephantiasis and other malnutrition diseases. From all parts of the zone he was in constant demand. As doctor, policeman, judge, jury, and peacemaker with the forces of occupation, the one-armed veteran of many Shanghai wars was in the thick of trouble, wherever it broke out. The Chinese still revere him almost as a God. Christians and pagans alike speak with reverence the name of *Rau Seng Vu*. Single handed at first in that time of desperate emergency he did more than any other, save Mr. Loh Pah Hong, to enshrine the name of the Church and her missionaries in the hearts of a grateful Chinese people.

VETERAN MISSIONARIES.

Then there are those veteran missionaries you meet at the various Procures, men who long ago said goodbye to life as you know it in the homeland. They are not so strong on the trifling amenities of fashion that loom so large on the horizon of "do-little-buy-sell-men" at home. But they are of the calibre that enables them to face the loneliness and danger of life in the interior of war-ravaged China. Many a time have we been held spellbound by their casual and usually reluctant recital of experiences—taken in their stride—that might well unnerve the stoutest soul.

"See that man over there, with the greying beard. He was the only survivor when Bishop Schraven and his seven associates were bayoneted and burned alive at Chentingfu. He's here for a rest. A bit on the nervous side, you know."

Yes, I know. I've been on the *nervous side* myself in China, for far less reason. Crouching in dugouts when you thought the next bomb was coming through the roof, or half awake at night while bandits prowled around your room and you watched them from inside the "protecting" folds of a cheese-cloth mosquito net. Nerves in general are allergic to China. One veteran missionary told me that *his* nerves had been killed, long ago.

Round the breakfast table you get the stories. Linger over the *cafe au lait* and Italian bread—that's all there is, boys—that constitute the morning despair of Americans for many a day, you find yourself in conversation with men whose stories would make the front page. One spent eight months as a captive of Communist bandits, forced to march incredible distances nightly at bayonet point, to hide in the daytime while Government planes bombed the vicinity and to sleep, when there was any, on boards and vermin-infested straw.

"I was hiding behind a Chinese grave", one man told me, "and the two Chinese beside me, in the open,

were riddled with bullets. I found myself saying a fervent act of contrition."

Another friend of ours had spent four months in his own room, captive of the marauders who had seized the mission, during which period he was not permitted to step outside his door. And so on, all down the line of grizzled (and not so grizzled) veterans whose heroic lives and untimely deaths are blazing the trail for future spiritual conquests in China. You are looking for stories to tell the folks back home or maybe for an article for CHINA. You ask yourself why *that man* doesn't write a book. He has so much to tell. And you find that *that man* doesn't even consider he has anything worth talking about. The people who know most about China will never write books. They are—more's the pity—too preoccupied with their desperately serious job and they have lost all urge to tell the world.

* * *

HAPPILY, not all of those who know China have folded their tents and stolen away to the literary Nirvana. One—I had almost classed her as a missionary—has held the fort in Shanghai for many a day and, bombs and bullets and war scares notwithstanding, continues to devote her literary talents to the finest Catholic magazine East of Suez. Is somebody going to be surprised to find herself among our galaxy of colourful and noteworthy contemporaries? That somebody is the kindly, gifted humble friend of all missionaries, the editress of *The Shanghai Catholic Review*.

JEAN ARMSTRONG

Jean's whole story would enthral readers of CHINA and someday we hope to induce her to tell it herself. A journalist of more than ordinary repute long before her conversion to Catholicism,



What is the date on your CHINA address label?

It's time to renew for 1941

Jean has been defying bombs and war alarms since the beginning of the China war. We dropped into the office of the *Catholic Review* one day when the siege of Shanghai was at its height and boatloads of women were obeying the evacuation order as they sailed down the Whangpoo en route to Manila and Hongkong. Pootung was on fire that day, just across the river from her verandah. Percussion shells (used in the first days of defence) were ploughing through roofs and into front yards nightly and, till it ceased to be news any more, the Shanghai dailies were telling of the number killed each night during the nightmare air raids around the settlement.

"Well, Jean, we guess you'll be leaving us soon. All women and children have been ordered to evacuate this hell on earth."

Jean didn't say very much. She isn't given to melodrama when there is a job to be done.

"Are the Sisters leaving?" she asked. Anybody could tell that her tongue was in her cheek as she waited our answer. Sisters leaving! Sisters don't leave. It was business as usual at the old *Review* stand and although Nantao, just over her backyard fence, was

due for a merciless bombardment "any day now" Jean had as much notion of boarding a refugee ship as we had. Her conversion came about after she was cured of paralysis at the tomb of St. Francis Xavier in India, and, in gratitude to her benefactor, she has since told her story on the lecture platform throughout the whole of the Far East.

We smiled the other day when a copy of the *Review* reached us here in New York. You will appreciate our feelings as we read. Another new crisis has arisen in perennially troubled Shanghai and streams of refugees are once more heading homewards to beat the gun. And here's what the *Catholic Review* had to say:

"After six years of publishing the *Catholic Review*, our ambition is to stay right here in dismal, dirty old Shanghai, and even though industry may languish I want to see my name for some time to come over the mast-head of Shanghai's Catholic newspaper. Governments may advise evacuation, luxury evacuee liners may come and go, but till the convents close their doors and the Sisters leave the aged, the poor and the blind, the sick, the unwanted and the illiterate, my column will find sufficient material and a deep enough desire to keep me here."

That's our idea of literature and then some. Jean is an Australian and, given that spirit, it isn't hard to understand why the Aussies in Libya are having a field day. From ten thousand miles away, Jean, we send you God's blessing. And we are looking forward to the day when we shall talk things over again in "dismal, dirty old Shanghai".

Dismal it may be. And dirty! You don't know the half of it. But East of Suez and all, though Kipling turn in his grave, we tell the world that in the Shanghai we know the best are as good as they make 'em.

"The Dragon at Close Range"

By
Msgr. W. McGrath

PRICE, \$1.50

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written by missionaries

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"The Anvil of the Cross"

A VOLUME OF POEMS

By
Rev. Hugh Sharkey

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Editorial

OUR PRIME DUTY

ALL THROUGH the month of February an ably-conducted campaign was carried on throughout Canada to awaken our people to the imperative need of contributing voluntarily to the War Fund of our Government. CHINA gladly joins its voice with the publications of Canada and directs the attention of its readers to the urgent appeal.

Not one of us, however humble our station, can in conscience dodge our plain obligations. This war concerns us all individually. We are craven slackers if we neglect our obvious duty, and if love of country and love of freedom do not move us, then we must act through the less-noble motive of self-preservation. Make no mistake about it—we've GOT to win this war and we've GOT to make the necessary sacrifices, each and every one of us. When our Government tells us it needs the financial resources to supply the sinews of war to those on the battle-front, we are not worth the effort of saving from defeat unless we do our utmost to help supply the needed armaments for victory.

There is but one way that the sinews of war can be provided. The money that pays for them must come out of our pockets. The rich and the great financial institutions can and will buy bonds. But what can the ordinary man or woman do? The answer is clear. It is to meet their circumstances that the Government has devised the plan of War Savings Certificates. There is no man or woman, boy or girl, whose pocket is so small, or whose means of earning are so slight that he or she cannot do something. Why, even the poorest-paid individual cannot claim the impossibility of making the sacrifice necessary to save regularly for the purchase of a Certificate. Even the nickels, the dimes, and the quarters that are carelessly spent on luxuries and unnecessary articles every day can be cut down in number and the savings diverted to the war fund. This is one time when the value of small savings ought to be apparent. It is the little sacrifices, multiplied, that will count now.

In this crisis there ought to be but one mind amongst Canadians, for what is at stake must be obvious to all. Our young men are taking upon themselves the most dangerous work. Thousands of our older men and women are doing whatever they can find to do in aid of the armed forces. But these services are not enough. In these days wars are not won by brave and valiant men unless they are furnished with the weapons they need. To supply these weapons is the task, and the duty, of those at home. We must not fail our heroic defenders who are risking their very lives for our protection.

We who have the good fortune to live apart from danger, far from the horrors of bombardment from the air, far from the miseries occasioned by enemy action, can in no better way show our thankfulness to God than by devoting our resources to the defense of those who are stricken and, at the same time, making sure of the defeat of the evil forces which threaten our own security and liberty.

IT IS FITTING that, while supporting the call for material assistance in the successful prosecution of the war, a religious publication should add a further appeal to its readers to do all within their power to lend their religious efforts to the same end. In this connection we make use of the stirring Joint Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of Ontario which merits the full and thoughtful consideration of patriotic Canadian Catholics.

"We are living through a crucial hour," says the Pastoral, "darkened by the hateful iniquities of infidel dictators. Our Christian civilization and culture, our democratic way of life, our civic and religious freedom, are challenged by the greatest menace of all time. We must light new beacons on the watchtower of our freedom. By our dauntless courage and abiding trust in God, we must win victory and restore peace to the world—a lasting peace based on justice and charity. . . . Now that further threats darken the world's horizon, at the approach of the Lenten season, we deem it our duty to ask you to renew your fervent supplications and to accept cheerfully whatever sacrifices and sufferings you may be called upon to endure until the final goal of liberty has been attained.

"In our own beloved Canada we have been spared the outbursts of horror, of outrage and of sacrilege, the wanton destruction of life and property and the constant enervating fear of danger and death to our loved ones which have fallen upon the brave people of the Motherland. We must now awaken to the realization that our nation rightly demands the spirit of sacrifice from each and every one of us. Canada needs us all — every man, woman and child, to strengthen her, to stand faithfully by her, to make all necessary sacrifices gladly, to lift up our hearts and our hands in prayer for her until her hour of trial has passed and her hour of glorious triumph shall arise. . . . Let us, by our spiritual co-operation with the ideals of the Church sustain the hearts of our sons and brothers overseas."

Stressing the necessity of prayer for our country's success—"prayer moves the hand which guides the destinies of nations as of individuals"—the Pastoral concludes: "Let us pray ourselves. Let us influence others to join in our supplications. We implore you, in God's name, to cast yourselves upon His mercy. Use your influence with those around you—in your homes, your households, your friendships. If, during the season of Lent, our Canadian people would sincerely forsake injustice, intemperance, lust and worldliness and turn humbly and perseveringly to implore the help and mercy of Christ, He would calm the surging waves of tyranny and slavery and give the Divine command, 'Peace, be still'. . . . Let us put our trust in Him and we will not be confounded."

UNTO FINAL REST

By
REV. ED. LYONS

THE LAST sprinkling of holy water. A last look. The masons bearing the last few bricks approached and knelt to seal the door. And then the crowds moved gently, slowly away. Down the hillside they went with thoughtful steps, group by group till only a few remained. And there, revealed in the clearing, its low-slung structure drawing softened lines against the twilight sky, stood—a second tomb. The masons in laying those last few bricks had hidden from view the legend richly painted in characters of gold on the end of the coffin—“He, who in Baptism was called Aaron”. There, side by side with him who was called James, Fr. Gignac, the news of whose death has already been told from sea to sea in Canada, was laid to final rest.

Kith and kin at home will be picturing to themselves as best they can the scene of this burial and the surroundings. It is a heavy cross to know that a loved one is dead and entombed, and

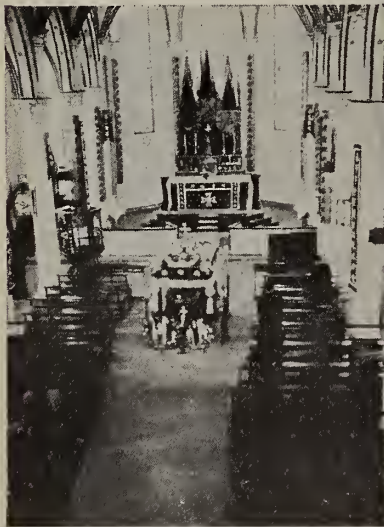
yet not be able to come and visit, not even to have ever seen, the place of the burial. Photographs here published will help a little it is hoped. Our readers may remember, too, a very excellent article published by CHINA some time ago which gave a full description of our cemetery in Lishui. It may not be amiss, nevertheless, to recall very briefly this scene to the minds of our readers; after which we purpose to recount in order the different events leading to the reposition, the bringing of Fr. Gignac's remains from Wenchow, the watching, the Solemn Mass of Requiem, and the funeral procession.

THE CEMETERY

The cemetery lies about one mile to the north and west of the main gate of Lishui. Once out of

this gate, one follows at first a rather beautiful country road lined with trees to either side, and after, a little path through the rice fields is followed off to the west. Here one finds oneself in a great natural theatre, while surrounding on all four sides are mountains, from the west swinging north directly over to the eastern horizon, beautiful peaks spacing themselves out in a long jagged line hold up this Chekiang sky. Citywards, beyond the walls and over the river the whole southern line is an attractive succession of russet hills, green heaths, purple mountains and shrouded misty peaks. Seeming to be the stage in the centre of this vast amphitheatre, encircled below by low flats given over to cultivation, there rises, with a gracious and easy ascent, a low hill and on the top of that hill our cemetery is situated. It is plain to an extreme, covered length and breadth with wild growth and dotted here and there with bushes. Both north

Scenes in Lishui Mission as Father Gignac was waked and buried. Below, the remains before the Altar of Sacred Heart Church, Lishui; lower centre, the passage to the Priests' residence decorated with Chinese mourning banners.



In the graveside scene at left can be recognized Msgr. Fraser, Fathers McGettigan, Turner, Hudswell, C. Murphy and McKernan, with some of the Grey Sisters. Below, Fr. Curtin says the last prayers, attended by Fathers McRae and Strang.



and south it rises to sharp points like two great horns, and between these two horns on the edge of the slope our two tombs have been built. The tombs lie facing the west, while within, they who are laid there lie facing the land of their birth. Now here and now there of an evening, smoke will be seen rising from the miniature cottage of some labouring tiller of the fields that lie below, while here is one still bent in the dusk to his task, and there another with his reaping on his back is slowly making homeward. A peaceful scene at evening—and there will come a morning when it will be a scene of glory. To me it seems that few spots have fitted themselves as beautifully as this one for the day of the resurrection.

ARRIVAL AT LISHUI

The mortal remains of Fr. Gignac, encoffined in beautiful camphor wood at Wenchow, reached Lishui after a journey of three days up the Ou river by sampan. There is an unwritten law of ancient usage in China whereby it is forbidden that the body of a deceased person be admitted through the city gates from without. One hears some very contrary opinions on the origin of this law, and one also hears some very different stories as to the attitude of the present-day Chinese towards its observance. In any case the law is there and is supposed to be observed. However, the Mayor of Lishui on meeting a delegation of priests from the mission, immediately granted the permission. Accordingly, police were lined up on guard at the wharf and when the sampan drew up at the gate of the town, they escorted the body through the gate and on up to the mission. Thus it was on the morning of All Souls' Day, 1940, that the remains finally arrived at the compound and temporary reposition took place in the main guest hall of the rectory where the bier had already been erected.

THE WAKE

This guest-hall, or *koting*, occupies a central position on the main floor of the rectory. When its doors are wide, and they generally are, the crucifix hanging above a large picture of China's Generalissimo is the first thing



The funeral procession moves along the road through the fields outside Lishui City, which is in the distant background.

one sees on coming through the main gate of the compound. For, directly opposite and within this gate there lies a short concrete walk with a vine-covered archway overhead, and immediately at the end of this walk one enters the door of the *koting*. This day, between two lines of lighted candles, in the centre of the room facing the crucifix was the coffin on its bier. On the walls around hung many different scrolls on which in Chinese were painted prayers from the Office of the Dead. Children and adults were there kneeling about the bier, many of whom wept tears of sincere sorrow, for Fr. Gignac was universally beloved of our Christians. Without the door four little Boy Scouts stood gravely on guard with their staves erect, and above them to either side on the door columns were further scrolls affectionately written to the memory of the deceased. Cut flowers everywhere adorning and wreaths from Christians and Pagans alike abounding, the whole presented a very touching scene to anyone entering the compound and it was one that I personally shall long remember for it was the first sight that met my eyes as I passed through that main gate the morning I arrived home

in Lishui after an absence of thirteen months in North China.

That afternoon—it was a Sunday—witnessed the translation of the remains to the Church. The night previous, priests, now beginning to arrive from all points of the Prefecture, had kept watch in turns before the bier. All day Sunday the Christians were going in and coming out, their great numbers, their prayers and their tears becoming testimony to the apostolic labours of their one-time shepherd. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, the Procession left the Church and in a few moments arrived at the door of the *koting* where the officiant Fr. Morrison awaited. The prayers were then begun and while the psalm "Miserere mei" was continued the procession of ministers, priests and acolytes followed by the bier (in China it is a huge affair built of heavy beams and which, by the way, was carried by sixteen men), made way to the gate of the mission. Here the Sisters were waiting, and around them in the gateway and along the passages were masses of people. As the bier passed by, the latter fell into line and full procession was made into the Church. Within, the cus-

(Continued on page 14)

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS are known the world over for their beauty and as an ideal vacation playground. And they are, I think, everything that is said of them. I have often heard of Honolulu in this regard and, as you know, Honolulu is merely the largest city on the 8 islands. It is on the island of Oahu, which is the second in size—Hawaii is the largest. The others are Maui, Lanai, Kauai, Niihau, Kahoolawe and Molokai. The name Molokai is famous due to the great work of Father Damien in giving his life for the lepers there. There is a large tourist turn-over in the islands, especially in Honolulu, and certainly the Tourist Bureau does not want to advertise the fact that there is a leper colony so close to the beauties and pleasures of the islands. I guess that accounts for the fact that really so little is known about Molokai and the Leper Settlement. But knowing that the famous Molokai was so near, I felt that I would like to see just what a Leper Settlement looked like.

Requiescat in Pace

CATHOLIC Canada mourns the loss of one of her outstanding Home Mission leaders in the death of Right Rev. Monsignor John Joseph Blair, who died in St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, on February 14th. Death came to the 67-year-old Prelate after a brief, sudden illness.

A native of Stratford, Ont., the late Monsignor was ordained by the late Bishop Fallon, of London, in 1910. Having served as Pastor at Wingham and Walkerville, he then was made Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Winnipeg. In 1924 he was appointed President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, which office he held at the time of his lamented death.

Nobody was more familiar with the needs of Canada's Home Missions than was Msgr. Blair. In his 17 years as head of the Extension Society he rendered valiant service to the hard-pressed Western Missions and all across Canada are many monuments to the zeal of his apostolate. His name will be held in benediction in hundreds of mission parishes in this country, which have been aided by his administration.

For Monsignor Blair's soul we breathe a fervent prayer and beg the prayers of our readers for his eternal repose.

A LETTER FROM

By REV. AN

I have read Charles Farrow's book called "Damien the Leper". I found it so interesting and inspiring that I was very eager to take this opportunity of seeing the places and the work of Father Damien. So I asked one of the priests here to get me a permit for a visit to the island. One has to have a permit from the Board of Health to go to the Leper Settlement. Armed with my certificate I went to the Honolulu air port on Wed. afternoon, June 5th. Father Boudreau did not want to go so I made the trip alone.

There was nothing very exciting about the plane ride. In about 30 minutes we were landing on Molokai and I thought this was where I was to make my exit but the pilot told me to stay in my seat. Soon we were taking off again. Looking around, all I could see was pineapple fields and huge stretches of red earth and the rollers breaking in on the beach. Up in the air we went again, up towards a huge cliff and I couldn't see anything beyond it. I really didn't know what was going on. Suddenly we started to make a banking curve and then I could see a piece of land on the opposite side of the cliff stretching out into the sea. We headed towards it and soon landed on this sort of peninsula. I felt that this must be the Leper Settlement, and I was correct.

A man came up to the plane and introduced himself. He was Mr. Smith, the director of supplies for the Leper Colony. Soon I was in his car and we passed through a gate about 200 feet from the landing place of the plane. I asked him about his work and he told me that sometimes they have difficulty in landing supplies from Honolulu because the boats will not land at this point when the sea is rough, as it is too treacherous. This being the case, the boats land on the other side of the cliff, and they have to bring their supplies over by mule. I also asked him if he was afraid of catching the dreaded dis-

On their way to China last June, Frs. Boudreau and Pinfold stopped for a few days in Honolulu. Fr. Pinfold went by plane to visit the Leper Colony at Molokai.



case, because I was surprised to see a perfectly healthy and fine looking man in the settlement, and he answered that he was not afraid, but that he did respect it as a disease and so took precautions against getting it.

As we drove along, I was taking note of all I saw. About the first thing I observed was the remains of an old freighter, keeled over on one side, just a few feet from the shore. It went aground about eight or nine years ago. It seemed queer to me that the first sight I should see in the Leper Colony was one of disaster—a wreck, and I recalled the fact that I was on my way to see a few more "wrecks and disasters". All along the way I could see Crosses standing above graves—some seemed freshly dug—others years and years in existence. Those graves seemed to go on endlessly. Finally we could see houses here and there, and I asked Mr. Smith who lived in them. To my complete surprise he answered that they were beach homes of the lepers. And also private homes of the people (lepers, of course). He said the lepers could take up their abode in these dwellings if they wished. Some were occupied by man and wife, or groups of men and women. It certainly surprised me to know that the lepers were not confined to hospitals or homes, but are at liberty to wander anywhere on the peninsula. Then we

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CHINA

LEPER COLONY

W PINFOLD



In this letter written to a friend, without thought of publication, he tells most interestingly about the Leper Colony and its inhabitants.

met cars—another surprise; yes, lepers drove them. I looked at the occupants; some appeared normal, others I could see with bandaged hands or ears and still others with marks that the dreaded disease makes. Then we came upon the actual village settlement. And it seemed just as if we were driving into an ordinary country village—with stores, small and large homes; some very pretty; paved streets, and so forth. I was amazed. Mr. Smith drove me to what he called the Baldwin Home—the residence of the Brothers. Here he left me, as a Brother met me at the door. So the first few minutes in the Leper Settlement were a revelation to me. I really do not know what I expected to find, but certainly it was not what I had just discovered.

The Brothers' home is, of course, separated from the buildings in which the lepers live. There is also a Chapel connected with it. Inside the house I found everything neat and tidy, and was pleased with the nice room the Brother told me I was to occupy during my stay. There are four Brothers working here—Brother Louis, who came to the Leper Settlement about 1900; Brother Matern, in 1904; Brother Brendan, from Ireland, who has only been here a few months, and Brother Tarcisius, about a year and a half. Immediately I began to ask questions and found out things that were a revelation to me.

HERE ARE some facts about Molokai and the Leper Settlement as it is to-day. When you hear the word Molokai you immediately think of "lepers" and Father Damien. Molokai has been dramatized and made the subject of many books so that people are rather horrified at the mere mention of the word. We Catholics, especially, think of it as the home of Martyrs, where priests and nuns sacrifice their lives for the lepers. We think of it as a place in which there is no hope, no joy, but just plain horror and continual suffering and finally death. Many of the ideas we have are not at all true. There is suffering here and many horrible sights, but at the same time it is a very human place, and there is a certain degree of happiness. To us it is a bit mysterious, but after living here for four days, I have found that it is, after all, not spectacular, and there is really no mystery about it.

Molokai itself is the first island south of Oahu (Honolulu). As I told you, it only took about thirty-five minutes to come from Honolulu by plane. It is 53 miles from air-port to air-port.

Most people think that all Molokai is a leper colony. The truth is that the Leper Colony occupies only 10 square miles out of Molokai's whole area of 260 square miles. The actual name of the Leper Settlement is Kalaupapa. It is merely a peninsula sticking out from the island to the sea. It is triangular shaped—about two miles across the base and a mile and a half from base to point. It is rather flat, rocky and bare except in the village itself, which has many beautiful trees, flowers and plants. It is surrounded on two sides by the ocean and on the third side there is a high, rocky cliff, called a PALI by the Hawaiians. This cliff, or Pali, cannot be climbed except by one narrow horse trail leading to the top. (I'll tell you about my trip up there later.) Near the top of the trail is a high padlocked

gate, surrounded by barbed wire. You cannot climb around it without exposing yourself to the risk of falling 800 feet to a rocky bed. There is a cabin near the top, with a watchman always on guard. You have to obtain permission from the Superintendent to leave the Settlement. The purpose of this, though, is more to keep curiosity seekers out than to keep the lepers in. So the Leper Settlement of Kalaupapa is completely separated from the rest of the Island of Molokai by this huge natural barrier. The rest of Molokai (I saw the whole island) is just like the other islands, though it is not quite as beautiful as Oahu. There are little villages and huge pineapple plantations, sugar cane fields and cattle ranches. Few people know that they eat pineapples from Molokai—Libby's have their huge plantation here.

The population of the whole island is about 7,000, while the number of people living at Kalaupapa is about 500, including lepers and people who work here. Such is the geographical setting of the Leper Colony of Kalaupapa, and I think it is somewhat foreign to the popular idea of it.

Mr. Smith had pointed out the various buildings and homes as we

PERHAPS, before the year is too far spent, you may be won. To this—to make the resolution to give YOURSELF in some way to help the missions. Don't base your decision on a feeling of "Well, I suppose I must!" But let it be founded on gratitude. On a deep thanksgiving for the gift of Faith that was freely given to you . . .

Few Catholics act upon that idea. We accept the fact that we are Catholics without remembering HOW. It slips our mind that all of us, through the generosity of others, received our own Faith. We go merrily ahead. Not doing any harm, necessarily—but not doing any good, either! Often our one objective is to amuse ourselves, to please ourselves. Rather futile, isn't it? Like "playing with blocks"! For real accomplishment, we must make some personal contribution ourselves. As others did for us! Or we should not be Catholics to-day. Let us have a different year this year. One characterized by our desire to forsake futility, to do something worth while for the missions!

—Catholic Missions.



Passengers entering the graceful harbour of Honolulu are attracted by the famous landmark of Aloha Tower.

came along, and I had particularly noted the appearance of them, and I discussed this with the Brothers. The settlement is not at all like an institution or a hospital. There is plenty of space, too, and there are gardens and vacant lots. It is really a small town. The hospital, where bad cases are bedded if they wish, resembles more a nice summer home. There is a "staff compound" where the workers live, and it is also a very nice building. There is only one doctor here and he has his own building. There is also a general building for the help. All the buildings are well kept and there is a real tropical atmosphere. Coconut and banana trees abound.

The word "leper" is never used here, or a term like "inmates", but the people are called "patients". The patients may live in either of two ways—either in private cottages with plenty of land around them, or in one of the four Homes. These houses are really little settlements within the settlement, and they serve the purpose of taking care of the patients who can't very well look after themselves. The Brothers' is called the "Baldwin Home" (these are the lay-brothers of the Sacred Hearts); the Sisters' home (Franciscans) is called the "Bishop Home". They look after

the women and girls. Then there are two others—the "McVeigh", and I forget the name of the other. About one-half of the patients live in these Homes and the other half in the cottages. The Homes are really nice, and surrounded by the beauties of nature.

It surely was a great surprise to me to find the patients are absolutely free to roam where they wish. There is no compulsion or force used to make them do anything. They don't even have to accept medical treatment, but they are persuaded to do so and most fall in line. Of course, there are some laws that have to be kept. Firearms are forbidden—you will wonder at this, but I'll tell you something later that will solve it. Believe it or not, but there is a jail here. There is a sheriff and 5 policemen. It really was a sight to see them all dolled up in their regular police uniform, and they, too, are patients. They have their work to do because some of the patients do cause trouble at times by robbing and other crimes. What is there to steal? There are a few stores operated by the patients—one has a garage; one a radio store; another has a barber shop, and there are a few others. Any patient can start up in business if he

wishes to do so. Besides these stores there is a Settlement Store, where the patients may buy goods very cheaply—this store operates at a loss each year because of the low prices.

The patients get paid by the Government. They get \$16 every six months for clothes and \$5 every three months for spending money. And the blind get \$5 every month. Besides this, many of the patients work—they don't have to do so, but it keeps them occupied, and they get the extra money. Some of them manage or work in the stores I mentioned. Some are cowboys and tend the Settlement's herd of cattle (the meat is only for the patients). Some of them fish, and sell the fish to the Settlement. Some are carpenters and others act as nurses' assistants, bandaging the sores, etc. It costs the Government about \$500,000 a year to run the Settlement.

The thing that I just could not get over was the number of cars here. It is an honest to goodness fact that the Leper Settlement of Kalaupapa has more cars for its population than any other place in the world. There are altogether about 350 patients in the whole Settlement and there are 120 cars. And, besides, there would be about 100 patients who would be incapable of driving. It certainly is the strangest sight to see the patients driving around in fine cars. The gasoline here is 10 cents a gallon—the only place, I guess, where there is no tax, and no licence plates are required. But they do have to get a driver's permit; they have to pass a test just as we do. Kalaupapa also holds the record with regard to radios. I was completely dumbfounded by these strange facts, so at variance with what I had imagined.

THERE ARE several types of people here. There are what is called "Kohuas". A Kohua is the wife or husband of a patient, who is not a leper, but who chooses to come along in order to be with and help the partner. This practice is discouraged, but there are a few of them here. Strangely, the Hawaiians are not at all afraid of the disease. If a member of the family becomes a leper, they will shield and hide him, or her, from the

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authorities in order to keep the person with them. And, stranger still, it often happens that the party who is not a leper and lives with a leper, does not become one. Then there are "parolers". A paroler is a person whose leprosy has been arrested to a point where it is safe for him to go out into the world again. This does not mean that he has been cured, but only that for the time being he is not considered dangerous to other people. Many of them, as a matter of fact, have a relapse. The treatment used now for leprosy is the application of chaulmoogra oil. It does help to arrest it, but does not cure it.

These are some of the facts that the Brothers told me and also that I had seen very plainly for myself. The Brother now took me through the "Baldwin Home" to see the patients. They were at supper, and so we looked through the windows. There were some very pitiable sights. But, strange to say, it did not affect me in a sickly way. I did not mind looking at them, but I did feel like an intruder, but they were glad to see a priest, and shouted a welcome. I met Father Damien's old Altar Boy. He is now about 83, and has very few disfigurements. This disease takes many different forms. Some become terribly disfigured and also dismembered, while others appear rather normal. Of course, I did not shake hands with anybody—which brings to mind the subject of the danger of catching leprosy.

The words "Leper" and "Leprosy" just fill some people with fear. I guess you can say that nearly everybody fears a leper. The Brothers told me that some visitors are paralysed with fear. To tell you the truth, I was of the opinion myself that I would not even be allowed on the island, and I thought that once a person did get on, there was just no getting off—that it was a complete exile—that you could almost contract leprosy by looking at it. Now all these things are pure nonsense. My first day there I can honestly say that I was not afraid, but I felt that I must be careful. There was a feeling of tenseness and suspicion, thinking

that everything was contaminated. There was such a tremendous difference between the beautiful city of Honolulu, from which I had just come, and this place. It was not that beautiful scenery was lacking, or that it was dirty, but just that feeling that I must be careful. Precaution is a favourite word here. I think that most people are of the opinion that anyone who works among the lepers is bound to become a leper. But, as a matter of fact, they say that it is not as contagious as tuberculosis.

The Leper Settlement has existed here for about 70 years. And in all these years there has only been one priest who contracted it, and that was Father Damien. No Sister has ever caught it; there is doubt about one Brother, with the doubt being in favour of him not having it, and I think no doctor contracted it, and in those years there has been a good number of people among these classes who were exposed to it. Everybody here respects it as a disease, but they are not afraid and, as they say, "they take their precautions". This means they wash their hands thoroughly after any likely contact with the germ—in fact, everybody keeps a bottle of alcohol in his room for this purpose. I had mine in my room, too. They are especially careful if they scratch or cut their hands. So, really, the danger of contracting it is very slight if precautions are taken.

(To be continued.)

In its tropic setting, Honolulu is a mid-ocean metropolis boasting modern streets and buildings.



UNTO FINAL REST

(Continued from page 9)

tomary prayers completed, the Office of the Dead was chanted by the clergy, the Christians continuing their watches in groups.

Such the return of this apostle in his mortal remains to the mother Church of his mission. So often from the elevation of that high altar under the shadow of which the coffin now lay he had offered up the Holy Sacrifice! How often in the confessionals in the different parts of the church he had used the power of Easter Sunday and raised priestly hands in absolution! So often too, following the command of the Mt. of Olives in his new found tongue he had preached the truth of the Gospel from that very pulpit just above. The newly executed interior decoration of the Church from the vertex of each high vaulted arch down to the last ornate inch of every dado no less unceasingly invoked his memory, for the superintendence of the redecorating of our Lishui church was one of the first tasks that fell to the lot of the deceased upon his return to the field in 1939. And a beautiful Church it is for anyone to be remembered by.

SOLEMN REQUIEM

During the night priests kept watch again until one in the morning. At that hour Mass was said for the first time in the presence of the remains, and from then on throughout the night, until the hour of the Solemn Requiem, Masses were continuously offered from the different alters in the church. In these anxious days, the danger of air-raids over our city necessitates an early hour for all public gatherings. Accordingly, shortly after daylight as the Christians began to gather, the Sanctuary was prepared for the Mass of Requiem. All the priests present gathered in the sacristy and a few moments before seven o'clock made way to the Church, some proceeding behind the main altar to form the choir with Fr. C. B. Murphy at the organ, and the rest taking their places in the sanctuary. In the Church on the gospel side knelt the Sisters of

both convents and opposite them were several uniformed officials representing both provincial and civic governments. Behind these the Church was crowded with school-children and with adult Christians from Lishui and from many outside missions too. At seven o'clock, Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser, M.Ap., P.A., celebrant, and his ministers, Fr. G. McKernan and Fr. J. McGoe, began the Solemn Mass.

SERMON

The Mass over, Fr. Bernard Boudreau occupied the pulpit and with that fluency in the native tongue for which he is noted delivered a brilliant sermon. With his native congregation, a great number of whom were pagan, ever present to his mind, he skillfully drew on that deep sentiment and affectionate regard felt towards the deceased by one and all and with these he deftly blended those great religious truths of life and death, of the Christian calling in this world, and of the stern but thrilling demands of Christian

duty. Recalling the fourth commandment he reminded his audience that the years of the life of the deceased which would have been most enjoyed by those of his family in the home-land had been given, through this Christian vocation, to them instead that on their death they, too, might enjoy what the soul of the deceased was even then enjoying, the Vision of God.

Where, through their affection for him they might easily weep tears, he exhorted them to keep his memory rather by putting into practice the words so often preached to them by the deceased from that very pulpit and by imitating the example of piety and virtue with which he walked always before them during his years at Lishui. Such would be an even more acceptable offering to God than the many prayers which they had offered and were offering to the Divine Mercy for the repose of his soul.

The Absolution followed immediately after the sermon was over, and then the watching continued throughout the morning and noon-day.

The sky, until then clear by night and day, now clouded up



At the hill-top cemetery, flanked by the hills of Chekiang, the sorrowing Christians of Lishui see their beloved former pastor laid to rest.



R. I. P.

The Beloved Dead
of the
Scarboro Foreign Mission
Society

Rev. Aaron Gignac,
Ridgetown, Ont.
Died, Oct. 31st, 1940.

Rev. Jas. MacGillivray,
Glace Bay, N.S.
Died, Aug. 5th, 1935.

in a very threatening manner and it seemed very much as though the rains would come to interfere in a disastrous way with the final act in this drama. Word quickly passed throughout the compound. A bell rang. In a few moments all were gathered once again in the Church, and with Fr. L. Beal officiating, the final prayers were said and the last procession of all got under way.

THE FUNERAL

The street in front of the mission, a few minutes before quite empty and deserted was now congested to the limit as the attendants in hundreds swarmed about between the narrow confines. Many of us were unable to make our way into the street for nearly half an hour. Scrolls and banners could be seen in every direction, while musicians of the various bands mixed with school-children, patriarchs and coffin-bearers. It was a typical scene of truly oriental pandemonium. But through it all the highly ornamental bier, seeming to be the only word in all this jargon that gave a meaning to its expression, rested majestically directly in front of the gate, and it was only when the sixteen carriers began to lay their shoulders to the chassis that, as if by magic, the splendour of state and order began to dominate place and hour.

The Cross, triumphant symbol of the Christian victory over death, led on before all with two little flanking acolytes setting a toddling pace. Then followed the scrolls and religious banners fluttering and waving in the squalling breeze. Behind them the students

of the mission Boys' School fell into line, first their famous band, then the cadets and then the rank and file of scholars. Little by little in this long thin line the milling crowd began to drain out in a steady flow to the east. The hired musicians with a prolonged blare, both weird and sorrowful, from their strange looking trumpets announced their entry into the line. Behind these, the school-girls, the mission employees, the catechists and the teachers took up their positions whilst the chanting of the prayers for the dead began once more. All along the street the sound of the chanting echoed and re-echoed against the walls to either side of the narrow passage, outdone only by the cries of excitement and astonishment that every now and again burst from the throats of the hundreds of spectators stringing the doorways of house and shop and hovel, and silenced occasionally, too, by the sudden fierce blasts from the trumpets of the musicians.

Back at the mission gate a scene of newer confusion was in progress as a long line of richshaws shunted backwards and forwards, jumbled themselves up and came out in a straight line again, and finally jiggled and bumped their way over the cobblestones with their passengers, priests and sisters. Immediately behind, and followed by the main body of Christians, came the human hearse with the lamented but honoured burden in repose.

The procession passed in slow order through the main streets of Lishui and at all times called forth the admiration and honest respect of the citizenry. After perhaps a

half-hour the main gate of the city was reached and the passing from the noise and hubbub and turmoil of the streets into the freshness and the life and the peace of the country provided an apt symbol of that other passage whereby not one but believed the late shepherd of souls had escaped the struggles and the turmoil and the warfare of this earthly life and had already attained to that everlasting peace and rest in the eternal life above promised of God to those servants who die in His grace. Another half hour and the vanguard of the procession far in the distance had arrived at the place of burial. When at long last the congregation was finally complete atop the hill, the carriers noisily, after their way, bore coffin and bier to the crest of the hill. A space was quickly cleared in the crowd before the tomb. Fr. Curtin, V.D., the officiant approached in surplice, stole, and cope and stood in silent posture at the head of the tomb while the coffin was removed from its bier. The final rites of Holy Mother Church with the chanting of the *Benedictus* immediately following the reposition brought the three days of watching and ceremonial and procession to a solemn and touching close. The faithful of Lishui had paid their final respects to a beloved priest who had laboured for them even unto death.



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself! Consider the promise made by Our Divine Lord: "and everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt. XX, 29.)

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

Father Jim's Mailbag

Dear Boys and Girls:

I must keep a little space this month to write you a few lines. I've been so anxious to print your own letters the past few months that I did not take up any space for a word from myself. However, now that the Holy Season of Lent is beginning, I know it will not be out of place for me to encourage all our members to make use of the Season to multiply their good works for the benefit of the Missions.

Many of you, I know, will try to go to Mass every morning and make the Stations of the Cross after school each day. That will surely bring the blessings of God on yourselves and on your School.

I am proud to learn from your letters that in most of your classes you are working hard to save your pennies to buy War Savings Stamps. Keep at it, because your country has need of every cent it can get to help beat those who are carrying on this wicked attack on England.

One school inquired, "How can we help the Missions besides our work for buying War Savings Stamps?" Well, I think that question has been nicely answered by GRADES 4 AND 5 OF COLLEGE STREET SCHOOL, HALIFAX, who sent us their Valentines decorated with War Savings Stamps to the value of \$8.00, and so you see these pupils have been helping their country and, at the same time, the Missions, for their Stamps will be a donation to the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse for the education of students for the Priesthood.

No doubt, other classes could follow their example. Invest in War Savings Stamps, and then donate the Stamps to help the Missions. We shall be pleased to send to classrooms, or to individual pupils, a Mission Mite-box for use during Lent in the saving of your pennies. Instead of spending your nickels and dimes on candy, and shows, etc., put them in the Mission Mite-box during Lent; then buy War Savings Stamps with what you have saved, and let the Missions benefit by your further sacrifice in donating the Stamps to us.

I pray that this Lent may be a time of many blessings for all our good friends of the Rose Garden Club.

Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.

* * *

"Please put my letter in your page in CHINA" asks Theresa Donovan, of New Waterford, N.S. Theresa is 11 years old and in Grade 5, and wants other Buds to write her.

* * *

From Kitchener, Ont., we add two new members: Junior Kraemer, 28 Theresa St., and Robert Bezruki, 69 Edward St. Thanks, boys, for the stamps you sent.

* * *

356 Bleeker Ave.,
Belleville, Ont.

Dear Father Jim:

"I am 12 years old and in First Form High School at St. Michael's Academy, Belleville, Ont. I am fond of all sports, especially swim-



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

ming, tobogganning, tennis and badminton.

"I wonder if Patricia Dalton and Doreen Ogilvie would be my pen-pals. My cousin, Noreen Callaghan (295 Albert St.), also wants to join your Club and have Rita Dalton and Therese LeBlanc for her pen-pals. Noreen is 14, and in Grade 9. I am enclosing some stamps we saved for the missions."

Joan Boyle.

I hope the request of Joan and Noreen for pen-pals will not go unanswered. It's fun having letters from members from distant places.

* * *

Our thanks to the Sodality Prefect at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, for renewal subscriptions for 20 copies of CHINA, and to Jack Carney who sent \$5.00 for CHINA from St. Ann's School, Hamilton.

* * *

The C.C.S.M.C. Unit at St. Andrew's West, Ont., has again favoured our Missions by a generous donation through the secretary, John McClave. Our sincere thanks to these ardent Crusaders.

* * *

Bernadette McCarlan, 16, is a new member from Perth, Ontario, who would like to receive lots of letters addressed to Box 186, Perth.

* * *

Added to our Kitchener, Ont., list are John Barban and Beatrice Germann, who add that they are "little pupils of Miss Arnold".

PRAYER TO BE RECITED DAILY BY "BUDS"

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

From St. John, N.B., come two new members: Mary Nagle, aged 14, and Nancy Nagle, aged 12. Their address: 205 Lancaster Ave., West St. John.

* * *

Writing for Corpus Christi School, Toronto, Jack Legge sends subscriptions for ten copies of CHINA, and is good enough to say that all at the school look forward to the arrival of CHINA as they like to read the articles about the missions. Thanks for the subscriptions, John, and the accompanying good wishes.

* * *

William Allison wrote for Grade 6 at Oxford St. School, Halifax, and sent their contribution for the missions. Oxford St. School is among the best of our helpers.

* * *

Sally Wadden is a new Bud from Glace Bay. Thanks for all the stamps sent from Grade 6 girls at St. Anne's School, Sally.

* * *

Sixteen new members have joined from Burin, Nfld., through Arnold White, whose interest in our club has been very splendid. Thanks for the donation, Arnold.

* * *

From St. Matthew's School, 18 Lavender Road, Toronto, came individual letters from John Reynolds, Frank Robinson, Paul White, Eugene Tunney, and Vincent Mulhall. On behalf of the pupils they sent five dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby to be named after their school, Matthew, and the boys are praying that their ransomed Matthew will some day be a Chinese priest. Congratulations, boys, on your fine work for the missions.

Twelve years old, and in Grade 7 at St. Mary's Academy, Charlottetown, P.E.I., is Barbara Silliphant, and she wants some Bud also in Grade 7 and her own age to write to her. Don't forget to send along that snap, Barbara.

* * *

Mollie Harrington, 14, in Grade 9 at St. Andrew's School, Killaloe, Ont., would like to have as pen-pals Kay Ryan, Therese LeBlanc and Mary Smart.

* * *

A little girl with a big name is Joan Mary Elizabeth Bissett, of Sydney, N.S., who joined our Club in January, and sent along all the stamps taken from her mother's Christmas cards. Thanks, Joan. Glad to have you in our Club.

* * *

Anne Marie Connolly writes: "Grade VI boys and girls at St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont., always enjoy reading CHINA, and we are glad to enclose our renewal subscription."

* * *

Every month the pupils of Grades 3 and 4 at St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, send one dollar for the Missions. The January letter was written by Pauline Lord, and here's part of it:

"Thank you for the grand letter you wrote us. We saw the piece about our potatoes in the CHINA. We hope lots of other schools will do the same and send you money, too. . . . We can do long division now, Father. . . . Our Bible History stories since Christmas are New Testament ones. This morning we learned about the man whose friends brought him on his bed to Jesus. Do you know that one,

Father? . . . We have a Mission table; we wish you could see it. . . ."

Pauline's father is a soldier in England, and she wants all the Buds to pray that the war will soon be over so her daddy may return safely.

* * *

On behalf of Grades 4 and 5 at St. Andrew's West, Ontario, Rosabelle Rochon forwarded a big package of stamps for the Missions.

* * *

On her birthday, Jan. 26th, Georgina Doiron, Cymbria, P.E.I., wrote me a lovely letter. Georgina wants as pen-pals Mary O'Brien, Toronto, and Agnes Higgins, Sudbury. A member of our Club since last Spring, this member from P.E.I. attends a Convent school 2½ miles from her own home. She is in Grade 7.

* * *

From P.E.I., too, comes Marie A. Doucette, whose address is R.R. 3, Hunter River. Marie tells me her birthday is on June 14th, and if there is some member whose birthday is on June 14th, Marie would like to make the acquaintance of such a ten-year-old "twin". But in any case she wants to have a letter from Joan Filion of Apple Hill, Ont., and from Joan Berry, of Toronto.

* * *

"Our Class is very anxious to join your Little Flower's Rose Garden. We promise to keep the rules faithfully, and look forward to receiving letters from other members." This from Grade 8 of De La Salle School, Windsor, Ont., per Freda Tosti.

Individual letters from members of that Class came from the following: Dorcas Desjarlais (14); Shirley Enright (12); Mary Renaud (12); and Patricia Jobin (12). Father Jim is pleased to have so many new Buds from Windsor.

* * *

Thanks to Shirley Atkins, Mount Stewart, P.E.I., for stamps sent, and also to Theresa G. Coffey of Angel's Cove, Nfld.

* * *

"Much interested in the Rose Garden," is Joseph Wallace Galant, of Oyster Bed Bridge, P.E.I. Joseph is 14, and in Grade 7 at Rustico Cross School, P.E.I.



She woke up in the early hours of the morning and nudged her sleeping husband.

"Jack," she said in a hoarse whisper, "Jack, wake up! There's a mouse in the bedroom!"

Hubby unwillingly sat up.

"Well," what about it?" he groaned.

"I can hear it squeaking," she said fearfully.

"Well, d'you want me to get out and oil it, or something?" he snapped.

Phyllis: "Jack has placed his heart in my keeping."

Doris: "Well, you had better be careful with it. He told me last week that I had broken it."

"Hadn't you better go and tell your master?" said the motorist to the farmer's boy who stood looking at the load of hay which had been upset.

"He knows," replied the boy.

"Knows? How can he know?" asked the motorist.

"Cos he's under the hay!" exclaimed the boy.

Jones had not been himself for some time. So he hied him to a practitioner and explained all his aches and pains. Having listened through a long tube for interior disturbances, the doctor delivered himself thus:

"Liver's all wrong. You must live by system for a few weeks. No fat meat, no tea, salmon, potatoes, or sugary substance, and no whisky. Small chops, a very little claret, one cigar a day. You can make it a big one, but never more than one."

Jones departed only to return in a week looking pale and wan.

"How now!" said the doctor. "Have you followed my instructions?"

"Oh, yes. I have managed to restrict myself to the chop and the claret, but that big cigar a day has done for me," replied Jones.

"Oh, nonsense! You must try to control yourself," counselled the doctor.

"Control myself! I should like to see you control yourself if you had never smoked before!"

"Beats me why they call these movie cinema attendants ushers, Emma."

"Don't be silly, Bill. Don't they 'ave to tell people to keep quiet?"

An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office at Chicago, and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not," she replied. "By train, if you please."

Little Mary Jane was saying her prayers.

"And please," she begged, "make Rome the capital of Turkey."

"Oh, Mary Jane," exclaimed her mother, "why did you say that?"

"Because I put that on my examination paper to-day."

Grocer's Delivery Boy (accompanied by his kid brother): "I want a tooth out, an' I don't want gas, 'cause I'm in a hurry."

Dentist: "That's a brave boy! Which tooth is it?"

Boy: "Show the man your tooth, Jimmie."

The "one-gallus" customer drifted into a country store in Arkansas.

"Gimmie a nickel's worth of asafetida," he drawled. The clerk poured it out and pushed it across the counter.

"Charge it," said the customer.

"What's your name?" said the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it for nothing" said the shopman. "I wouldn't write 'asafetida' and 'Honeyfunkel' for five cents."

"Well, boss, I see you're wearing a black tie in mourning for me," said the irresponsible salesman, as he entered the sales manager's office to be fired. "But why not a black suit, too?"

"Because you're only dead from the neck up," replied the sales manager.

A negro chauffeur was haled into court for running down a pedestrian. "Yo' honah," said the dorky, "I did de bes' I could to warn de gennulman; I tried to blow de born, but it wouldn't work." "Then," said the judge, "why didn't you slow down rather than run over him?" A light seemed to dawn upon the culprit, for he explained: "Why, jedge, dat sho' is one on me. I never thought of that."

A little girl went timidly into a store and asked the clerk how many shoe-strings she could get for five cents. "How long do you want them?" he asked. "I want them to keep," was the answer, in a tone of slight surprise.

Clerk: "What was the Manager like when you asked for that raise?"

Office Boy: "Like a lamb."

Clerk: "What did he say?"

Office Boy: "Bab!"

An architect was planning an hotel.

"What is the hotel to be called?"

"The Five Seasons."

"But there are only four."

"What about the dead season?"

Jenny (angrily): "Ye canna say I ran after ye, anyway."

Jock: "No, I canna say that. The trap disnae rin after the moose, but it gathers it in juist the same!"

Aberdonian (sitting down to tea): "What's this, Maggie? Ma guidness, is it dog biscuits?"

His Wife: "Ay, it's dog biscuits. The dog wis rin ower this forenoon."

George — "Did your father complain about me staying so late last night?"

Marge — "On the contrary he asked me how I could be so thoughtless as to let you go to work without any breakfast."

Creditor: "For the last year I have been sending you this bill every fortnight."

Debtor: "Yes, suppose you leave off sending the bill and credit me with the postage and in time the bill will pay itself."

Mrs. Black — "I hear your daughter won £20,000 in a sweepstake. That'll keep the wolf from the door for a long time."

Mrs. White — "It may keep the wolf from the door, but I've noticed a lot of young 'cubs' hanging round."

McLean — "Why do I see you walking so much lately?"

McClure — "Reducing."

McLean — "Reducing? Why, you're not fat. What are you reducing?"

McClure — "Expenses."

For People with Money

The following excerpt is taken from the last will and testament of the late Clarence H. Kelsey. It is from the New York "Evening Post":

"The bequests to the institutions named in the preceding paragraphs do not capitalize, in many instances, the sums which I have given to them yearly for many years, and there are many other institutions to which I have been similarly contributing, but to which I make no bequests. The reason is not because of any change of my interest in, or my appreciation of these institutions or the work they are doing, but because my theory and practice of giving are inconsistent therewith. I have always felt that it was better to give regularly and generously from income rather than accumulate capital with the expectation of making large gifts at the end. I believe that money set to work immediately is better used than if accumulated with the intention of doing great things with it afterwards. These plans often are forgotten or fail to be carried out, and I firmly believe that there is much greater satisfaction in giving money away as you go along than in keeping it and watching it grow in your hands. Money never catches up with time and good done with a little money now may be far greater than that done with a great deal more later on, and it is more sure to be done."



St. Francis Xavier Seminary Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, President.

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Mass Intentions

We wish to announce that offerings for Holy Masses are always accepted with sincere appreciation.

We are deeply grateful for Mass stipends sent to us, because they constitute for us one steady, definite and reliable way of supporting our missionaries at home and abroad.

At the present time we could make use of about fifteen hundred stipends each month. If our Priests in China could be assured of receiving a Mass stipend for every day of the year they would be enabled to maintain themselves on the Missions.

We shall be especially grateful to the Reverend Clergy if they will kindly remember us when disposing of their surplus intentions.



Young Men

who feel a desire to devote their lives to God as Priests are urged to write the Rector of Saint Francis Xavier Seminary for advice and counsel.

Students who have successfully completed Matriculation examinations, with Latin as one of their subjects, are well qualified scholastically to enter a seminary. Combined with this qualification, if they enjoy normal good health and can be recommended as to good character, and have the sincere desire to serve God by being Priests, then there is nothing to prevent their enrolment as seminarians.

The big need of the Church in Mission Lands is a greater number of missionaries. Properly qualified young men would do well to consider the Missionary Priesthood as their career in life. Do not be afraid of the difficulties. God will reward you in proportion to your generosity in offering yourself for the work of saving souls.

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

Scarboro
Bluffs,
Ont.

April, 1941



CHINA

NATIONAL

MISSION

MONTHLY

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities :*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Gray Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

General Chapter

To take part in the First General Chapter of our Society, scheduled to begin on June 9th, we are awaiting the arrival of three of our missionaries from China, Monsignor Fraser, and Fathers Lawrence Beal and Desmond Stringer, the last-named having been elected by the priests in China as their Delegate. Rev. Hugh Sharkey, Pastor of the Chinese Mission in Vancouver, will attend as elected Delegate for the Scarboro priests residing outside China.

Up to the end of March we had no word of the outcome of Msgr. Fraser's and Fr. Beal's efforts to get started on their journey home.

In addition to the four priests named above, four others will participate in the General Chapter, viz., Monsignor McRae (Superior General); Monsignor McGrath (Prefect-Apostolic of Lishui, at present on campaign work in the United States); and Rev. A. Chafe and Rev. A. J. MacDonald, members of the Seminary Staff.

Correspondence

For the past year or so, correspondents of our priests and Sisters in China may have been puzzled by the lack of mail from them. Due to the war in the Far East, the mail service to our Prefecture was badly disrupted. Some letters were received here after as much as seven months in transit—the majority of letters took more than twice the regular time to arrive. It worked both ways — for our priests went without mail for long intervals, and sometimes received letters of a later date weeks in advance of others which were written earlier. In other words, for a period there seemed to be a "bottleneck" somewhere in the mail service between here and Lishui. From Peking and Shanghai, however, correspondence was not interrupted, and mail came along in the average time of five weeks. The service from Lishui seems to be improved lately, and letters written in late January have come to hand in March. For our missionaries overseas we express the hope that their many friends in Canada and elsewhere will continue to write and help them in spite of delayed acknowledgments.

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Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

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Bishop MacDonald

China Mission Seminary mourned the loss of a staunch friend and supporter in the death of Most Rev. Alex. MacDonald, D.D., Titular Bishop of Hebron and retired Bishop of Victoria, B.C., who passed away at St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, N.S., on February 24th, as the result of injuries sustained by a fall in his room on his 83rd birthday.

The deceased Prelate had attained wide renown as an author on theological subjects, particularly as an authority on the Doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Years ago, the Bishop donated hundreds of volumes of his writings to be sold for the benefit of our missions. He maintained his interest in our seminary right to the end, and frequent was our correspondence with him. Following the death of his great friend, Archbishop McNeil of Toronto, Bishop MacDonald lived in retirement at Antigonish. The day he left Toronto for the East he was our guest at the Seminary and lectured to our students. Bishop MacDonald was the ordaining prelate for the first ordination ceremony ever held in our seminary chapel when he raised a namesake, Rev. A. MacDonald, our present capable Bursar and Secretary-Treasurer, to the Holy Priesthood in 1930.

Congratulations

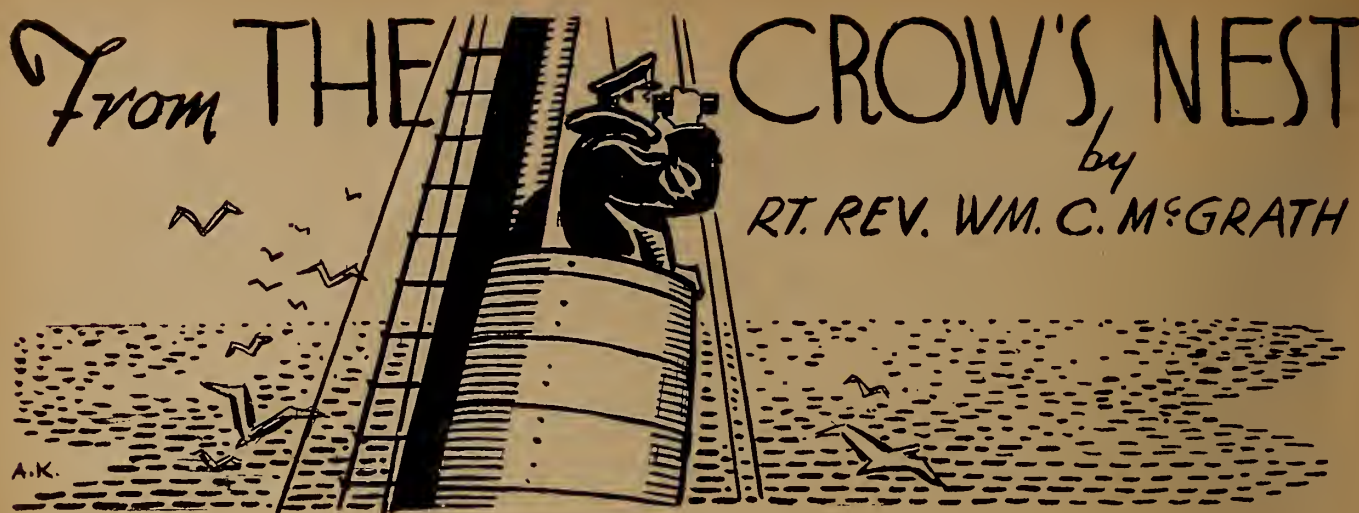
To REV. EDWARD QUENTIN JENNINGS, Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Edmonton, who has been appointed as Auxiliary Bishop of Vancouver with the title of Titular Bishop of Sala. A native of St. John, N.B., the new Bishop-Elect is a graduate of St. F. X. University, Antigonish, and Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax. Since September, 1940, he has been serving as a chaplain with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Ordained for the Archdiocese of Edmonton in 1925, Bishop-Elect Jennings is now in his 44th year.

* * *

To REV. DANIEL A. CASEY, Litt.D., on the completion of twenty-five years as Editor of the *Canadian Freeman*, weekly Diocesan newspaper of the Archdiocese of Kingston. As he celebrated his silver jubilee of Editorship on March 13th, Dr. Casey was widely and justly acclaimed for the magnificent work he has done for the Church in Canada through his masterly writings.

* * *

To VERY REV. DEAN F. J. O'SULLIVAN, Pastor of Immaculate Conception Church, Peterboro, on his elevation to the Monsignorship as a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness the Pope.



MENTAL reactions can at times be more devastating than physical disease. Some people use their mind as a destroyer turned in upon itself and waste nervous energy through wide open faucets of emotional expenditure faster than any normal system can replenish the precious supply.

* * *

Perhaps that is why Christian Scientists go to the other extreme and make a religion out of burying their heads in the sand. After all, no amount of placidity can cure a ruptured appendix. But for the one who turns the blind eye to physical disease there would seem to be legions of neurotics hog tied with apprehension over troubles that do not exist and disasters that will never occur.

* * *

That was a pet theme of the famous Trebitsch Lincoln (Abbot Chao Kung). Over the spot of afternoon tea in Shanghai, he used to expound for us upon the lost art of relaxation in America. He claimed that the average American died about fifteen years ahead of his time, worn out through hypertension and the inability to unbend the mental bow.

* * *

We'll never convert China coolie by coolie. At the present rate of 100,000 conversions a year (impressive enough till one considers China's four hundred and seventy-five millions) it would be a mathe-

matical impossibility ever to win China to the faith. Some movement from the top, coupled with vigorous Catholic action on the part of the lay people, just such as the Jesuits have inaugurated at Nanking, would seem to be necessary to expedite the process of conversion. That is, of course, humanly speaking.

* * *

One thing we have learned from our campaign tour of America. That is the sheer futility of trying to induce wealthy people to contribute to mission work. There are a few outstanding exceptions but, on the whole, riches and charity rarely go hand in hand. The girl in the office will cheerfully give you a dollar. If you are lucky enough to crash the barbed wire and interview the boss, you may—or may not—emerge with a ten cent cigar.

* * *

The happiest people I know are missionaries in China. Especially missionary sisters. The unhappiest are the lost generation in America, totally devoid of spiritual outlook and eternally at war with themselves. Life for many of them is an unceasing round of attempts to escape from themselves and seek refuge in social contacts. What of the day when they will stand alone with God!

* * *

All the good books that one will never have time to read! Even when you strike most of the best

sellors off your list as a waste of time there still remain the thousands of tomes beyond the reach of an average lifetime. Yet apart from the inspired writings, what is all the wisdom buried between covers but an expression of the views of men! One rich and precious hour before the Blessed Sacrament, with the Master, is worth a lifetime of the reflected wisdom of the masters.

* * *

The Greeks had a word for it. The Orientals a symbol. Three little monkeys, with hands over eyes, ears and mouth. See no evil; hear no evil; speak no evil. Negative it may be; charity in reverse. But many of us try it out in our daily lives even before reaching higher.

* * *

To me, one of the saddening features of life in America is the forced-draught sophistication of the modern child. It's smart, some think, to have the little ones quoting the latest radio gags instead of lisping their prayers, and even entertaining their elders with questionable radio repartee. But premature sophistication is death to child-like innocence. It is like a blight on a rosebud, before it comes to flower.

* * *

Do you put things off? In procrastination, thief of time, the devil, thief of souls, has a strong and insidious ally. Ask yourself to-day how many things of eternal

consequence you have been going to do on that to-morrow that may never come.

**"Procrastination is the thief of time
Year after year it steals till all
is fled**

**And to the mercies of a moment
leaves**

**The vast designs of an eternal
scheme."**

* * *

Sad that it should be left to scientific research to drive home the realisation that the lonely Christ died of a broken heart. Why didn't they tell us in our younger days more about the gentle, loving Man of Sorrows and less about thundering Jehovahs and hell fire? Has the power of love so ceased to win child hearts that recourse must be had to shrivelling and withering fear? According to what some of us were taught, the immutable, eternal God "changed His mind" about us every time we were guilty of a childish fault. "God won't love you if you do that". As if God ever ceased to love us! "Sin as you may", wrote the late Bede Jarrett, "you cannot make God love you less". The wounds of early years may heal, but the scars remain. Hence in many cases, scruples and religious mania.

* * *

Apostolic and inspiring is the atmosphere at the House of Hospitality, 115 Mott St., New York. There Miss Dorothy Day and her co-workers, devoting themselves without salary to the service of the poor, are busily engaged in living a life where ideals are part and parcel of daily routine. It is one place where, "seek ye first the Kingdom of God", is a living reality.

* * *

Like all truly great people, whose vision runs counter to the easy trend of our times, Dorothy Day has been both misrepresented and misunderstood, even at times to the extent of being dubbed, "just a Communist in disguise." Well, the early Christians were **Communists**, in the best sense of the word and it is a rather distressing indictment of our clotted conservatism if a "swing" towards the Sermon on

the Mount be regarded as radicalism. If Christ came to New York, one place, among others, where you would find Him would be Mott St. House of Hospitality, this side of Chinatown.

* * *

Which reminds us. It isn't so very long since people were raising eyebrows and expressing concern over the radical doctrines of Leo XIII. The great Jesuit philosopher Fr. Juan, one-time professor at Woodstock and Fordham, even regarded the Holy Father as a socialist. The saintly Pius X caused a furore with his insistence on frequent Communion. People weren't worthy, said the Jansenistic school of thought (not yet completely dead in Holy Mother Church). People who live before their time sometimes ask for bread and posthumously receive a stone.

* * *

Dorothy Day is a Pacifist, "in the extreme", and comes in for much criticism on that account. She doesn't believe in war (horrible thought!) nor in the exercise of individual self-defence. If a tramp walked in to Mott St. and grabbed one of the old overcoats

lying around she'd probably let him take another instead of sending for the police. Where have we heard **that** before? Certainly not in Soviet Russia. As for the **obligation to exercise** one's right of self-defence (which right Miss Day does not question), I should hate to have to stand on a platform and prove from anything that Christ ever said or did that such an obligation exists. The Sons of Thunder of His day would have called down fire from Heaven and valiant St. Peters were ready to draw the sword, but not once did the Son of Man call upon the "legions of angels" to scatter his enemies like dust clouds before an avenging storm.

* * *

Thought for the month. Don't let the war of nerves get you down. Neither wars nor horrors nor the collapse of civilization can prevent us, individually, from setting our own house in order. Too many spiritual invalids these days are prescribing for the ills of the world. Instead of doping out the future course of Europe, why not pay a little visit to the Church around the corner?

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FATHER BEAL

By
REV. JOHN MCGOEY

NOW I KNOW HOW IT'S DONE



FATHER MCGOEY

BECAUSE HE HAD been unable to get to YAN CHIN NUEH for the past seven years, due to the fact that that same place had for three years been filled with Reds, and that during the next four years his health would not permit him to travel the hinterland, Father Beal, Pastor of Sungyang, rejoicing this year in exceptionally good health, decided to take off for yonder hills. Because also he had a new Curate who needed a little rounding out, smoothed over with a few lessons in local geography, and because he believed that the best way to teach a person to swim is to throw him right in, he decided to take that same curate for a trial run. Outside of returning a little on the thin side after a month's diet of three bowls of rice a day, that same Curate right now begs to announce that he is still percolating. While he was gone, what do you think he saw? Keep right on reading and you'll enjoy the way Father McGoe tells his story.

LAST NOVEMBER 11th found Sungyang's New Curate, with his blankets all bundled up, and with a puzzled look on his face, climbing into a bus, which, all things being equal, was calculated to take us 60 Chinese miles of our journey to a place called SUICHANG. However, all things turned out to be unequal and thus it was that that same man found himself entertaining Father Beal with last year's news from America, for a period of six hours in a stalled bus. That lengthy entertainment being over and done, it became apparent that nothing would be done that day about repairing the bus, and an unexpected and unwelcome trip on Shank's Mare began. The first hotel that we came to was home to us that night, and after walking the road for an hour in the dark it was sure great to be home. Morning, ushered in by the vocal chords of the local rooster, found no signs of the bus in question, and so we started on our way having a lot more confidence in

the Marc of yesterday than the bus of to-day. Two hours' footwork in the rain brought us to our destination with somewhat more dampening of body than of spirit.

Here my mother's pride and joy was introduced to his first lesson in mission methods, which he found interesting to a degree somewhat less impressive than the board on which he slept; nor did he puzzle half as long over that lesson as he did trying to figure out whether the straw mat between himself and the boards was one or two straws thick. Mission methods in practice was not the only study made by your itinerant missionary at that place for there was a wonderful layout of the catholicity of America during the past five years pasted on the walls, in the form of almost every publication of the American Catholic press. However, those same papers including the *Catholic Register*, *Kingston Freeman*, *Montreal Beacon*, *Catholic Record*, and a few others, sure kept the breeze out.

TWO DAYS HERE found our work finished, and we were all ready for the first long walk over the mountains to NAN DONG. Because that place was not reputed to be a land of plenty, we prepared for eventualities by buying a ham and a few other things to sustain the perambulating preachers. It was the first real long walk for a certain young missionary, and he was very dubious about his staying powers, realizing that a V-8 doesn't really prepare a fellow for the occupation of a mountain goat, and it would be an awful thing to see youth "lose face" in the presence of a veteran of twelve years in the person of Father Beal. However, great was the jubilation in the heart of youth as the sun was setting and he heard the feet of the veteran hitting the stone steps just a little below the top. Yes, the feet were getting heavy.

But another corner brought us into sight of the Nan Dong mission, and as the kids ran out to meet us, we realized, or rather I did, that

it was not in vain that we had come here. These Chinese children so different in custom, thought, likes and dislikes, from those priests who care for them, had the same greeting for, and friendly confidence in, the foreign priests that the children at home had. And the strange thing was that the priests just could not help responding in like manner.

On the way to the Mission there was a sick man to be anointed, and here, yours truly was introduced to what would ordinarily seem like a slightly morbid custom to a life-loving American mind, but which, strange to say, was a comfort to a death-fearing Chinese mind. While we were anointing the young man, there were a couple of carpenters working away at the door of the room. I was a little amazed because what they were making was undoubtedly a coffin. I thought to myself, "This is surely a cheery way of encouraging a patient to recovery", and hardly being able to believe that this wooden overcoat was meant for the subject of our visit I inquired, and sure enough it was. Their mentality on that subject is, that the greatest comfort that dying man could have was the knowledge that he was going to have a fine coffin. You explain it; I cannot.

These are a practical hand-to-mouth people, never giving a thought to eternity in their daily struggle for their three bowls, and yet, a halo of happiness is cast about their moribund days if they only know *that* one thing, that there is a fine first-class coffin waiting for their body. As the Frenchman says, "C'est la guerre"; the missionary says, "That is China".

During the next three days the people of Nan Dong had a chance to receive the Sacraments, and each night there were instructions in Doctrine, and the kiddies had a chance to see what really queer people these foreigners were, and to pull buttons off soutanes, and to look longingly at the food the priests were eating (for did they not have beans and ham besides the rice) and were those orange things not tangerines bought in Suichang at 40 dong pah a pound, (1½c each, Canadian money), and were not these things luxuries beyond their grasp? Each meal saw

about fifty kids looking on, and there was hardly room to wield the chopsticks, and the noise made me reminiscent of Times Square, and especially was there action to be seen and heard when Mrs. Wu's little Johnny figured he had a perfect right to punch Mrs. Lu's little George right on the nose because he had been so impolite as to kick him in the face during the scramble for the orange peels which were so nice to eat. If you ever tried to eat your dinner on the corner of Queen and Yonge Sts. in Toronto during the Xmas rush you would have some idea of what a problem it was to get our three squares in, in Nan Dong. However, we did manage it.

THE NEXT MOVE, then, was another fifteen li to a little place called YU KONG. Believe me, there was no gold rush here. There is no chapel, but an up-and-coming Christian community nevertheless. The first eight were baptized last year, and this year there are about forty catechumens. On the approach to this place I had my first missionary piggy-back ride, for there was no bridge at the river crossing. At first I thought that I was going to have a footbath, but the Rev. Pastor explained that the catechumen standing on the

bank of the river was waiting to carry us across. Well, our slant-eyed St. Christopher made the trip in good order, only I hope that the first passengers on the original Christopher passenger line had more confidence in their transportation than I had in mine, because to say that I was a man of little faith was to put it mildly, and I was sure after I got about mid-stream that, "The last state of that man was going to be worse than the first". Once I got my own feet on solid ground, I was a little disappointed at seeing the pastor come across safely because it would have been most entertaining to all concerned (except, of course, to that same pastor) had the trip been a failure. Once across the river the Christians came to meet us to accompany us to the village.

The Christians here had been accustomed to assembling at one of their houses for prayers on Sundays and whenever possible in the evenings. It was at this house that we put up for the two days we spent in this village. This was a real mountain village, and the people were as poor, if not poorer, than the proverbial church mice. We slept in a sort of a room partitioned off from the cow stable by a thin board. There were no lights in the village as they had no candles and could not afford oil. That meant that we lived by the sun, and thus it was that we found ourselves rising with the dawn and retiring with the dusk. One evening we had supper finished, a chat with the Christians done, as well as the sermon, rosary, and night prayers, and found ourselves sinking into the arms of Morpheus as the dial on my watch said 7.15. And I thought we were going to bed with the chickens back in the seminary when the lights-out bell sounded at 9.45. It gets pretty bad when you can sleep the clock around and still get up at dawn.

It was in this village, too, that I bumped into my first leper. Just about dusk one day we were finishing visiting the people of the village and one of them invited us into his house. Just as I sat down I noticed a fellow over in the corner by himself, and was on the point of remarking to Father Beal that he looked as though he hadn't a friend in the world, when

(Continued on page 14)



NEW SUNGYANG CONVENT

The facade of the new Mercy Convent recently built at Sungyang by Father Beal.

Editorial

THOUGHTS AT EASTER

FOR more than nineteen centuries the superabundant graces merited by Our Lord's suffering and death have been poured out in this earth of ours, with the sole purpose of saving souls. And there are so many souls who have not known and do not know now of this indescribably great favor of our Saviour. Some there are who do not even know that the Saviour ever came to earth. A truly sad state of affairs.

WHEN speaking of the Resurrection of Our Lord, we naturally think of our own spiritual resurrection from sin through the Holy Sacraments of Baptism and Penance. On Easter we give thanks to our Heavenly Father because He has been so good as to forgive us our own sins, our negligences, and our lack of appreciation for His graces, because He has numbered us among His chosen ones, His children who know of Him, who love Him, and who try to serve Him. We appreciate more highly on Easter morn, after we have passed through the sad and yet happy days of Holy Week, after we have heard the strains of the glorious Exultet on Holy Saturday, what it means to us that God has given us a Redeemer, and that this Redeemer, after undergoing the most terrible sufferings which culminated in His death, rose triumphant and glorious through His own power. The Resurrection of Christ is likewise a token of our own bodily resurrection. When all men have risen from the grave on the last day, then shall we understand more clearly our own privileges and benefits as Christian Catholics.

IN China, there comes to the missionary on Holy Saturday a full realization of what the Resurrection of Christ means to men, for Holy Saturday usually brings him further proofs, if proofs were needed, of the power and efficacy of the grace won through the shedding of the Precious Blood of Christ. It is on Easter Saturday that the missionary usually has the joy of bringing additional souls into the kingdom of the children of God through Holy Baptism. And these Baptisms have come at a great price—the highest price that the God-man could pay for them, namely His life, in order that the grace to know and follow God's call into the Church might be heard and answered.

THESE winnings of new souls for God have cost the missionary, too, a heavy price. They have cost him his separation from family and friends and native land, and the hardships of a life spent among a people foreign to him in many ways. They have cost him many a heart-sickness, for he has seen how many there were who heard the call of God and did not respond, that is, the large number of pagans who registered their names as catechumens and did not persevere. They have cost him many an hour of prayer and watchfulness that these souls might continue in their good will and intentions and thus be saved.

FINALLY, these Baptisms have been accepted by the new Christians at a tremendous price. To become a Christian, in almost every case, results in family opposition, if not indeed total separation and bursting asunder of all family ties. And in China such a break with one's family requires heroism of the first magnitude. In fact, it is the realization of this break with one's family that often causes defections after a pagan has even begun to take instructions. The missionary and his neophyte know all too well the terrible sacrifices some catechumens make in order to follow the guidance of God's grace. In every case it has cost a long study and the difficult acceptance of ideas altogether foreign to Chinese thought and mentality. Yes, Baptisms bring untold consolations to the missionary, to the neophyte, and to the Heart of Christ, but by each they have been brought about at a great price.

AT this blessed Easter Season we again ask you, our friends and benefactors, to remember us in your prayers and your alms. Grace is imparted in answer to prayer, but co-operation with grace often depends upon whether the missionary has sufficient funds on hand to make the best use of opportunities for conversions. And so we do beg most earnestly that you will give us your help, both spiritual and material, at this season when you should understand more clearly than ever what your own soul has cost our redeeming Lord and Risen Saviour.

CHINA MISSIONERS AND THEIR NATIONALITY

THE Catholicity of Catholic missionaries is forcefully brought out by a comparative table prepared by a China missionary showing the nationalities of the foreign priests now working in China. The statistics are based on the 1939 list, the latest available, and can be accepted as substantially correct for this year. This list of course indicates only the land of birth for each missionary without specifying his present citizenship. Priests only are included as the published data concerning Brothers and Sisters are incomplete, but it should be remarked that the priests of all the twenty ecclesiastical regions outlined by the First Plenary Council of Shanghai are herewith included.

French	556	Austrians	32
Italians	465	Hungarians	30
Germans	395	Yugoslavs	9
Belgians	309	Tyrolese	8
Americans (U.S.)	297	Australians	5
Spanish	269	Czechoslovaks	3
Dutch	140	Rumanians	3
Canadians	125	Scotch	2
Irish	87	Russian	1
Swiss	45	Mexican	1
Portuguese	44	Brazilian	1
Polish	33	Argentinian	1
		Luxembourger	1
Total of all foreign priests	2,862		

Commenting on the statistics, the author calls attention to three main points which are of special significance at the present time.

(1) The nations to which these missionaries are attached by birth, education and natural sentiment are almost all involved at the present time in a terrible war. Nevertheless, as in the first World War (1914-1918), all these priests, guided as they are by the directives of the Holy See and its representatives in China, continue their life-work here in perfect harmony with one another. This fact alone is sufficient to show that their work is in no sense political and that they do not aim to promote the interests of their own countries.

(2) In the work of evangelization, the most important, and the most indispensable functions are those of the priests. In point of fact, the number of priests has steadily increased, especially during the last two decades, and aside

from the 2,862 foreign priests at present engaged in mission work here, there are also some 2,000 Chinese priests. To the casual onlooker this total of 5,000 priests may seem to be an impressive number, but it is, in reality, totally inadequate. This can be best brought out by dividing the totals of Christians and non-Christians by the number of priests. It is thus seen that there is only one priest for every 750 Catholics. Now, it is the duty of the priest to visit his Christians regularly in order to

deepen in them a real religious life and to make them better men by means of preaching, teaching, the Sacraments, etc. Aside from this, there are no fewer than 90,000 non-Christians for every priest in China, and to them, too, the priest is a debtor—with the duty of making known to them the grace, the life and the teachings of Christ.

(3) In view of these facts, it is easy to understand, too, the growing anxiety of His Holiness the Pope as he views the disastrous war now in progress which may not only ruin Europe but is at present depriving the Catholic missions of the support which is so necessary to them.

—*The Christian Family.*



THE NEW ECCLESIASTICAL COLLEGE FOR CHINESE PRIESTS AT
THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, PEKING.

Beautiful building of glistening green encaustic tiles, Chinese corridors, marble balustrades, dragon-decked Chinese roof eaves, spacious, well-lighted classrooms and private rooms, well-equipped laboratories. Over all soars the Cross—the Cross which is being advanced in the heart of China by training these priests for the Church's far-flung educational programme. A new director, Father Frederick Fuchs, S.V.D., with long years of experience in seminary work at Yenchowfu, has charge of the forty priests enrolled this year.

THE PEOPLE who serve here are not doomed to exile for life. By no means. The priest goes to Honolulu for a few weeks every year; likewise the Brothers; the Sisters serve for ten years and then have a holiday at their Motherhouse in Syracuse—some return and others do not, but are stationed somewhere else. The doctor and other members of the staff visit Honolulu regularly, and take vacations to their homes, etc. So it is not a case of a living martyrdom—but the priest, Brothers and Sisters go about their work in an ordinary, common-sense way. Their work is by no means pleasant, but they do not consider themselves heroes or martyrs, but serve God and their leper-neighbours kindly and well. It is hard, though—about the worst thing being the constant daily contact with all the horrible features of the disease without a change. As Father Peter said to me: "Father, no one knows how hard it is."

On Wednesday night I gave Benediction in the Brothers' Chapel. A few of the male patients were present. It is a small chapel, and the section for the patients is divided from the Brothers' pews. The Brothers served. The only difference from an ordinary service was that I could hear laboured breathing—sometimes quite loud—the disease attacks the breathing apparatus and the nostrils, making it

A LETTER FROM

By REV. AN

very hard to breathe. At the same time I could catch a faint odour associated with the disease. That night I had a peaceful sleep, undisturbed by what I had seen and oblivious to the human misery about me. The next morning I said Mass in the Sisters' Chapel, which is larger than that of the Brothers', and divided in the same way for the patients. After Mass I met a few of the Sisters. One, Sister Elizabeth, knew Father Damien and was the first one to accompany Mother Marianne to the Leper Settlement. At the time, she was a girl of 20, helping the Sisters at their hospital in Honolulu. I was very fortunate in the fact that the night before I had found a book in my room entitled "Mother Marianne of Molokai" and had read a few chapters of it before going to sleep, so I knew a little about the work of the Sisters. But I must confess that up to that time I had never even heard of Mother Marianne, and knew nothing of the work of the Sisters among the lepers. But I certainly heard a great deal about it, and about the early days of the Settlement from Sr. Elizabeth, for I spent practically all day Friday listening

In last month's CHINA Father facts of the Leper Colony at Molokai last June. In this concluding in heroic priest who made Molokai contacts with the present-day pe visit as "an unusual and most a be thrilled, too, by the reading Toronto, is now at the Chabanel other pries

to her very interesting and informative stories.

The account I have given you so far of my stay in the Settlement would perhaps tend to take all the "glamour and glow" from the ideas we have of the work among the lepers. But, what I have told you concerns the external appearance of the Settlement as it is to-day. The situation was not always as favourable and as comfortable. And so we must naturally think of the work of the man who was so instrumental in bringing about the ideal conditions that exist here to-day. And, of course, therein lies the story of Father Damien.

Even the location of the Settlement has been changed since the days of Father Damien. In his time, he had the Settlement at Kalawao, which is on this peninsula-like piece of land, but some miles distant from Kalaupapa. On Thursday morning Sister Elizabeth showed me "Bishop Home". They have charge of the girls and women in this home. Here I saw some terrible wrecks of humanity; also met a patient who knew Father Damien, but she was incapable of giving any information. The women seemed especially glad to see a priest and were very enthusiastic in their welcome. The Sister told me that they usually shy away from strangers and will not present themselves, but, on the other hand, they are glad to see a priest. They really were very friendly to me. Here they have a hall in which they have meetings and concerts, and, of all things, dances. I



The noblest of Hawaii's sons, Father Joseph Damien de Veuster, Belgian Missioner of the Fathers of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, whose voluntary exile among the Lepers of Molokai to care for their spiritual welfare has been one of the glorious episodes in the missionary annals of the Church. In twelve self-sacrificing years he brought order out of chaos, happiness out of misery, hope out of despair for the victims of leprosy. He died in 1888, three years after he had contracted the dread disease himself. In 1936, with the co-operation of the Belgian and United States Governments, his body was brought back to Belgium in a triumphant "home-going" aboard a United States warship.

LEPER COLONY

W PINFOLD

's letter told some interesting which he visited en route to China. He has more to say about the and also tells us of his own

The author characterizes his experience". We think you'll The writer, whose home is in ge School in Peking with eight r Society.

would love to have seen one, but there wasn't one scheduled during my stay. But that really is something, isn't it?

After I had seen all there was to see here, Sister Elizabeth, Sister Margaret Mary, a Brother and I drove off to see the remains of Father Damien's Settlement in Kalawoa. We drove along Damien Road, which leads from Kalaupapa to Kalawao and on the road is erected the famous English monument, dedicated to the heroic work of Father Damien. It seems that the English people were very much interested in this work, and Father Damien himself corresponded quite regularly with people in England.

Father Damien must have traveled this road quite frequently on his mule, because he had to come here to meet the boat bringing in a new lot of lepers and also to get the supplies. The road is very rocky and bumpy, and I felt sorry for the poor Sisters being bumped about. Along the way we came across more "summer cottages" on the beach. It seemed so queer to me that some of the patients come to these homes for a holiday. And it is perpetual summer here—there is no such thing as cold or snow. But they tell me that the patients do feel cold if the temperature drops as low as 60°F. I presume their condition causes this feeling. There were cattle and horses grazing in the fields. And occasionally we would pass cars loaded with male patients returning from their early morning fishing.

Finally we came upon a church, which, to my eyes, appeared to be in fairly good condition. This is the church built by Father Damien. We stopped and went in to look around. You can still see the church he first built and then the addition he built to it. His first Altar has been taken to Belgium, but the new one he made is still standing. The whole thing is in fairly good condition. He built this with his own hands, as he was, you know, a carpenter. He was finishing the tower of the new part when he became too ill to work any longer. Beside the church is the graveyard where he and Joseph Dutton were buried. His remains have been taken to Belgium, but Dutton's grave is still intact, likewise the graves of other priests and brothers who have worked here. Outside these two things you can see only the remains of what had once been the scene of Father Damien's labours and the first Leper Settlement.

I TRIED to picture in my mind the great work done by Father Damien, as Sister Elizabeth pointed

out various spots and spoke of different incidents of the pioneer days, but I don't think that anyone could really grasp the work that Father Damien did here. After seeing some of the patients living under the most sanitary conditions, I tried to imagine conditions in which there were absolutely none of the modern conveniences; when the water had to be carried for miles from a valley, so that the patients would not be at all zealous with regard to washing or tidiness, and when all kinds of immorality were prevalent.

Father Damien came to the Leper Settlement in 1873, and at that time the Government, under the rule of the Hawaiian Kings, merely dumped these unfortunate creatures here and left them to shift for themselves. And Father Damien was priest, doctor (dressing their sores, etc., himself), nurse and everything else. He was alone in the middle of the worst conditions possible—especially when you think of the effects of this disease—the terrible odours, etc. He ate with them, worked with them—lived just as one of them, and this a long time before he actually contracted the disease. It was in 1885 that he began to show signs of being a leper and, in 1888, he died. It was here in this little church that he opened his sermon with the famous words: "We Lepers".



Father Damien, Hero-Priest of Molokai, as he lay dying from leprosy, a victim to his Christ-like charity.



Sister Kenneth, of the Grey Nuns, setting out for a sick-call.

Even the Lishui postman looks happy as he delivers the mail to Fr. Chas. Murphy, of Sydney, N.S., at Lishui. Fr. Murphy is now at Hongkong studying the Cantonese dialect.



Sister Elizabeth also pointed out the spot where she and Mother Marianne met Father Damien, riding on a mule, when they visited the Settlement in 1888. Sister said he was very happy and jolly, yet at the time the disease was taking its toll. At the time he was wearing a sling on one arm. Mother Marianne later got this sling, washed and sterilized it, and Sister gave me a piece of it. When I asked her if she thought that he was a saint, she replied, "Father, if he is not, I don't know who is." In fact I understand that the process of his beatification is going on now. So it is possible that he will some day be canonized.

After seeing these things, I was certainly filled with admiration for Fr. Damien. Even if he is not canonized he certainly was a great man and I felt very humble and awed at being in the place where stood the remains of what had once been the scene of such a high degree of self-sacrifice and abnegation. The story of his life is inspiring, especially to the practice of charity.

I spent Friday morning with Sister Elizabeth and in talking to her I found out about the heroine of Molokai, Mother Marianne. She gave me all the historical data and various anecdotes about the life of the saintly woman, but I really

do not feel that I could do her work justice by giving any sketchy details. There is a book entitled "Mother Marianne of Molokai" by L. V. Jacks, published by Macmillan's, which gives her life and the things Sr. Elizabeth told me in a much better way than I could. It would make nice reading if you ever have the opportunity—I read it while I was here and found it very interesting. I asked Sr. Elizabeth what she thought of the book and she replied that "It does not do her justice". But evidently nothing written could ever come up to Sister's estimation of her. At the moment I felt an inspiration to make this courageous woman better known to the world. It seemed a shame to me that while Fr. Damien was so well known this Sister who had done so much was relatively unknown. There is another Sister living, Sr. Leopoldine, who came to the Leper Settlement with the first band, but she is in her "second childhood" now and so would be incapable of giving information. She is here at the Hospital in Honolulu. Sr. Elizabeth's eyes became misty at times as she spoke of Mother Marianne. She would say: "She was so good, Father, and so kind". The Sisters came to the Leper Settlement just about six months before Fr. Damien died, but before his death he came to

the Sisters' Hospital for treatment and there Mother Marianne met him (Sister Elizabeth cooked his meals for him on this occasion) and the decision was reached to come to Kalawao. So little is known of the actual hardships and the work in the pioneer days among the Lepers, due to the fact that Mother Marianne refused to write about it. When asked to do so she said, "We did not come here to make a show of our work but to work for God." She desired no publicity whatever. Once again I felt so humble in the face of first-hand saintliness and courage.

In the afternoon I had another visit with Sr. Elizabeth, then the Superior took me to see the General Hospital where the most advanced cases are kept. Till this time I thought I had seen some bad cases. But what sights presented themselves here! But here, though, I found a hearty welcome. It struck me strangely that when I used my old form of greeting (not knowing what else to say) "Hello Pal, how are you?" the patients would always answer "Fine, thank you, Father, how are you?" And stranger still—when Sister told them that I was on my way to China they showed a great deal of interest and of all things—alarm for my safety in a country where there is war. Really it touched me deeply to hear their expressions of apprehension, coming from people who were afflicted to the worst extent by the most dreaded disease in the world.

Friday night I had the most unusual and peculiar experience of my life. Father Peter asked me to conduct the evening services and speak to the people. It was a big day here because it was the Octave of the Feast of the Sacred Heart and devotion to the Sacred Heart is very popular among the people. We arrived at the Church and to my surprise, whom did I see all dressed up in red cassocks and nice surplices to serve, but two patients. Well I must confess that I did begin to feel a little shaky. I said the beads, Litany of the Sacred Heart, a few prayers and then gave Benediction. After Benediction I spoke and I certainly was wracking my brain to think of something to say on such short notice. What on earth would

be suitable for such a congregation? I finally decided on the subject of the Sacred Heart. But it was a most peculiar experience to look down at the people present, who certainly were interested in what I was saying—the most wideawake audience I have ever had. (With all due respects to the folks at Port Colborne and elsewhere). Only that loud breathing disturbed the stillness and dense quiet of the Church. Afterwards I heard that they were very pleased with what I said—in fact I had to write out my name for a few (not because it was good but the Brother told me they just love to hear a new priest). I'll certainly never forget this occasion. And they have a real choir, too, but there is some thing sad about hearing their voices lifted in song.

SATURDAY MORNING I spent with Father Peter. He is a lovely old priest about 70 years of age. He has a steely gray beard, weighs less than a hundred. He is from a noble family in France. When he talks he talks all over. He strikes attitudes and raises his voice as he goes along, ending up his story in a shout and with much emphasis, with arms waving and legs jumping up and down the floor. He is very difficult to understand because he speaks half-French and half-English, but I could follow the gist of his conversation. In his youth he was a real musician and studied in the Conservatory of France. One of the greatest pianists of France said that he had a very promising future in music. He said, "I love music passionately", but when he entered the Seminary he *renounced it completely* (such emphasis). He preached Missions in France for a number of years. Then he was in the War of 1914. After that he was sick for two years and then came the desire to work among the Lepers. His answer to my enquiry of what prompted the desire to do leper work was, "Because I love passionately Jesus Christ." He came to Kalaupapa in 1925. They say he was very careless in the beginning and in 1927 there was a leprous spot on his forehead due to his extreme lack of paying any attention whatever to precautions. He was completely indifferent to the matter

of becoming a Leper. He said his cure was one in a million—one in a million (a big bang on the table). He had an operation and the spot was removed and he was declared not a leper and there has been absolutely no trace of the disease since. I asked him if he thought it was a cure and the answer gave me a real spiritual lesson, "Father, I don't know. I did not ask to be cured. Ever since I entered the Seminary I have never asked God for anything except to love Him." I think that answer shows his character even more than his work does. His work consists chiefly in visiting the patients and administering the Sacraments. He does no actual manual work among the people. He lives in a house by himself beside the Church; he also leads and directs the choir.

Saturday night I went to the show with two brothers—yes, a show—talkies n' everything. There is a section upstairs at the back for the non-patients. I was simply amazed at the spectacle. Downstairs was crowded. There were about five short features and the main feature was "The Cisco Kid and the Lady". There was a cute little baby in the picture and its

appearance created long "ohs" just as in any other theatre. At times there were loud roars of laughter. Really it was almost unbelievable to me that I was present in a theatre with people doomed to certain death from a cursed disease. There were ushers, too. And afterwards you should have seen the cars leaving the place! One of their policemen had to direct traffic. You wonder where they drove in these cars? Well, they have the whole peninsula to drive in, and they say they use their cars to go a block.

Sunday morning I sang the High Mass and preached. This time I spoke of the Blessed Virgin, at the suggestion of one of the Sisters. I administered Holy Communion to the patients on the First Friday in the Sisters' Chapel. So I guess I have served the lepers spiritually in practically every way except Extreme Unction.

Sunday afternoon I went up the Pali by mule to the other side of the island and stayed there till Monday afternoon, when I took the plane back to Honolulu.

This certainly has been an unusual and most amazing experience—humanly and spiritually.



A view along the Chuchow River at Pihu. Father Strang is Pastor at Pihu, with Fr. Len. Hudswell assisting him. It is the nearest mission to Lishui, our headquarters city in Chekiang.

Taking along his trusty "bike", Father John Maurice, of Ingersoll, Ont., is shown as he left Pihu for his new appointment in Dolu last summer. For the past several months Fr. Maurice has been "marooned" in Shanghai following a visit there for medical treatment.



NOW I KNOW HOW IT'S DONE

(Continued from page 7)

all of a sudden I noticed a peculiar shine to the side of his head. I then saw that it was pure white, and on inquiring of the people they told us that he had leprosy. I thought it strange that they had not forced him out to live by himself, but it wasn't so strange when I found out that he owned the house and therefore he was tolerated. What new hopes Christ's doctrines would have brought to him, but he knew them not.

Our short visit to this place concluded, we were again carried across the river, and the villagers who had accompanied us to the banks of the river bade us farewell until we should revisit them again in the Spring. We stopped once more, for a day, in Nan Dong, and the following day set out for the remotest of our missions, YAN CHIN NUH, 220 li (about 75 miles) from home by the shortest route. That day we walked for eight hours, coming to our destination an hour after dark and in pretty bad humour because we had travelled in the rain and over cobblestones all day. After four, and even eight-laned highways in America, it seemed strange that these mountain paths were King's Highway No. 1, and the only means of arriving at these places. For centuries these people had walked these same paths, and I suppose only God knows who laid the original stones now all smoothed with useful age and ageful use. As we would pass through small villages in the mountains, where many of the people had never seen a foreigner before, they would stare at us in such wonder that even to me was it apparent that these people had never seen New York. The children would be as frightened as if they had seen the devil himself, and that brought the thought that we were now receiving a little of the mistrust that we ourselves had so whole-heartedly bestowed on our neighbouring laundryman at home, when we were about the age when you are supposed to reach the use of reason, although it is sometimes doubtful.

ON OUR ARRIVAL in HU SAN we began to look for a hotel. On all sides it was the same story, it seemed. There was no room, and we were dead tired. *Chih fu lo*, or I cannot swallow it, which in Chinese means, "You are not talking to me, mister; we just haven't any room here, and perhaps if we had, we would have our doubts about you". However, the catechist scouted around for a while and then came and told us that he had a place for us. Once we were installed, I told Father Beal that I was sure we were in India because unless I was crazy this was indeed the Black Hole of Calcutta in the original. Two board beds, mud floor, mud walls, no window, fleas, bed-bugs and all manner of small animal life. However, there was rice, and you could sleep on the beds, and so, rather than bunk on the street, we accepted the "Suite-de-Luxe".

The next half hour I spent asking myself why on earth I ever came over to this neck of the woods to be a missionary. Because you have to eat and sleep to live, I took the rice and rolled into bed. As the crack of dawn roused me, I felt my throat and found it hadn't been cut, and then I realized that all the night-mares I had enjoyed that night about being murdered and so forth, were just a waste of time.

On the road again in the morning, because there were no Christians in that town, we were eventually lead by that empty feeling to an inn, and on looking at the watch immediately knew that there is no timepiece like that empty feeling. It was noon and here we were. Immediately after pulling out of the filling station we headed for Ling Tou. There we passed the night in the home of a Christian and the next morning went as far as Lai Che. That place is not in our prefecture, but in Hanchow Vicariate, but because it would give the people a chance to receive the sacraments once more, and



In St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on St. Patrick's Day, Right Rev. P. J. Coyle, P.A., Senior Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto, pontificated at a Solemn High Mass marking his Golden Jubilee as a Priest. The beloved Jubilarian is seen here during the Mass in his vestments of Prothonotary Apostolic, to which high honour he was elevated by the Pope. Dr. L. Barnett, of St. Augustine's Seminary, is the Assistant-Priest, and the kneeling Deacon and Subdeacon are Msgr. McGrand and Fr. McQuillen.

those chances are not frequent in that little place, we remained overnight. We slept above the sacristy, taking our meals at the home of a Christian. One of the household told us that she was the fourth generation of Christianity in her family. It was easy to see the faith in that household because the priest was received just as he is at home, and the family assembled each night for rosary and night prayers at a little altar in the house.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING came our last effort, and it was to get over the highest mountain I have ever crossed, nor do I expect that I will very often be as close to heaven as I was on the top of that ridge. The day was cloudy and once after beginning the ascent we were lost in the clouds and enveloped in a pouring rain. Up and on we went, and over the top, and we were delighted when half way down the other side we heard the chapel bell announcing the arrival of the two *Shen Fu*.

For the first time in seven years was the pastor able to visit his sheep, for the bandits seemed no longer interested in this place, and the Reds had taken their departure after leaving a few of the best Christians to tell no tales of their ravages. During the nine days we spent in that place many were the stories we heard of their doings, nor were we surprised to learn that the Chinese communist's idea of a practical joke was to tear out a man's heart and feed it to a dog, just as it has been the Russian Communist's similar prank. The practical application of Comrade Karl Marx's inspired demonology seems to produce that same sense of humour everywhere. Stalin has enjoyed it to such an extent that he has left no brains in Russia. How anyone without a perverted mind, or with a speck of decency, could be a communist after the magnificent spectacles of their *modus agendi* the world has witnessed in Russia, Spain, Mexico and China, I am at a loss to explain.

For nine days, then, these people had the blessings of Holy Mass and Communion; Baptisms were conferred and marriages regu-

PAIYEN LETTER

Writing from his Mission of Paiyen, where, with Fr. Paul Wong, he has been on duty since the return to Canada of Father Joseph King, Rev. Gerard McKernan, of Brantford, Ontario, says in a letter written on November 30th:



Fr. McKernan

"This mission of Paiyen, where I have come from Tsingtien, is the most remote of our Missions from Lishui. The whole place is a mountainous district. Paiyen itself is about the size of Paris, Ontario, with a much larger population, however. It is situated on a small river. There are no roads, merely small mountain paths.

"Just now I am living in a Chinese house, and, believe me, it is some sight. A new place is being built but is not quite ready for occupancy yet. The ground floor of my present abode is a regular Chinese store which sells everything from rusty nails to eatables. The store has no counters, just piles of goods on the floor—and the pigs, ducks, hens, etc., lie around in glorious freedom.

"My 'dinning room' on the second floor consists of a plain 3-ft. square table placed in a corner. The rest of the room serves as a school-room for the children. The place is in perpetual bedlam, as Chinese children study out loud. At mealtime they gather around the table and watch the funny-looking man eat with a

lated, and they had the consolation of seeing a catechist once more installed to lead them in their prayers and doctrine classes. Then with the usual appreciation of the Chinese Christians they accompanied the departing priests to the limits of the village, and with the customary "Good-bye until the Spring", bade us farewell. The trip was finished. The novice was professed, and home-going miles seemed short.

fork and knife. I use chopsticks only when I 'dine out'. In the back of the room is a big stone stove, the smoke from which finds its way out the window. Only the better-class homes have chimneys. My bedroom in the attic is, I think, the 'rattiest' place in China—but a missionary in China learns to sleep despite such nocturnal goings-on as rats playing tag in large numbers and gnawing at the legs of the bench I use for a bed.

"My new cook spent four months in Lishui under the supervision of Sister Daniel, and so is likely to prove a much better cook than ordinarily. He learned to bake bread, and since I can get some Wenchow-made butter we ought to fare well here. The 'menu' doesn't vary much from day to day, I assure you. Rice, pork, and Chinese tea without sugar or milk—sometimes beans and a fried egg.

"I fear there will be a lot of bandits through this district in the coming months as the rice crop has been a failure. No rice means 'starve or steal' for these poor people. Besides, there are many refugees here from the war-infested sections. Pray for us that we may be able to do much good amongst these deserving people."

ANNUAL TORONTO PARTY

Our friends in Toronto are asked to kindly keep in mind the date of April 21st when St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary will hold its Annual Bridge and Euchre Party in Columbus Hall in aid of St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, 25 Chestnut St.

Games begin at 8.15, Monday, April 21st. There will be an attendance prize of \$25.00 as well as 40 other valuable prizes. The tickets are fifty cents each. Please keep this date open and come with your friends to this always-enjoyable affair.

JERRY'S HAPPY EASTER

ON ASH WEDNESDAY, after Holy Mass, the ladies of the Altar Society distributed the Mite Boxes.

Jerry took one mechanically, for everyone was taking them, but as he walked home, he wondered what he could do with it. Of course, he knew what others were going to do with theirs! They would drop coins into the little boxes all through Lent. Coins which would represent small denials, such as giving up shows, or candy. Then, on Easter Sunday, the boxes were to be returned with the offering. The Priest had said at Mass that the offerings were to represent some sacrifice pleasing to the Lord, made during Lent.

But Jerry had no money—so what was he to do with a Mite Box? Well, he would keep it any way. And, when he reached home, Jerry placed the little round box on the old trunk beside his bed.

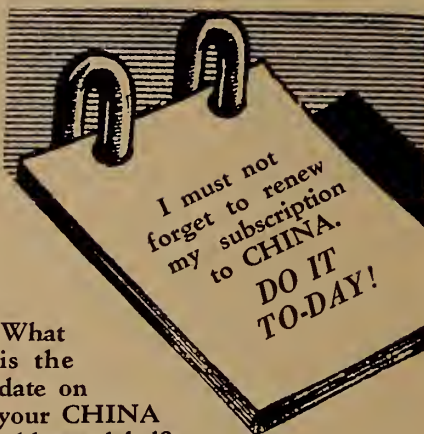
That night he had a dream. He dreamed it was Easter morning, and that he was walking to Church—slowly, very slowly, carrying on his back a Mite Box, a great big Mite Box, very—very heavy—and filled to bulging with his offering.

When he awoke, Jerry glanced at the Mite Box. There it stood, tiny as ever. Yes, it had been a dream. That day the dream continued to haunt Jerry. He wished he had something to put inside the Mite Box, but his mother was very poor, she washed for a living, and the little Mrs McCaffy made out of her "Home Laundry" could barely support the three children, of whom eight-year old Jerry was the oldest.

One day a woman gave Jerry a nickel tip for delivering her laundry at a special given time. Jerry felt quite rich. He decided he would buy an ice cream cone—but as he walked toward the store he saw a fruit stand heaped with bananas. The bananas were four for a nickel. Jerry was about to purchase four bananas, one for each member of the family when suddenly he thought of the Mite Box.

"How much are three of those bananas?" he asked.

"Four cents," said the fruit man. Jerry bought three bananas. He was going to put one cent in the Mite Box. On his way home the bananas smelled so good that he decided to eat one, then he thought: "If I eat the banana, I will not have made any sacrifice by getting three instead of four. Mother is the one that would be short of her share!"



What is the date on your CHINA address label?

It costs only 50 cents a year to bring it up-to-date

And so it was that he brought home the fruit and for himself Jerry kept the satisfaction of slipping his penny into the Mite Box, but he wrapped the coin in a little piece of paper on which he wrote (so there would be no mistake about that penny) "This is the banana I did not eat." That night as he fell asleep, he felt a keen satisfaction. He had performed his little sacrifice.

The next day he kept thinking of the Mite Box. He hurried with the laundry, and was especially polite to customers, hoping some one might give him a little tip—but no one tipped him. Before going to bed, however, he had an idea. When it came to the Lord, money was not really what counted, thought Jerry. The Priest had said, the Mite Box was meant to contain sacrifices one made during Lent, and he would do his part. Since coins were so hard for him to collect, he would be pleasing to Our Lord.

With this purpose in mind Jerry began to make all sorts of daily

A SHORT STORY FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS

sacrifices which he thought would please Jesus. From then on every night, instead of dropping a coin into the Mite Box, he pushed into the little slot tiny pieces of paper on which were written his daily offerings.

One day he wrote: "To-day I did all my home work, even though I was very tired."

Another little note read: "Told the folks I was not hungry and gave my apple sauce to Tessy. I like apple sauce."

Several read: "Washed all the dishes for mother."

A little pink slip gave the information: "Went to see Granny McMillan. She is sick. Cleaned out her stove, talked to her a long time, I got very tired."

On Good Friday, he wrote: "On my way to bring laundry, I went to Church and made the Stations of the Cross. I think you will like this."

On Easter morning not one other note could be fitted into Jerry's Mite Box. It was packed tight. Jerry could not even hear the seven pennies jingle. Yes, he had succeeded in saving seven pennies, all of which he had put in the Mite Box.

On Easter morning when the parishoners filed into the Church door, leaving their Mite Boxes at the little table in the vestibule, where a lady of the Altar Society presided, Jerry also placed his Mite Box among the others. He was happy, the box was not big and heavy as it had been in the dream but Jerry's heart was filled with joy and all that day he felt happy, very happy!

In fact, that was the happiest Easter of Jerry's life, for he felt the good Lord, who had risen, must have appreciated the little notes in his Mite Box, especially the last one he had pressed into the slot: "Wish I had a lot of money to put in here, but I did the best I could. If you want to do something for me, dear Lord, please make my mamma smile once in a while. Jerry."

On the following Monday, when the ladies of the Altar Society met around the table where the Mite Boxes were piled high, preparatory to being opened and the offerings

put to the good uses of providing for the Sanctuary needs, a lady held up Jerry's unopened Mite Box and said smilingly: "Here is a box that feels light, but is actually bulging. Wonder if it is filled with dollar bills!"

All the ladies turned to look with interest as the box was being cut open. But instead of dollar bills, Jerry's little notes popped to view and the seven pennies jingled over the table top. The women curiously started unfolding the notes. They stared—they gasped—they exclaimed! Every note was read aloud. Eyes became dim, voices exclaimed: "The dear child! Just think of it! Poor little thing! His penny for the banana!"



THE LATE BISHOP MacDONALD

A fall in his room at St. FX. University, Antigonish, on his 83rd birthday, brought injuries to Most Rev. Alex. MacDonald, Titular Bishop of Hebron, and retired Bishop of Victoria, B.C., which resulted in his death a week later, on February 24th, at St. Martha's Hospital.

The good women were touched, when they read the last little note. They asked one another: "Who is Jerry?"

Yes, who was Jerry, whose Mite Box contained such a treasure of little offerings?

It was Mrs. Billings who answered it, "Why, that must be Jerry, the washer woman's little son, I know him. He brings me the laundry."



CAPTAIN the REV. J. J. MacDONALD, of Windsor, N.S., priest of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, now serving as Chaplain attached to Military District No. 12 in British Columbia.

The ladies forgot the other Mite Boxes and started to talk about Jerry's family. Yes, they knew of his mother, left a widow with three children. They became vitally interested. They all spoke at once, except Mrs. Vernon, the banker's wife, who sat very silent, looking before her at those little notes. Some of the ladies noticed her. They knew she was deeply touched for she had lost her only little son a year before.

Of course the good Lord did not get the Mite Box with Jerry's little notes, but we can safely surmise He knew about it, and Jerry's little prayer: "Please make my mamma smile," and He must have touched Mrs. Vernon's heart; for it was Mrs. Vernon who personally called at Jerry's home that evening!

She sat looking long and lovingly at the little fellow, then she said to Mrs. McCaffy, who stood by, confessed to have that rich lady in her

modest home: "You are a very fortunate woman, Mrs. McCaffy."

Mrs. Vernon always had 'her way' about certain things and this time she wanted to do something for Jerry and she did.

One month later found Mrs. McCaffy living in a nice apartment above the Home Laundry. A real laundry with four girls working in it and a delivery man with an auto truck. A sign above the store front read:

"Home Laundry—Mrs. Elsie McCaffy and Son."

"The Prospector".

BISHOP BIERMANS OF MILL HILL DEAD

Bishop John Biermans, former Superior General of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of Mill Hill has died in Holland, his own country, reports Vatican Radio.

Bishop Biermans was well known in England. He lived for many years at Mill Hill during his term of office and played a very active part in missionary propaganda work during his stay in England.

He was also a veteran of the missions. He travelled and lived among pagan peoples in widely separated parts of the world, worked for 12 years in Uganda as Vicar Apostolic of the Upper Nile, and in 1930-31 during his term as superior general made a 40,000-mile tour of the Mill Hill missions.



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself! Consider the promise made by Our Divine Lord: "and everyone that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall possess life everlasting." (Matt. XX, 29.)



Teacher: "Where is the capital of the United States?"

"All over the world."

"Have you any complaints to make?" asked the Prison Governor.

"Yes," replied the prisoner, "the prison walls are not built to scale."

Cockney woman (charged with assaulting her husband): "I asked 'im if 'e loved me, an' 'e was so long thinkin' about it that I 'it 'im with a mop."

Judge: "Why did you throw a hot flat-iron at your husband?"

Mrs. Hitt: "One of my mottoes has always been 'Strike while the iron is hot'."

Shopper: "So you don't have my size?"

Shoe Salesman: "As a matter of fact, madam, we have no shoes that are large on the inside and small on the outside."

First Miner: "This butter is so strong it could walk over and say 'hello' to the coffee."

Second Miner: "Yes, and the coffee is too weak to answer."

Stranger: "Did you see a pedestrian pass here?"

Native: "No, I've been workin' here all afternoon, and not a thing has come by 'ceptin' one solitary man, an' he was trampin' on foot."

"Now," said the school teacher, "give me a definition of space."

Junior stood up flustered and red. "Space," he began, "is where there is nothing. I can't explain it exactly, but I have it in my head all right."

"How would you define a modern bride, anyway?"

"A modern bride is a featherless biped who is willing to begin housekeeping with one skillet, one can opener, one kettle, and at least two bridge tables!"

She: "If wishes came true, what would be your first?"

He: "I would wish—ah, if I only dared to tell you!"

She: "Go on, go on. What do you suppose I brought up wishing for?"

Street Car Conductor: "How old are you, little girl?"

Little Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

Friend: "He's worth in the neighbourhood of a million dollars, I've heard."

Flapper: "Good, that's my favourite neighbourhood."

"Owing to the overcrowded condition of our columns," says this week's Podunk News, "a number of births and deaths were unavoidably postponed this week."

Youth: "You must think I'm as big a fool as I look."

Miss: "I think that if you aren't you have a great deal to be thankful for."

"Why do you always look so gloomy?"
"A gloomy man avoids many a hard luck tale."

Wife: "When we married I thought you were a brave man."

Other Half: "So did everybody else."

Mrs. A.: "Shall I ask the cook for references?"

Mr. A.: "No; get her to submit samples."

Oscar: "Why it is that statistics show women live longer than men?"

Dick: "Well, you know paint is a great preservative."

Young Man: "Well, sir, I have a plan which will enable you to save money."

Father: "All right, young man; take her and be good to her."

Joe: "For years I used to get up at six, breakfast at eight, dinner at one, tea at six and bed at ten, and I never felt better in my life."

Bill: "Joe, what were yer in for?"

Jack: "Can you tell me why a watchdog is smaller in the morning than at night?"

Bill: "No—why?"

Jack: "Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning."

"Poets are always in advance of their times."

"Yes, and behind in their rents."

"You aint go no brains."

"Ain't got no brains? Why, man, Ah got brains which ain't never been used."

Prospective Tenant: "I like this room, but the view from the window is rather monotonous."

Landlord: "Well, of course, this is just a rooming house; it isn't a sight-seeing bus."

"I don't care," said the little girl who had not been invited to the party. "I'll be even with them."

"What will you do?" asked her mother.

"When I grow up I'll give a great big party, and I won't invite anyone."

"Mummy, did you ask daddy to buy me a pony?"

"Yes, dear, for a whole, whole hour. But he would not hear of it."

"Then you did not try hard enough."

"Darling, I did what I could."

"Did you have hysterics?"

"What was all dat noise ovah at youah house last night?" asked one Negro of another. "Sounded lak a lot ob wile cats broke loose."

"Huh! Dat? Why dat was nuffin' but de man from de furniture stoh collectin' his easy payments."

"What time do you get up in the morning nowadays?" asked the very earnest man.

"As soon as the first rays of the sun enter my window," replied his friend.

"Jove," exclaimed the earnest man, "that's jolly early, isn't it?"

"No," said the other; "you see, my window faces the west."

An elderly woman was taken to see a football match in which her son was playing. After watching for a few minutes she inquired: "What is the object of the game?"

"Why," said her guide, "the object is to put the ball in that net."

"It would be much simpler if they didn't get in one another's way," replied the woman.

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For People with Money

The following excerpt is taken from the last will and testament of the late Clarence H. Kelsey. It is from the New York "Evening Post":

"The bequests to the institutions named in the preceding paragraphs do not capitalize, in many instances, the sums which I have given to them yearly for many years, and there are many other institutions to which I have been similarly contributing, but to which I make no bequests. The reason is not because of any change of my interest in, or my appreciation of these institutions or the work they are doing, but because my theory and practice of giving are inconsistent therewith. I have always felt that it was better to give regularly and generously from income rather than accumulate capital with the expectation of making large gifts at the end. I believe that money set to work immediately is better used than if accumulated with the intention of doing great things with it afterwards. These plans often are forgotten or fail to be carried out, and I firmly believe that there is much greater satisfaction in giving money away as you go along than in keeping it and watching it grow in your hands. Money never catches up with time and good done with a little money now may be far greater than that done with a great deal more later on, and it is more sure to be done."

+

St. Francis Xavier Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, President



Mass Intentions

We wish to announce that offerings for Holy Masses are always accepted with sincere appreciation.

We are deeply grateful for Mass stipends sent to us, because they constitute for us one steady, definite and reliable way of supporting our missionaries at home and abroad.

At the present time we could make use of about fifteen hundred stipends each month. If our Priests in China could be assured of receiving a Mass stipend for every day of the year they would be enabled to maintain themselves on the Missions.

We shall be especially grateful to the Reverend Clergy if they will kindly remember us when disposing of their surplus intentions.



Young Men

who feel a desire to devote their lives to God as Priests are urged to write the Rector of Saint Francis Xavier Seminary for advice and counsel.

Students who have successfully completed Matriculation examinations, with Latin as one of their subjects, are well qualified scholastically to enter a seminary. Combined with this qualification, if they enjoy normal good health and can be recommended as to good character, and have the sincere desire to serve God by being Priests, then there is nothing to prevent their enrolment as seminarians.

The big need of the Church in Mission Lands is a greater number of missionaries. Properly qualified young men would do well to consider the Missionary Priesthood as their career in life. Do not be afraid of the difficulties. God will reward you in proportion to your generosity in offering yourself for the work of saving souls.

SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

MAY 1941



Scarboro Bluffs,
Ont.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities :*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Gray Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

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New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Distinguished Guests

Early in May the Seminary was honoured by a visit from Most Rev. John O'Neill, D.D., Bishop of Harbour Grace, Nfld., and his Vicar-General, Rt. Rev. M. F. Dinn, D.P. It was the first occasion on which we had the privilege of being host to a member of the Newfoundland Hierarchy. No fewer than five of our priests, as well as several of our present-day students, come from the Hr. Grace Diocese.

* * *

Broadcasts

Under the auspices of the Holy Name Society, and with the general topic "The Need of Penance", Rev. Hugh Sharkey, Pastor of our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, B.C. broadcasted a series of three Sunday evening addresses over Station CKMO on the Vancouver Catholic Hour during the Season of Lent.

* * *

Forty Hours

Opening on Friday morning, April 25th, and closing on Saturday evening, April 27th, the Forty Hours Devotion was conducted with due solemnity in our Seminary chapel. Speakers at the Holy Hours in the evenings were three of our own priests: Rev. Ed. Moriarty, Pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto; Rev. Roland Roberts, National Director of the Holy Childhood Association; and Rev. Robert Hymus, Assistant at St. Ann's Parish, Toronto.

* * *

Father Beal

Chosen to take part in the General Chapter of our Society, in June, Rev. Lawrence Beal, of Otterville, Ontario, is due to arrive at the Seminary about the middle of May. Father Beal sailed from Shanghai aboard a Japanese boat, and reached Seattle on April 29th.

As we go to press we have no definite word as to whether or not Monsignor Fraser and Father Desmond Stringer have been able to leave Chekiang Province, enroute to Canada for the same purpose as Father Beal.

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Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

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Celebrations

China Mission Seminary has no better friends anywhere than the Community of the Good Shepherd Monastery at West Lodge Avenue, Toronto. It was a privilege for our priests to be numbered amongst the large number who attended the joyful celebrations at the Monastery to commemorate the first anniversary of the canonization of St. Marie Euphrasia Pelletier, Foundress and first Mother-General of the great Congregation of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd.

For three days—April 15th to 17th—solemn Religious exercises marked the Celebrations, with a Pontifical Mass each morning, the celebrants being the Archbishop of Toronto, the Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, and the Bishop of Calgary. During the Triduum the rule of enclosure was suspended that visitors might meet the Sisters and inspect the Convent and its many connecting Departments. Visitors were entertained to luncheon and treated to a concert given by the pupils of the Good Shepherd Sisters.

We congratulate our valued good friends of the local Good Shepherd Community on the happy occasion of their Triduum. May the noble work of their world-wide Order continue to merit the blessing of God.

A Great Party

The Executive and Members of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary have reason to be proud of the magnificent success of their Annual Bridge and Euchre Party which was held in Toronto on Tuesday night, April 29th.

Originally scheduled for an earlier date in Columbus Hall, postponement of the event was necessitated by the destruction by fire of the Hall, and the King Edward Hotel was secured for the function. The Crystal Ball Room of the Hotel was not large enough to accommodate the large number who attended, and several additional rooms housed the enthusiastic gathering which numbered considerably more than one thousand persons.

The enthusiasm of the Women's Auxiliary, and their superb handling of the whole event, cannot be too highly praised. They have added another laurel to their already splendid record of missionary activity. We congratulate and thank them sincerely. We are grateful, too, to those who attended, and we thank the donors of prizes and contributions. The Auxiliary's Annual Bridge and Euchre has definitely established itself as an outstanding event of the social season in Toronto.

The Bible Comes Alive in China

A letter written by
REV. J. McGOEY
of Sungyang, China, to
REV. R. DOBELL, M.A.,
his former Professor of
Sacred Scripture at St.
Augustine's Seminary,
Toronto, Canada.

DURING THE PAST YEAR or so while I have been prowling about trying to acclimatize myself to this land of my adoption I have witnessed many strange scenes. In the midst of these experiences I have frequently caught myself saying, "I wonder what Father Dobell would think if he only knew how much of what he told us in his Scripture lectures regarding the mentality, customs, language, etc. of the ancient Hebrews is actually true of present day China?" This thought has haunted me and urged me to write to you concerning these matters. No doubt you will say that after all China is thoroughly Oriental and her customs have come down through the centuries unchanged from ancient times. True, but so interesting when you see them working out before your very eyes. Of course I could not begin to record all the similarities I have noticed but here are a number which come to mind at the present moment.

The immediate cause of this letter was a striking illustration of a Gospel episode which I just experienced. It was "*The minstrels making a rout*" as described by St. Matthew in the ninth chapter of his Gospel. A girl back of the mission residence died last night (i.e. January 15th). The racket made by the relatives woke me up and the professional criers whom they hire to aid them in expressing their sorrow have kept up their wailing all morning. Here within hearing distance was happening the very thing that was going on in the house of Jairus, the Ruler of the Synagogue at Capharnaum, when our Lord arrived at his home. "*And when he was come to the house . . . he seeth a tumult, the minstrels making a rout and people weeping and wailing much*". After hearing this performance last night and this morning I understand perfectly why our Lord had them put out of the house when he entered. Their crying is enough to break your heart by its sound but you soon come to realize that their sincerity is about the same as that in the tears induced by peeling onions. The loudness also reminded me of the time the lamentations of the Hebrews could be heard across the Jordan when they brought Jacob back from Egypt to bury him in Chanaan. "*Celebrating the exsequies with a great and vehement lamentation they spent full seven days.*"

And the inhabitants of Chanaan (across the river) said 'this is a great mourning'". I do hope that it was no greater than what I heard to-day!

It is not long before you discover that Chinese marriage customs are much the same as those of Biblical times. I used to think it would be impossible for such conditions to prevail to-day but here they are! The girls are sold by their parents to whoever can pay the price they demand and at the same time guarantee them rice three times a day. They have no choice of their own. This recalls how Rebecca was bought for Isaac, etc. Once the price has been paid they are man and wife and the bridegroom goes to the home of his wife and conducts her to her new home in a procession. Thus, part at least of the parable of the 5 wise and 5 foolish virgins is frequently enacted before our eyes in the street. A marriage feast ensues and, as at all banquets, wine is drunk all through the meal. After attending a few of these one realizes why they ran out of wine at Cana. At these banquets you must refuse the place assigned to you at least 10 times until it becomes obvious that it is your place and then you must insist that you are entirely unworthy of such an exalted position.

As I travel over the only highways this country possesses—mountain paths oftentimes going up step

*"She Laid
Him in a
Manger"*

by step for hours over stone cut from the sides of the hill God only knows when—I think of Mary and Joseph; and Christ and the Apostles travelling the Hill Country of Palestine. They must have experienced similar fatigues as is evidenced by our Lord's resting by the Well of Jacob and requesting water from the Samaritan woman. The inns are caravanseries of a kind—somewhat like the one in which Mary and Joseph could find no room. Animals and men sleep together, sometimes on a mud floor and other times on a board covered with rice straw. The result is that when you tell these people that Christ was born in a cave that served for animals it evokes no awe or sympathy because that is the way they themselves live. And when you tell them that perhaps He had an ox and an ass to warm him they think how lucky He was because here only the rich farmers possess such luxuries.

*"Abraham
Brought Them
on The Way"*

The beautiful hospitality shown to travellers in Biblical times and so well illustrated by Abraham's entertainment of the 3 strangers who approached his tent, as told in Genesis XVIII, is frequently exemplified here. In his travels one may stop any place and they must ask you to have tea. When you are about to leave they always accompany you to the road or to the outskirts of the village and on arriving there you try to out-bow each other with your faces all smiles. Thus did Abraham with the 3 strangers—"He walked with them bringing them on the way" For such hospitality they refuse all tips about 10 times but never seem to resent it when you force the money into their hands. In fact, the worst thing you could do would be to accept their refusal.

Many times I have been forced to recall the tricky way in which the Jews tried to trap our Lord on several occasions—especially on Tuesday of Holy Week. Such trickery is right in these people. They even have a word for such craftiness. If a man is said to be "job-ee" it means that to all appearances he is a wonderful friend but that actually he is out to deceive you; outwardly he seems greatly interested in your welfare but inwardly is full of treachery. Almost every missionary in this country has been deceived by such persons and gradually learns to be always on the alert for such trickiness. Father Boudreau has the reputation of being more crafty than the Chinese and they do not like it a bit because they do not know where they stand with him and cannot figure what he is going to do next. In these matters, as in all others, the ideal is to imitate our Lord by being outwardly very guileless but inwardly aware of their treachery and act to foil their plans.

The streets in most of the cities here bring reminders of the Way of the Cross. In most cities they are but a few feet wide. A few days ago I visited Chu Shih and as I walked along the streets I could easily touch the houses on each side at the same time. Of course the main streets are usually a few feet wider but never more than 12

*"He Went
Forth to
Calvary"*

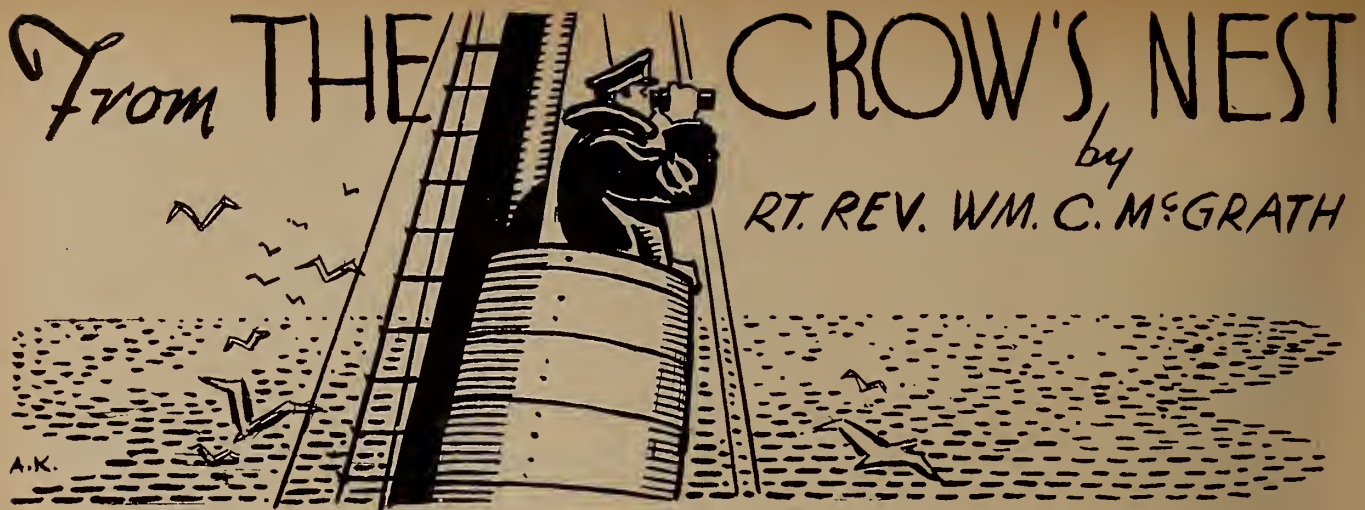
feet. Here in Sungyang the widest street is about 10 feet. To make things worse the people throw their garbage and refuse into these narrow streets and the dirt is colossal. The road beds are of cobble stone. Such oriental streets make one quickly realize what our Lord suffered as he trod the streets to Calvary and fell several times on the way. Then, too, the location and construction of administration buildings and court-yards illustrate how easily a few men could railroad through the condemnation of our Lord when the rest of the city was feasting.

In the Old Testament we came across several examples of where the prophets, instead of telling men directly what God thought of them, expressed themselves in a very indirect but forceful manner by telling a story which these men could easily apply to themselves. A case in point is the story of the prophet Nathan's accusation of King David. Here in China you do exactly this! You never tell a man directly what you think of him. You tell him a story about a third party who is this, that and the other thing and leave him to apply it to himself. Your listener knows you are talking about him but by doing it so indirectly he doesn't lose "face" as he would if you came out and told him directly what you thought. Many of our Lord's parables have this oriental touch especially when condemning the Scribes and Pharisees.

The mental development of these Chinese people is generally very low. Like the Jews of old they never fathom deep reasoning but have very fertile imaginations. One result of this is that the Chinese language like the language of the ancient Hebrews, which is found in the Scriptures, is picturesque rather than philosophical. They express their ideas in very concrete terms rather than in abstract language. A few examples are these: The word for God is "Tien Chu" i.e. "Heaven Lord"; deafness is expressed by saying that "the ears are cold"; serious sickness is indicated by the expression "the sickness is very heavy". Many other such examples could be given to show that the Chinese language retains the oriental simplicity of the language spoken by God's Chosen People and by our Lord and the Apostles and found in the Bible. Just now I recall a similarity in the teaching of our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount. He wished to teach His followers that their vocation in the world was to preserve the world from corruption but he did not put it in such abstract terminology, he simply said "*You are the salt of the earth*".

There are many other similarities between the ancient Hebrews concerning whom the Bible informs us and the modern Chinese with whom we have daily personal experience. These similarities exist because both belong to the unchanging Orient. This, then, is why the Bible comes alive in China for we see its entire Oriental background working out in the life around us!

*Why The
Bible Comes
Alive*



ARE YOU ever even tempted to feel important? Does the paranoia bug infect your system even ever so slightly? Then just try a spot of mission campaign work in America. Knock on doors from Coast to Coast, in season and out, till you feel like a combination of Fuller Brush and Sam, the old accordion man. Your delusions of grandeur, if you ever had any, will soon be jolted loose from their moorings.

* * *

It's really great stuff, this ride on the campaign merry-go-round. Just what that doctor would order for your smugness or inertia or love of "settling down" to any sort of ease and regularity. Apart from the fact that it's like pulling teeth at first to get up enough courage to panhandle for dear old China, there is the added thrill of never getting caught up, with anything. One of these days, you keep telling yourself, when that lull comes, you will get down to a bit of something more serious than the "Reader's Digest," but you never seem able to make it. And there are always those letters and the few articles you should have written long ago. Of course, the great "National Mission Monthly" must have its copy, even if there's no time off for lunch.

* * *

But campaign work is really good for what ails you. It is a glorious leveller. It will cut you down to size so fast that you will

swear you must have been two other guys before you hit the elusive greenback trail. And after you grit your teeth and knock on a few doors and get used to a few cold-shower receptions here and there, you will be glad that you tackled it. You will be grateful for the realization of how circumscribed was your little Fool's Paradise before.

* * *

This "missionary-hero" stuff is one thing that soon goes by the board when you tackle the campaign trail. What if you "have" been through a few Chinese wars? What if you did see bombs fall and crouched in muddy dugouts and all that sort of business? It isn't news any more. Distance lends no enchantment to your achievements in the eyes of preoccupied folk back home and, anyway, isn't a headache or a hangover, to the man who owns either or especially both, far more stupendous and colossal than a dozen floods or famines in far Cathay?

* * *

I guess we're all more or less that way. Hold our own little troubles up to an enlarging mirror and turn the big end of the telescope to first-magnitude disasters that seem light-years away from our own little scheme of things. Don't expect people to get all bothered because there's malaria in China. Or unduly interested in your own little story. To the pastor who cannot meet next week's interest, or the man in the office who had a tough week-end

or backed the wrong horse on Saturday, you're no breezy sailor home from the sea on this bright Monday morning. A lot he cares how often the bandits nearly got you (maybe at this particular moment he is sorry they didn't) or who is going to win that blasted Chinese war.

* * *

If at this point I may offer a word of advice to prospective campaigners, I should say two things:

1. Hang on to your sense of humour.
2. Keep up a genuine interest in others.

* * *

Never take yourself or "the situation" too seriously, and be interested in others lest you, too, succumb to **campaignitis**. Three out of every five returned missionaries have it and your best of friends won't tell and it will get you for sure if you don't watch out. It is an insidious menace. It sneaks up imperceptibly. If ever you find yourself saying "You'd think people would realize that it is their duty to support us" then it's time to grab hold of yourself. That's campaignitis. First symptom. The next stage is where you go around with a sort of aggrieved air, at times muttering to yourself (watch that) and now and then breaking into the theme song that the world owes you a livin'. Not you, personally, of course. But you

and your gang of heroes over there. The gang living on rice and sweltering amid the flies and fleas and malarial mosquitoes of Chekiang's summer, while T-bone steaks and electric fans go a begging over here.

* * *

"Look at all the bricks and mortar and huge churches and schools, all piled high with debt." Thus in your off-the-record moments to mission-minded friends. "Why, the Christmas collection in one parish I know would buy rice for two hundred thousand starving refugees or support our fifty missionaries for six months. And they launched a battleship, the other day. The "North Carolina". Seventy million dollars she cost. I ask you. Seventy million dollars and all just to fight a war, to "kill", to "destroy". Why don't they go and divide "that" up among the needy missions of China?"

* * *

See what I mean? That's campaignitis, in the advanced stage. The next thing would be to call in the doctor and he would probably advise peace and quiet by the seashore. The aggrieved feeling is a definite symptom, as is the blindness on the part of the victim to the realization that he, too, must surely owe something to somebody, somewhere, if he was once launched forth from the ways to be all things to all men. Couldn't he forget his China for a while and enter helpfully into the lives of the many good people who are so willing to help him out of their often meagre store of this world's goods?

* * *

By the seashore, while sunlight dances on the waves and nerve tension (a heritage from China's war of nerves) gradually subsides, the patient might be told, gently and sympathetically at first, that there will always be bricks and mortar and debt on churches and people who "can't see this mission business, anyway". That's normalcy in a world where even zippers don't always zip, where

so few things are as they should be and there is no use getting burned up about it. It seems there will always be war, too. And North Carolinas or South Carolinas or something even bigger and better by way of destructive power. And there will always be poor, struggling, foreign missions, leastwise till you and I have long since passed from the scene.

* * *

Nobody is ever going to give you or your refugee camps the price of the latest battleship to be divided among starving millions or for the upkeep of your deserving enterprises. God doesn't want it that way, at least as far as run-of-the-mill mission work is concerned. China will not be con-

verted by million dollar bequests, but by blood and tears and suffering and maybe martyrdom on a Christian-era scale before mass conversions win the country for Christianity. Perhaps you are contributing in a lilliputian way, by your own disappointments in meeting with so many people who could afford to help but do not. But, as you value the best things in life, beware of letting your philosophy degenerate into the gimmies. In a world broken with sorrow and anxiety and jittery to its nerve-ends with foreboding and apprehension surely you, priest and missionary, are ready for your little share of disillusionment and ready to make some contribution to humanity other than the conventional salute of the extended palm.

TO HELP WIN THE WAR Is the Duty of Every Canadian



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SAVE, SACRIFICE, AND INVEST FOR VICTORY

A Young Man's Future

An Editorial

AT THIS TIME of the year thousands of Catholic young men from Coast to Coast are preparing to exchange their school books for the "freedom" of a long Summer vacation. For eight or nine months they had been subject to the discipline, more or less rigorous, that was necessarily a part of their training as students. Now the surveillance of teachers is relaxed, and the responsibilities of parents are proportionately increased. Soon, for many of those young men, a decision will have to be made as to their future. Certainly for a great number of them there will be no question of returning to school; they have formed other plans, made other decisions. They will try to secure some position or other, and with that ambition which is a privilege of youth they will aim high to make a mark for themselves in some field of endeavour, commercial or professional. Even as we write these words we know that there will be some (even though a few) who will still be undecided as to what their future course is to be, and their indecision is due to the fact that they are feeling a call to some higher life and are uncertain as to whether or not they should heed that call. They are hesitating about heeding a vocation to the Priesthood. The remarks that follow are written in the hope of preventing their decision from placing another tombstone in the already over-crowded "graveyard of Lost Vocations", and are addressed particularly to those young men who feel called to serve God in His army of Missionary Priests.

WE ARE painfully aware of the fact that there are many splendid young fellows who have no obstacle whatsoever to prevent them from becoming priests, and yet they never will be priests. They hear the Call of our Divine Lord, "Come, follow Me", but they fear to make a start; they are loathe to turn their gaze from the bright prospects that a career in some worldly pursuit seems to offer them, and to unselfishly consider the tremendous benefits for themselves and others that a priestly life can give them.

IF YOU FEEL that you should be a priest, you are being offered a chance to embrace the highest career open to human beings, a chance to have a high place in the service of One Who is at once your Saviour, your Friend, and your King. Yours can be the inestimable privilege of living every day of your life in the closest possible union with God—you will begin each day at the altar offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; you will spend your time doing good to others; teaching and instructing them that they may be able to save their immortal souls, and you will be working for those people whom Our Divine Lord loved so much, His poor and neglected. The Missionary vocation is a call to a life and service that is as nearly as possible the life and service of Christ Himself, and to any Catholic young man who wishes to make a success of his life what greater field of endeavour is open to him than that of the Missionary Priesthood?

WHAT MAY the missionary hope for? He may joyfully hope for the privilege of sharing in the great work of the redemption and sanctification of souls. To-day there are more than one billion people in pagan lands who know nothing of the blessings of Redemption, and their souls are in need of the help that only a Catholic missionary can bring to them. It is the will of God that those souls should be saved, but God deigns to leave to His creatures the choice of helping in this all-important work. Those poor pagan people depend for their salvation on the response that generous young hearts make to the pleadings of Christ's most Sacred Heart; and those who answer that Divine pleading are going to do something very much worth while with the talents and gifts they have received from God; they are going to do something which will have God's approval, and after all that is the only real genuine test of success. It matters little whether the world will regard them as foolish, or whether some of their "well-wishers" advise them that they are going to make a mistake. To the world and the worldly-wise it has not been given to understand the beauty and the richness of a soul, nor does the world appreciate the greatness of Sacrifice when the sacrifice is not directed to it.

THERE WAS a time when even good Catholic people looked with disfavour and suspicion on anyone who spoke of devoting his life to the Foreign Missions, but thank God such days are rapidly passing, and our Catholic mothers and fathers have a better appreciation of what Foreign Missions mean. They are getting more accustomed to hearing of it. Priests preach it in the churches. Teachers speak of it in the schools, and the Foreign Missions are becoming known for what they really are. People are beginning to understand that if they wish to be Catholic in spirit they must have an interest in the spread of their Faith, and they are now only too happy to know that one of their own flesh and blood is going to be an Apostle of Jesus Christ.

WHAT CATHOLIC parent could conscientiously object to a child becoming a missionary when they reflect on the appalling need for priests in mission lands?—a need that lends emphasis to the words of Our Lord, "the harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send labourers into his vineyard." Do our Catholic youths realize the golden opportunity for Service of God that lies in an answer to a vocation to the Foreign Missions? Should God call you to the Missionary Priesthood, then may He strengthen your will to declare and carry out your intentions. Be worthy of the Saviour who asks you to serve Him—make your life successful in God's sight, the only place where real success is judged.

THE CONFLICT

By REV. CRAIG STRANG

IN THE CONFLICT of mission work, Paganism is the opponent. Contact, Follow-up, and Grace are the weapons.

The Weapons Selected

Contact is any method by which we can get pagans to listen to and consider our message. General questions asked out of curiosity in boats and busses, or on the mountain paths, when we tell where we are from, where we are going and why, rarely bring fruit, though God alone knows just how much unseen good they may have accomplished. Contact is something more definite and lengthy than chance meetings, for after these one may never see his fellow-traveller again. Contact means the opportunity to explain, as well as to state our case.

The Follow-up is to further interest those who have shown curiosity or signs of belief. It means to persuade them to learn doctrine and prayers and to observe the commandments and precepts. Each prospect demands constant attention and supervision, patient explaining and correcting. It is only in dreams that we see the Chinese asking us to teach them. They are content in their paganism for it has never been challenged; to them, other religions are for other people.

Reconnaissance

Paganism supplies a different god for every want. Gods of wealth and peace, of fecundity and protection, devils that can be thwarted only by the ardent cult of these dieties. The cult is made to fit their lives—not their lives to fit the cult. The ignorant are not required to understand anything; the learned have the philosophy of the sages which takes a lifetime to learn; the rich have “big face” in erecting temples, shrines, etc., to the local gods; the poor have “big face” by the most pitiful artifices and shams, making their mites look like generous offerings. This manufactured “theology” fits well with an equally convenient “moral” code, for the

gods may be rightly cursed in hard times, rejected or sought after, according to the will of each. The system caters to what they want most—“FACE”, ancestor worship, and the hope of a long line of sons

AN ARCHBISHOP SPEAKS

There is the strong ring of personal experience in the words of Archbishop Mooney of Detroit in the annual report of the Propagation of the Faith Society in his archdiocese.

“Although,” says His Excellency, “mission interest is quite universal in the archdiocese, we shall make a grave mistake if we become complacent and judge that we have done all that is expected. Few of us, I believe, can say that we have in any respect equalled in mission service what we expect and, in fact, demand of the Missioners themselves, whose calling cannot be fulfilled except by a complete oblation of all their strength and talents.

“If we should, therefore, be tempted to curtail our charity or lighten our labour for the missions, let us think of the Missioners and of their apostolic lives. Let us think, too, of the immensity of their task and beg God to fill both their hearts and our own with that charity which made Saint Paul cry out, ‘Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.’ Nor should our own needs at home blind us to the far greater needs in mission countries. I am convinced that, in return for our charity to the missions, God will either lighten our own burdens or at least give us the strength to bear them with greater patience.”

and grandsons to pay them the same tribute in perpetuity. Paganism is a perversion of the natural reason, for it invents gods, some good, some bad—all battling for supremacy. It is a mad thing, a thing of intellectual chaos, the fit product of the Father of Lies.

When we preach the doctrine of a loving and all-powerful God; when we deny the existence of their gods, and ask them to change their modes of living and thinking, they consider it altogether preposterous. But the grace of God is above all that and can effect this great change.

Here is an example of that Conflict between Light and Darkness. The setting is provided by two pagan hearts—one is “good ground”, the other is “stony” and choked with “briars and thistles”.

The Preliminary Attack

The priest has gained access to their village. Already many times he has visited the only Catholic family among them and they have heard vaguely of what he teaches. What strikes them most are such thoughts as these: The spiritual Father has no wife—Christians can’t sell their wives nor take a second one—they can’t eat meat when they like—they can’t even adore God when they like, but only every seventh day or so—they must kneel down to Him only, and not to their ancestral tablets—everybody has to say prayers and not the priest alone, and so on with various other distortions and even calumnies. But curiosity has been at last aroused, and quite a few would really like to know what it is all about. The priest takes advantage of this and has it announced that a “prior-born” gentleman (a catchist) will preach doctrine in the house of the Christian every night and as often as anybody is willing to listen. An oil-pressure lamp indicates the arrival of the priest and the “prior-born”; curiosity does the rest.

(Continued on page 13)



Fr. Lyons.

Inside Peking

By REV. EDWARD J. LYONS

Classmates, ordained in 1938, first year in China studying the now at Lishui. Fr. Carey ren new Scarboro priests who went their own Residence whence t Language School. The accom in "The Lishui Review".

"INSIDE EUROPE"—"Inside Asia"—"Inside Germany"—these and other books bearing similar titles have attained great popularity among English readers the wide world over. And now comes—"Inside Peking". But lest the much-esteemed readers of the CHINA magazine be unduly deceived, allow me to state at the outset, that in choosing such a pretentious title for this altogether unworthy article, I imply nothing more than that here in Peking we are living inside four walls.

But such walls are they!

Of course to all readers of the various mission magazines from the Far East, the existence of walled cities will be nothing new at all. But here in Peking one speaks with a special reverence and admiration for these ancient fortifications—austere and imposing structures thrown up stories high, to guard the ancient seat of the Chinese Empire.

Roughly speaking the five great walls of the city would measure about twenty-one miles. The fifth wall wasn't pulled out of my hat—it happens to be a divisional wall crossing the city from east to west at about one-third the length of the entire city wall. On the north side of this divisional wall there are three cities, and on the south side, still another. This last-mentioned is known as the Outer City, while on the north side, lie the Forbidden (or Palace) City, the Imperial City and the Inner City, each inside the next in the order named. This Inner City further divides for practical purposes into East City and West City.

The North, East, and West walls of the Inner City have six great gates in all, while the South, East, and West walls of the Outer City

have seven. The dividing wall running east and west breaks its long forbidding line at three different points, graciously giving to both Outer and Inner Cities alike a further three magnificent portals, making in all, a grand total of sixteen doors to this fascinating home of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands. The Palace and Imperial Cities are walled also, and then, too, the large number of minor palaces of bye-gone years. Adding to all this, then, the walls and inevitable gates of countless thousands of institutions and private homes one begins to get dizzy, and tries not to think about it. Believe me, everyone has to be a wall-flower up here—whether you like it or not—as soon as you step away very much to be seen.

from one wall you find yourself leaning up against another. It is a perfect maze, and like most mazes perfectly amazing. And yet, strange to say, there is, in spite of all the wall-ing and gate-ing, an atmosphere of largeness which balances the close effect of the walls and lends a spaciousness to every square foot of ground, so that at all times it is Peking the Great.

Probably its very vastness is one excellent reason why I cannot afford our kind readers any real detailed information of interest. In fact the thought of starting a tour around, within, and without the walls to see what is to be seen, is somewhat discouraging right from the start, simply because there is so much to be seen.



A Peking street and a side view of Chien Men.

Lyons and Carey spent their
age at Peking. Fr. Lyons is
in Peking to care for eight
ast year, and who now have
end classes at the Chabanel
g articles appeared originally

The School Route

By REV. MICHAEL P. CAREY



Fr. Carey.

AFTER PUTTING ON dust masks, covering nose and mouth, and goggles for the eyes we are set to go. (These masks are very necessary here and are worn even by the Chinese. The smothering dust constantly drifting in the Peking streets, whenever there is the least wind, makes the otherwise pleasant city very disagreeable.) The boy brings the bicycles down the steps for us and gives us a smiling "see you again, Shen fu". We nod recognition of the service and mount.

Our main gate (or door in the high wall) opens onto a Hutung. This is the polite official name for a dirty mud alley. We wait at the gate till the peanut vendor passes, then we mount and proceed north and west along T'i Tzu Hutung. (Ladder Alley, in English.)

On the first corner we see the potato seller and a Chinese mother bargaining for one of those big brown sweet potatoes baked in their jackets, and fit to warm the palate of an Emperor.

Next we meet a ricksha. Inside, dressed in her native flowing robes of bright colours, is a Japanese mother; slung on her back in the Japanese manner is her baby. We squeeze by and have not gone far when droves of children pour out of a cross alley on their way to school. The Christians among them are easily recognized as they give a low bow of salute to us. We ring our bells incessantly and sometimes shout "Kao Pier" (walk on the side of the road), and finally get through the laughing, chattering mob.

Now we turn left and follow a winding alley which brings us to one of Peking's most important streets called "Wang Fu Ching Chieh" or Morrison Street by the foreigners here. We give the Japanese sentries stationed here a polite bow, and they return the salute by coming to attention, holding their guns in the military fashion, then we join the flow of traffic streaming down Morrison Street. Bicycles are very numerous here, I think about every third person has one; they are mostly of Japanese manufacture and quite cheap.

ALL KINDS OF traffic can be seen. The camels and donkey-drawn carts use a kind of mud sidewalk which skirts most of the large streets. Rickshas, and a dozen different kinds of carts fashioned after the lowly wheel-barrow, and pull-carts are rolling along side by side with the Diesel trucks and 1939 model cars. Motorcycles and bikes and pedestrians, all are in the street contending for the right of way. Once I saw an outmoded baby carriage stacked high with merchandise being pushed along by the industrious vendor.



Father Michael Maloney, of St. John's, Nfld., sizes up the situation as coal is weighed on delivery at the Scarboro House in Peking. Above: Children wait at the door in hope of a "candy treat" from the missionaries arriving at School. Below: Banners in a funeral procession.

The Policeman (the give warning and investigate man) on the corner, armed with two flags, one red and one green, makes a good job of directing the multifarious traffic. I have seen him pull bikers from their seats for going against the flag. Keeping to the left we go around the Policeman and strike out on a large dirt street which goes right across the city. A car goes by in a cloud of dust; so we puff at our masks and plough on. Chinese travelling vendors with two baskets hung from a shoulder pole "fore and aft" are a constant menace to traffic and keep crossing the street just as we wish to pass. It is difficult always to remember Chinese politeness and to say "chieh kuang—or, may I borrow your light" on occasions like this, nevertheless he was here before us so we slow down and let him go slowly by in front of us.

PAGAN PRIESTS carrying a string of heads are muttering prayers, and devil dispellers are at work with an awful din trying to cure a sick man in a court-yard across the way, while on the opposite side a group of women are engaged in a heated discussion which will be a fight in a few minutes. Now we are at the Hou Men—a big street intersection adorned with a P'ai Lou, or Triumphal Arch. These arches are wooden structures, beautifully carved and richly painted, adding beauty to the main streets of Peking.

On the first level stretch we leave the tram behind (street-cars are called trams over here) and as we pedal along and cross a high bridge we see speople skating on the "Pei Hai", one of the three famous ponds in Peking. They are named the North, Middle and South Lakes, and are shallow pools about a mile in circumference. However, they make fine outdoor skating rinks, as the Peking climate is cold during the winter, with very little snow. Men and boys may be seen riding bicycles on the pond and young children, wearing light cloth shoes, play on the ice. In the Spring, before the thaw comes, the ice is cut into great chunks and stored in mud caves, thus assuring a steady supply of ice for the Peking ice boxes during the hot months.

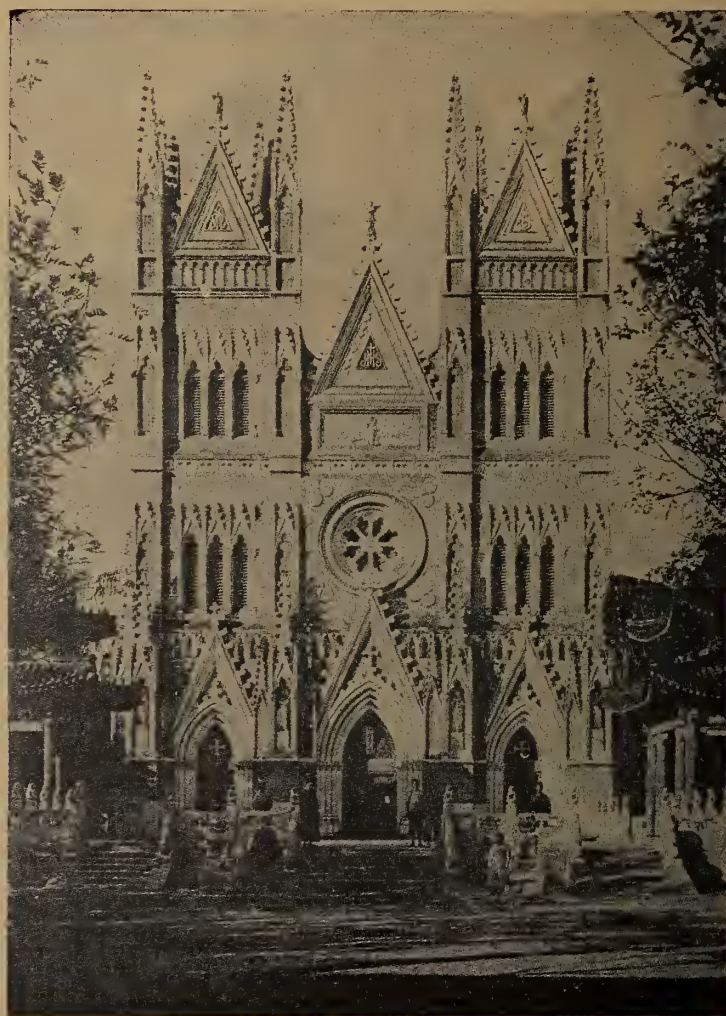
PASSING BY THE POND we turn right, leaving the main street, and soon arrive at the lofty walls of the Catholic University of Peking. This area with its courts and buildings was once an imperial palace. It is really a little city in itself, being surrounded by more than half a mile of wall. Its buildings show the blending of Oriental and Occidental architecture and the result is pleasing and artistic, as well as serviceable and enduring. It would take hours to inspect these halls of culture, so we pass on northwards to avoid arriving late for class.

A procession meets us here and we cannot tell whether it is a marriage or a funeral. The music and dress of the carriers and attendants seem the same to the inexperienced

foreigner, but as the large gilt coffin strung on long red poles comes into view our ignorance is dispelled. The hired attendants and carriers are all decked out in special red and green tunics with colourful headgears; they are preceded by a Chinese brass band. It is only a small funeral with about forty attendants.

In a few minutes we turn into Shih Hu Hutung and come abreast of the Jesuit Language School entrance. The gatekeeper opens the door and we enter. Turning left, we pass through a Moon Gate and here we are in our room and the five-minute bell has just rung for the first class.

In studying the Chinese language it is hard to escape the belief that it was invented by Satan to confuse missionaries.



The Catholic Cathedral of the Holy Saviour at Peking. The Vicariate of Peking has more than a quarter million Catholics; the Vicar-Apostolic since 1933 is His Excellency Most Reverend Paul L. C. Montaigne, C.M.

Pride

By ROSE GRAFFE WILL

*My youthful son came seeking me to-day.
I had been sitting in the quiet room,—
The room which caught the sun's first morning ray,
And twilight silvered into misty gloom.*

*He came, and stood beside me, hesitant,
And then his voice broke in a quiver odd.
"Mother," he said, "I—I—oh, would you want
The boy you love to be a priest of God?"*

*A priest of God! My poor heart stopped a beat,
And then throbbed on with strange intensity.*

*Lord, pity, for there came a feeling fleet
Of selfishness. I drew him close to me,*

*And through my tears, gazed in his lowered eyes
And on his mute lips tremulous with joy.
But I could only smooth his roughened hair,
And murmur o'er and o'er, "My boy, my boy."*

*So, Lord, to-night, with storm-washed heart, I kneel
To offer You my sacrifice complete.
You chose my child. With grateful thanks, I feel
Proud I can lay my sorrow at Your feet.*

"kitchen god" and this annoyed him very much. Persistent arguing failed to dislodge the diety however, so *Silver Rock* contented himself with promising to buy no more joss sticks to burn before it.

Difficulties

Perhaps this account is giving the impression that it is a very easy matter for the Chinese to come and begin Christian instructions. On the contrary, it is extremely difficult due to the ridicule and derision which former friends will poke at those whom they believe to be deserting their ancestors. There are the difficulties they experience in this breaking up of old friendships and families, for many of the pagans are adamant in their determination to ignore or hold up to ridicule all things Christian. One of the greatest of all trials for the poor Chinese catechumen is the necessity of removing his "Ancestor Tablets". These tablets are handed down by a man's ancestors and are the greatest treasures that a family can possess. Only an exceptionally devout convert will destroy his without a demur; practically all want to compromise in some way, such as removing incense from them or handing them over to pagan friends.

Our friend *Mercy Stone* was well tried. Sickness among the newly-converted will be attributed by pagan friends to the evil brought on by adopting the new religion. Poor *Mercy Stone's* wife became ill and died, receiving private Baptism before the end. His newly-born baby was also taken seriously ill, despaired of, and was baptized but this time the baby luckily recovered. As though these misfortunes were not sufficient, it also happened that *Silver Rock's* daughter was asked in marriage by a pagan who would have nothing of Christian nuptials. Despite the fact that she was already prepared for Baptism, the girl was handed over by her father. Perhaps it was remorse, perhaps it was because he refused God's Grace; anyway, *Silver Rock* permanently dropped out of the picture as a prospective Christian. *Mercy Stone*, God bless him, won out—and he and his three children are now Christians.

(Continued on page 14)

THE CONFLICT

(Continued from page 9)

Our two pagans, "Silver Rock" and "Mercy Stone" attend together with many other curious ones. The first few nights they gather little more than a few phrases like: "Your souls are created by God and they cannot die"; "This God knows you well and loves you"; "Buddha is a dead man and cannot hear you", etc. Often they are more interested in the funny manners of the foreigner and his queer accent than they are in the doctrine. However, the whole thing affords them some pastime—a relief from their eternal talk of weather and crops.

After a week's instruction both *Silver Rock* and *Mercy Stone* had the chance of a trip to the nearby town where they saw other Christians attending some kind of meeting. The Christians went up to the front of the "hall" and each received a little "Cake" from the priest who actually put it into their mouths. The whole affair, coloured by novelty and the "flowery cloths"

(vestments) that the priest wore, made fine topic for many a conversation.

After two visits to the Church on Sundays *Silver Rock* dropped off, and when accosted, rather churlishly replied that he had to "take care" of his fields. Poor fellow, he couldn't understand that the God Who provided the fields and made them produce, was also able to "look after" them in much better fashion than he.

Mercy Stone persevered—came the memorizing of the catechism and the explanation of many things before unthought of. Those who come out of mere curiosity soon drop out, for, having once missed a few classes, or having missed the gist of most of what is imparted, they soon begin to "lose face" before the assembled company. Poor *Silver Rock*, he still wished to keep coming to the classes for catechumens but his wife insisted on keeping and adoring a particular little

CHINESE LANGUAGE

The language which is to-day accepted as the national language of China is based almost entirely on the dialect of Peking. In olden days, because it was the Imperial City, the officials who came and went to and from this northern capital used a language, known then as the Officials' Language — 'mandarin'—and carried this language to all parts of this vast domain of China. Now since the head of officialdom was, for the greater part of the imperial age, the city of Peking, the official language and the language of Peking itself could not help but be very similar to each other. In fact they were very similar, the identification requiring only that the speech of the capital city, and its district, be shorn of a deal of dignified slang to be made almost complete. Hence, when the Government of the new Chinese Republic a few years ago faced the problem of settling on some one 'dialect' and making that the national language of the country, in time to supplant every last one of the countless dialects throughout China, naturally the dialect of Peking offered the most and the highest advantages. Already it is said that the "official" or national language of to-day is understood, and even spoken, throughout al-



The troop of Boy Scouts at our Lishui Mission, under the care of Reverend H. Murphy, of Kingston, Ont. The picture was taken after they had kept a faithful all-night guard at the bier of the late Fr. Gignac.

most three-quarters of the entire country. This rapid spread of the national language has made Peking more than ever the home of the study of the Chinese Language. Although many of the same difficulties in studying Chinese are to be met here as well as anywhere else, still the advantages of studying this national language, which is based on Pekingese, in Peking itself are too obvious to mention.

—Rev. E. Lyons.

THE CONFLICT

(Continued from page 13)

Everyone in the village had had the same chance. Only half had shown any interest whatsoever. Of this half, only a percentage persevered.

Our Conflict against paganism is certainly stiff and his satanic majesty leaves no stone unturned to thwart the designs of God for the salvation of these poor pagans' souls. Think of the Conflict within their souls! They must change an age-old mode of life and thought, they must abandon a thousand practices and customs they have always revered and held dear and sacred; they must bear up under the scorn and ridicule of erstwhile friends—how do they succeed? It is the Grace of God working in their souls which makes them strong to face what mere nature unaided could never face.

You CAN Help

Now Grace comes by prayer and it is in the matter of prayer that you can become not only a zealous but a very important and valuable missionary. Remember Tennyson?—"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of". He was right, the world doesn't dream or know of them. We should add that GOD DOES KNOW of them, however, and He has promised that even the "cup of cold water" will not be forgotten—how much more so, then, your prayers for poor pagan souls.



Pembroke Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception with their pupils of the Chinese Catholic Mission School in Vancouver, B.C. Please send an alms for their great work. Address: 568 East Georgia St., Vancouver.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.

The pupils of the Irish Christian Brothers at the several large Boys' Schools in St. John's, Nfld., have been benefactors of our Missions on many occasions.

Letters from *St. Patrick's Hall* and *Holy Cross Schools* have told us of the fine efforts the boys at these schools are putting forth to boost their mission contributions. As a result of class-room competition the interest is maintained, and from each School we recently received the splendid gift of fifty dollars.

Our sincere thanks to the Boys of S.P.H. and Holy Cross, as well as to their zealous teachers.

* * *

HAMILTON, ONT.

Regularly, each month, comes a swell letter to Father Jim from Grades 3 and 4 at *St. Lawrence's School*, Hamilton. In addition to the gift they enclose, the writers always give me the "latest news" of doings in their classroom. A sentence from each of the latest three letters: "We have scrap books all about ancient people and Babylon and everything. And we can still do long division." "At the Forty Hours Devotion some of the girls were angels and some were flower girls. We know two songs about the birds that come in the Spring, and we also know a new Mission song." "The circus is coming. We wish you could come and see it. We have a new pupil from Quebec and she brings her potatoes to school like the rest of us to sell for the missions."

Each month the class letter is written by a different secretary—and I thank for their letters Fred Crysler, Michael De Paolo, and Edith Smith.

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.

PRESS DISPLAYS

CHINA was glad to have received so many requests from Schools in recent months for material for Catholic Press Exhibits. The showing of Catholic papers and magazines cannot but impress the visitors to the Exhibits with the importance of the printed word. Only when gathered together in such a manner does one realize the extent of the work of the Catholic Press in Canada today. It is a hopeful sign for the future when Catholic young people know and read Catholic literature.

* * *

NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.

The various Grades at *St. Joseph's School*, North Sydney, have been doing their bit for us. Grade 8 pupils each had a mitebox during Lent; Margaret MacLean sent along the donation on behalf of Grade 9 Girls; Robert V. Kay, Secretary, wrote for the Members of the Crusade Unit of Grade 10, and enclosed a generous donation; Grade 11 made their gift in War Savings Stamps. Congratulations to all at *St. Joseph's*.

* * *

MONTREAL, QUE.

Andrew Renaud, Chairman of the Catholic Literature Committee, forwarded a gift for the Missions from the Junior Holy Name Society of *St. Dominic's Academy*, 4635 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal.



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

PORT HOOD, N.S.

Our thanks to the Sisters of Notre Dame for their CHINA subscriptions and donation for their pupils of *St. Peter's School*, Port Hood, N.S. The Pastor at Port Hood is an inspiration for the youthful parishioners in mission enthusiasm; over a period of years he has almost completed a Burse for the education of students for the missionary Priesthood, with the aid of many friends. His school-children have given generously to the MacPherson Burse Fund, too.

* * *

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.

Yvonne Desroches, Secretary, forwarded a splendid gift for the Missions on behalf of the pupils at *St. Mary's Academy*, Summerside.

* * *

HAMILTON, ONT.

From *St. Brigid's School*, 20 Smith Avenue, came a gift which we value very much. We wish the Entrance Pupils every success.

* * *

GRAND FALLS, NFLD.

I was very pleased to get the letter from Gerard P. Edwards, of Grand Falls, Nfld. Later on his picture, and those of his brother Rex and sister Mae, will be published. All are pupils at Notre Dame Academy taught by the Presentation Sisters at Grand Falls.

Father Jim's Mailbag

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

“O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen.”

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)

TORONTO, ONT.

Among the many Schools from which we receive generous aid in Toronto, we gratefully make mention of the following from whom we received correspondence recently:

St. John's School, Kingston Road, per Anne Spellen, contributed the large amount of \$48.00 as a result of their Lenten Mitebox savings. Every year this school has been among the high-liners in mitebox savings for the Missions.

Corpus Christi School, 42 Edge-wood Avenue, has befriended us on innumerable occasions. Bill Hall forwarded the Corpus Christi Lenten donations of \$55.00. Well done, Corpus Christi pupils!

Holy Rosary School, 308 Tweedsmuir Ave., has a large number of enthusiastic missionaries. Elaine Fitzpatrick, for Room Five, sent their donation in War Savings Stamps thus “aiding the Missions and, at the same time, helping Canada win the war”.

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, through Ann McCarthy, Secretary, forwarded some Mass Intentions for our priests in China. A very practical way to aid our missionaries.

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave., scored by the contribution of the pupils of Third Class. We are grateful to you all.

St. Joseph's College School, through Mary Lasher, Vice-President of their active Mission Club, made a generous contribution to help our Missions. Our thanks to our always-faithful friends at St. Alban's St.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Without fail, for several years past, comes the letter from the Crusade Secretary at *St. Joseph's Academy*, Charlottetown, with the annual list of subscribers to CHINA secured by the active Crusaders under the care of the Notre Dame Sisters there. We thank Catherine McNeely for her letter and 58 subscriptions to CHINA, plus an offering from her fellow-Crusaders.

BRAS D'OR, C.B.

From the Little Flower Institute, conducted by the Sisters of St. Martha at Bras d'Or, Cape Breton, came the following letter:

“For some time we have been saving our pennies and now that we have a dollar we are sending it as a mass offering for some Mission priest in China. We read CHINA and like it very much. We know Fr. MacSween because he visited our class. We have a sewing club, a garden club, and a Red Cross club. We save stamps and pray every day for the Missions.”

Anna De Lorenza, Pres.
Catherine McNeil, Sec.

* * *

PRESTON, ONT.

An Easter gift of ten dollars is gratefully acknowledged from the Crusade Unit of St. Clement's School, Preston. Their interest in China Missions has always been ace-high.



Nobody realizes better than the Blessed Mother, perhaps, the need for more vocations among the Catholic youth of Canada and Newfoundland. That is why Father Jim invites all his Little Missionaries to unite in prayer to our Lady to beg her Son to call more boys to the Priesthood and Brotherhood and girls to the Sisterhood. Ask her for help in the problem of your own vocation. Ask her to obtain at least one vocation for your family. Go to Holy Communion every day in May, if possible. Recite the Rosary, too, and her litany. Our Rose Garden members can be a powerful force in helping the spread of God's Holy Religion.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

HALIFAX, N.S.

Father Jim gets a lot of mail from the Schools in Halifax, N.S. No more enthusiastic little missionaries may be found anywhere than those in that Eastern City. It is always a pleasure to acknowledge their many favours towards China Mission. Lately received have been the following:

The mitebox contributions from Grades One and Two, *St. Mary's Boys' School*.

Individual letters from the little ones in Grade Three at *Oxford Street School*, viz: Patricia Brown, Barbara Thurston, Elizabeth Norris, Doris Foley, Jean Boudreau, Mary Keating, Rosalie Fisher, Marguerite Lynch, Shelia Kiely, Maureen Burns, Dorothy Griffiths, Carole Walsh, Ann Abraham, Joan Spence, Agnes Power, Edith Anderson, Carole Reyno, Elaine Duffy, Shelia Prudence, Madolyn Wheeler, Hilda Maltus, Anna O'Grady, Helen Dee, Joan Murphy, Frances Doucette, Noreen McDonald, Helen Embree, Rosmary Hanlon, Barbara McGrath, Annie Hingston, Eileen O'Neill, Loraine Kline, Freda Stevenson, Joan Kennedy, Bernadette Vaughan, and Mary Jerrett.

Each letter was neatly decorated with coloured Easter symbols and Fr. Jim very much enjoyed reading all that mail. Their teacher, Sr. Rita Ursula, sent a large order for CHINA subscriptions, as well as War Savings Stamps contributed by Grade Three.

Veronica Pitcher, for Grade Five Girls at *Oxford St. School*, ransomed a Chinese baby to be named "Mary Ellen", and also contributed War Savings Stamps. The Boys and Girls of *Grade Six*, at the same school, through William Mulcahy, also sent War Savings Stamps as well as a donation of five dollars in cash.

Jean Kennedy and Rita Beazley, writing for Grade Three at *College Street School*, seemed to agree that before Lent they "ate too much candy", but during Lent the Mission mitebox would get a lot of the "candy-pennies". It did. And the pennies went for War Savings Stamps. And the Stamps came to the Missions. Quite a fine combination.

The "after-Lent" letters from the same Grade were written by two



The cover picture of our March issue brought more favourable comments than any one for a long time. We are pleased now to identify the little Chinese lad whose picture (above) resulted in so much "fan mail". He is Kenneth Roland Hugh Jang, aged 4, who was baptized by Fr. Turner at the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, B.C. Five other children of the Jang family are Catholics. Youthful Mr. Jang played no favourites in the selection of his Christian names; regular CHINA readers may recognize them as the first name of each of our three priests stationed in Vancouver at the time of the little lad's Baptism.

boys: Billy Armsworthy and Bernard Inglis, and they sent more War Stamps from the Class, with a bit of extra news about the Boys' activities. Fr. Jim hopes the ball games between the Grade Three "Eagles" and "Hawks" are being much enjoyed.

Secretary Patsy Ahern, of Grade Five, *College Street School*, must have some space to quote from her letter which accompanied the Grade's contribution of \$14.00 in War Savings Stamps for the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse. In part, it read:

"We gathered Mission funds through a game we called 'Canada's Lucky Spot'. The names of about 200 places in Canada were written on small envelopes which we sold in the school at five cents each. We had a poster on which was the dollar offered for the winner, and concealed in one corner of the poster was the name of the 'Lucky Spot'. Can you guess what it was? Why,

of course, it couldn't be any other place than *Scarboro Bluffs*. 2nd and 3rd Prizes were War Stamps. After expenses were paid we cleared ten dollars which, together with our sacrifice pennies, makes \$14 for our St. Madeleine Sophie Burse. We are delighted to send it to you."

And the delight is mutual—for at the receiving end that letter and gift were very welcome. *Scarboro Bluffs* will always be a "Lucky Spot" so long as it has keenly-interested supporters like those at *College Street School*.

Don't think this is the end of the record. I see here before me a lot of gaily-decorated Easter cards and letters—and it is more mail from Halifax. *College Street School*, again. Including "a tiny Easter Egg" (which wasn't so "tiny" at all) from the Kindergarten Class—gifts from Grades IV and VI, and Grade VII. For the last-named Grade, Beatrice Rule wrote a lively letter which was much enjoyed, too. Beatrice might let me know sometime how the Debate ended between Grades 7 and 8 on the subject: "Resolved: that Manual Training and Domestic Science should be taught instead of French and Latin."

* * *

RESERVE MINES, N.S.

"Be assured of the prayers of all the teachers and pupils. May God grant a special blessing on your work for Him". Thus concludes a letter from *St. Joseph's School*, Reserve Mines, when a donation was sent in aid of our work.

Father Jim is glad to give some extra space this month to the telling of the activities of schools. Besides those mentioned there are many more whose letters we should have liked to print. But as the school year draws to a close Fr. Jim wants all the schools who have written him to know that he is very grateful for their interest in his Club. The boys and girls in our Catholic schools are proving great little missionaries, and Fr. Jim is very proud of them.



Youth: "Am I the only man who ever kissed you?"

Girl Friend: "Why will every man ask a girl that same question?"

Maid: "Madam, master is lying unconscious in the hall with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box by his side."

Mrs. X. (joyously): "Oh, my new hat has arrived."

Proud Father: "I already give my son a good allowance, and I am now wondering how to give him a really good start."

Friend: "That's easy. Just tell him you've stopped his allowance."

A conscientious little girl was explaining to her younger brother that is is wrong to work on Sunday.

"Well, policemen work on Sunday," said the boy. "Don't they go to heaven?"

"No," replied his sister. "They do not need policemen up there."

Dictionary Salesman: "Your wife will welcome the opportunity to use new and expressive words."

"Nope," said hubby, "she may be a woman of few words, but, boy, how she uses them!"

Aunt Priscilla: "Elizabeth, Elizabeth! Wasting your time over silly poetry again, I see."

Bessy: "But, aunt dear, this is pastoral poetry."

Aunt Priscilla (softening): "Ah! What is the pastor's name, dear?"

I had decided to take the furnished flat.

Landlady: "Of course I must ask you for a deposit."

Myself: "Certainly" (hauding over the required sum).

Landlady (beaming): "Thanks. And now, do you want a receipt, or shall we trust one another?"

"Sir!" stormed the parson, stamping furiously into the editor's sanctum, "your composers are fools."

"Indeed," returned the editor, mildly. "What have they done?"

"Why," came the indignant reply, "in your report on my sermon the word 'reverend' occurs 14 times, and each time the fools have misprinted it 'neverend'."

"Little boy, it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking."

"Well, missis, it seems to catch me more in de stummick."

Battered Pugilist (between rounds): "I ain't meself to-night."

Second: "No, an' wot's more, yer beginnin' to look different."

"Ay, th' waiters are awfu' polite," related Dave on his return from London. "They a' wanted tae shake haunds wi' me when I left the tables."

"My husband tells me the other men at the club consider Mr. Browne quite a raconteur."

"Rubbish! He doesn't drink any more than the rest of them."

Landlady: "You see, sir, it's a nice, airy room, with a fine view."

Prospective Lodger: "Good! But the view must not enter into the price—I am shortsighted."

The climbers were about to tackle a difficult stretch in the Lake District. The leader, turning to the novice of the party, said, "You're green at this job, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said the beginner, with a glance at the rock-face. "I feel pure white."

RATIONS!

Rats! Horrible things.

Can't you get a cat?

Got one.

Kill 'em?

Kitten. Too small. Couldn't fight rats.

Feed it. Maybe grow up. Big.

Did.

Well?

Cat, not kitten. Went out nights.

Normal.

Didn't come back.

Oh! 'Sfunny.

No.

Tragic?

Yes.

Villain?

Chinese. Caught'er. Cooked'er. Ate'er.

So?

RATS!!!!

—E. L.

"How's your wife getting along with her driving, Abe?"

"She took a turn for the worst last week, Moe."

Drummer: "Yes, old fellow, I'm the fastest man in the world."

Violinist: "How come?"

Drummer: "Time flies, doesn't it? Well, I beat time."

First wife: "I told my husband about these gowns that are selling for a song."

Second ditto: "What did he say?"

First wife: "He said if I expected him to supply the notes I'd better change my tune."

"Now, girls," said the teacher, "can you tell me why the great man was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

There was a long silence. At last a girl put up her hand.

"Because," she answered solemnly, and impressively, "he was dead."

The old Indian at the Dude ranch was busily whittling arrows.

"What's his job?" said the easterner, who was being shown around.

"Him, him heap muitions maker," explained the redskin, who was acting as guide.

"Annie Mae," said the mistress of the house, finally giving way to curiosity, "I notice you have been taking our empty grapefruit hulls home with you. What do you do with them?"

The Negro maid looked up at her mistress with a sheepish grin. "Yes'um," she admitted. "I'se been carrying 'em home. I'se think they make my garbage look so stylish."

Three elders of a Glasgow church were discussing the merits of their minister's sermons.

"He's wonderful," said the first. "I mind him preaching three sermons from one text."

"But that's nothing to old Jones," said another. "I mind him preaching six sermons from the shortest text in the Book."

"Oh," said the third man, puffing slowly and thoughtfully at his pipe, "that's nothing to my wife. She's been preaching at me for 30 years from no text at all."



“...Come,
follow
Me”

We appeal to our friends to help us build up our Burses by sending donations marked for this purpose. A Burse is the sum of \$5,000, the interest of which is used perpetually to educate students for the Priesthood.

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The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO,
THE SUM OF

CHILKAT

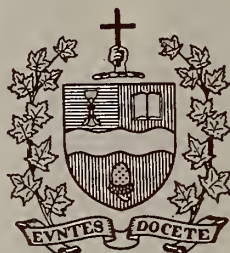
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

JUNE 1941



The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities :*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Gray Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

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"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Ordinations

Mr. Arthur Murphy (Toronto) and Mr. Joseph Ainslee (Kingston) became members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society on Sunday afternoon, June 1st, when they took the Oath to the Missions. The ceremony took place in our Seminary chapel and was graced by the presence of Monsignor Fraser, Founder of our Seminary, who delivered the sermon. Messrs. Murphy and Ainslee a few days later were admitted to the Clerical state by reception of Tonsure and, afterwards, received the Minor Orders of Porter and Lector.

Two of our students, Basil Kirby (Toronto) and William Cox (Gloucester Bay, N.S.) were ordained to the Subdiaconate on June 7th by Archbishop McGuigan, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

* * *

Presentations

On Sunday afternoon, May 11th, the Seminary was host to a large gathering of its friends, the members of St. Francis Xavier Bridge Club. Solemn Benediction was given by Monsignor McGrath and afterwards lunch was served to the visiting ladies and gentlemen in the refectory.

The object of the visit was to permit the good friends of the Seminary to see for themselves the improvements that had been made in our chapel and its sanctuary through their generous efforts. We were happy to see such a large number visit our Seminary and now publicly thank them for all the many favours they have done us. The furnishings in our Sanctuary and the new Stations of the Cross will always serve as reminders to us of the debt we owe to these good benefactors.

* * *

C.W.L.

CHINA offers its congratulations to the Catholic Women's League of Canada on the success of its National Convention which took place in Toronto during the first few days of June. Delegates from

JUNE

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CHINA

Editor, REV. A. CHAFE

1941

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all over the country attended and heard reports on the activities of the League for the past twelve months. The League is deserving of congratulations for its important contributions to the Catholic life of Canada and for its solid guidance of a host of endeavours in many fields of National importance. It has again admirably demonstrated its capacity to live up to its motto: "for God and Canada". We wish the National Executive and the entire League Membership the fullest measure of success in the year ahead.

* * *

Bereaved

Two of our priests suffered bereavements in their families during the month of May. On May 15th, at London, Ontario, after an illness of but one day, Miss Stella Reeves, aged 19, died. She was a sister of Father Ronald Reeves, of Sungyang, China. To her sorrowing parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Reeves, and to her sister, Sister Miriam Theresa, with the Grey Nuns at our Vancouver Chinese Mission, we offer our sincere sympathy.

On May 24th, at his home in Windsor, N.S. Mr. Samuel MacDonald, retired Chief of Police in that town, passed to his reward. For 45 years he had been a member of the Constabulary. Besides

our Father John J. ("Chook") MacDonald, he leaves to mourn three other sons, three daughters. Father MacDonald, being now on Military Service as a Chaplain, was unable to attend the funeral. To Mrs. MacDonald and her family we extend our condolences, and beg the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of the souls of Mr. MacDonald and Miss Reeves.

* * *

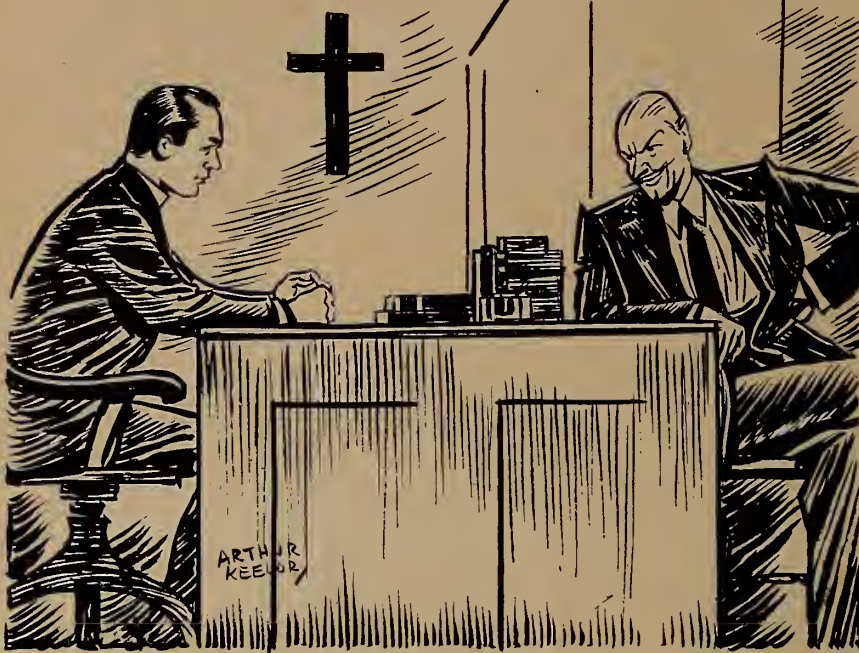
New Bishops

On May 28th it was announced by the Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa that two new members had been added to the Hierarchy in Canada. Most Rev. Rosario Brodeur, parish priest of Holy Cross Church in St. Boniface, Manitoba, was appointed Titular Bishop of Mideo and co-adjutor to Most Rev. Felix Couturier, Bishop of Alexandria, who is critically ill.

Most Rev. Georges Cabana, Spiritual Director of the Seminary at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, was named Titular Bishop of Anchialo and appointed to be co-adjutor to the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Man., succeeding Msgr. Emile Yelle, who retired because of ill health. Archbishop-elect Cabana was for ten years a member of the Staff of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and thus a former professor of many of our older missionaries.

THE DEVIL GOES TO TOWN

★ by REV. WM. McGRATH ★



I COULD HEAR THE old gate-keeper clanging the big gate shut for the night. It would be such a relief to be free from visitors after days-on-end of refugees and honourable military guests and panic-stricken townsfolk seeking a haven from bombs and shrapnel. That, of course, was our job. But nerves are nerves and it helped now and then to gather up the tattered shreds of privacy that war-time China had torn to ribbons. Times there were when a little peace and quiet seemed the price of one's very sanity.

Well, here was peace! For one short evening, anyway. Even the rain on the tiled roof, drumming out its dreary *miserere*, seemed a welcome ally to-night. At least it would keep those bombers away. The blessed ceiling zero would make an impenetrable Maginot of the friendly range of mountains that ringed our little Chinese town. I stretched lazily in my home-made easy chair, drinking in the restful realization of how good it was to be alone.

Tap . . . tap . . . tap. That, of course, was my overwrought imag-

ination. Time to relax a bit when you began hearing things that weren't there. I reached for my favourite author. For this evening the rest of the world could go by.

Confound my nerves, but there it was again. Tap . . . tap . . . tap. On the glass pane of the verandah door. Was it Edgar Allan Poe I had chosen or was I going looney? I looked across the room and—surely I must be dreaming—the knob of the door was turning gently before my very eyes. I could neither move nor speak as the unexpected visitor sidled into the room.

"So sorry to be a nuisance," he was saying. "My name is Nicholas Black." Well, thank Heaven, it was human.

"I hope you will pardon this rather unorthodox intrusion, but I find myself marooned for the night in this dump of a town. On my way to Kinhwa. The rats were playing tag across my bed in the Chinese inn, so I wondered if you might have any extra accommodation. Anything will do."

IT WAS most unusual, surely. I had not heard the gate open. And, anyway, how could any foreigner get by that air-tight coastal blockade? With roads dynamited and travel disrupted, who could hope to make Kinhwa? Of course, welcome or not, there was nothing for it now but to put him up for the night.

"You're welcome, Mr. Black. Foreign guests, you know, are rare these days in Lishui."

Guest manners language! Hide your real self. Die, if need be, for the dear old amenities. That's what comes of Oriental politeness. An insufferable breach of etiquette ever to manifest your real feelings on any social occasion. I bade him remove his dripping coat and motioned him to a chair.

"Must remind you of Newfoundland," he was saying. "Sort of caplin-school weather, don't you think?"

That helped, of course. How would *you* feel, yourself, if an impossible stranger were to drop out of the Chinese night and into the first sentence of what well might be your biography?

"I knew your folks in Oderin. And you made your course at St. Augustine's, in Bishop Kidd's time. Rather nice view, don't you think? Lake Ontario from the top of Scarborough Bluffs?"

I *wasn't* thinking. Of Lake Ontario or tops of Bluffs. The forthright Mr. Black had me about four down and none to play.

"You've evidently travelled a bit," I managed to stammer. "Are you from Canada, or would it be Newfoundland?"

"Oh, I get around. Guess you'd call me a sort of cosmopolite. And, by the way, please forget the 'Mister'. The boys just call me Nick. If you don't mind . . ." He extended his hands. The most disarming gesture of *camaraderie*.

I DID mind, somehow. Already I was beginning to resent the all-too-personable Nicholas. It would be O.K. by me if we stayed with those amenities till I felt my way around.

"By the way, Mr. Black, to what am I indebted for this singular happiness? What would be your honourable business in our disreputable country?"

"Oh, just routine inspection. My firm has world-wide agencies and I pay regular visits to the Far East. I used to spend more of my time in Europe, but business is so good these days over there that my subordinates can handle the situation. Things have been looking up since Hitler and the emergence of Nazi philosophy."

It still didn't make sense. Blockades and closed gates and nocturnal visitors and business that was good amid tottering civilizations and freedom in chains!

"But this blockade of the China coast. How did you ever make Wenchow?"

"The least of my worries." He dismissed the idea with a casual gesture.

"How about yourself and your men over here?" he asked, in friendly fashion. "Much sickness? Do you find that they can stand the gaff? China, if I know anything, can be a pretty tough place on foreigners. They tell me that Bubonic is raging in Fukien."

"Oh, we get by. A bout of malaria now and then and a little amoebic for good measure. But, by and large, everybody's happy. There's something about mission work that makes a man want to stick around."

"The poor lads. You know, I have a great admiration for you Chinese missionaries. You give up so much; go through so many hardships and heartaches; really get such pitiful results. Don't you get discouraged now and then? Don't you ever ask yourself if the game is really worth the candle? Sort of *'parturiunt montes et nascitur ridiculus mus'*?"

By now, I thought, life could hold no further surprises for this one evening. Little did I realize that this was merely the curtain-raiser.

THE colourful Mr. Black was beginning to interest me. Maybe he knew more about the folks back home. This might yet prove to be an interesting evening. I rang for the boy and the inevitable bowls of Chinese tea.

"Before we go into your intriguing question of the futility of Chinese missions," I said, "would you be good enough to tell me if you know any more friends of mine?"

"Sure," he answered. "In Mamaroneck, New York, Spence Armstrong, Pop McCarthy and Dick Mansfield. Dave Soden in Brooklyn. Everybody knows Dave. The Whites in Chapaqua. John Wilson and Rose Cassidy in Philadelphia. Want any more?"

He was rattling on before I had time to give voice to my amazement.

"You see, I was in America a few days ago. Your friend Spence is punch-drunk these days from reading manuscripts for Funk. Mr. Mac—you remember, old soft touch?—is still playing bush-league bridge in the major circuit. Dick gets into a little jam now and then for doing seventy-five on the Merritt Parkway, but the boys always like to see him coming round. Rose Cassidy still mows 'em down with her column in the *Irish World*. By the way, I suppose you knew that Ed and Vonnice were back from Florida."

"Thanks! . . . *Teh Shih Wan! Wah gna liang wan tso. Aw gna wih-ski-chu. Ting doo dio kan.*"

Ye gods! He had me slap-happy. Translated, it meant "Boy, more tea and, for this once, a sizeable stick in mine."

Treason, maybe, in the thought. Desecration and sacrilege to a long and illustrious line of Chinese *connoisseurs*. But let Confucius turn handsprings in the uncanny still of his Oriental tomb. He had nothing in the books, I'll warrant, to cover a situation such as this.

Of course, there was the China Clipper. But, even that way you couldn't very well make Philadelphia to Mamaroneck to Lishui in "a few days". Mr. Black was just being facetious. That was it. He knew somebody who knew somebody who knew. . . . Just one of those impossible things.

"You do get around, Brother Black."

"*How swift is the glance of the mind,*" he was quoting, *Compared to the speed of its flight*
The tempest itself lags behind
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

"That's my speed, but don't crowd me for an explanation just now. No offence meant, I assure you, but you really would not understand."

"I can outdistance a run-of-the-mill tempest," I replied. (That sure was powerful tea.) "Just give me a good old Ford Sedan."

"Wise guy, eh! Well, while you're at it, perhaps you can outdistance 186,000 miles a second. You might just try loping around the world twenty-one times while I count three." He seemed slightly riled by my incredulity.

"If you ask me, Mr. Black, we're both going crazy."

"Speak for yourself. But if you really want to see something, just close your eyes."

"That, of course, *would* be the way to see something. You started out by sounding sensible. I had even been looking forward to an intelligent conversation as the evening wore on. Mr. Black, I've had a heavy day. If you will excuse me, the boy will show you . . ."

"Will you please do as I say? Will you close your eyes and count ten?"

I obeyed. After all, I *was* the host. One . . . two . . . There was a slight rustle. I stole a glimpse but he was gone. On the count of ten there he was, once more seated in the chair.

"Just been to Boston and back," he grinned. "Stopped for exactly nine seconds at Union Park street."

"You wouldn't, by any chance, have been out on that verandah?" He ignored my question.

"Fr. Mike Costello was holding forth at the Cathedral Rectory. About what this country needs, or something. Fr. Foley was painting his boat, the *Meila*. To-night, you know, is his day off over there. But . . . let's forget the side-show. Let's get down to our real discussion. I really came to tell you . . ."

(Continued on page 8)

LAST JUNE AS I was recovering from an attack of fever, Father Curtin very kindly suggested that I leave the mission and go up north for the summer. I was only too delighted to escape the heat of a summer in Lishui, and so it was, that, early in June, with two other Fathers, I boarded a coastal steamer bound for Shanghai from Wenchow.

The captain of this boat was a foreigner from Shanghai; he weighed nearly three hundred pounds, a huge man who gave me the impression that he was afraid of absolutely nothing on earth. Later events soon confirmed this impression.

As the boat left Wenchow, I timidly asked the captain if it were true that we were sailing against the orders of the Japanese Navy. He laughingly replied that we would pass through the Japanese blockade that night under cover of darkness and that we had nothing to fear. Our boat, he said, would keep close to the islands and, hidden in the shadows, would have no difficulty reaching the open sea without being seen. The captain, I could see, was depending on the cover of darkness; he had forgotten that there was such a thing as a moon.

As night came on the moon came out, gradually gaining in brilliance. Near ten o'clock everything was nearly as bright as in daytime with a full moon casting its beautiful ghostlike beams over the calm sea. The captain seemed slightly worried and jokingly commented that though the moon was beautiful it was our greatest enemy that night. Just then we spotted a light.

This light quickly grew larger and larger until we all realized that it was a searchlight. The captain's language was unprintable but I did understand one thing. The light was a searchlight from a Japanese destroyer about three miles away. Suddenly a smaller light started to flash signals and the searchlight played over the sea closer and closer to our boat. However, we remained hidden. But a boat just ahead of us was spotted and ordered to stop. The captain

VACATION TROUBLES

By

REV. H. MURPHY

explained the meaning of the signals. Neither our boat nor the boat ahead carried any lights.

Then we all saw a great flash in the sky. My experiences in Shanghai, during the siege of that city in 1937, told me that a gun had just been fired. I threw myself on the deck barely in time to hear the roar of the gun and a faint splash as the shell hit the water immediately ahead of us. Two more shots followed in rapid succession. I peeked over the rail to see if the boat ahead was stopping but it only seemed to be increasing its speed. I heard our captain order his engineer to do the same. The captain was standing on the bridge watching the whole scene as if someone was putting on a display of fireworks for his amusement.

More shots were fired and the captain began to assure the other passengers, all Chinese, that no shots were being fired on us. He

then told us that the boat ahead was outlined against the sky but that we were still unseen due to the fact that we were much closer to the shore of a friendly island. But soon the captain quietly remarked that we had passed the island and the signals were now being directed at our boat, ordering us to stop immediately.

Meanwhile the boat ahead disappeared between two islands and we could see that once we were there we would be out of sight of the warship and would be safe. Signals were still coming over the water ordering us to stop but we just kept going along. I timidly suggested to the captain that we stop and he laughingly said that since the other boat made it why shouldn't we.

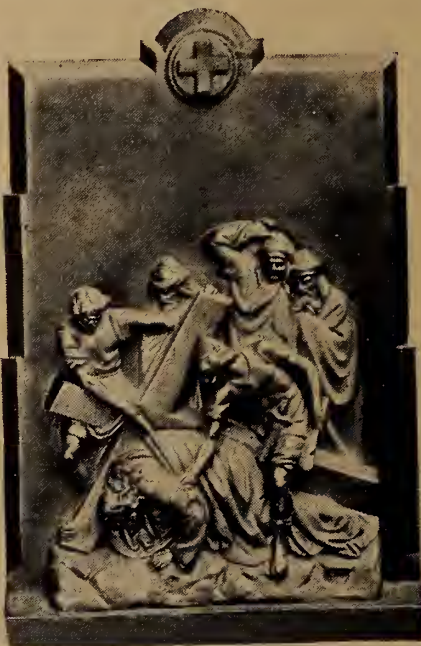
WE MADE IT, but as we passed from view of the Japanese ship the latter opened fire with a machine gun. Luckily, nothing hit us. In fact, I think that all the firing was just to scare us into stopping; but sometimes I do not feel sure about this. At any rate it was the first time I had been fired on, feeling that I was the target.

From then on the voyage to Shanghai was uneventful.

I travelled to northern China by steamer from Shanghai. As the summer drew to a close I noticed in the daily newspapers reports that the Japanese navy had intensified the blockade of the Chekiang coast. It was reported that now it was impossible to go into the interior. I became very worried lest I become stranded away from Lishui and so when I heard that there was a boat leaving for Chekiang from Shanghai, I immediately caught the next train out of Peking for the south.

In my hurry I forgot to get a military pass, a necessary thing for travel through the interior of Japanese-occupied China. I met another foreigner on the train and he quickly warned me that I would be turned back at the next station. However, I was not turned back

(Continued on page 12)



THE THIRD STATION

During Holy Week new Stations of the Cross (as above) were erected in our Seminary chapel, contributed by individual donors at the request of the St. F.X. Bridge Club.

ONE OF THE distinguishing characteristics of the Oriental races and one that can be justly called, "the curse of China", is that which is commonly called "face"—*mien*. *Mien* has the meaning of face, surface, that which is visible. By "face" is not understood, naturally, the physical sense of the word, but the abstract notion of convention, prestige, reputation, whatever permits one to walk with unbowed head.

To "lose face" in China, is a matter of the gravest moment; this calamity often leads to suicide. The principles which, without any fixed law, rule questions of face are abstruse and unintelligible to our mentality which is more accustomed to an objective examination of things and to the measure of their practicability. Whatever can cause a loss of face to a Chinese, whatever can restore face once lost, is of the gravest importance.

Face is the one thing that can solve any dispute. In the settling of any dispute, the first consideration must always be that neither of the litigants suffers a loss of face; whatever can cause a loss of face must be avoided, whatever means can restore face once lost must be resorted to; and thus the dispute is settled.

Sometimes the question of face is reduced to terms of money, as, for instance, when a Chinese seeks from the seller a reduction in the price of a thing he wishes to buy, or the client asks of the professional man a reduction of his fee. To deny this reduction is to cause the buyer a loss of face and he will pay the price in an arrogant manner, or he will leave the shop without buying a thing he really wants and needs. Before beginning to haggle over prices, the buyer will often ask: "Are your prices fixed or not?"

At other times the face contract becomes a bi-lateral one. The seller consents to a reduction in his price in order to give face to the buyer, and then he says to the buyer: "I have now been mindful of your face and granted what you asked of me; now give me face by doing me this favour".

"FACE"

By

REV. X. ROSSO, O.F.M.

If you reprimand a servant before his inferiors he loses face and will probably leave you; if he knows that you wish to dismiss him, he will see to it that he comes to you first and tells you that he wishes to leave; he will discover dying grandmothers whom you never knew existed. Thus his face is saved.

If you send a person a gift, you give him face; but in case he should refuse to accept your present, or at least a part of it, he makes you lose face. If you visit some person, he is obliged to give you face by accompanying you to the door and making the customary farewell bows.

THE Chinese are the most punctilious and ceremonious people on the face of the globe, and their prescriptions of etiquette are so very minute that to forget or neglect one of these rules can result in a loss of face and, therefore, be an indication of grave impoliteness.

Say a great dignitary of the state or a member of the royal family in imperial times, was condemned to death,—it was customary for the Emperor to permit him as a special favour to commit suicide. His life was lost but his face was saved because he did not fall into the hands of the executioner.

"To save one's face and lose one's life would not seem to us very attractive," says Smith in his *Chinese Characteristics*, "but we have heard of a Chinese District Magistrate who, as a special favour, was allowed to be beheaded in his robes of office in order to save his face!"

In all matters pertaining to relations between men and women, face must never be forgotten. If you ask a Chinese girl when she intends to be married, or regarding any matter relating to her espoused husband, unless she answers: "*Hao tzeo*" (it is very vulgar to speak of such matters), she loses face; and perhaps later on you find

out that she is already married and has several children.

This question of face can arise in any act of Chinese life, from the most humble act to the

most sublime; the laws of face bind all the inhabitants of China from the highest government official to the lowest peasant, be he pagan or Christian. What an unbearable yoke centuries of paganism have imposed on these poor people! They do not even imagine that an act may be a bad one, if no face is lost thereby. Acts, no matter how mean and sinful and evil in themselves, may be secretly performed—only, don't get caught!

Hampered by such a moral outlook, it is not to be wondered at that this question of face arises so often; it comes into play in every business transaction, in every contract, in every conversation. This is so true that almost the first word the new missionary learns on coming to China, is the word for "face".

THIS doctrine of face is a chain of moral and physical servitude. An act is not performed, for instance, because it is good, because it is consonant with truth, because it is just, but only because face is involved. Smart men know how to turn their negotiations so as to bring up the question of face and thus they are able to take advantage of others. It is all a game of chess in which the seasoned player knows how to move his pawns so as to lead his opponent into imprudent moves.

It is not a calumny to say that the criterion of the morality, or rather, the licitness of an action in China, is face. Truth, the soul of justice and order, counts for nothing; it is simply sacrificed on the altar of face.

Oh, I would that all those also who live without Christ in a Christian civilization, of which they enjoy the fruits and the delights and are still unconscious of their supernatural destiny, might know and understand the absolute servility and the harsh barbarity of a paganism that sees only the obvious—"face".

—Franciscans in China.

THE DEVIL GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from page 5)

"SURE — sounds — like — Boston—to—me." My voice was far away and so was I. I was behind the steering wheel of the *Meila*, heading out Boston harbour after the big ones that weren't there.

"As I was saying," he continued, "you poor missionaries do make so many sacrifices."

"Oh, blast you and your whining sympathy." His supercilious air was getting me down. "It's the last thing in the world any of us are looking for."

"Oh, no offence. No offence, I'm sure. I was just looking at the thing sort of—shall I say, academically. You see, I have long since felt that it would be better for all concerned if the Chinese were left entirely alone. They have their ancient civilization, which has stood the wear and tear of centuries better than any contemporary set-up in the West. Confucianism is a better philosophy than the American hodge-podge of what passes for thought. And Buddhism, don't you agree, fits in well with Oriental fatalism. Why disturb the *status quo*, especially when there is so much real work to be done at home, where that thing known as charity is supposed to begin."

"How about commuting back to Boston, while you're in the mood? Pick up Foley and Costello and bring 'em back alive and this might yet develop into an evening. Really, Mr. Black, I don't feel the least bit controversial."

"Oh, just a friendly discussion," he insisted. "Tell me, in your heart of hearts, don't you really feel Buddhism is suited to the Oriental mind?"

"Adapted" is a better word," I found myself replying, "and maybe it's *vice versa*."

Confound the creature. He *would* have his way. Well, the evening was as good as shot, anyway, by now. Wearily I made an effort to collect my jumbled thoughts.

"Well, I suppose Buddhism does fit in well with the Oriental situation as long as the Oriental situation remains barren of hope. To

our way of thinking, it is a made-to-order adaptation to man-made despair. But why let tails wag dogs? Why perpetuate no-hopery? Rule out hope from the scheme of creation and you *may as well* urge people to suppress all reactions till they finally arrive at what friend Foley would call a state of dynamic passivity. 'Nirvana' to you. In a dark cellar a plant or flower would soon learn, perforce, to suppress its reactions; to abandon the fruitless quest for a sun that wasn't there. But there is a sun, some place. And why not bring the flower to where it is? Life's urges and desires were not implanted in us merely to be exterminated. Instead of saying to the Chinese 'there is no hope. Life is the lie supreme. It forever urges us on towards something that does not exist' we prefer to tell them that life's most exalted moments are but dim shadows of things to come; that they were created for eternal happiness, beside which the greatest joys of earth pale into insignificance; for eternal love compared to which the most beautiful and enduring of human loves

is but the pale flicker of the candle before the blazing glory of the noonday sun."

The beggar wasn't even listening. What he wanted, obviously, was not friendly discussion but bleary-eyed acquiescence in pet theories that weren't even his own. He was gazing round the room as I finished, till his eyes rested on the crucifix above the bed. Quick and all as he was to smile in my direction, he could not cover up the look of anguish that crept for a fleeting instant across his face. I began to feel remorse of conscience for having indulged in such casual repartee with this eerie and unpredictable visitor.

"LOVE . . . love," he was saying. "You and your love. Maudlin, sentimental poppycock. I never loved, so you're wasting your time on me with your hoary platitudes. Anyway, if you people would pause just long enough to think, you would realize how little has been accomplished the world over after nineteen centuries of your precious Christianity. Even to-day there are two-thirds of the



The Holy Angels' Chinese Catholic Mission, 866 North Park St., Victoria, B.C., opened last November by Rev. Wm. Matte.

human race still in my . . . I mean, as you would poetically phrase it, still 'sunk in the darkness of paganism'. What about the four hundred and fifty million pagans in China alone? What about the thirty-three thousand of them who will be dead by this time to-morrow night? What results are you getting to justify wasting so many lives and so much of the hard earned money of the people who support you?"

"We're getting 100,000 converts a year," I replied.

"Bah, you're losing that many in America. And a much better class of people who might be saved to the Church. Many of the poor peasants and coolies you do bring in over here don't persevere, anyway."

"There was a Lucifer among the angels," I answered, "and a Judas among the twelve."

He winced.

"You cannot expect too much of these poor people. But many of them walk twenty miles to Mass on Sundays and many others have died as martyrs rather than renounce their faith. That takes pretty good stuff, as good as your 'better class' people in America or any place else. Besides, those in America, for whom you are so solicitous, have had their chance. If they see fit to reject Christianity, that can hardly be adduced as an argument for abandoning the pagans in China who have yet to hear the Name of God. You hear a great deal these days about unequal distribution. What about a situation where people at home revel in the luxuries of the Christian Faith, while those in pagan lands beg in vain for the spiritual crumbs that fall from our table? Does that seem fair, even to you—shall I say—mind?"

"You have a poetic soul, my friend. Figure of speech and nothing more. Who's begging, may I ask? And for what? I've been around the Orient and I've yet to hear a single pagan *begging* for something he knows nothing about. Save your stirring metaphors for your pious seminarians. I wasn't born yesterday morning."

I wasn't getting very far. Well . . .

"A man in a coma from starvation, or dozing blissfully in a snow-bank, or unconscious in the middle



He seized the bell on my desk and was ringing it furiously.

of the road after a motor accident, doesn't beg for food or warmth or ask to be rushed to the nearest hospital. Would you advise that these people, too, be left alone because they 'know nothing about' the only procedure that can possibly save their lives?"

He shifted uneasily in his chair, evidently bored to desperation.

"Anyway, Mr. Black, from my point of view, we are approaching this whole problem wrong end first. For us missionaries the difficulty was settled centuries ago. If you imply that all foreign missionaries are a sort of glorified Light Brigade, heroically carrying out insane and impossible orders because 'someone has blundered' you will at least be logical enough to lay the blunder to the fault of the Commander-in-Chief. He said 'Go' and here we are. 'Ours not to reason why' because He was a Person who made no mistakes. We could worry ourselves dizzy trying to solve intrinsically all the problems bound up with this tremendous question. You have heard of Him? He deemed those pagan souls worth dying for. To Him they are as precious as your soul and mine."

I was hardly prepared for his angry outburst. Brother Black was about to hoist his colours to the masthead.

"YOURS and mine!" he shrieked.

"You fool. You silly, purblind, earthbound fool. I have no soul. Nobody ever died for me. I was past praying for . . . beyond dying for, long before your precious 'Commander' lived or died on earth. Let's drop this shadow-boxing. If by now you do not know who I really am, you are, if possible, even more benighted than I at first imagined. I was once the Prince of Light, the glory of the Angelic Hosts. I would not serve. I made my choice and was cast forever into the eternal night. You and your kind can go on being fools to the very end and there is always that one more chance. Perhaps that's 'equal distribution' to your so-logical mind. You dare to talk to *me* of love. I who neither eat nor drink nor sleep but down the dreary centuries unto an eternity wherein hope is dead, *hate, hate, hate*, with all the force and fibre of my spiritual being. You would recognize me, no doubt, only in the stupid picture-book make-up of horns and tail and fire. Well, if it will help you any . . ."

He drew nearer the desk, his face a hideous, satanic leer. Fire was darting from his mouth and he transfixed me with a stare that forced a prayer to my lips . . . "Holy Mary, Mother of God!"

(Continued on page 13)

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST GENERAL CHAPTER OF THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY



Photo and cut by Royal Engravers, 12 Duchess St., Toronto.

FR. STRINGER	FR. CHAFE	FR. MacDONALD	FR. SHARKEY	FR. BEAL
MONSIGNOR McRAE	ARCHBISHOP McGUIGAN	MONSIGNOR McGRATH	MONSIGNOR FRASER	

On Thursday morning, June 5th, the above photograph was taken at St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Motherhouse of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, immediately before the opening session of the Society's First General Chapter. As CHINA goes to

press the Chapter is still in progress, but we are happy to announce the result of the elections to the General Council whose members (the Superior-General and his four Assistants) will govern and administer the Society's affairs for the next ten years:

Superior-General: RIGHT REVEREND JOHN EDWARD McRAE, D.P., D.C.L.

Vicar-General and First Assistant: RT. REV. W. C. McGRATH, P.A.

Third Assistant-General: REV. ALEX. J. MacDONALD

Second Assistant-General: REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY

Fourth Assistant-General: REV. LEO M. CURTIN

All the above Members of the General Council will henceforth reside at the Seminary.

The Bombing of Lishui

TAKE a look at the picture on this page, to the right. It is an unusual picture in many respects. CHINA reproduces it from the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* of April 23rd last. It was brought to the Seminary by Monsignor Fraser who, with Father Desmond Stringer, left Shanghai two days later. It probably was taken by a Japanese airman who accompanied the bombers which spread death and destruction in Lishui on the previous day. The picture shows what the bombers looked down on in Lishui. The mission headquarters of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society are indicated in the space which we have enclosed in a black circle, to left of picture. Within a few hundred feet of the mission property there was a warehouse where oil was stored, and this evidently was the target for the bombers.

In a letter from China, received at the Seminary early in June, an eyewitness to the destruction in Lishui writes: "A large part of the city is in ruins. Every house on the street leading to the Mission was burned to the ground by incendiary

bombs. The actual mission property miraculously escaped the bombing and the raging fires which destroyed everything in their path right to the very walls of the mission compound. The only damage suffered by the mission was the loss of a small dispensary when an explosive bomb pitched right into it. The dispensary was only a fragile outbuilding near the entrance gate. Fortunately, no Christians are reported killed, but, of course, many are homeless. The priests and Sisters who took refuge in the dugouts felt their last hour had come."

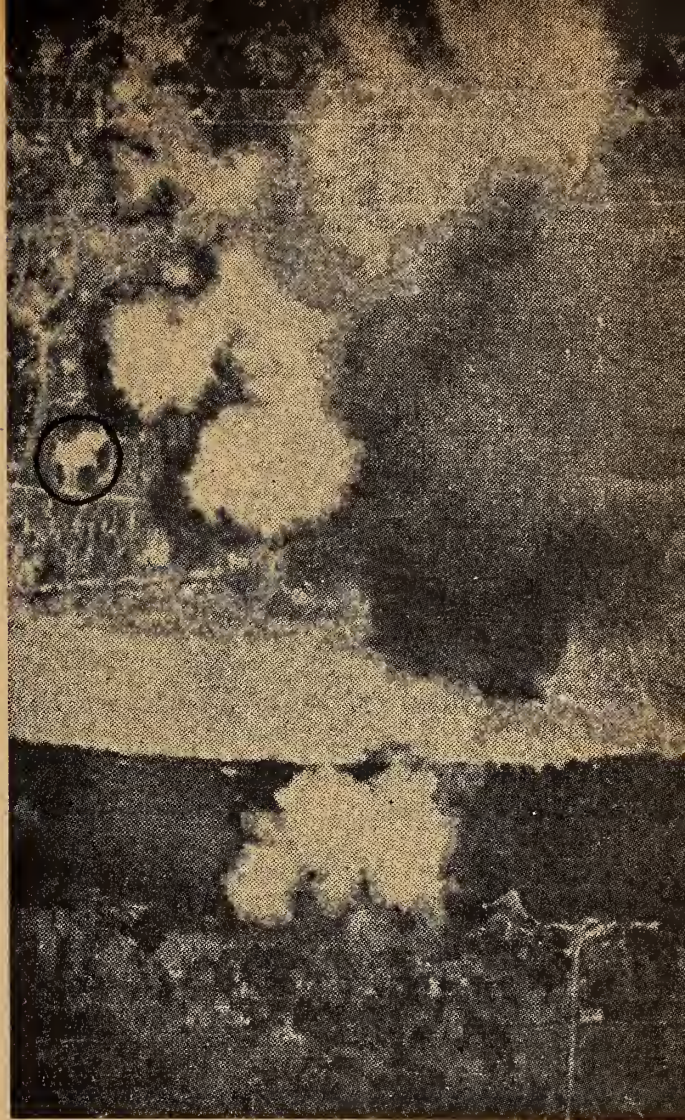
Thus, in picture and words we have the account of what must have been the worst bombing of the many so far experienced in Lishui, where so often in the past few years our priests and Sisters have had to seek shelter in dugouts.

Another letter recently received from China tells more of the general situation prevailing in the Prefecture of Lishui. When the port of Wenchow was occupied by the Japanese, it was the signal for a general stampede from many places within our Prefecture. Tsingtien, where Fr. Maurice (of Ingersoll, Ont.) is now Pastor, became a ghost city overnight, the whole population evacuating to the hills. Yungkong, in the Kinhwa district, is reported destroyed. To add to the general panic and excitement there was a great scarcity of food in many sections. Fr. Gerard McKernan (of Brantford,

Ont.) on his way from Pai-yen to Dolu, saw at least a hundred people on the road, starving. He himself could get nothing to eat on his way.

The doleful account of the situation as it was near the end of April concludes with the remark: "the greatest menace we are likely to have to face now is the danger of bandits; however, none of us missionaries has any lessening of trust in Divine Providence."

We thank God that no harm has come to any of our missionary personnel in China; they continue their work in spite of every danger, and this latest disaster will but multiply their opportunities for the exercise of Christian Charity. Remember those missionaries, please, in your daily prayers.



A remarkable air-photo of the actual bombing of Lishui on April 22nd. River shows black in foreground; white strip is beach and white lines at left indicate city thoroughfares.



*VERY REV. M. L. CURTIN
Vicar-Delegate in Lishui Prefecture.*

VACATION TROUBLES

(Continued from page 6)

but had to explain all about it at every station from Peking to Nanking. Moreover, I had been unable to get a sleeping berth and as the trip took two days and nights, all in all the trip was not a joy ride.

At Nanking when the Japanese soldiers began examining everyone's baggage, I experienced a few minutes of anxiety as my club-bag contained several letters from Lishui and so indicated my ultimate destination, a point that had to be kept secret. The Japanese would be curious about anyone on the way to "enemy" territory. At the railway station, just as I was about to be examined, I noticed the Norwegian consul stepping off the train. I had met the consul before and an idea struck me. I hastily joined the consul and put my bag down beside his. When the porter picked up the consul's baggage, my club-bag went along with it. I had remembered that a consul with his diplomatic pass was exempt from baggage examination. All our baggage went through without so much as a glance from the soldiers. Later, when I thanked the consul for his help, his astonishment was really laughable; he had had no idea that he had just done me a favour.

Arriving in Shanghai, I was told that a number of Protestant ministers and about ten priests, all destined for various parts of the interior of China, were about to sail by Japanese steamer to the mouth of Wenchow Bay where they would be picked up by a small American tug and taken into Wenchow. Permission to do this had been obtained from the Japanese and Chinese authorities. It was the chance of a lifetime to get into the interior. I joined the party. On the Japanese boat it was impossible to get a sleeping berth and so I spent the first night in a chair. The second day, toward evening, we left the large steamer for the small American tug which proved to be nothing other than a Chinese junk with an engine in it. We were so crowded that it was impossible to sit down, let alone sleep. A few places for resting on the baggage were given to the children and

ORIGIN OF THE PAGODA

THE word "pagoda" itself is a "tourist word", one not derived from any of the original designations of the tower. The original Sanskrit word "stupa" used to denote the hemispherical tomb-mound of religious notables, came to include the forms of the "pagoda" as it developed in India. These simple hemispherical mounds of earth, similar to those which may be seen on any jaunt through the countryside in China today represent the true original form of the pagoda. Influenced successively by Buddhist, Syrian, Greek, Tibetan, and Chinese cultures, this tumulus (mound) has developed through many stages into the most typical feature of Chinese architecture and landscape.

The first addition to the simple hemisphere came with the erection of one of the ceremonial umbrellas—such as are carried in Chinese funeral processions to-day—on its top. Structural changes soon grew to have symbolic meanings, and the upper portion of the "stupa" became standardized. Stylistic changes, including the growth to a bulbous shape of the original hem-



isphere, inclusion of the original earth terraces supporting it as part of the structure, and multiplication of the number of the superimposed umbrellas, resulted in a standard "stupa" form which can be found in Peking in Pei Hai Park and in the West City.

The transition from the round to square (and octagonal) can be traced to the ancient tomb-towers of Asia Minor. These were copied by the Greeks who, during the conquests of Alexander, carried the form into India.

Each of these various stages may be traced in pagodas and tumuli in various part of China today. In some, as for instance at the Jade Fountain, the terraces that were originally merely the base or pediment of the tower, have become the main portion, surmounted at the very top by a small replica of the original stupa form. In others, as in that at Tungchow, the first full-height storey is topped with many compressed, indicated storeys, then by the stupa and umbrellas at the top.

—Adapted from a lecture by Dr. Gustave Ecke of the Peking Rotary Club.

wives of the ministers. We stood all night and until three o'clock the next afternoon.

About midnight a Japanese warship stopped us but quickly allowed us to go on when we were identified. However, about an hour later another warship signalled us to stop and when they did not understand our signals they fired three shots. Crowded as we were on the tiny boat, most of us were terrified. But once the Japanese recognized us we were allowed to go on in peace.

Finally, we arrived in Wenchow the next afternoon. There we had to wait over a week as heavy rains

had caused a flood in the Lishui valley and it was quite impossible to proceed to Lishui. Father Boudreau and I left Wenchow in a small river boat. We had hoped to catch a bus about half-way to Lishui but when we arrived there we found that, due to the flood, the bus was no longer running as the road had been washed out. We were forced to spend three days in the tiny boat with nothing to eat but rice. We walked the last few miles.

My only comment is that I am determined not to take another holiday until this war is definitely over.

THE DEVIL GOES TO TOWN

(Concluded from page 9)

He fell back, exasperated, defiant, trembling with impotent rage.

"It's always so," he snarled. "She has baffled me from the beginning. But for her how I should love to rend you to pieces, here and now. And what a chance *you* would have against me! Down the ages I have known and tempted and conquered so many men stronger, holier, more intellectual than you and have been worsted by simple fools like your Curé of Ars. You think I am impressed by your childish prattle. I, who knew Aristotle and Plato and Augustine and could quote for you now all that Aquinas ever wrote. What a thrill for me to hear *you* expound on the whys and wherefores of saving souls in China."

I sat there, half-paralysed with fear, as he swept on with his talk.

"And who are you to talk of love, you whose inconstancy and infidelity and abuse of grace were so long ago envisioned in Gethsemane and added their share to the weight that crushed your Christ in a bloody agony. Let *me* preach at *you* for a change. Let me remind you of the long and dreary history of insults and apostasies offered to Him down the ages by His chosen friends. Fervour; laxity; abuse; persecution. That's the cycle. Except for the early days of Christianity, that's the history of your *Holy Church*. It is the story of Europe to-day and may well be the story of America tomorrow. And then, hundreds of years from now, the Faith will move to the Orient and a Chinese Pope will be sending missionaries back to salvage something from the wreckage of one more civilization that has sinned against the light.

"Fear of persecution is, to-day, more powerful than the love you prate about. That is why Communism and Naziism and other isms are permitted by God; scourges to drive back to penance a generation that proceeds to ignore Him and enthrone false gods in His Heaven when all seems right with the world. External enemies can never destroy your Church. Where, to-day, are Nero

and Diocletian and where, a hundred years from now, will be Stalin and Hitler? The real enemy is always within the gates and to-day especially it is *nationalism* and *avarice* that are sapping the very vitals of Christianity. Nationalism strangles charity, makes brother hate brother the world over and rends the seamless robe of the Mystical Body of Christ. It has never been conquered by Christianity. It may, some day, be destructively conquered by Communism, with class hating class and Christians once more driven to the Catacombs. I put avarice next. The acquisitive instinct is deadly. More abnormal in its excesses than any instinct towards mere weakness, it can utterly distort one's sense of proportion, till those who once generously renounced all things for Christ will refuse to deny themselves any of the comforts that modern civilization can provide. The result is an easy, 'comfortable' enervating spirituality that knows all sorts of detours around Calvary but shuns the road of self-denial and detachment from things of earth."

I felt powerless to interrupt him as he grew more vehement in his speech.

"A FAR CRY, surely, from the Manger of Bethlehem and the workshop of Nazareth and the blinding agony of Calvary's Cross. Think you that Christ would have any part of it, were He on earth to-day? Can you imagine *Him* clothed in soft garments or wintering in Florida or burning up the speedways in stream-lined limousines? Yes, the enemy is within. Tyrants and persecutors can no more destroy the Church than I can destroy you until you freely hand me over the keys of the Citadel and admit my Trojan demons into the inner recesses of your soul. Of course, I can make the surrender *seem* worth while, for a time. Human nature has no secrets from me.

"I hate you missionaries. Let there be no doubt about that. If I had my way there wouldn't be one of you in China. I play up discouragement because it is my most

effective weapon. It is the classic temptation of mission land just as your comfortable spirituality is the enemy at home. I hate you for your sacrifices because, apart altogether from results you may obtain, they keep you on the pathway to eternal salvation." He paused momentarily and a different note seemed to come into his voice.

"Why am I telling you all this? Not because I want to but because I must. You have prayed to 'The Woman' whom God has made my enemy and my conqueror and thousands of people, unknown to you, are praying to her also for all missionaries in Fields Afar. In Eden's garden it was foretold that she should crush my head but also that I should bruise her heel. I never give up. If hope there be in Hell, it is the hope of winning more and more human victims for eternity, of seeing them writhe in agony of torment and desolation, with no God or no Mary *now* to lend ear to their cries of eternal despair. How I should love to see in your soul, as I see in the souls of so many hapless humans, the living death that is the portion of those who have rejected Him Who is Life eternal.

"I must leave now, my mission once more frustrated, as it has been frustrated by *her* so many countless times before. But I shall leave you something to remember. Behold the eternal company with whom your lot will surely be cast, if power of mine can ever encompass your destruction."

He seized the bell on my desk and was ringing it vigorously. I could neither move nor speak nor utter a word of protest.

"Come, you eternal furies. Come, my legions of demons. Forward, the souls of the damned."

The room was suddenly filled with hideous shapes, all converging on my desk. Horror, hatred, despair were written on their fearsome features. I shrank back and uttered a scream that they must have heard downstairs:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God . . ."

* * *

The Seminary bell was clanging loudly as I awoke. On my knees, beside the bed, the unfinished prayer was spoken . . . "pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen."

What Are BOYS GOOD FOR?



By Rev. E. Edwards, S.V.D.

CRASH! A shower of broken glass flew over the kitchen floor. Mother Burton flung wide the door. "Freddie!" echoed her high, shrill, rising call of command. Trailing a baseball bat, Freddie trickled out from his hiding place.

"Baseball again!" chided his mother. "Another broken window. That's all you boys are good for. Come indoors at once!" Dejectedly the young culprit obeyed.

An hour later Father Frank passing the Burton household saw a disconsolate youth pushing a lawn-mower. "What's up, Fred?" inquired the priest.

"Gee, Father, I *bust* a window and now I've got to mow the lawn, and afterwards cut wood, and to-night . . ." (the tone became tragic) "I've got to wash dishes!"

"Sad, sad," commiserated Father Frank.

"It sure is," said Fred, heaving a sigh and leaning on the handle of the lawn-mower. "But I guess," he continued, "that's all boys are good for," unconsciously parroting his mother's words.

The Priest straightened up. "Is that so?"

"Yeah — oh, excuse me — yes, Father."

"Well, listen here, Fred," replied the priest. "What about that Brother Eugene I told you about the other day in class. Boy,

did he become a hero! Went off to wild New Guinea even and got murdered for Christ by the cannibals. Not good for anything? Well, I'd like to know!"

"But he wasn't a boy."

"He had to be a boy before he became a man, didn't he?" countered the priest. "And then what do you read mission literature for? It's just chock-full of stories about priests and missionaries who gave or are giving their very lives for Christ and for souls. Why, you read about Charles Spinola and Theophane Vénard and Noel Chabanel and about missionary priests who are doing heroic things this very minute all over the world!"

"Oh well, I guess there are *some* boys who are good for something — anyhow, the ones that become priests and Brothers."

"Meaning that let's you out, Fred?" quizzed Father Frank smilingly.

"Gosh! you — you don't think I'd make a priest or a Brother, do you, Father?" gasped the startled Fred.

"Why not?"

YOUR WILL It is never too late to do good. See that your Will is properly made, and that it includes a remembrance for the Missions. Our legal title is: St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

"Gee, Father," Fred replied giving the mower a shove in his excitement, "I'm not — I'm not — I'm just a regular guy — I mean, Father, I'm just o-r-dinary."

The priest smiled reassuringly. "That's a splendid set-up for the job. They don't look for boy wonders or angel children in students for the Priesthood or aspirants for the Brotherhood. In fact" (and Father Frank's eyes twinkled), "I broke a few of my mother's windows myself when I was a boy."

"Gosh, you did?"

"Yes, siree, Fred—and I had to push a lawn-mower, too, and wipe dishes at night," added the priest.

"But how—how did you become a priest, then, Father?" queried the boy.

"I studied hard. All you need to become a priest is pretty good health and an average brain and a lot of common sense. I tried hard to be good, of course."

"I'm not so good, Father," admitted Fred dubiously.

"That's what the years of training are for, Fred, to make you good. If you have a willing heart, you'd be surprised how good you can become."

"That's what boys are good for then, Father," said Fred slowly. "To become good and make others good."

"That's the perfect answer, little man," agreed the priest heartily.

—The Little Missionary.

Of What Use

By Sister Mary Alma
Maryknoll Convent
San Juan, Calif.

IS A GIRL?

MAYBE your brother has asked that question after you got his kite string all twisted and tangled and yourself with it? Chinese boys ask the same question about their little Chinese sisters. In fact, they sing-song a Mother Goose rhyme about that important question:

Of What Use Is a Girl?

We keep a dog to watch the house,
A pig is useful, too;
We keep a cat to catch a mouse,
But what can we do
With a girl like you?

And to console their little girls, Chinese mothers probably tell them what you learned when you were very young—that little girls must be of some good because they are made of “Sugar ’n spice, ’n everything nice; that’s what little girls are made of.”

Perhaps you have a bit too much sugar in you, or maybe you’re a trifle too spicy when your brothers tease you. But anyway, you do have in common with all other girls a great deal of good which God gave you when He made you. This goodness comes out in all the great and famous and wonderful things the girls and women of all ages have done; it comes out in little things like kindness and gentleness, and in big things like courage and truth.

Among all the noble women whose goodness influences the world in which we live, missionary Sisters play a very important part. They are trying to do in a special way what our Lord asks each of us to do by our prayers and sacrifices for the missions: “Go out into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

There are many ways of *going* and many ways of *preaching*. The first way is a way in which all of us at home or on the missions can help—prayer and sacrifice. The

second way is to go as a missionaryer ourselves and help the priests who are converting pagans in far-away lands. There are quite a few religious orders of Sisters who do this kind of work.

The Sisters do mission work among pagans in many lands. They do all sorts of work—teaching, tak-



ing care of babies and orphans, treating the sick, instructing pagans in the Catholic Faith, training native girls to be Sisters. There are artists and cooks and writers and musicians among them. All the work they do is done to help the pagans to know our Lord and His Church.

Out on the missions, and here at home, too, as you yourselves know, we help people best by being kind to them, understanding them and cheerfully helping them. When they see the sweet sugar and the strong spices and everything nice in us, people begin to wonder what makes us that way. And then we tell them, God does. And then people want to know about God and that is how missionary Sisters bring pagans into our Church.

Are missions all hard, humdrum, everyday work and a lot of prayers? No, indeed! Far from it. Some of the greatest adventures you read about in books and some of the most interesting things you can think of doing are a part of every missionary Sister's life on the missions. Sisters take great risks sometimes in going among the pagans, but they have that courage and faith which stands any test — even being captured by bandits and released again, even walking over mountains and crossing rivers and valleys on long hikes in order to teach pagans about our Lord. Sometimes they have not so much food as they would like to have, sometimes where they live it is too hot or too cold, sometimes the people are not so friendly as they might be and the customs and habits of the people are very strange to an American Sister. But in spite of all this, missionary Sisters carry on their mission work bravely and even gayly and are happy in the fact that because they are missionary Sisters, many more pagans are going to know and love our Lord.

Perhaps when our missionary Sisters went to school and were little girls like yourselves, they were rather timid and shy and preferred to stay at home near their mothers and dads. And perhaps you are wondering now where they got all that courage when they grew up to become missionaryers? Perhaps you think you could never, never be a missionaryer? That you are afraid to go halfway across the world to win souls for our Lord? But you would lose all that fear were our Lord to give you a mission vocation. And here is the secret to a missionaryer's courage: the grace of a mission vocation, like every other gift the good Lord gives His children, comes to us from Him when we need it, when

(Continued on page 17)

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

Dear Boys and Girls:

Within a few days after receiving this copy of CHINA you will be free from school for the long Summer holidays. Of course, you are going to have a good time. There will be camping, and swimming, and lovely warm days out in the country, travelling, and, in general, being as happy as you can be. Anyway, I do hope each one of you will have the best holiday ever.

I'm sure none of you will object to Father Jim giving you a word of advice for your holidays. Oftentimes, young boys and girls forget that because the holidays are times of freedom, when they are more or less left to themselves, they are times also of added danger. I do not mean danger in the sense that there is greater likelihood of being injured, say, by a car. The danger I speak of is even worse than physical danger. I mean spiritual danger, when harm may come to your soul. Surely, every Catholic boy and girl knows that it is worse to injure your soul than to injure your body. So to keep from committing sin—and sin is the only thing that can injure your soul—I am going to ask you to keep in mind the following things: first, be sure to say your prayers every morning and every night; second, go to Confession and Holy Communion as often as you can; third, do not go with bad companions, which means you must not stay with other boys or girls who want you to say or do anything you know to be wrong.

That seems easy now, doesn't it? Yet perhaps many boys and girls will find it hard, too hard, and so they will run the risk of falling into sin. Will you be able to say you had a happy holiday if it was not well-spent by keeping friends of God? No, the real way to be happy is to be good. Your parents and your teachers will tell you that, too, and Father Jim is telling it to you because he wants you to know he is as interested in his Club members just as much as your very best friends. I pray God to bless you all during your holidays. Remember: be good and you'll be happy.

I want all our Junior Readers to read carefully the Vocation Chats on pages 14 and 15. Pray hard that God may give many of you Boys and Girls the Grace to be Missionary Priests or Sisters later on.

FATHER JIM.

"Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. XVIII, 3.

Dear Father Jim:

"This is our first letter to the Rose Garden. We will say the prayer for the Conversion of Infidels and go to Communion every month for the intention of Missionary Vocations, as all members of your Club promise to do. We live in Prince Edward Island, the Garden of the Gulf. It is a beautiful Island, particularly in summer-time. Come here some time and see for yourself." Bernice (12), Henry (10) and Louis (9) Lannigan, R.R. 3, St. Mary's Rd., P.E.I.

Thanks to Rita Hartlin who sent money on behalf of Grades 4 and 5, St. Ignatius Sunday School, Bedford, N.S., for the ransom of a Chinese baby to be christened Mary, after Our Blessed Mother.

Angela Hoskins, Carbonear, Nfld., writes: "I received my membership Certificate some time ago and now have it framed. I am very proud of it. . . . I was looking at an old copy of CHINA a few days ago and came across a picture of Fr. Jim, but it was only a 'back view'. Why don't you show us your real picture? Everybody in your Club would be pleased to see it. I am sending a snapshot of myself."

Thanks, Angela, for your letter with all the Carbonear news. Your picture will be published later. I got your stamps all right.

War Savings Stamps to the value of eight dollars are gratefully acknowledged from the girls of Grade 8 at Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S., per Mona McCormick, Class President.

The teacher of Grade 1B at St. Mary's Boys' School, Halifax, sent along six dollars collected by her pupils in the mite boxes, and wrote: "The little lads are grandly interested in your heroic work and wish the Missions splendid success."

From the Treasurer of the Crusade Unit at St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax, came a generous donation for the Missions. This Crusade Unit has befriended us many times and deserves our deep gratitude.

Yvonne Le Clair, Secretary for Grades 3 and 4 at Stella Maris School, North Rustico, P.E.I., sent the ransom for a baby, with the information that each of the four classrooms in the school has an active part in the mission work there; Grades 3 and 4 raised their ransom money by staging a guessing contest. They want the baby baptized Mary Catherine Helen, if a girl is chosen; Joseph Lawrence Douglas is the selection for a boy.

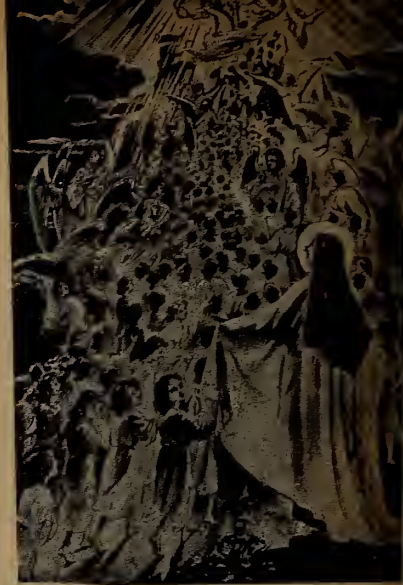
God Wants the Boys and the Girls

God wants the boys, the merry merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys,
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That as gold He may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave
He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the girls, the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
He wants to make the girls His pearls,
And so reflect His holy Face,
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

—The Little Missionary.



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Of What Use IS A GIRL?

(Continued from page 15)



Father Jim is very glad to have the above picture of his young friends, members of the "Rose Garden", from Grades three and four at St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, Ont. Every month they are faithful to write him and send their donation for the Missions. Some time ago, I told you how they raised money for the Missions by bringing potatoes to school and then selling them when they had some baskets full. In the picture, they have some of the baskets to show. I am going to quote some remarks from the 40 letters I had from the Classes during May. I hope you'll enjoy them as much as Father Jim did:

"Hello, Father, how are you? . . . We have finished all our Bible History stories. . . . Were you ever in Hamilton? . . . There is a carnival coming and I wish you could come and see it. . . . I saw a picture about a Chinese little boy and our teacher said that he was a Catholic, and I hope that he becomes a priest or a saint. . . . Were you born in Hamilton, Father? . . . We have a mountain, a bay, and street cars and all beautiful things. . . . I am very healthy, how are you, Father? . . . We will march around in church on Sunday morning. . . . The baby class will make their First Communion. . . . I am still bringing potatoes to school. . . . I am a boy; I have red hair, it's awful red, Father. . . . We can do long division by two numbers now, it's kind of hard. . . . We don't go to school tomorrow; boy, am I glad! . . . I have a dog, a cocker spaniel; he is red so we call him Red. . . . I am still praying for the poor pagans and for you, Father. . . . I don't think I will be going to the Carnival because I want to save my money for the summer holidays. . . . We have two holidays and I'm glad. . . . Nearly everybody knows how to knit in our class. . . . My grandfather is painting a house. . . . I just had the mumps, Father. . . . I go to a library and I get books about cave-men. . . . I guess you know it is the month of May. . . . My brother is going to be an altar-boy. . . . I pray for peace. . . . Now I am going to unclothe this letter. . . . P.S. I mind the money. . . . Did you like our snapshot? I looked swell. . . . I am starting to go to Mass every morning and I hope I will never stop; if my brother didn't wake me up in the morning I would sleep in. . . . My father is in a hospital in England; he is going to send me a belt he made himself. . . . I can knit, and a lot of boys can knit, too; we will bring stockings to darn on Friday. . . . I hope you liked my potatoes; I am the girl from Quebec. . . . I go to Camp in the Summer. I nearly go every year. . . . Who are you, Father Jim? We never asked Fr. Roberts because he wasn't in our room. He just spoke to the whole school. He was swell. . . . Our teacher is reading us Grandfather Frog; his legs are tied now. . . . We brought in our health books and two people won. . . . We have a

little baby and she is very fat. . . . Our teacher is reading us Grandfather Frog; she read Reddy Fox and Jimmy Skunk, too. They are dandy books, Father. . . . I hope our letters aren't all dirty. We get dirty hands at recess because we play with a football and sometimes we fall down and roll all around in the dirt. We get up when the bell rings at us. . . . I had a headache yesterday; I wish you could have supper with us. . . . I wish you will enjoy this letter very much. . . . We drew tadpoles and a frog; we don't trace them, we draw ourselves. . . . I fell down the steps and started to cry, then my little sister asked what are you crying for? . . . My mother is teaching my little sister how to say her prayers. . . . I went to Holy Communion for my mother on Mother's Day. . . . My sister asks me do I want to go to Mass and I say no but when she goes I jump up and go. . . . A man died across the road and we are praying for him. . . . My girl friend and I are buying two little baby ducks. . . . I have a dog and he always barks when anybody knock at the door and you have to tell him to sit down or lay down. . . . I was going to buy a bank but mother says it takes half our money to do so, to get a tin and make a hole in it. . . . goodbye, Father.

we are ready to use it. It is God who gives a missionary Sister faith and courage and kindness and gentleness and all the other sugar and spice that help to make her nice. God will do the same for you if you ask Him to; only our Lord can make a missionary, whether Sister or priest, when He gives what we call His grace. And you know from your catechism that grace comes to us when we ask God's help in prayer.

So, then, girls are really of some use, after all, aren't they? We have only to remember a little girl who lived long ago and whose name was Mary to know how great a girl can be. God needs other Marys on the missions as well as at home.

—The Little Missionary.

VOCATION

AS THE TIME draws near for the close of schools, we strongly urge graduates of our Catholic colleges to ponder the question of their future and confidently invite their consideration of the Missionary Priesthood as a vocation. Many fine young men have been endowed by God with all the qualifications necessary to make successful missionaries, and China Mission Seminary will be happy to welcome such new students next September. The Church will always have need of more and more missionaries, and it is our privilege to contribute to the task of supplying the personnel. Correspondence from prospective seminarians is invited.

Prayer of St. Francis Xavier for the Conversion of Infidels

"O ETERNAL GOD, Creator of all things, be mindful of the souls of unbelievers created by Thee and fashioned to Thine image and likeness. Remember that Jesus, Thy Son, suffered a most cruel death for their salvation. Permit not, I beseech Thee, O Lord, that Thy Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but appeased by the prayers of holy men and of the Church, the Spouse of Thy most holy Son, remember Thy mercy, and, forgetting their idolatry and their unbelief, bring them at length to acknowledge Him Whom Thou has sent, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is our salvation, life and resurrection, through Whom we are saved and set free; to Whom be glory throughout infinite ages. Amen."

500 days' Indulgence each recital. Plenary, once a month.
(With ecclesiastical approbation)



What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a hearth rug? — One is shaken up and taken, and the other is taken up and shaken.

What is the difference between a man going upstairs and one looking up the stairs?—The first is stepping up the stairs and the second is staring up the steps.

Why were Lord Lytton and Charles Dickens the two most industrious people who ever lived? — Lytton wrote "Night and Morning" and Dickens edited "All the Year Round".

Assistant (to old lady who has handed in a badly spelled telegram): "I can read everything so far, but what is this word?"

Old Lady: "Never mind that, miss; it's none of your business. They'll know at the other end."

First Football Fan: "Have you heard about the footballer who shot himself?"

Second Football Fan: "No; why did he shoot himself?"

First Football Fan: "Because he had no one else to pass to."

Jimmie: "I can't go to school to-day, mother, I don't feel well."

Mother: "Where is it you don't feel well?"

Jimmie: "In school."

A little boy, after his first day at school, was questioned as to what happened at his first day.

"Nothing much," he said, "except that a lady there who didn't know how to spell 'cat' asked me how; and I told her."

The captain, taking inspection, noticed Private Brown had no tooth brush.

"Where's your tooth brush?" he demanded.

"Here, sir," said Private Brown, producing a large scrubbing brush.

"You don't mean to tell me you can get that thing into your mouth?" shouted the captain, angrily.

"No, sir," replied Brown, without changing his expression. "I take my teeth out."

"Why," she said, "women have been famous for ages."

"Yes," he replied, "untold ages."

"He's a man of few words, isn't he?"

"Yes — so he was telling me all this morning."

He: "Last night I dreamed I married the most beautiful woman in the world."

She: "Were we happy?"

Teacher: "Jimmy, what is classical music?"

Jimmy: "The kind you can't whistle, sir."

"We now have the Parent-Teacher Association."

"When we were kids we didn't have to face any such odds as those."

Beginner—"What's the matter with my game?"

Golf Pro. — "Well, first you'll have to unlearn all you know about the game. It'll take only a minute."

Pat (looking in a greengrocer's window) — "Those are mighty big oranges, Mike."

Mike—"Yes, it wouldn't take many to make a dozen."

Lady: "You would stand more chance of getting a job if you would shave and make yourself more presentable."

Tramp: "Yes, lady. I found that out years ago."

Doctor: "Humph! I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it's drink."

Patient: "Oh I see. Now, look 'ere, doctor. Would you like me to come again when you're sober?"

Examiner: "What would you do if you saw the woman driving a car in front of you put out her hand?"

Candidate for driving test: "Slam on the brakes."

He: "May I have some stationery?"

Clerk (haughtily): "Are you a guest of the house?"

He: "Heck, no. I'm paying twenty dollars a day."

Policemen on duty at the dock gates occasionally ask the men who are leaving after their day's work if they "have anything on them," or touch their pockets to detect stolen goods.

One labourer, walking out after receiving his pay, happened to be asked if he had anything that did not belong to him. "Yus," he replied, "the ole woman's wages."

Kidder: "Which end of a cow gets up first?"

Chugwater: "My experience in buying beef is that both ends of the animal rise at the same time."

Bank Clerk: "So you wish to open a joint account with your husband. What kind?"

Mrs. Bright: "Oh, just a deposit account for him—a checking account for me."

The waitress had taken his order some time ago, but now she stood behind his chair with a perplexed frown on her face. At last the prospective diner broke the silence. "A penny," he said, "for your thoughts."

She blushed deeply. "We're rather busy here to-day," she replied, "and I was wondering whether you were a stewed lobster or a fried fish."

"This," said the art collector, pointing with great pride to a small picture on the wall, "is a specimen I obtained very cheaply at a sale. It's a genuine Rembrandt, and it's actually worth about four times the price I paid for it." His guest, who was extremely vague about matters connected with art, gasped: "Great Scot," he exclaimed, "you don't really say so. I've seen those Rembrandt sales advertised in the draper's, but all my wife ever gets at 'em it bits of silk and ribbon."

Bobby was in a store with his mother when he was given candy by one of the clerks.

"What must you say, Bobby?"

"Charge it," he replied.

"I wish," she sighed, "that we lived in a house where everything was done by touching buttons."

"And I wish," said her husband, "that I lived in shirts that had buttons to touch."

She wanted to be in the beauty chorus, so she wrote an application, enclosed her photograph, and was asked to come for an interview. Imagine her surprise when she was told by the manager that she was too late.

"Is the position filled, then?" she asked.

"No," replied the manager: "I meant that you should have come when you had your photograph taken."



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

The purpose of this Seminary is to educate secular priests for the mission field of China, where, out of four hundred millions of pagans, untold numbers could be won over to the true Faith if priests were available for their instruction. Progress made already by the comparatively few missionaries, who, under tremendous handicaps, have been sowing the good seed, shows that the Chinese take readily to the consoling truths of the Gospel and make good Christians.

This vast field, white unto harvest, is the outstanding object of the Church's maternal solicitude. To gather it in she is bending every effort and is praying the Lord to send laborers into the harvest. Will you be one of the volunteers? Will you lend your help to save souls that, otherwise, will be lost?

St. Francis Xavier Seminary has been established to give Canada and Newfoundland a chance to join in this great work. It has the special encouragement and blessing of the Holy Father. Pope Pius XI placed it under the direct control of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. A district, all its own, has been allotted it in south-eastern China, not far from the sea coast, possessing a healthy climate, and containing a population of about two millions, among whom are already scattered groups of Catholics. To effect the conversion of even a portion of this multitude will require many priests.

"GO YE ALSO INTO MY VINEYARD"

Would you like to be numbered among these apostles? Does it ever occur to you that perhaps Almighty God wishes you to have a place in bringing some of these destitute souls to a knowledge of His love? You can know whether He does or not by the following signs:

If, with average good health and average intellectual ability, you have earnest piety and love of virtue and, at the same time, wish to be a missionary priest, not from selfish motives, as to have a good time or to win esteem, but with the conviction that, as a priest, you can do more for God in saving souls and procuring your own salvation, you need have no doubt. If this desire is such as to make you feel that you can thus best attain the end for which God has placed you on earth, you may, with confidence, feel yourself the object of the Saviour's invitation, "Go ye also into My vineyard".

May you listen to this, the obvious call of God, regardless of the world's promises to the contrary, and the protests of flesh and blood. Consult your parish priest, your confessor, and write to us.

Right Rev. J. E. McRae,
President.

Problems Can be Solved by
CATHOLIC WILLS
For Mission Needs

+

The instinct is strong to "keep what we have". Yet when death summons we must go to the grave "clutching in our dead hands only that which we have given away". If you feel you cannot share your earthly possessions now with God, perhaps you will be mindful of Him and His Missions when drawing up your last will. You can be sure that what you leave to carry on Catholic Mission work will merit a blessing on your soul, and cause your name to be held in benediction long after you are dead. In China, our priests need funds for new chapels, for new schools, for new homes, and for payment of salaries to catechists. In Canada, our Seminary needs support for the training of young apostles and for the maintenance of their home. Think of our Mission work when making, or changing, your last will. Here's how you can do it; insert this clause in your will:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY,
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO,

THE SUM OF

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When Do You Want It ?

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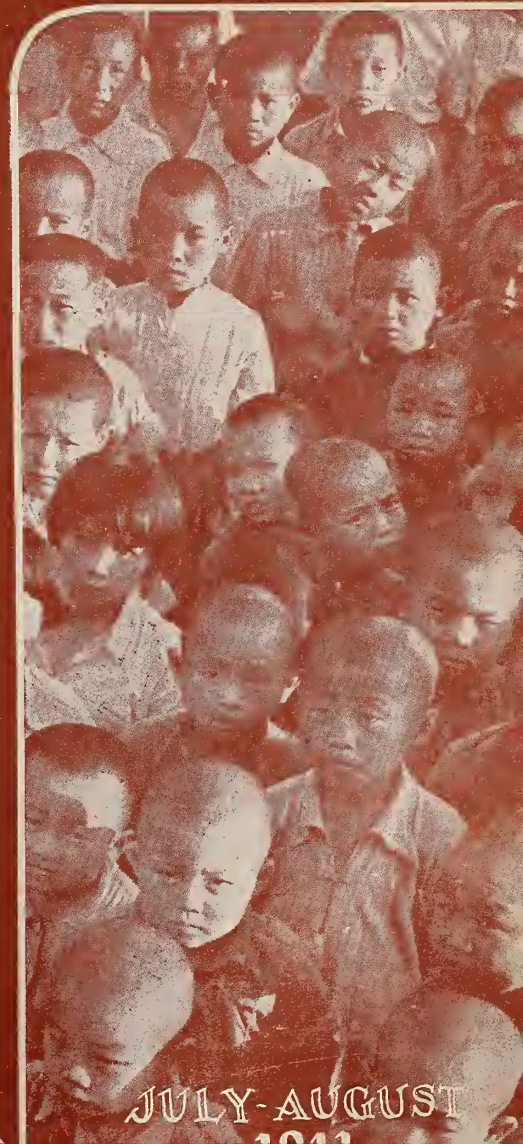
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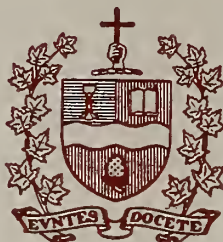


JULY-AUGUST
1941



The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities :*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Gray Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses :*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

JULY—AUGUST

CHINA

1941

VOL. XXII

REV. HUGH F. X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

NO. 6

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"For Christ We Are Ambassadors"

ON AUGUST 31st, seven priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will leave Toronto for far-off China. Despite the international situation, wars and rumours of wars, bombings, famine and disease in the very district to which they are going—these young men will go forth, dedicating their lives to the grandest work on earth: the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

IN A WORLD SO GIVEN OVER TO PLEASURE, so intent on the multiplication of its comforts and conveniences; in an age of international banditry, excessive nationalism and racial hatred, men would do well to study the brave, unselfish, noble example of these young missionaries. They leave home and loved ones, give up all those modern conveniences that we consider so necessary, willingly take up the life in China's interior, where language, food, customs, and climate are so new and difficult. Their very life preaches most eloquently the international brotherhood of all men in the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ and is the strongest possible refutation of excessive nationalism, and the superiority of one race over another. A glimpse into the hearts of these seven priests would be a glimpse into a world for which at this moment we are waging the greatest war in history, a world dominated by the principles of justice and charity—a *truly Christian world*.

NEO-PAGAN, GODLESS MEN have been responsible for that titanic struggle in which we are all engaged and for the success of which we are asked to make so many sacrifices. The background of all our wars, unemployment and social unrest has been a background without God, and it would be well for us to realize that only in a truly Christian world will there ever be true liberty, justice, equality and happiness. It is the Divine Presence that makes heaven—Heaven; and the Divine Absence that makes hell—Hell.

SUCH BEING THE CASE, surely no Catholic persons will excuse themselves from aiding the missionaries and the missions because of the present crisis. Hand in hand with our war effort must go our help in the propagation of our Holy Faith. It would indeed be an empty gesture if we won this war and did not at the same time attempt to eradicate those things which

made that war possible. We would be but pulling the tops off the weeds in the garden, and leaving the roots still imbedded in the soil—to find once again, after twenty years or less, the renewed blossoming of all the old iniquities.

THE PRESERVATION AND PROPAGATION OF OUR FAITH is our first charity and our greatest duty. And the first line of defence of Christianity is not here at home, but in far-off China, India, Africa and Japan. Since it is true that to preserve our liberty in Canada we must defend it in Europe, so it is equally true that if we are to preserve our Holy Faith here in Canada we must propagate it throughout the vast pagan world.

LET THE EXAMPLE OF THESE SEVEN YOUNG MISSIONERS stir us to greater Catholic Action. Let us follow them with our prayers and support them in their missionary work in far-off China to the best of our ability. They are as courageously and gloriously fighting our battles as are the sailors, the soldiers and the Air Force, for they are making the greatest possible contribution to that longed-for world of tomorrow, in which men all the world over will be truly free and really happy, with the liberty and happiness Christ alone can give.

BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS will be their lot—*sacrifice, loneliness and discouragement* their portion. But if we really believe that we are fighting for Christianity, that the world needs Christianity, and that without a civilization and world order founded on the principles laid down by Jesus Christ there can never really be a better world—then surely we will follow that reasoning to its logical conclusion and intensify, not diminish, the help given our Canadian missionaries in China. And indeed, more than ever before, our poor missionaries need your alms and your prayers. War rages throughout our district, famine stalks the rice-fields and pestilence the hovels of the poor and in the midst of it all moves the Christlike figure of the missionary, striving to cope with an impossible task—able more than ever before to reap a great harvest of souls for God were our charity to come to his rescue. Help these missionaries of Jesus Christ—**LEND FOR GOD.**

OUR FIELD OF APOSTOLIC LABOUR

The Prefecture of Lishui, Chekiang, China

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Prefect Apostolic of Lishui

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Going to China, 1941

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REV. F. O'GRADY

On June 23, 1931, a Decree of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide raised our mission district of Lishui to the status of a Prefecture-Apostolic, under the direction of St. Francis Xavier Mission Institute.

Lishui is in the largest civil prefecture of the Province of Chekiang, and contains approximately ten thousand square miles of territory divided up into ten cities, seven large towns, and numerous villages. It is situated south of the famous old city of Shanghai, and ninety miles from the ocean port of Wenchow. The district is one of rare natural beauty, and the climate is temperate.

The City of Lishui is the centre of missionary activity in the Prefecture. This city has a population of about forty thousand, of whom only a few hundred are Catholics. In Lishui there is a fine church, a priests' residence, a boys' school, a small hospital, and a substantial convent in charge of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Pembroke, Ont.

In June, 1940, the prefecture was enlarged by the addition of the District of Kinhwa, formerly under the Vicariate of Hangchow.

Departure Ceremony

1. Procession of Chancel Choir to sanctuary.

2. Procession of Seminarians, Priests, Bishops.

During the procession the chancel choir will sing. At the conclusion of the procession the Archbishop intones the "Veni, Creator," which is continued by the Chancel Choir.

3. Congregational singing of "Come, Holy Ghost."

4. Sermon: Preacher: REV. HUGH SHARKEY,
Rector of St. F. X. Seminary.

5. Motet by Chancel Choir.



Interior of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

6. Ceremonial:

- (a) Blessing of Crosses
- (b) Imposition of Crosses
- (c) Oath recited by Missionaries
- (d) Prayer, "Ite, fratres," and blessing by the Archbishop

- (e) Itinerarium:
Benedictus
Versicles
Orations

7. Departure Hymn by Chancel Choir.

8. Benediction of Most Blessed Sacrament, following which the departing missionaries, collectively, will give their blessing to the congregation.

9. Processional return to sacristy.



The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society Holds Its First General Chapter

ON THURSDAY MORNING, June the fifth, the first General Chapter of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, opened at the Mother House of the Institute, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Kingston Road, Toronto. It marked one of the most important steps in the history of China Mission Seminary, for the Chapter was meeting to elect the first Superior-General and Council of the Society, and to enact new legislation for the government of the Institute.

The members of the Chapter were as follows—Most Rev. Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto; Right Rev. J. E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L., Rector and President of China Mission Seminary since 1924; Right Rev. J. M. Fraser, Founder of the Society; Right Rev. W. C. McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Lishui, China; Rev. Alphonsus Chafe; Rev. Alexander MacDonald; Rev. Desmond Stringer; Rev. Lawrence Beal and Rev. Hugh Sharkey.

Monsignor Fraser, Father Stringer and Father Beal, had all returned from China especially for the General Chapter and now that it has concluded they will shortly return to their Missions again.

Right Rev. Monsignor McRae was elected the Society's first Superior-General. Right Rev. W. C. McGrath was elected Vicar-General and First Assistant. Rev. Hugh Sharkey was elected Second Assistant and Rev. Fathers Alexander MacDonald and Leo Curtin, respectively, Third and Fourth Assistant. The above mentioned now compose the General Council and governing body of the Society for the next ten years.

After subsequent meetings of the General Council, the following changes were announced. Right Rev.

Monsignor McGrath was appointed in charge of the Bureau of Publicity and Propaganda. Rev. Father Lawrence Beal was appointed Regional Superior in China. Rev. Father Alexander MacDonald was named General Econome and Rev. Hugh Sharkey was appointed Rector of the Seminary and Editor of the Mission Monthly CHINA. Rev. Father Alphonsus Chafe was named as Pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Vancouver, B.C. Rev. Leo Curtin was appointed Spiritual Director of the Seminary and Secretary-General.

While the sessions of the General Chapter were still progressing, we were honoured by a visit from His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Archbishop of Sinnada, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

His Excellency, who has indeed been a devoted friend of our young Society, came especially from Ottawa, as he himself said, to show his keen and paternal interest in the work of the seminary and the labours of our missionaries in far away China. We were all deeply touched by his words of encouragement, and Monsignor McRae, the newly appointed Superior-General, assured His Excellency of our very deep appreciation of all His kindness and reaffirmed our filial devotion to our Holy Father Pope Pius XII.

The visit of the Apostolic Delegate fittingly brought to a close the first General Chapter of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. We go forward now with renewed confidence and as we look back upon the wonderful progress of the Society during the past few years, we pray God that the years that lie ahead will see still more glorious things accomplished for His glory and the salvation of souls.

CHINA



Rev. Aaron Gignac
Ridgetown, Ont.
Died in China, Oct. 31st
1940

Lest We Forget



Rev. James MacGillivray
Glace Bay, N.S.
Died in China, Aug. 5th
1935



The opening of the first General Chapter of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society brought back to the minds of all of us thoughts of our beloved dead, Rev. James MacGillivray and Rev. Aaron Gignac.

High up in the hills of Chekiang are the graves of these young missionaries, who left home and country and loved ones, to labour for Christ in a far-off land

and lay down their lives for the salvation of a pagan people.

Yes, high up in the hills above Lihui there is a sacred plot of ground that is forever Canada, and there dear Father Aaron and dear Father Jim are laid to rest, at peace in Christ. May Jesus have mercy on them, Mary intercede for them, and you dear reader pray for them.

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Peking, China

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has now a House of Studies in Peking. Father Michael Carey, who is in charge, has with him eight other priests, and all attend the Chabanel Jesuit School where they

are studying Mandarin, the official language of China. After these priests have a good knowledge of the Mandarin dialect, they will proceed to our Prefecture of Lishui, to begin their Apostolic labours.



Rev. A. Clement



Rev. J. Demers



Rev. R. White



Rev. E. Lyons



Rev. M. MacSween



Rev. M. Maloney



REV. M. CAREY
Rector



Rev. J. Murphy



Rev. T. McQuaid

The Chinese Catholic Mission at Vancouver, B.C.



*Dressed in their Chinese best
for a procession in honour of
Our Lady.*

*A peep into our
Kindergarten
School.*



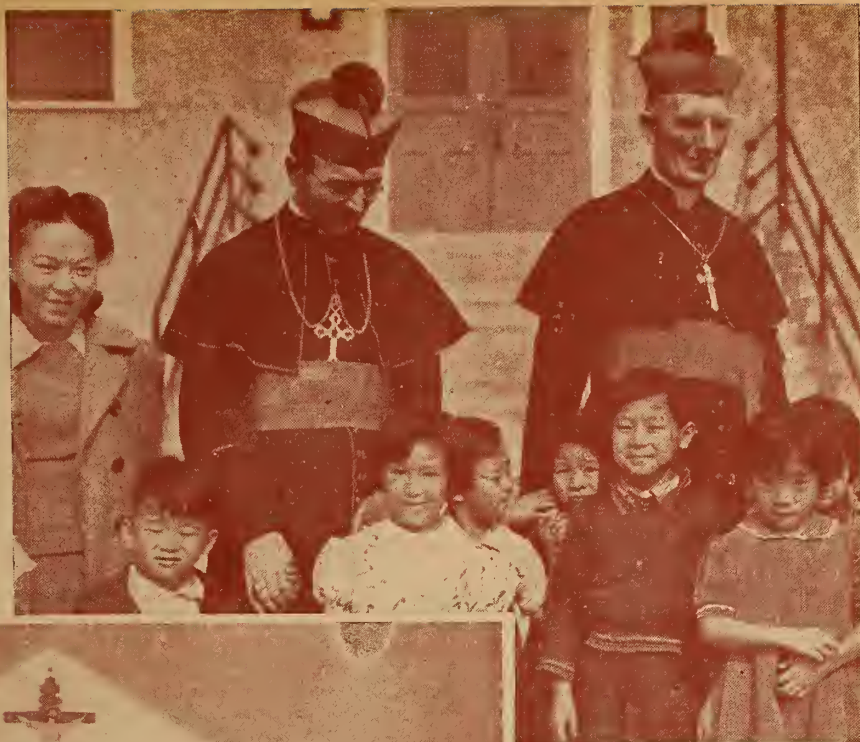
*The Kong Acrobatic Troupe. First fruits of our Mission
work in Vancouver.*



*Miss Myrtle and Miss Dorothy Wong in the play
"The Romance of the Willow Pattern Plate".*



Rev. A. Chafe, Pastor.



Rev. C. MacDonald, Assistant.



*Top Right—The Apostolic Delegate, accompanied by Archbishop Duke of Vancouver, visits the Mission.
Centre Left—The Chapel at the Vancouver Chinese Catholic Mission.
Lower Left—Sonia Soon. Lower Right—Roddy Wong.*



REV. ROBERT HYMUS
Toronto
On Campaign Work



REV. ALEXANDER MacINTOSH
St. Andrew's, N.S.
Kinhwa, China



REV. LEO BURKE
Brigus, Nfld.
Hr. Grace Diocese, Nfld.



REV. EDWARD LYONS
Calgary, Alta.
Lishui, China



REV. JOHN MCGOEY
Toronto
Lishui, China



REV. GERARD MCKERNAN
Brantford, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. EDMUND LACHAPPELLE
Quebec
Archdiocese of Regina



REV. CRAIG STRANG
St. John's, Nfld.
Lishui, China



REV. HUGH McGETTIGAN
St. John's, Nfld.
Lishui, China



RT. REV. JOHN M. FRASER, P.A.
Toronto, Ont.
FOUNDER



REV. JOHN MacDONALD
Windsor, N.S.
Chaplain, Canadian Army



REV. PAUL KAM
China
In China



REV. WILLIAM McNABB
St. Thomas, Ont.
Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.



REV. HARVEY STEELE
Old Bridgeport, N.S.
Lishui, China



REV. LAWRENCE BEAL
La Salette, Ont.
Regional Superior, China



REV. ALEX. J. MacDONALD
Montreal
Treasurer-General



RT. REV. WILLIAM C. McGRATH, Prof. A.
St. John's, Nfld.
VICAR-GENERAL



REV. LORNE McFARLAND
Toronto
Kinhwa, China



REV. PATRICK MOORE
Ingersoll, Ont.
On Campaign Work



REV. VINCENT MORRISON
Savage Hr., P.E.I.
Lishui, China



REV. JOHN MAURICE
Ingersoll, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. RONALD REEVES
London, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. LAWRENCE McAULIFFE
Omemee, Ont.
Kinhwa, China

PRIEST
SCA
FOR
MIS
SOC



REV. JOHN MCCARTHY
Calgary, Alta.
Mission work, Canada

REV. DANIEL McNEIL
Ironville, N.S.
Lishui, China

GORDON STRINGER
Ottawa, Ont.
On Leave

REV. CHARLES MURPHY
Sydney, N.S.
Language School, Hong Kong

REV. MICHAEL DWYER
Halifax, N.S.
On Campaign Work

REV. ROGERS PELOW
Kingston, Ont.
Laval University, Quebec



OF THE CORO IGN ION ETY



RT. REV. JOHN E. McRAE, D.P., D.C.L.
Alexandria, Ont.
SUPERIOR-GENERAL



REV. JOSEPH VENINI
Oshawa, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. BERNARD BOUDREAU
New Bedford, Mass.
Lishui, China



REV. LEONARD HUDSWELL
Tweed, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. ARTHUR VENADAM
Pomquet, N.S.
Lishui, China



REV. WM. K. AMYOT
Ottawa
Circulation Manager, "China"



REV. JOSEPH KING
Newburg, Ont.
On Furlough from Lishui



REV. HUGH SHARKEY
Saint John, N.B.
Rector and Editor



REV. M. LEO CURTIN
Ottawa
Secretary-General



REV. DESMOND STRINGER
Ottawa, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. JAMES LEONARD
Toronto
On Campaign Work



REV. THOMAS MORRISSEY
North River, Nfld.
Kinwa, China



REV. JOHN KELLY
Eganville, Ont.
Kinwa, China



REV. ALLAN McRAE
St. Raphael's, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. GERALD DOYLE
Toronto
Procurator, Shanghai



REV. HAROLD MURPHY
Kingston, Ont.
Lishui, China



REV. KENNETH TURNER
Montreal, Que.
Lishui, China

Our Missions at Victoria and Toronto



*The Chinese
Catholic Mission at
Victoria, B.C.*

INSET
Rev. W. Matte,
Pastor.

*The Chinese
Catholic
Mission
at
Toronto,
Ont.*

INSET
Rev.
E. Moriarty,
Pastor.





Philippines

REV. ROLAND ROBERTS, a member of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, is the National Director of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood for Ontario and Western Canada, and we point with great pride to the wonderful work accomplished by Father Roberts during the past few years. From an Association that was hardly more than nominal when he took it over, Father Roberts has built up an organization that is known throughout all the dioceses of Ontario and Western Canada and has contributed thousands of dollars to the work of the Church throughout Mission lands. The Association is an international organization whose special Protector in Rome is none other than the present Holy Father Pius XII, and it has for its object the rescue, baptism,

The Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood

568 East Georgia Street
VANCOUVER, B.C.

care and Catholic education of abandoned pagan children.

A GLORIOUS RECORD

The Holy Childhood will soon be celebrating its First Centenary. Much has been accomplished since its foundation in the year 1843. Before that date an abandoned child was baptized only if a travelling missionary chanced to come upon it. To-day, on



FR. ROLAND ROBERTS, S.F.M.
*National Director of the Pontifical
Association of the Holy Childhood
for Ontario and Western Canada.*



India

bodies to clothe. As the work progressed education became an important item. Manual training for boys and domestic science and sewing for girls were found to be practical. These and other activities necessitated the building of orphanages, schools and work-shops, and in these buildings the Association supports and educates on an average of eight hundred thousand children each year.

This is indeed a glorious record. The Holy Childhood has truly enjoyed a century of continued progress. This great enterprise has been made possible by the Catholic children the world over who are members of the Holy Childhood Association. It has been greatly aided, too, by individual Catholics who, appreciating the Holy Childhood, delight in ransoming pagan children.



China

looking back over nearly one hundred years of Holy Childhood activity in the mission field, we find that the baptisms administered by the Priests and Sisters engaged in the Holy Childhood branch of missionary enterprise, number more than thirty-one million. Though several million of this vast number died shortly after receiving the Sacrament of Baptism, the Association nevertheless, has always had thousands of mouths to feed and little



Japan



The city of Lishui with the Church and Convent clearly outlined.

LISHUI—Theatre of War

Father Curtin Writes a Graphic Description of the
Recent Bombing of our Prefecture

CATHOLIC MISSION
LISHUI CHE.
CHINA

May 3rd, 1941.

Dear Monsignor McGrath,

It is high time I wrote you an account of the recent raid which was, as far as the Mission is concerned, the worst yet. You will have heard of it before this reaches you, but I thought I ought to give you my version of it, too. It happened while I was away, but I have seen some of the results and have heard the account of it from those who lived through it. I had gone to Pihu and Father Strang and I were about to start on a tour of his missions, but I came back the day after the raid, for I feel that my place is here.

As I said in former letters, we had quiet for a long time, so long that we had almost forgotten the sound of a plane or a bomb. There were occasional alarms through the months, when other places in the Province were visited, but we seemed immune until operations were resumed on Good Friday, when there was an air-raid of

minor proportions on the city of Lishui. On Easter Sunday at noon the city of Yungkang was severely bombed, and our rented chapel there was completely destroyed and the furniture burned. Father Paul Cheng, who was in his room at the time, had an almost miraculous escape and managed to salvage the Mass-kit and a few other valuables. Other cities in the Prefecture were bombed, too, especially Lungchuan, Tsingtien, and, of course, Kinhwa.

It was Tuesday, April 22nd, about noon, that the storm broke here. When the urgent alarm sounded, the Priests took cover in their usual posts. Father Harold Murphy rushed to the sacristy basement with a few of the boys from the school and the servants of the mission. Father Kelly, who was visiting from Tungyang, went to the new dugout built last year by Father Gignac between the convent and the Girls' School, where the Sisters, convent pupils and women servants had already huddled, and Father Morrison went with Father MacIntosh to the old dugout farther down in the

orchard. Father Boudreau, on a visit from Siao-kao-tzu, and Father Kam stayed at the Rectory. They did not have long to wait for action, for very shortly after the 18 planes were heard, one flying in a south-eastward direction power-dived and dropped a huge bomb in front of the church. The bomb must have missed the church steeple by inches, for it landed on the men's dispensary and completely wrecked it. Had it been released just a second or two later it would have landed almost directly on the dugout, and I hate to think of the results. This heavy bomb was followed by many incendiary bombs which seemed to fall on all sides of the mission compound, and for hours after the planes had left several fires raged all around the mission and convent. When it was realized how acute the danger was the Priests gave absolution to the groups of Christians who requested them to do so, and then did everything possible to quieten these poor terrified people.

Father Boudreau and Father Kam stayed about the Priests' Residence and the former had a narrow

escape from flying shrapnel, some of which fell dangerously close to him. One piece of shrapnel was picked up in Father Murphy's room. It came through the screen door, and would have been red hot when it came flying through the air; another went through a window in the convent, so you can imagine the terrific explosion and the din that must have accompanied it.

The raid lasted over an hour; but the planes had left some minutes before this was known for the roar of the flames on all sides was thought to be noise of the planes. It was then seen that the mission and the convent were in danger from the fire, and all set to work.

Patients had to be carried from the hospital by the Priests and servants on the mission side, and those at the convent assisted the Sisters in carrying out all movable valuables from there. The west side of the hospital, where luckily there are no windows, is black from the flames which burned everything on that side, and there are several gaps in the property walls where the heat crumbled it. Just when it was feared that the flames would come over the walls and set fire to buildings within, the wind seemed to change and the course of fire changed with it. It seemed nothing short of a miracle that both compounds were not wiped out.

We could hear some of the bombs at Pihu, and an hour later a huge black smoke indicated that Lishui was on fire. I had planned to go to Chiulung that afternoon to join Father Strang. On the way we met a man who told us the convent had been bombed. You can imagine the thoughts that went through my mind during that hour's walk, and it was not until about eight o'clock that night that we knew the facts, and what a relief it was to know that no one was hurt!

As soon as it was seen that the danger had passed, Father Murphy took his motorcycle and set out for

Pihu. He sent us a note to tell us what had happened, and the next morning I came back with him riding tandem on his machine. The road was black with evacuees, and we were the only ones travelling towards the city. We were able to come in between alarms and arrived just before noon, to find Father Kam, the Catechist, the gateman and a few servants at the mission. The rest, including Priests and Sisters, had left for the country about daybreak, and did not come back till nearly dark.

Our section of the city presents a sorry sight. From the Little Water Gate up to a block past the corner and down to the mission on



A victim of a recent air-raid on Lishui.

both sides of the street, hardly a house is standing. On the other side of the mission down to the Big Water Gate and past it right down to the river, it is the same. One of the few residences not destroyed is that of the Head Catechist. Many families, including that of the Principal of our mission school and that of (your boy) Teh Shiun are homeless and they saved only the clothes they wore. Your boy rescued his aged father from the burning home when the old gentleman fainted. He could not save a thing, but with the family sought a place of temporary safety on the nearby mountain. Many were burned to death, among them a helpless old lady, a patient of the Sisters, who lived just below the convent.

It was a sad sight to see the poor people raking the ruins with the hope of finding something of value,

and to see the look of utter dejection on their faces. Yet, they are not despairing, for already preparations are being made to rebuild. We have to repair the gaps in the property wall; but it will be some time before the dispensary will be in operation. The section that was not a total wreck was badly shaken by the concussion and may have to be pulled down and rebuilt, right down to the gateman's room. In the church forty large panes of glass were broken, and in the Priests' residence some windows were smashed and plaster has fallen in many of the rooms, including yours. We have not yet had an expert estimate of the damage but it is my guess that it is close to \$10,000.

A few weeks ago I wrote to Father Chafe, with the discouraging news that we were faced with famine, and even without any such calamity our resources seemed inadequate. Since that time refugees have swarmed in from Wenchow, and now comes this great damage to the mission property which must be repaired immediately. The great numbers of homeless among our own Christians must be fed—all this makes us ask: "Where is the money to come from?" It will come, of course, for God will provide, as He has always provided, but humanly speaking our task is an impossible one.

Our loss is heavy, but we are most grateful to God Who in His Providence spared us a worse fate. Never before have we realized how completely we are in His hands and never did we see more evident proof of His paternal protection.

When the air-raid was at its height, Priests and Sisters rose to the occasion magnificently, and it was due to their cool self-control that panics among the people were averted. As soon as the acute danger had passed they went to the aid of the wounded and stricken, and since have been giving relief

(Continued on page 18)



Our Co-Workers in the Mission Fields

Making friends with the little ones.



The Grey Sisters in China.



*Convent of the Grey Sisters
at Lishui.*

At Home and Abroad



*The Grey Sisters at the Chinese
Catholic Mission at Vancouver,
B.C.*



*A newly-baptized schoolgirl in
Lishui.*



*Hospital of the Grey Sisters at
Lishui.*

A Short History of the Society

IN THE YEAR nineteen hundred and eighteen, Father John M. Fraser, who had been a missionary apostolic in China for fifteen years, returned to Canada to establish a foreign mission seminary. Archbishop Gauthier approved the foundation of China Mission College at Almonte, Ont., and the institution received the blessing and encouragement of many of the Canadian Hierarchy. Reproduced on this page is a letter from Pope Benedict XV, giving His apostolic benediction to the College at its inception.

At Almonte, Father Fraser gathered about him twelve young men, the first little band of students, and the missionary monthly CHINA soon made its appearance the following year. At the suggestion of the late Archbishop McNeil, property was acquired at Scarboro, Ont., and the senior students were

transferred to the new house. So wonderfully, however, did the work progress that in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-four, St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary was formally opened and blessed at Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

From that day on the progress of the institution has been nothing less than phenomenal. The present year has seen the final approval of the Holy See given to the Society and its constitutions, and the calling of the first General Chapter. The members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society now number sixty-seven. Missions have been established for the Chinese in Victoria, Vancouver and Toronto. The large district of Kihwa has been added to the Prefecture of Lishui in China. The circulation of the CHINA has increased from a mere two hundred to twenty-four thousand. Churches,

schools and hospitals have been opened in China under the direction of the priests of the Society and the care of the Grey Sisters from Pembroke, Ont.

All this has not been accomplished without great sacrifices, and, after God, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the many friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, clergy and laity, throughout Canada, China, Newfoundland and the United States. We take this occasion, then, to thank them for all their kindness and encouragement, and we pray God to bless in a very particular manner those who have laboured with us in the grand work of the salvation of souls.

LISHUI—Theatre of War

(Concluded from page 15)

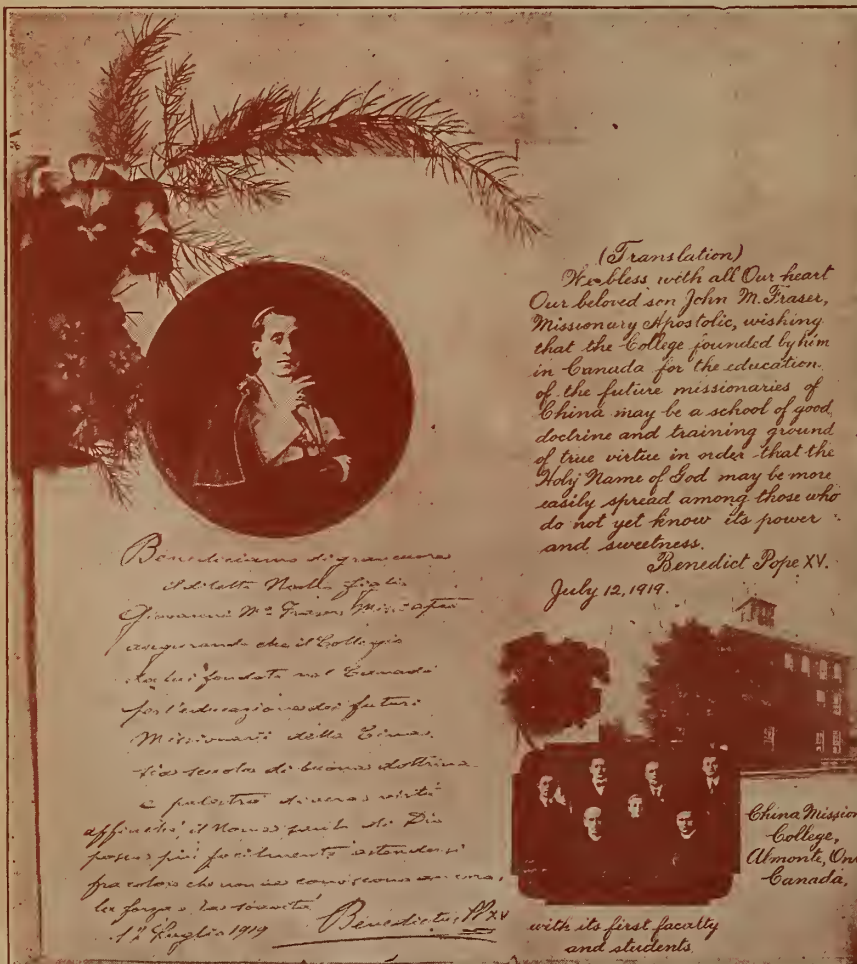
to the homeless. A temporary refugee camp has been established at the mission of Chiu Shieh Tzuen where four of the Sisters, with their staff of servants, attend to the needs of our Christians who lost everything in the fire. Father Morrison, Father MacIntosh and Father Kelly are in the village, too, and are busy in refugee work. Father Harold Murphy, Father Kam and I spend the nights at Headquarters: but on sunny days go out to the safety of the nearby mountains. Cloudy days and heavy rains are most welcome, for planes do not fly here under such conditions. Ordinary mission work for the present is at a standstill, but we hope that before long the excitement will subside, and soon things will return to normal.

I remain,

Respectfully yours in Christ,

M. LEO CURTIN.

The St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary are planning to hold an Oriental Bazaar at Columbus Hall, early in the Fall. The exact date will be announced later. It will be the Second Annual Bazaar held in aid of the Toronto Chinese Mission.





His Excellency Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, Archbishop of Synnada, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

DELEGATIO APOSTOLICA

No. 1876/41.

Ottawa (Canada), June 20th, 1941.
520 Driveway

Rt. Rev. Monsignor,

I appreciate very much the devoted message you have been so kind to send me, in your name and on behalf of the Members of the Scarboro Mission Society, at the closing session of the General Chapter. I should like to congratulate you again on this important moment of your dear Institute, and to assure you of my hearty co-operation in your meritorious work for the Missions.

Praying God to shower upon you and your Seminary the abundance of His divine blessings, I am,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ILDEBRANDO ANTONIUTTI,

Apostolic Delegate.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. McRae,
Superior,
SCARBORO BLUFFS.

White Cloud Mountain

Here, where the rice-fields end, the
mountain climbs
Higher and higher.
Crimsoned azaleas sweep the upward
slopes,
A flame of fire.

Step after step, like stairs that lead to
heaven,
Greets the eyes
Where White Cloud Mountain rears its
stately peak
Against the skies.

And as we pause to glimpse the scene
below,
The path we trod,
The terraced hills that lie beneath our
feet
Smile up at God.

The valley lies beyond, a crazy quilt
Of gorgeous hue,
The red-tiled roofs, the walls of old
Chuchow,
Are still in view.

While far above there crowns the moun-
tain-top
A temple old;
The sun upon whose yellow tiles has
formed
A roof of gold.

Through moss-grown courts and dark,
dank halls,
We make our way
Where leering gods look down on pagan
monks
Who kneel to pray.

Where fragrant incense mounts in frag-
ile grace
From altar urn;
And weird shadows creep along the
walls
As candles burn.

Before the placid god of happiness
They kneel and bow.
The rotund idol smiles his thanks to
those
Who make kow-tow.

Sadly I turn away and seek, without,
The sun, the air.
The temple holds for me an evil tone
Of dark despair.

But here on Thabor's height I see Your
face
In cloud and flower.
Before the monstranced-sun I kneel and
make
My Holy Hour.

And here, where Satan for a thousand
years
Held evil sway
I challenge his supremacy at last—
I dare to pray.

And as I start the sharp descent once
more,
This much I know—
The incense splutters out, the idols
frown,
The lights burn low;

The joss-sticks tumble down upon the
floor,
Hell counts its loss;
For there on White Cloud Mountain's
highest peak
I set Your Cross.

—Hugh F. X. Sharkey.

DEPARTURE CEREMONY

at St. Michael's Cathedral

Toronto

SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31st

7.30 p.m.

SEVEN MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR CHINA!

It Costs \$400 to Send Each Missionary to His Destination

We Appeal To You For Help!

Dear Monsignor McRae:

Enclosed please find my contribution to your Missionary Travel Fund to help our 1941 Band reach Lishui.

Name

Street

City Amount: \$.....

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CHINA

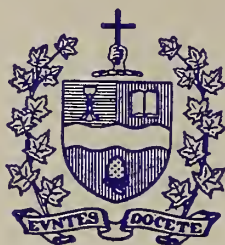


SCARBORO BLUFFS
· ONTARIO ·

SEPTEMBER
· 1941 ·

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities :*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support :*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

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REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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War and the Foreign Missions

FOUR OF THE European countries now at war sent one-third of the foreign mission force of 775,000 listed just prior to the conflict. Money and personnel are cut off from these warring nations that were formerly so active in foreign mission work, and a desperate condition has arisen in mission fields afar. The increase of 500,000 Catholics yearly calls for the pastoral work of 500 missionary priests, and in addition 500 more are needed to replace those who have died. The native clergy ordained each year number two hundred and thus the 800 remaining must be supplied from foreign countries. Europe can send neither men nor money and therefore Holy Mother Church looks anxiously for help to the Americas. China especially cries out for missionaries, for there are but 5,000 missionaries working among 400,000,000 pagan Chinese.

Since the last publication of CHINA conditions seem to have become even worse, and the threat of war in the Pacific seems to endanger even American and Canadian aid to the Foreign Missions. Such an eventuality would be indeed a great blow to the Missions. Even as it is now, the missionary priests and Sisters, especially those in war-torn China, are suffering great hardships and living in continual danger and should war break out in the Pacific it might spell the end of missionary endeavour in the Orient for years to come.

We ask, then, all our readers to pray unceasingly for peace—peace in Europe, peace in the Pacific.

Show your real zeal for the Missions by assisting often at Holy Mass for that intention and daily interceding with Mary, Queen of Peace, for the poor missionaries.

It is imperative, too, that the Catholic people of Canada redouble their missionary endeavour, in order to cope with the tragic conditions that have been caused in Mission countries, because money and missionaries are no longer forthcoming from the Catholic countries of Europe. Our own Missions in China are crying out pitifully for your help. Read in this issue of CHINA of the tragic bombings of Lishui, death and destruction in our own Prefecture—thirty or forty thousand dollars damage in our Central Mission. You have the comforts of your homes, the peace and the happiness of this Canada of ours, but they have only war, bombings, death, and fear. Give to them in the charity of Christ.

The world in which we live is so chaotic that only God Almighty Himself can ever restore it to its proper order. Let us in confidence then turn to Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Let us pray for peace throughout the world that the great work of the Catholic Missions that was progressing so magnificently, may once again go forward. A Europe at peace will again be able to send forth its charity and its Other Christs to India, China, Africa and Japan; and the Americas will fill the ships that cross the peaceful Pacific with missionary priests and Sisters, alms and aid for the Propagation of our Holy Faith.

Departure Ceremony Cancelled

Because of the unsettled conditions in the Orient and the lack of any ships travelling to China, it has been decided to postpone indefinitely the Departure of our 1941 Mission Band.

Help the Missions—Pray for Vocations—Pray for Peace

Vancouver Chinese Catholic Mission Notes



Three tots from the kindergarten.



A group of school children.



Flower girls at Sister Francis Regis' final profession.



ON FRIDAY EVENING, August 15th, the Chinese Catholic Community at Vancouver, together with many friends of the Mission, gathered in the school auditorium to bid good-bye to Father Sharkey, their pastor for the last eight years.

There was hardly a dry eye in the hall when Rev. Father Cameron MacDonald rose to say a few words of appreciation and to bid God-speed to Father Sharkey, in the name of the priests, the Grey Sisters and the Chinese Catholic people.

In responding, Father Sharkey showed visible emotion, and said that he was deeply touched by the words of Father MacDonald and the evident sincerity of all present. He spoke feelingly of his associations for the past eight years with the different priests at the Mission, with the Grey Sisters and with the Chinese people.

Many lovely gifts were presented to Father Sharkey and all were deeply grieved to see him go.

* * *

Father Pat Moore has been stationed at the Vancouver Mission for the past few months. For two weeks in August he was chaplain at the Vancouver College Summer

Camp at Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Island. Father Chafe, the new Pastor at Vancouver, will take up his duties there early in September. Father Cameron MacDonald will assist him. Rev. Father Roberts remains at Vancouver, assisting in the Mission's work among the Chinese and carrying on his position as National Director of the Holy Childhood for Ontario and Western Canada. Also at Vancouver, for the present, is Father Jack McCarthy.

* * *

Many of our Chinese Catholic boys and girls at the Vancouver Mission would be glad to have some pen-pals throughout Canada. So we invite members of the Rose Garden to write to Sister St. Hilda, the principal at our Vancouver school, who will be glad to give them the names of some of the children. We have Chinese Catholic girls and boys, from kindergarten to high school grades, and I am sure you would find their letters interesting.

* * *

The Vancouver Mission will be holding its Annual Bazaar early in the Fall and would be grateful for any donations of articles from any

of our readers. The Mission depends greatly on the proceeds of this bazaar, for the carrying on of its work. Please try and assist them in some way. We feel that the children in many of our Catholic schools throughout Canada could gather together a number of articles and send them to the priests and sisters at the Vancouver Mission for the Fall Bazaar.

* * *

As usual the children from the Chinese Mission attended the Annual Catholic Picnic, held at Stanley Park. The day was indeed a lovely one and the boys and girls, who were accompanied by the Grey Sisters, more than enjoyed the outing, the races, etc.

The picnic was held at Lumberman's Arch, one of the very beautiful spots in the park, and ice cream and coffee were supplied free to the picnickers. The Archbishop was present, as were many of the clergy, including Fathers Sharkey and McCarthy from the Mission.

* * *

During the month of July the beautiful ceremony of final profession took place in the chapel of the Chinese Catholic Mission. Sister St. Joan of the Grey Sisters (Continued on page 13)

The Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria, B.C.



THE PASTOR of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria, B.C., is Rev. William Matte, a member of our Society, and he is assisted in his missionary work there by the Sisters of the Holy Angels of Sherbrooke, Quebec.

The Mission itself is situated on the outskirts of Chinatown, not far



Father Matte, the Sisters and the school children at our Victoria Catholic Mission.

from the city centre. A kindergarten school is conducted by the Sisters, and last year there were about twenty children attending. It is Father's hope that in time other grades may be added to the school, since the greatest of all foundations for Mission work is a Catholic school.

The Chinese community in Victoria numbers several thousands, and although little had been done for them up to a year ago by the Catholic Church, the other non-Catholic denominations have been busy among them for some years. Because of that fact Father Matte's and the Sisters' work will be doubly hard, but they have great hopes for the future and they are resolutely tackling their difficult problems.

Because of its proximity to Vancouver, the Victoria Mission is frequently visited by our Chinese Catholic people in Vancouver, who have many Chinese friends in the

neighbouring city. We hope that much good will be accomplished by this mingling of the two Catholic communities, and that both Missions will profit from it.

The Victoria Mission suffered a great bereavement in the death last month of Sister Margaret Mary, Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Angels at Victoria, and CHINA offers to the community and to Sister's family and relatives the sincerest sympathy in their great and sudden loss. May her soul rest in peace.

We ask the kindly interest of our Catholic people throughout Canada in our Chinese Mission at Victoria, B.C. Both Father Matte and the Sisters deserve your support and encouragement. The Mission is very poor, the house furnishings are far from what they should be, and the Christ of Chinatown has only a very miserable altar in a small room, for His Eucharistic home. Surely some kind readers of CHINA will interest themselves in Father Matte's work and write to him offering their assistance or enclosing their mite. Remember the Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria in your prayers.

We present on this page some of the Chinese Catholic people of Victoria, the Mission, Father Matte and the Sisters of the Holy Angels, and the kindergarten children.



The Sisters of the Holy Angels at Loretto Hall, Victoria, B.C., who conduct the kindergarten school at the Chinese Catholic Mission.

DEATH•DESTRUCTION•FLIGHT•FEAR

Immaculate Conception Convent,
Catholic Mission,
Lishui, Chekiang, China,
May 15th, 1941.

Right Rev. Monsignor McGrath:

By this time I am sure that you all know the details of the tragic bombing of the 22nd of April. Oh, what a scare we had that day when our poor city was flattened to the ground, at least our end of the town! Imagine the sound of those heavy bombs and the scream of the incendiaries, the large columns of

to the ground with the exception of five or six near the mission property, so you have some idea what the street looked like.

You remember Agnes and Mary, two of Sister St. Angela's English pupils? Their offices were bombed and burned. They lived just across the street and down a few houses from our place. About twenty were killed there and ten burned to death after receiving shrapnel wounds. The screams from the burning victims were ter-

rhages. All the time the thought of that poor burning girl and her shrieking cries for help were ringing in my ears. As the fire was at both ends of our street it was impossible for a time to go out and try to help anyone. I finished those patients around five-thirty and then someone came calling for the Sisters. A woman was dying on the main street, a former patient of ours. Well, Sister Superior and I made the call and treated the poor injured woman, but you may

A Grey Sister writes from Bomb-blasted Lishui

smoke, the explosion of gasoline and oil and the other fire-works.

Yes, Monsignor, this last was by far the worst bombing our little city ever received. When the heavy bombs demolished the dispensary we thought we were all gone. Fr. Kelly gave us all absolution in the dug-out. Every building from the Big Water Gate to the Small Water Gate was flattened

rible. A young married couple and five girls were brought in from that section. Another girl eighteen years of age was burned to death, as her leg was injured and she could not drag herself out of the burning building.

I worked on those five injured people all afternoon, removing pieces of shrapnel, treating large, open wounds and checking hemor-

rhages. All the time the thought of that poor burning girl and her shrieking cries for help were ringing in my ears. As the fire was at both ends of our street it was impossible for a time to go out and try to help anyone. I finished those patients around five-thirty and then someone came calling for the Sisters. A woman was dying on the main street, a former patient of ours. Well, Sister Superior and I made the call and treated the poor injured woman, but you may be sure the sights I saw whilst on this trip kept me from sleeping the following two nights. Sisters Mary Daniel and St. Kenneth were in Dolu at the time of the bombing and were fortunate enough to escape the horror of it all, and Sister Mary Vianney was with the Sisters in Lungchuang. At the time of the bombing we were just three Sisters in Lishui. Thank God for that, as it is not a pleasant memory of missionary days. I can still feel the heat and see the fires raging all around our property.

Father Harold Murphy got the patients out of the men's hospital, since it was enveloped by flames. You remember there is a lumber yard next to the hospital, the home of the carpenter who has done all our building. His yard was full of logs, lumber and shavings and our hospital received the benefit of it. Really it looks like a first-class miracle we were all saved, and the hospital only suffered the loss of a few broken window panes which were shattered by the heat. A few beds that were outside in the sunshine were completely burned.

That evening it was planned that we would go to the country on the following day and three o'clock in the morning saw everyone up and doing. Father Boudreau, who had just arrived in Lishui a few days previously and had intended spending a couple of weeks, also



Death strikes from the sky.

left at the same hour for his Mission. When the dispensary was bombed he was standing at the front door of the priests' house and a large piece of shrapnel flew right past him, along with flying debris.

Some of the patients who had been carried to the convent immediately after the bombing were suffering terribly and had to be kept under a narcotic. In the morning I quickly did their dressing and joined Sr. St. Angela and her school children who were on the way to Chu Shien Tsuen. Father Morrison took the Blessed Sacrament to Yo Woo and very few remained at the Mission.

Father Curtin and ourselves arrived back at the Mission in the afternoon at the same time. I dressed the patients' wounds again and then Fr. Curtin volunteered to take charge of the hospital and to do what he could for the men patients. It took me about five days to get over the shock of it all.

Sister St. Angela and I went to the ghost-like convent, but the night we spent in the house was a sleepless one.

Now, having related what there is to tell of the bombing on April 22nd, I will go on to relate the fate that was ours just one month later. Thirty odd planes visited Lishui and almost completely demolished the city. There is not a house standing on the Small Water Gate street. Possibly this bombing was even worse than the previous one. The Mission suffered a considerable loss this time, but thank God no one was there at the time as one bomb landed near the old dug-out and some of it fell in. Many of the orange and pear trees were destroyed and the back wall of our compound was levelled. You can see nothing around here but the ravages of war and it is impossible to get anyone to do anything like repair work during these terrible days.

As regards the Mission property, walls, windows and doors have been wrecked in every building with the exception of the school, the new kitchen and the hospital. The priests' house is a wreck, the result of a large bomb that fell in the boys' refectory close by. I hate to tell you, Monsignor, but it could not look any worse. The doors are all off the hinges, the plaster has been ripped from the walls and ceiling, all window panes are shattered, the roof is like a sieve, and the furniture is all smashed to bits. Many things were broken by flying debris, shrapnel and machine-gun fire. Oh, what a sight!

Well, Monsignor, here I am at the end of my doleful letter. Please remember us all in your prayers, for hard as life may be, we want God to find us at our appointed posts when the last hour strikes.

MONTREAL'S FIRST DUAL EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION

Ad Multos Annos

CHINA offers its most sincere felicitations to their Excellencies Bishops Whelan and Chaumont, who were consecrated Auxiliary Bishops of Montreal on Friday, August 15th. The ceremony took place on the glorious feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, in St. James' Cathedral at Montreal. His Excellency the Most Reverend Archbishop Charbonneau was the consecrator. The English sermon was preached by His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan and the French sermon by His Excellency Bishop Papineau. May God grant to the newly-consecrated Bishops, many years of fruitful ministry in the largest diocese in the Empire.

Children



A-ti and A-ching.



Symbol of the New China.



The darling of Lishui.



"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

of China

Dear, O dear, back to school again.



Shy but friendly.



Pride of Peiping.



"It's a hard life."



The Devil South

By REV.

THERE WAS a young Chinese lady who was married in paganism to a young man of a farmer class, who because of financial difficulties was obliged to sell her to a merchant. This merchant after some time went to Germany on business. Things went along well enough for a while but the young lady was evidently not well. She would fly at her mother, a very docile creature, without the slightest provocation and be in a rage sometimes for hours. Her brother was called to the house to see what he could do, since he was a baptized Catholic. The brother knew this to be an extraordinary case and had heard the priest preaching about such things on Sunday. Although he was not a good practising Catholic, he wanted to do something for his sister, so he went to see the parish priest of the Catholic Mission. The priest came to the home and invited the mother and daughter to come to the convent of the Chinese Virgins. For a while she was quiet but all of a sudden she broke out into a terrible rage and cursed her mother for bringing her into this place.

The Sister sent for the priest to come over and see what he could do. He prayed for her and sprinkled holy water about the room, and she became quiet. She had learned much doctrine and could recite some prayers while she attended the Catholic school but she had never been baptized. The priest baptized her and for some time she caused the Sisters no trouble. All was once more quiet in the convent.

About a week after her baptism she broke out again in a rage, worse than at any time previous, so the priest was sent for to perform the rite of exorcism. During this terrible ordeal the priest asked, "Who are you to take possession of this woman?" The Devil answered, "I am from the South Pagoda, which is very famous for pagan worship and superstition. I told her not to remain in the convent where the Mother of God is

CHINA

from the Pagoda

L. BEAL

honoured, and that if she did not leave she would die inside of three months."

Very often a bad odour would permeate the room and almost make it impossible for the attendants to remain there. Sometimes while in a fit of rage, it was sufficient to say to her, "Be quiet or we shall call the priest". She would immediately be her normal self. She had a decided repugnance for the chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. It was the wish of the parish priest that she follow the convent rule as much as possible, but although she was a very slim girl, it would require the help of three strong women to get her into the chapel.

Between the church and the Sisters' house there was a canal. While walking along the canal the girl would often try to throw herself in and it took two other ladies to help her mother to prevent this. As she approached the church door she would fall down in a rage and was greatly opposed to entering but once inside all would be well. Her mother would ask her when she came out of these spells why she used such violent language and cursed not only her but the personnel of the compound who had been so kind to her. She was totally unconscious of anything unbecoming. The mother was greatly affected by the prayers and conduct of both the priests and the Sisters and asked to be instructed and baptized in the Catholic Faith. The girl's brother who had been cold and indifferent in his faith promised to make his Easter duty and live up to his religion.

The poor girl gradually became thinner and weaker but was entirely cured of her possession by the devil. She lived for only three and a half months, dying a very happy and peaceful death. Her cure and her death had a tremendous effect on pagan relatives and friends and as a result many of them embraced the Catholic Faith and became a credit to the Church.

SEPTEMBER, 1941



News from Catholic

Mission Fields

AT THE Holy Childhood Infirmary, Chusan Island, China, little tots are served a lunch of wheat and walnuts supplied by the American Red Cross. A contribution of \$5,000 has just been given to the Red Cross by the Bishops' Relief Committee, to be used for the alleviation of suffering in war-torn China, at a time when Red Cross officials said the situation there was critical. The presentation was made to Chairman Norman H. Davis of the American Red Cross through the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael J. Ready, General Secretary of the N.C.W.C.

* * *

Statistics just published by the Sinological Bureau at Zikawei, Shanghai, disclose that in spite of the Sino-Japanese war and its attendant hardships and difficulties, the work of the Catholic Missions has, as a whole, according to Lumen Service, "gone on much after the manner of a majestic

river in which time and seasons make only accidental changes".

According to the figures, the number of adult converts baptized in China in the year 1939-1940 amounted to 111,747. The total number of Catholics in all China is now slightly more than three and a quarter millions.

* * *

What is undoubtedly the largest ordination class in the history of the China Missions was ordained in the Cathedral in Shanghai by the Most Rev. Cyprien Cassini, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Pengpu, Anhwei, Lumen Service reports. The class included ten diocesan priests and twenty-seven Jesuits. The ten diocesan priests were all Chinese, as were also seven of the Jesuits.

* * *

Nineteen hundred persons confirmed in twenty-seven days is the terse report just received concerning the confirmation tour made by the Right Rev. Monsignor Nicholas

Szarvas, S.J., Prefect Apostolic of Taming, Lumen Service reports. Monsignor Szarvas travelled more than one thousand li (about 350 miles) and was happy to report no untoward accidents. In Taming itself 580 persons were confirmed.

* * *

Lumen Service reports that shortage of altar stones in the Vicariate of Chengtu, Szechwan, has led to the discovery of a relic connected with the first Bishop ever to gain entry into Korea. He was Bishop Imbret, martyred shortly after his appointment as Vicar Apostolic of Korea.

While the mission territories were being searched for altar stones at the direction of the Most Reverend James V. Rouchouse, Vicar Apostolic of Chengtu, a broken stone, lacking the necessary relics, was unearthed. Still hidden in the receptacle, however, was a small document which proved to be a declaration by Bishop Imbert that he had consecrated this stone on July 21, 1837.

* * *

Colonel Chiang Kee-yen, the Chinese air ace who became a Catholic after a remarkable vision of the Sacred Heart, is making rapid progress in the recovery of his health at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. That is the report brought back to St. Paul by Mrs. C. J. McConville, archdiocesan chairman of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, after a visit with Colonel and Mme. Kee-yen. The Colonel was seriously wounded in a "dog fight" in the air over Nan-king in 1937.

* * *

St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Shanghai, known as "the Mother of Parishes" and reputed to be the oldest building in all the concessions, has just observed its eightieth anniversary. The building was begun in 1860 and formally dedicated June 29, 1861. Although St. Joseph's is still the principal church for French Catholics in the city and is by custom chosen for international ceremonies, most of the 4,500 Catholics in the parish are Chinese.

CHINA



A pagan student at our school in Lishui. (The ring about the neck is a protection against evil spirits.)

St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission, Toronto

ST. ANNE'S CHINESE CATHOLIC MISSION at 25 Chestnut Street in Toronto, which was blessed and officially opened on December 17th of last year by His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan, is making steady progress. Father Edward Moriarty of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is in charge, and though he realizes that the work is indeed difficult and at times discouraging, he is full of confidence for the future.

Last year Father Moriarty opened a Chinese Language School, and about thirty Chinese boys and girls attended the classes given there every afternoon by Mrs. Wong, a very brilliant and capable teacher of Mandarin, the official language of China. Father hopes to reopen his school again this Fall, and is anxious also to start a kindergarten school in the immediate future.

Toronto has its own Chinatown, close to the heart of the business section of the city. Chinatown itself comprises Chesnut and Elizabeth Streets, but the Chinese population is spread throughout the city. Many Chinese families have moved to Toronto from the Coast and the prairies, and the population now is about three thousand. Many of Toronto restaurants, laundries, and fruit and vegetable stores are run by Orientals.

The Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto has been a very great necessity for many years, and we hope and pray that the Catholic people of Toronto and Ontario will take a great interest in this missionary project at their very door, and assist Father Moriarty to the best of their ability. All are invited to visit the Mission, for only in this way can they get really acquainted with the work and interested in it. Saint Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary of Toronto has done magnificent work in helping this new Mission, and one might well say that without their aid it would have been

impossible to begin the work. They are very anxious to welcome to membership in the Auxiliary any Catholic women of Toronto who are interested in St. Anne's Mission for the Chinese.

Early in the Fall, St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary will put on a Raffle and Bazaar in aid of this most commendable missionary project, and we ask all our Catholic people to make it a great success.

The present quarters of the Mission are only temporary and are really inadequate for the present needs. We trust that in the near future Father Moriarty will be better situated and thus be able more efficiently to carry on his Mission work in Toronto's Chinatown.

We are glad to present on this page a picture of Miss Joyce Chung, a Chinese Catholic girl of Toronto, who is making a name for herself as a dancer of great ability and real charm. Joyce and her sister Patricia are regular attendants at St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission.



Miss Joyce Chung.

CONDOLENCES

CHINA offers its sincerest condolences to the immediate family, the relatives, and the friends of Mr. William Carroll, one of Toronto's leading Catholic laymen, who passed away suddenly at his home in this city. A leader in the Catholic Lay Retreat movement, a very active Tertiary of St. Francis, and a faithful member of the Holy Name Society, William Carroll was very well known in Catholic circles and will be deeply missed by all. Most Reverend Francis Carroll, the Bishop of Calgary, is a brother of the deceased, and Right Rev. J. M. Fraser, Founder of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, is an uncle. Please remember their dear dead in your prayers.

We Ask Your Prayers

For Sister Mary Aloysius of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto, Ontario, who died on the twenty-fourth day of July in the seventy-second year of her age and the forty-second of her religious profession. May her soul rest in peace.

For Mother M. Adelaide Heintz, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, who departed this life September 2, 1941, in the forty-sixth year of her age and the twenty-third of her religious life. May her soul and the souls of all the deceased members of the Community rest in peace.

Vancouver Mission Notes (Continued from page 4)

of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, pronounced her perpetual vows, which were received by Rev. Roland Roberts, who was also celebrant of the Solemn High Mass. The sermon for the occasion was preached by Father Sharkey.

The little chapel was crowded to the door with our Chinese Catholic people and friends of the Mission. Sister St. Joan is a teacher in the St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic school. CHINA wishes her many happy and fruitful years in her missionary work among the Chinese of Vancouver.

THE TEMPLE OF THE THREE CAVES

By **FATHER SHARKEY**

IT WAS A lovely, warm, sunny day in Lishui, and it was a school holiday. Bright and early in the morning a delegation of boys came to me, and asked if I would take them on a picnic to one of the beauty spots nearby, a place called—the Temple of the Three Caves. Never having seen the place myself, I very readily consented, so gathering together a lunch, we sallied forth.

We made quite a procession through the narrow streets of the city and out the northern gate, wending our way along the winding cobblestoned path that skirted the rice-paddies.

It was not long before we reached our journey's end, and the spot was indeed really beautiful. Three natural caves in the mountainside had been turned into a pagan temple, in honour of Kwan Yin,

the Goddess of Mercy. Her gigantic statue stood in the central cave, and a stream of water from above fell like a filmy veil over the entrance to this pagan holy of holies. I could not help but feel that this idyllic spot should have been a Catholic grotto to Our Blessed Lady.

The approach to the templed caves was through a very beautiful garden and on one side stood a pagan monastery, that seemed also to serve as an inn for the numerous women worshippers, who daily came to ask from Kwan Yin the blessing of many men children and happiness in their married life.

While we were there, we watched these poor pagans kowtowing to the goddess, lighting candles before the images and burning their joss-sticks. Rice, wine, cakes and meats, were placed on the altars before the heathen deity and much paper

money was burnt to buy the souls of the dead out of the ten courts of hell.

Round about the walls of the two smaller caves, were small idols—the gods of music, of wisdom, of anger; a real pagan Pantheon. These gaudily painted pieces of mud, sat in little niches, cut into the rock walls of the temple. One idol had his hands raised as if in prayer; another just looked fierce; and in one corner one little god whispered secrets to another.

After I had seen all I wanted to see, I decided to wander off to some quiet spot and say some of my Breviary. I bought the boys some watermelon and sugar cane, cautioned them not to get into any mischief, and left them to enjoy themselves.

Boys, however, will be boys, all the world over and during my short absence they got into plenty of mischief. On my return a sight greeted my eyes that made me laugh till I was almost sick. The young rascals had decorated all the little gods up and were just putting the finishing touches to their artistry, when I came along and caught them.

One young lad had finished with his watermelon and had put the rind in the hands of the little praying god, smearing watermelon over the idol's lips for better effect. Another boy had picked up the butt of a cigarette and had the fierce little god smoking. Funniest of all were the two gods who were whispering secrets to one another, for somebody had put a straw in one idol's hand and he was tickling his companion's ear.

Seeing the pagan bonze coming in the distance, I gathered my twelve little picnickers about me, and we beat a hasty retreat. Such was my never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Temple of the Three Caves.



The schoolboy is eating sugar-cane, a local delicacy.

In the Land of Flowing Waters

(A LEGEND OF OLD NEW BRUNSWICK)

HUGH F.X. SHARKEY

In the village of the Mic Macs
Lived a lovely, Christian maiden;
Daughter of a mighty chieftain
With the bravery of her father.
She the padre's joy and comfort,
Angel of the tribe and nation;
And the beauty of her features
Hid a soul of greater sweetness.

Mighty pine trees do you whisper
Of the tale of Nagotami
Of a pretty, old-time legend
In the Land of Flowing Waters;
How a little, redskin maiden
Learnt the lesson of the Passion,
Of our Crucified Redeemer,
Of a love that knew no limit?

'Twas about her sixteenth summer
That she left her lodge and kindred
Paddled slowly up the river
To the land of Madawaska;
To the little, convent schoolhouse
Where the noble, Catholic sisters,
Braved the fierceness of the savage
Pioneering there and teaching.

There she learnt the wondrous
lesson
Of a life of sacrifices;
Till there burned within her spirit
Such a loving of the Master,
That she longed to prove her
courage
In her new-found Faith and
Father—
Pure and fragile as a lily,
Strong and fearless as an oak tree.

Came one night in late October
In the land of Madawaska,
When the storm-god loosed his
thunder
Yet unfearing slept the village;
That the war-drum throbbed its
message
And the lurid lightning flashes
Showed the gaudy, painted faces
Of the creeping Iroquois.

And the sleeping of the village
Woke from out an awful night-
mare;
Rushing towards the sheltering
forest,
Fleeing towards the nearby river—
While the tomahawks dripped
crimson
With the blood of the defenceless,
And the smouldering of the ruins
Told a tale of brutish passion.

While the maiden Nagotami
Fleeing through the forest spaces,
Saw vermilion-painted warriors
And a tomahawk uplifted,
Felt a savage hand upon her
Yet no cry of fear she uttered
Only prayed a prayer for courage
To the Holy Virgin Mother.

Saw they on her unbared bosom
Tattooed there — the Cross and
Beaver
Telling of a Christian people
Hated lodges of the Mic Macs;
Friendly to the blackrobed pale-
face
Teaching brotherhood and concord
Meekness, sacrifice and praying,
Only fit for timid maidens.

They must kill the paleface
preachers
And destroy this hated people.
She must lead them to the village
Otherwise her life is forfeit—
Only gruesome death by torture;
For themselves knew not the waters
Of the land that lay beyond.

Paddling swiftly down the river
Led the barque of Nagotami,
Down the smoothly flowing river—
Fast she paddles, glancing upwards
At the sun within the heavens;
While the wigwams of her people
Know not of the fearful danger,
And the village braves are hunting.

Soon the river's bend is rounded,
Seen the tepees of the Mission;
Figures moving, hither, thither,
Unaware of any danger—
Till they spy the strange flotilla,
Catch the glint of shining rifles,
And a cry of horror echoes
Through the unprotected village.

Stay—an awful roar and rumble,
The canoes are in confusion;
And the faces of the redskins
Pale beneath their gaudy colours.
Louder, fiercer sounds the warning,
The canoes are racing shorewards;
One more minute might have saved
them—
But, too late, the whirlpools have
them.

Like the fingers of a demon,
Or the mouths of hungry mongrels,
Are the awful swirl of waters.
O the frightful wails of terror
As the vortex sucks them under.
One survives the great disaster,
Creeping stealthily from the river
Flees away into the forest.

Go, and tell the shameful story
In the wigwams of the Tortoise—
How the maiden, Nagotami
Tricked the bravest of your nation;
Tell them of the Cross and Beaver,
Of a tale of Christian valour,
Of the Lily of the Mic Macs.

How she paddled, oh so swiftly,
Timing well the tide's reversing,
And the bore from-out the Fundy
When the Falls are at their fiercest;
That they may escape God's whirl-
pools
That eternal hell of waters,
And the Cross may top the Tortoise
In the tepees of their Braves.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by Father Jim

Dear Boys and Girls:

By the time this month's CHINA reaches you, school will be in full swing once more, and Father Jim will be back again at his desk after a short vacation. Father Jim looks forward to hearing from you all often during the next ten months, and especially welcomes to the Rose Garden any new friends who would like to join.

Let us make this year the greatest year of all for the Missions, a year of sacrifice and prayer for the brave missionary priests and sisters, who more than ever before need our help and our encouragement.

May God bless you all—teachers and pupils—and remember that Father Jim expects a real heavy mail-bag from all his friends.

* * *

We wish to assure Master Arnold White of Burin, Newfoundland, that we have not forgotten the Burin Buds, and that his letter was indeed welcome. The certificates will be along promptly.

* * *

We are very proud to present on the opposite page a picture of Grades III and IV of St. Lawrence's School in Hamilton. They have raised many dollars for the Missions selling potatoes. God bless them all.

* * *

From Petty Harbour in Newfoundland, Lydia Murphy, fifteen years of age and in Grade IX, writes to join the Rose Garden and is anxious for some pen-pals. A thousand welcomes, Lydia. Lydia would like as pen-pals, Mary Smart, Eileen Nash, Dorothy White, Therese Le Blanc, Madonna Smith, Jeanne Kelly.

* * *

A little girl in Grade III, who is also from Petty Harbour, Newfoundland, promises to pray for the conversion of China and for our missionaries. Her name is Pauline Stack. We only wish that we had a few thousand Paulines praying for us. She invites any pen-pals to write to her.

* * *

On the opposite page appears a picture of Grade IV of St. Mary's Academy at Bathurst, N.B. They are generous helpers of the Catholic Missions and have our sincerest thanks.

* * *

Pupils of St. Mary's Academy of Newcastle, N.B., whose picture appears on

the next page, have ransomed a pagan baby. And the boys and girls are real missionaries and God will indeed bless them.

* * *

We were indeed pleased to receive that newsy letter from Beatrice Rule of Grade VII at College Street School, Halifax, N.S. Congratulations to Grade VII on winning the debate.

* * *

Youngest of all the Buds, little Jimmie McGuinness of Woodbury, N.J., sends Father Jim his contribution of five dollars. His picture may be seen on the opposite page.

* * *

Mary MacNeil writes for Grade IV and V of Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S., sending us four dollars in War Savings Stamps. Many thanks to all the boys and girls for this splendid donation. Grades IV and V have sent many offerings to our missionaries in China during the past years.

* * *

Robert Kay, Secretary for the C.C.S.M.C. (Grade X), of St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, wrote us and asked for fifty Mite Boxes. Father Jim hopes the boys and girls will fill all the fifty before the school year is through. Good luck.

* * *

The "Saint John Bosco Oratory" at 111 Sackville Street, Toronto, has a bulletin board for Mission work, and Edward Carter wrote recently and asked us for material for it. We were glad to send along what we had.

* * *

No finer missionaries in all Canada can be found than those at St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax, N.S. They wrote just before Lent started, asking for more Mite Boxes. We would be very proud to publish their pictures in CHINA, if the girls could spare us one.

* * *

From Almonte, Ont., the first home of our Society, comes a letter from Miss Marie Clement, Secretary of the C.C.S.M.C., St. Mary's School, containing subscription fees for three copies of CHINA for one year. We hope, Marie, that you will all enjoy CHINA.

* * *

Joan Power of 14 Southside East, St. John's, Newfoundland, asks to become a



The Way of Spiritual Childhood.

member of the Rose Garden, and would like to have some pen-pals. Welcome to the Rose Garden, Joan, and rest assured we will pray for your brother Tom who is in the Navy.

* * *

Gloria McIntomney, 774 Dymont St., is a thirteen-year-old Miss, from the Technical School at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. We give her a very hearty welcome to our club. Gloria would like to have as a pen-pal, Mary Nagle of 205 Lancaster Avenue, Saint John, N.B.

* * *

Father Jim received a lovely letter from Eleanor Doyle of 17 Park St. South, Peterborough, Ontario. She asked to join the Rose Garden and sent in a subscription to CHINA. We ask all the Buds to pray for the safe-keeping of Eleanor's relatives who are in England. Father Jim wishes that Eleanor would send him some of her poetry for he loves verse, too. Welcome to our new Bud.

* * *

Mother Genevieve sends us three dollars, the subscription for CHINA from Loretto Academy at Niagara Falls, Ontario. We are delighted to know that the Sisters and girls enjoy the CHINA.

* * *

The Rose Garden welcomes a new member—Olive O'Keefe, aged 13 and in Grade IX at school. Her home is in Sydney, N.S., at 446 Whitney Ave.

* * *

We wish to mention especially this month three little friends of the Missions—Josie, Joan and Tommie McLoughlin, of Hamilton, Ontario. May God bless these little missionaries.

* * *

Rita Chafe of Petty Harbour, Newfoundland, is a new member of the Rose Garden. She would like the following girls to write to her—Marie Smith of (Continued on page 18)



*Top Centre—Students of
Blessed Sacrament Acad-
emy, Park Avenue, Yon-
kers, N.Y., and the doll
they raffled for us.*



*Top Left Oval—Grade IV,
St. Mary's Academy,
Bathurst, N.B.*



*Top Right Oval—Grade
II, St. Mary's Academy,
Newcastle, N.B.*



*Centre—Summer Class of
Christian Doctrine,
Esmonde, Ontario.*

*Frankie Nolan,
College St. School,
Halifax, N.S.*



*Jimmie McGuiness,
Woodbury,
New Jersey.*



*Bottom Left — Grades III and IV, St. Lawrence's
School, Hamilton, Ontario.*



*Bottom Right—Room I, St. Dominic's School,
Lindsay, Ontario.*

Toronto, Patricia and Rita Dalton of Newfoundland, Dorothy White of London, Therese Le Blanc of Sydney, and Mary Smart of Newfoundland.

* * *

We are very happy to accept Margaret O'Keefe into our Mission Club, and we ask the other Buds to write to her. Margaret is fifteen and lives here in Toronto. She attends Loretto College School. Her address is 58 Kenneth Ave., Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Father Jim wants to tell Helen McLaughlin of St. Alphonsus School in Edmonton, Alberta, that he visited her school some years ago and hopes to do so again some day. We are glad to have her as a new Club member. She is twelve years old and in Grade VII. Her address is, 12204-82nd Street, Edmonton, Alberta. She is very anxious to have some pen-pals.

* * *

A new member of the Rose Garden is Miss Philomena Tannian of 1714-26th Avenue, S.E., Calgary, Alberta. She is in Grade VII at school and is twelve years old. She is anxious for pen-pals.

* * *

Miss Corrinne Barrett of 157 Juhilee Road, Halifax, N.S., wrote me, asking to join our Club. Come right in, Corrinne, and a thousand welcomes. Corrinne wants some pen-pals, so, girls, get busy and write her.

* * *

On the preceding page is a picture of Frankie Nolan, aged seven and a student at College Street School in Halifax, N.S. On the occasion of his First Holy Communion, Frankie sent Father Jim five dollars as a donation for the Missions. Many thanks, Frankie.

* * *

Claire Butts of North Sydney, Nova Scotia, sent us a renewal of her subscription to CHINA. Hope you enjoy this number, Claire.

* * *

Another new member of the Rose Garden is Viola Peters of Skinner's Pond, P.E.I. Father Jim is glad to welcome her into our Mission Club.

* * *

One of our real faithful Buds, Miss Dorothy White, writes Father Jim a charming letter and promises to keep up her great work for the Missions. Hope you like the Rose Garden this month, Dorothy. I will not forget your Mother, George and yourself in my prayers.

* * *

Beatrice Struthers, of 118 Baldwin Avenue, Cornwall, Ontario, sent Father Jim just recently a very generous donation of seven dollars. Beatrice is a Girl Guide and also a very faithful member of the Rose Garden. God bless you, dear, for your generosity and rest assured of my prayers.

* * *

Austin Vincent Barrett, Canal Street, St. Peter's, N.S., sent us a donation to-

wards our missionary work and assures us of his prayers and those of his brother and sister. Thanks a lot, Austin.

* * *

Willie Jim Lake of Brewley, P. Bay, Newfoundland, wishes to join our Club. We are glad to have you as a member, Willie, and thanks for the stamps you sent us.

* * *

Miss Frances Molloy of Coe Hill, Ontario, has just joined up in our Club, and we welcome her with open arms. Frances is sixteen and in Grade X. How about some of our Buds writing Frances?

* * *

From the Catholic Junior Club at Peterborough, Ontario, comes a donation of six dollars, to be used in the education of a native priest. To Fabian Galvin, the Treasurer, and to the other members of the Club, we offer our sincere thanks.

* * *

Angeline Burns of 720 McLaughlin Street, Fort William, Ontario, just recently became a member of the Rose Garden, and wishes to correspond with boys and girls of her age. She is fourteen. Glad to have you as a new Bud, Angeline.

* * *

The Crusaders of Sacred Heart Academy at Meteghan, N.S., have sent us through Theresa Armstrong, their Secretary, a Mass Intention and a small donation towards our work. Thanks a lot, Crusaders, and we hope you all passed on those June exams.

* * *

Students of Blessed Sacrament Academy, Park Avenue, Yonkers, New York, held a raffle on a doll and realized the grand sum of \$75, which they promptly sent us for our Mission work. A picture of the girls and the doll may be seen on the opposite page. Thanks a million, girls, and may God bless such fine little missionaries.

* * *

Thanks to the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P.E.I., for their five dollar donation to the Little Flower Mission Club.

* * *

From the (English Classes) St. John's School, Pembroke, Ont., comes a two dollar subscription to CHINA. Many thanks.

* * *

Miss Patricia Nelson the Secretary of Our Lady's Sodality at Cathedral Commercial School, Hamilton, Ont., tells us that the girls all enjoy reading the CHINA. Thanks Patricia for the encouragement and for the Money Order you enclosed to cover the subscriptions.

* * *

Many thanks to the Senior Commercial of Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, Ont., for their good wishes and their subscription to CHINA. We are glad they enjoy the magazine.

* * *

The girls of Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, N.S., old and faithful

friends of our work, took home Mite Boxes with them when they left for their summer vacation. They intend to be real missionaries, twelve months of the year. God bless them all.

* * *

Angela Mabony of the Mission Committee, Grade XA, St. Vincent's High School, N.B., very kindly sent us some stamps. We thank Angela and the other members of Our Lady's Sodality for their thoughtfulness.

* * *

The Mater Redemptoris Circle, Congregation of Notre Dame, Ottawa, Ont., sent us a donation of two dollars, for which we are deeply grateful.

* * *

The pupils of Grades I and II, St. Joseph's Orphanage, Halifax, N.S., very kindly forwarded to Father Jim a donation to be sent to one of our missionaries, Rev. Charles Murphy. Many thanks.

* * *

John Czany, 125½ Bellwoods Ave., Toronto, Ont., who reads the CHINA regularly and tells us that he enjoys it more than any other magazine, wants some of the boys and girls to write to him.

* * *

The pupils of Room VIII, St. Rita's School, 178 Edwin Ave., Toronto, Ont., kindly sent us a donation for our missionary work, for which we are exceedingly grateful.

* * *

On the preceding page is a lovely picture of Buds of the Summer Class of Christian Doctrine, at Esmonde, Ont. Each one sent Father Jim a letter and he promises to answer them all real soon.

* * *

Father Jim regrets that lack of space in this issue of CHINA does not permit his answering many other letters from Buds received during July and August. However, the letters that I cannot answer now will appear in the October number.



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself!

CHINA



The hotel clerk was growing impatient as the prospect took so long to read the names on the register. "Just sign on that line, please," said the clerk.

The prospect was indignant and retorted: "Young man, I'm too old a hand to sign anything without readin' it."

The diner addressed the waiter. "This chicken was hatched in an incubator."

"How do you know that, sir?"

"Because no bird that had known a mother's tender care could turn out as tough as this."

Brown: "Stout people, they say, are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

Jones: "Well, well. You see, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything low."

"Does your wife know the traffic rules?"

"No, but then she's young and good-looking."

Bill: "Would you object to a husband who smoked in the house?"

Bettina: "Yes. But I intend to keep quiet about it until I get one."

Burglar Bill: "And after yez got away from de cop, where did yez hide?"

Burglar Jake: "Oh, I just ducked into de city hall, flopped down in a chair and put my feet on a desk."

"I am sorry, madam," said the butcher firmly, "but I can't give you further credit. Your bill is bigger now than it should be."

"Yes, I know that," said the lady coldly, "if you will make it out for what it should be, I'll pay it."

Schoolmaster: "Now, Willie, if the earth's axis is an imaginary line, can you hang clothes on it?"

Willie: "Yes, sir."

Schoolmaster: "Ha, ba! That's good. And what sort of clothes, Willie?"

Willie: "Imaginary clothes, sir."

Joking Customer: "How much are your four-dollar shoes?"

Smart Salesman: "Two dollars a foot."

"I'll tell you this, old boy; I'm master in my own house."

"Quite. And my wife's away, too."

Assistant: "For value there is nothing on the market to compare with this at the price."

Customer: "And how much is it?"

Assistant: "One moment, madam. I'll ask the manager."

A fond father went to a college to see what progress his son was making. In response to his inquiry the Principal said: "Your son will probably go down in history—"

"That's good news," glowed the parent.

The Principal lifted his eyebrows, and continued: "But he might do better in geography and the other subjects."

Lawyer: "Have you any money?"

Prisoner: "Loads of it."

Lawyer: "Good. If we can't get you acquitted, we can get you pardoned on account of your health."

"Can you guarantee this anti-wrinkle cream?"

Chemist: "Madam, it would smooth out corrugated iron."

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down, doctor?"

"Well," said the physician, "there's a fire burning across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

He: "I hear Charlie is married again?"

She: "Yes."

He: "What kind of a woman has he got now?"

She: "A suicide blonde."

He: "And how come that?"

She: "She dyed by her own hands."

A widow who intended to succeed her husband as the manager of a country hotel advertised the fact in the local papers in this fashion: This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Smith, who died last summer on a new and improved plan.

"Doctor, can't you help my husband?"

"What's the matter with him, madam?"

"Oh, he worries so."

"About what?"

"About his money. Can't you please do something for him, doctor?"

"I think I can. Send him to me and I'll relieve him of some of his trouble."

Mrs. Smith was on her first ocean voyage.

"What's that down there?" she asked of the Captain.

"That's the steerage, madam," he replied.

"Really!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "and does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

The Vicar: "Ah! Mrs. MacIntosh, I have had to pinch all my life to make both ends meet."

Mrs. MacIntosh: "Fancy that, sir. It's lucky you were never caught."

"My husband is trying to sell our car."

"Why?"

"He says the outgo for the upkeep is too much for his income."

A man was rung up at his office and told that his mother-in-law was being attacked by a mad dog. He went on smoking.

"Why should I care," he said, "what happens to a mad dog?"

MacTavish was very shy. When he went to his first dinner party he made frantic efforts to begin a conversation with the lady at his elbow.

"Does your brother like cheese?"

She turned with a smile and replied: "I haven't a brother."

Dead silence for another spell.

Then he said: "If you had a brother, do you think he'd—be'd like cheese?"

"Is there any truth in the report that Angus bought the filling station?"

"Well, I don't know for sure, but the free air sign has been taken down."

He (passionately): "Nobody can deny my love for you, sweetheart."

She: "I'd like to see anybody try. I've kept all your letters."

Waffles: "I hear you rode on the cow-catcher of a locomotive once. I bet you were scared."

Sorghum: "You bet. I didn't know what minute I was going to be hit by an auto."

Simpson: "What sort of a chap is Pemberton?"

Wilkins: "Oh, a regular hermit. Spends two or three evenings a week at home almost every week."

CHINA

*Subscribers are Requested to Read the
Following Very Carefully*

The subscription price to CHINA is fifty cents a year. Subscribers who do not receive the magazine regularly will confer a favor by notifying us.

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The date to which your subscription is paid up is marked on your address label. Please RENEW NOW FOR 1941.

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In sending your subscription to CHINA, be sure to state **WHETHER IT IS A RENEWAL OR A NEW SUBSCRIPTION.**

MRS. OR MISS

Very often we do not know which to put on our stencil, as there is nothing to indicate which it should be. Will our lady friends kindly make this clear.

ATTENTION TO THE ABOVE DETAILS WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

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CHINA

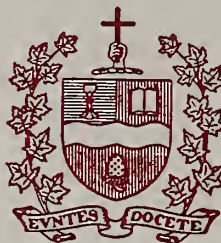


OCTOBER - 1941

SCARBORO
BLUFFS - ONT.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities:*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support:*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

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NO. 8

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Seminary Opening

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary opened its doors on Monday, September 15th, for another scholastic year. The first day saw the registration of the students, who numbered about thirty, representing almost every province in the Dominion together with several from Newfoundland. The small student body at the Seminary is a result of war-time conditions, several of our seminarians having been conscripted into the Home Defence divisions of the Army and Air Force.

* * *

Congratulations

CHINA offers its sincerest felicitations to the Most Rev. Michael O'Reilly, newly consecrated Bishop of St. George's Diocese, Newfoundland. Bishop O'Reilly received his episcopal character from the hands of His Excellency The Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland; who was assisted by the Most Rev. Joseph O'Sullivan, Bishop of Charlottetown, and the Most Rev. John O'Neill, Bishop of Harbour Grace. Most Rev. Edward Patrick Roche, Archbishop of St. John's, preached the sermon.

It is our hope and prayer that the newly consecrated Bishop of St. George's may see many fruitful years in his episcopal see—years blessed by God with an abundance of graces. "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, Ad Multos Annos".

* * *

Father Chafe

On Wednesday evening, September 10th, Rev. Father Chafe left Toronto to take up his new duties in Vancouver, B.C., as Pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission of that city. The multitude of Father Chafe's friends from coast to coast in Canada, and also in Newfoundland, who have known him as Vice-Rector of our Seminary here at Scarboro Bluffs and more espe-

cially as Editor of CHINA, will, we feel sure, be sorry to see Father Chafe go, but our loss is Vancouver's gain.

Father Chafe will, by his kindly way and truly priestly character, soon endear himself to the Chinese Catholic people in our Pacific Coast Mission, and we know that the direction of the work at Vancouver could not be in better hands. CHINA, the "little Charlie McCarthy" that has been Father Chafe's constant companion for the past ten years, takes this opportunity to congratulate Father Chafe on his appointment and wish him many years of fruitful labour in Vancouver's Chinatown. Father Chafe's many friends will no doubt follow with keen interest his work at Vancouver and will assist him by their alms and their prayers.

* * *

Congratulations

To Rev. Benedict Quigley, of the Society of the Atonement, on the occasion of the opening of the first Catholic Japanese Grammar School in Canada. Felicitations, too, to the Sisters of the Atonement who are working with Father Quigley at St. Paul's Catholic Japanese parish in Vancouver, B.C.

* * *

The Month of the Holy Rosary

October, the month of the Holy Rosary, is with us once more and we exhort our Catholic people to dedicate this holy season to a crusade of prayer for peace, making use of the beautiful devotion of the Holy Rosary to plead to Almighty God, through Mary, for world peace, for a return to a

Christian way of life and to an international amity having its roots in the charity of Jesus Christ.

Centuries ago Christian Europe, threatened by devastation and pagan domination, turned to Mary, the Mother of God, and found in her Holy Rosary the weapon that turned back the barbaric, infidel hordes at famed Lepanto. The Europe and America of our day will find, too, if it wishes, that the "Hail Mary" which first brought the Lord of Glory and Prince of Peace down to this troubled world of ours, will, if incessantly on the lips of our Catholic people throughout this blessed month of October, bring back to earth once more that Peace which the world cannot give, that Peace which is Jesus Christ and the teachings laid down by Jesus Christ.

*Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Pray for us.
Queen of the Holy Rosary,
Give us peace.*

* * *

Congratulations

We offer our sincerest congratulations to His Excellency, the Most Reverend Archbishop Alfred Sinnott of Winnipeg, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his Priesthood. May God grant to His Excellency many more years in order that he might carry on the wonderful work that he has been doing "out where the West begins".

Archbishop Sinnott has always been deeply interested in the work of our Society and we take this happy occasion to once again express our heartfelt gratitude to Himself and to the priests of the Winnipeg Archdiocese.

Is It Nothing To You

THAT half the world has No Faith, No Church, No Light and No Christ? What will you do to change this sad condition?

THAT 30,000,000 heathen die every year without baptism—with no hope—knowing not whither they are going—because there are not enough missionaries?

THAT the poor foreign missionary has to support himself and his entire mission on a monthly allowance of a few dollars? In many missions now the cost of living is as high as that in Canada! While we at home have all we need, the brave apostle of Christ is starving and dying at the front! Is it nothing to you?

THAT many mission schools are being forced to close for lack of funds? In many of our districts our schools have been badly damaged by bombs. How can a mission succeed without a school? Is it nothing to you whether the missions prosper or fail?

THAT a large number of candidates for the missionary priesthood are poor boys dependent upon the generosity of good Catholics to help them reach their goal? You can send forth apostles to save some of the 800,000,000 heathen, by contributing to our Burse Fund.

THAT China has only 2,300 priests for her 400,000,000 souls; one priest for every 175,000 people; one priest for every 650 square miles?

THAT the missionaries grow old and die with no one to continue their work? For effective missionary work we must have an army of 500,000 missionaries, but we have not even a fraction of that. Be an apostle and help the mission cause!

THAT of 76,000,000 Chinese children, only about six per cent are in school? We need 200,000 priests to convert China! The fields are indeed white unto harvest, but the missionaries are few—very few. Surely among our fine Catholic boys and girls throughout Canada, there are some who are ready and willing to dedicate their lives to the grandest work on earth—the missionary priesthood and sisterhood?

THAT in Toronto, Vancouver and Victoria, thousands of Chinese people live in paganism—right at our very door? Protestant sects have laboured among them these past fifty years, while no attempt was made to bring to them our Holy Faith, till within the last few years. The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society now has Missions in these three Canadian cities, engaged in work in Chinatown. Will you not help?

THAT practically all missionary help from Europe has been cut off, and upon the Americas as never before rests the obligation to “Go, teach all nations”? China, India, Japan, Africa, look to us for missionary priests, nuns, alms and prayer.

Is It Nothing To You?

WE ASK YOUR PRAYERS

For the deceased Rev. Arthur Stanton, late Rector of Holy Heart Seminary at Halifax, who passed away suddenly last month.

CHINA offers its sincere sympathy to Father Stanton's family and to the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, in their great loss, assuring them that Father will not be forgotten in our Masses and prayers.

For the deceased Elmer Hart, brother of Rev. Lawrence Hart of our Society. Father Hart's brother met with a fatal accident while working for the railway at Cornwall, Ontario.

We join with all our readers in assuring Father Hart and the other members of his family of our deep sympathy for them in this sudden and unexpected bereavement. May his soul rest in peace.

Rev. Fr. Lanphier Bereaved

CHINA offers its sincere condolences to Rev. Charles Lanphier, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church at West Hill and the Director of the Radio League of St. Michael; whose dear Mother died last month after a lengthy illness.

In offering our sincerest sympathy to Father Lanphier and the other members of the family, we assure him that his dear dead will not be forgotten in our Masses and prayers and in those of our readers throughout Canada.



Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy or Mary, the Mother of God?

By FATHER FRANCIS DIEMERT, Scarboro Foreign Missioner at Peking

ON May the twenty-fifth, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to China, read to the Chinese Catholic people of Peiping the Papal Bull dedicating the faithful to Mary, the Mother of God, under the title "Mediatrice of all Graces, Queen of China". With all due solemnity and splendour was celebrated the official consecration of Catholic China to Our Blessed Lady, followed by solemn pontifical High Mass proper to the new feast of the Queen of Heaven.

"What an incomparable and extraordinary blessing", said the Apostolic Delegate in addressing the large congregation of priests, nuns, seminarians, and the faithful, "is this solemn and national dedication to the Mother of God."

Yes, indeed. Although there are many feasts in honour of Our Lady and many titles under which she is invoked, yet perhaps none of them brings home to us so well the very important part she plays in the salvation of mankind. St. Bernard well says, "the will of God is that we should have everything through Mary".

It was Mary's consent to become the Mother of Jesus that gave her the highest place among all members of the human race. But just as Our Lord, the

Fount of all graces and Source of all life came to us through Mary; so it is that all graces coming from the Fount which is Jesus, flow to us through the Fountain which is Our Lady.

Being present at the ceremony recalled another beautiful tribute to Mary which I took part in last year, about this very time. It was the Crowning of Mary by the school children of St. Mary's parish in Brantford, Ontario. On that occasion we honoured the Blessed Virgin under the special title of Queen of Peace, because of the sad condition of the world—in the throes of a horrible war. To-day there was taking place another crowning of Mary, bestowing upon her the lovely title of Queen of China. But although the title was different and the people taking part of a different race, yet it was the same Queen and I am sure that the participants on each occasion were equally pleasing to Our Lady. Comparing the two ceremonies I realized more clearly that we were all, whether we were of the East or the West, children of a common Mother, who was given to us as such by Our Lord Himself as the last proof of His great love for mankind—after the gift of Himself, the greatest gift that He could ever have given to the world.

(Continued on page 18)



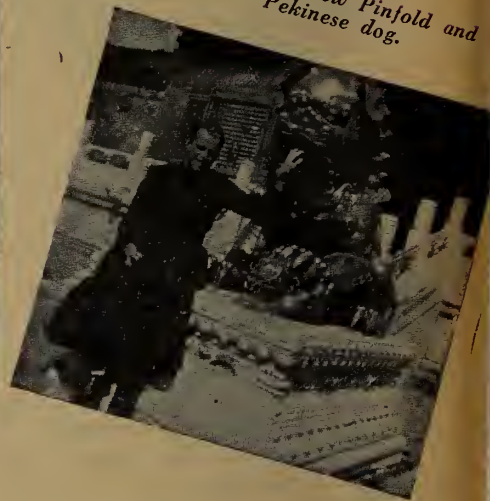
*Father Harold Murphy and Father William Matte (now pastor in Victoria)
with the Boy Scouts at Lishui.*

*Father Russel White and Lishui
school boys.*



Father Charles Murphy and Hong Kong friends

*Father Andrew Pinfold and
Pekinese dog.*



Father Harold Murphy and Lishui Catholic High School pupils.



The Woman with the Chair

By REV. M. L. CURTIN

ANYONE who has ever attended Sunday Mass in the Sacred Heart Church, Lishui, during the last five years or more will have seen Mrs. Tzeng, better known as the Woman with the Chair. Her story is interesting in as much as it shows the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence, and bears out the truth of the adage that troubles are often blessings in disguise. It was in her case, for hers led to her conversion.

Some years ago, Mrs. Tzeng, a frail person of middle age, had a fall from which she never completely recovered. One of her acquaintances told her of the skill of the Grey Sisters who had a dispensary at the Catholic Mission, but she could not go so far for treatment, for she lived over a mile away, and she was so weak she could not walk. When the Sisters heard of her plight they lost no time in going to her. They found her suffering from rheumatism and neuritis, and a very painful knee, the result of her fall. Some weeks had elapsed since her accident, and in the interim she had tried all the home remedies she knew, but there was no improvement. As is almost always the case, the Sisters' medicine, and the treatment that went with it began to have a beneficial effect. Mrs. Tzeng began to grow stronger, and it was not long before she could walk a little about her own home. The treatments continued in the home, and later in the dispensary, when she was able to make her way there. That was when she was given the name by which she has been known to all the Missionaries here, the Woman with the Chair. She could not walk without help, but with the resourcefulness common to her race, she devised a plan to overcome that hazard. She used a small bamboo chair as a knee rest, and with this contrivance she came a good mile and a quarter, not once, but many times, to see the Sisters at work in

their dispensary, and to receive the care she needed.

Naturally, she was grateful to the Sisters for their kindness, but the Sisters told her that she should thank God too, for it was God Who cured her, through them and through their medicine. This interested her, for she had heard little or nothing about the God of the Christians, and had very vague ideas of Him. It required very little encouragement on the part of the Sisters to induce her to come and hear more about Him. In such cases the Sisters never miss an op-



portunity to invite their patients to study Catholic doctrine, but Mrs. Tzeng was different from most of them, for she persevered, and eventually, after a long course in the Women's Catechumenate, she was baptized. She found it hard, at her age, and with her meagre education, to learn the prayers, and to remember the rudiments of religion, but she managed to satisfy the Priest and the Catechist that she was sufficiently instructed for Baptism and later for Confirmation.

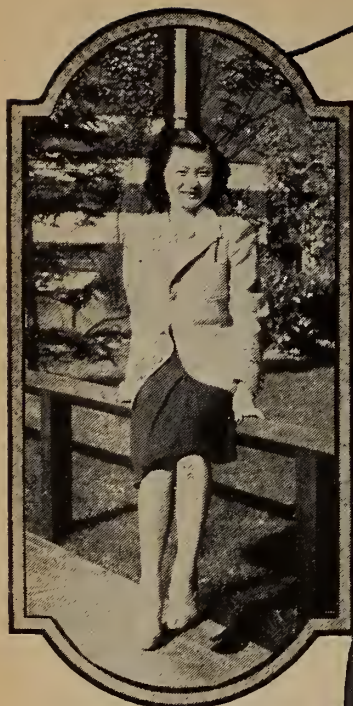
Her first fervour never seemed to wane, and even though it was a painful effort for her to come, every Sunday and Holy Day, except when sickness or some other

excusing cause prevented, saw her at Mass and at the altar railing for Holy Communion. She always remained over for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon, too, and invariably someone, usually Sister Superior, arranged for a rickshaw to take her home in the evening. She would spend the time from Mass till Benediction in the Sisters' compound, where she had her bowl of rice and cup of tea, with a cheery salute and a cheery smile for everyone. She seemed to be happy in her newfound faith, with its consolations and comforts, in striking contrast to sordid tenets of paganism, for Catholicism meant to her solace of body as well as peace of soul.

As time went on her frail frame gradually grew more frail, and it soon became evident that she must go the way of all flesh. Again the Sisters ministered to her in her humble home, but this time they and she realized that she had not long to live. Her friend and spiritual adviser, the late lamented Father Gignac, had already gone before her, much to her regret, as well as to all of us, and Father Harold Murphy had the privilege of preparing the Woman with the Chair to follow. She was quite resigned to die, but had only one worry, and that was that she had not enough money to buy her coffin. Father Murphy put her mind at rest when he told her that as she had been so faithful to the practice of her religion, the Mission would supply her with a coffin, and would see to it that she would have a decent burial, and so it was done. Mrs. Tzeng, the Woman with the Chair, will not be seen any more on her way to Sunday Mass, or going to her weekly Confession or weekly Communion.

When the Chinese speak of death they do not say that So and So has died, but has gone to Heaven. In the case of the Woman with the Chair, we have reason to hope that this is literally true.

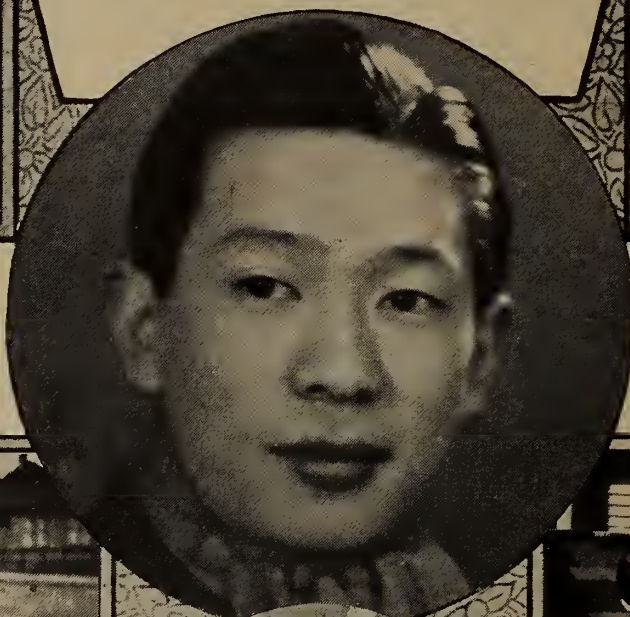
Our Chinese Catholic People of Vancouver, B.C.



Miss Kathleen Mah



Harry and Ethel Kong



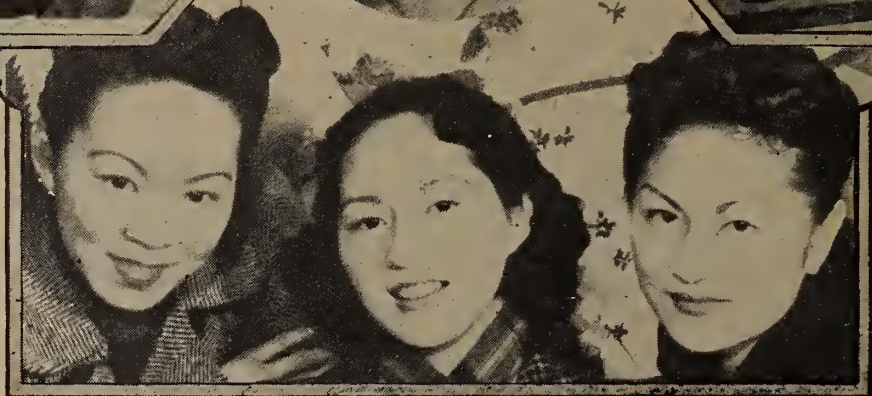
*Non-Catholic
neighbors*



*Betty and Winnie •
Gong*



*Top oval—
Harry Jong
Lower oval—
Miss Helen Lee*



*Misses Myrtle,
Violet and Dorothy
Wong*

TORONTO MISSION NEWS

Miss Lee Ya Ching Visits Toronto's Chinatown

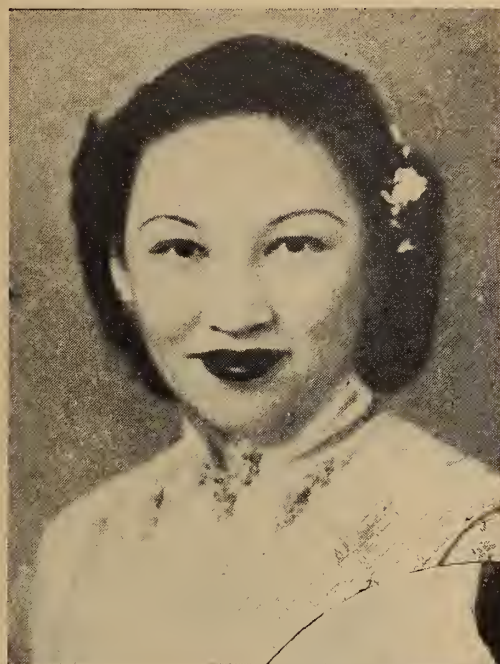
A DISTINGUISHED visitor to Toronto's Chinatown last month was Miss Lee Ya Ching, Chinese girl flier and unofficial ambassadress of the Chungking Government, who flew to Toronto to aid the United China Relief Fund for China's destitute and starving refugees.

Miss Lee is the first Chinese girl ever to receive a pilot's licence and is a member of America's exclusive Caterpillar Club — an honour accorded to her, when in an emergency, she parachuted from her plane at a height of two thousand feet, landing in San Francisco Bay and keeping afloat in the icy waters for half an hour before being rescued.

Lee Ya Ching embodies all the culture, courtesy and charm, which is China's proudest heritage. For years now, she has laboured indefatigably in the cause of China's homeless, starving, heart-broken fifty million refugees. Both in China and in Canada, as well as the United States, this winged angel of mercy has flown her bright red plane "Spirit of New China", giving gladly of her time and energy, ever smiling and gracious, and asking no recompense save that intense gratification that comes from unselfishly serving her beloved China.

Very proud indeed was St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto and the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, to have China's noted aviatrix as their guest at our Seminary on the evening of Saturday, September the thirteenth.

Present at the dinner tendered Miss Lee Ya Ching were: Monsignor McRae, our Superior-General; Monsignor McGrath, Father Moriarty, the pastor of St. Anne's



Chinese Mission in Toronto, Father Sharkey, Father Leonard, Father Alexander MacDonald, Father Michael Dwyer and the President and members of the executive of St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary, and friends.

Right Rev. Monsignor McRae welcomed Miss Lee and expressed to her the honour we all felt in entertaining so distinguished a guest. He spoke also of the grand work being done for the Chinese Community of Toronto by the pastor of St. Anne's Chinese Mission, Rev. Edward Moriarty, and the St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary.

In responding Miss Lee spoke of the many happy associations with the Catholic Church and its missionary priests and sisters, that had been hers, both in this country and in China. She paid tribute to the marvellous work in China being done by the Church and the intense gratitude such kindness had engendered in the hearts of the Chinese people. Her words of encouragement to the Women's Auxiliary will indeed be a source of inspiration and help to them in their work in Toronto's Chinatown.

Mr. George Chow, talented Toronto baritone sang several songs for Miss Lee and our guests, and then Miss Lee Ya Ching graciously posed for some pictures on the steps of the Seminary — pictures that we are happy to present on this page.

CHINA assures Miss Lee that her visit to China Mission Seminary will never be forgotten and asks God to bless in an especial manner China's winged apostle of charity and make

her sincere and very gracious plea for her country's refugees heard from coast to coast.

St. Christopher, patron of travelers, protect and guide through the skyways the "Spirit of New China" and Miss Lee Ya Ching.

The Prophecy

Because of widespread interest, we are publishing herewith the famous vision of St. Odile. The saint lived in the seventh century and wrote to her brother of a vision that she had, a vision that seems to foretell Hitler's wars. The Catholic Church in no way vouches for the authenticity or truth of this prophecy, and we but give it for what it is worth.

St. Odile was the patron saint of Alsace, which lies between Germany and France. The prophecy was published in 1917 in the People's Almanac at Montreal, by Libraire Beauchemin. The text follows:

Listen, listen, O my brother, for I have seen the terror of the forests and the mountains.

Fear has frozen the peoples, for never in any region of the universe has such perturbation been witnessed. It has come the time when Germania will be called the most belligerent nation on earth.

The epoch has come when there will spring from its (Germany's) womb the terrible warrior who will undertake war on the world and that men under arms will call the Anti-Christ—he who will be damned by mothers in their thousands, crying like Rachel for their children and refusing consolation because they are no longer of the world and that all will have been laid waste in their invaded homes.

The conqueror will come from the banks of the Danube (Hitler was born in Austria); he will be a remarkable chieftain among all men. The war he will undertake will be the most terrifying that humans have ever undergone — up to the summit of the mountains.

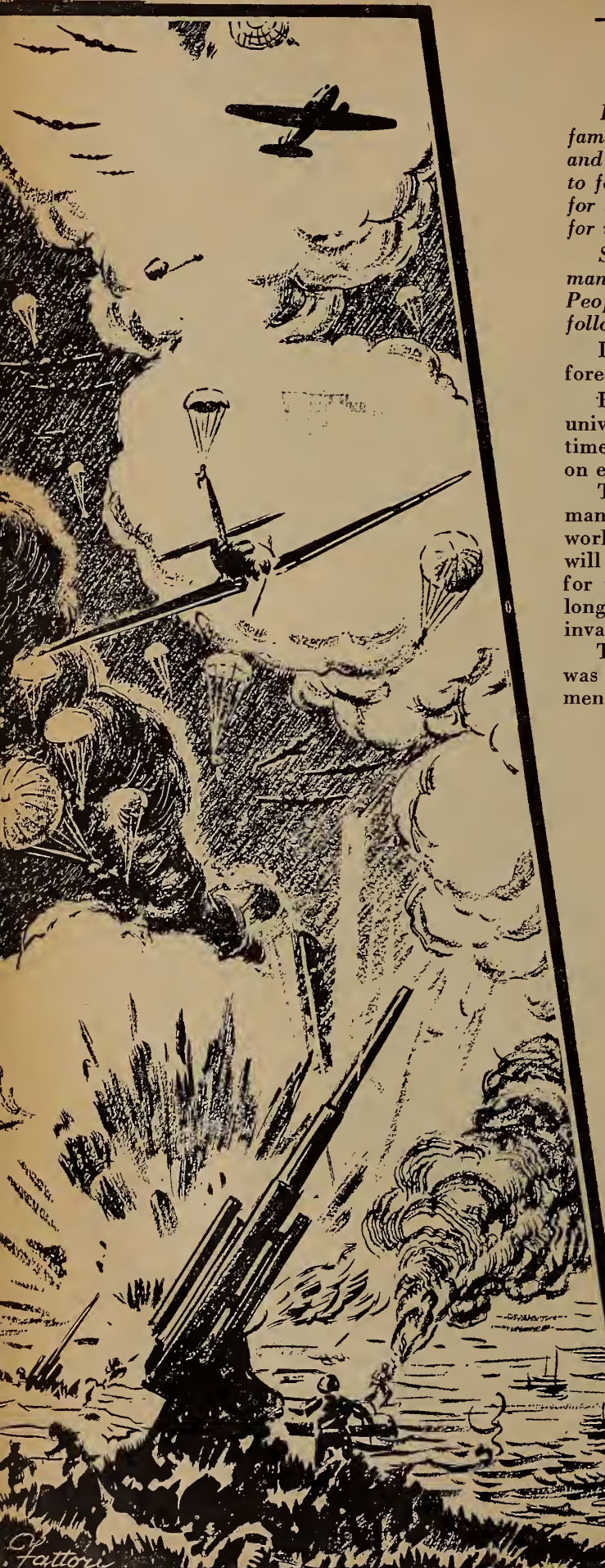
His arms will be flamboyant and the caps of his soldiers will be topped by points throwing off lightning as their hands will carry burning torches. It will be impossible to list the number of his cruelties.

He will win victories on land, on sea and even in the air. Because his winged warriors will be seen in unbelievable attacks, rise up to the firmament there to seize the stars to throw them on towns from one end to another of the universe and light gigantic fires.

Nations will be stunned and will exclaim: "Where comes his strength? How has he been able to undertake such a war?"

The earth will rock by the shock of the combats; rivers will flow red with blood and the marine monsters themselves will disperse, in terror, to the bottom of the oceans, while black tempests will spread desolation everywhere.

Future generations will be astonished that his strong and numerous enemies were unable to stop the march of his victories.



of Saint Odile

And the war will be very long.

The conqueror will have attained the apex (Ultima Thule?) of his triumphs about the middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities. It will be the end of the first period of bloody victories. He will say, "Accept the yoke of my domination" in the flush of his victories. But his enemies will not submit, and the war will continue. And he will cry, "Misfortune will befall them because I am their conqueror."

The second part of the war will equal in length the half of the first; it will be known as the period of "diminution". It will be full of surprises that will cause the peoples of the world to quake, particularly when 20 warring nations take part in this war. About half way through this period the small nations submitted to the conqueror will plead: "Give us Peace, Give us Peace."

But there will be no peace for these people.

This will not be the end of these wars, but the beginning of the end, when hand-to-hand fighting will take place in the citadel of citadels. It is then there will be revolts among the women of his country who will want to stone him. But also prodigious things will be done in the Orient.

The third period will be of the shortest duration and the victor will have lost confidence in his warriors. This will be called the period of invasion, because by reason of just retribution the country of the conqueror, because of his injustices and godlessness, will be invaded in all parts and laid waste.

Around the mountain torrents of blood will flow. It will be the last battle.

Nations will sing their hymns of thanksgiving in the temples of God and will thank Him for their deliverance. Because there will have appeared the warrior who will disperse the troops of the victor whose armies will be annihilated by an unknown and great illness. This malady will discourage the hearts of his soldiers while the nations will say: "The finger of God is there. It is a just punishment."

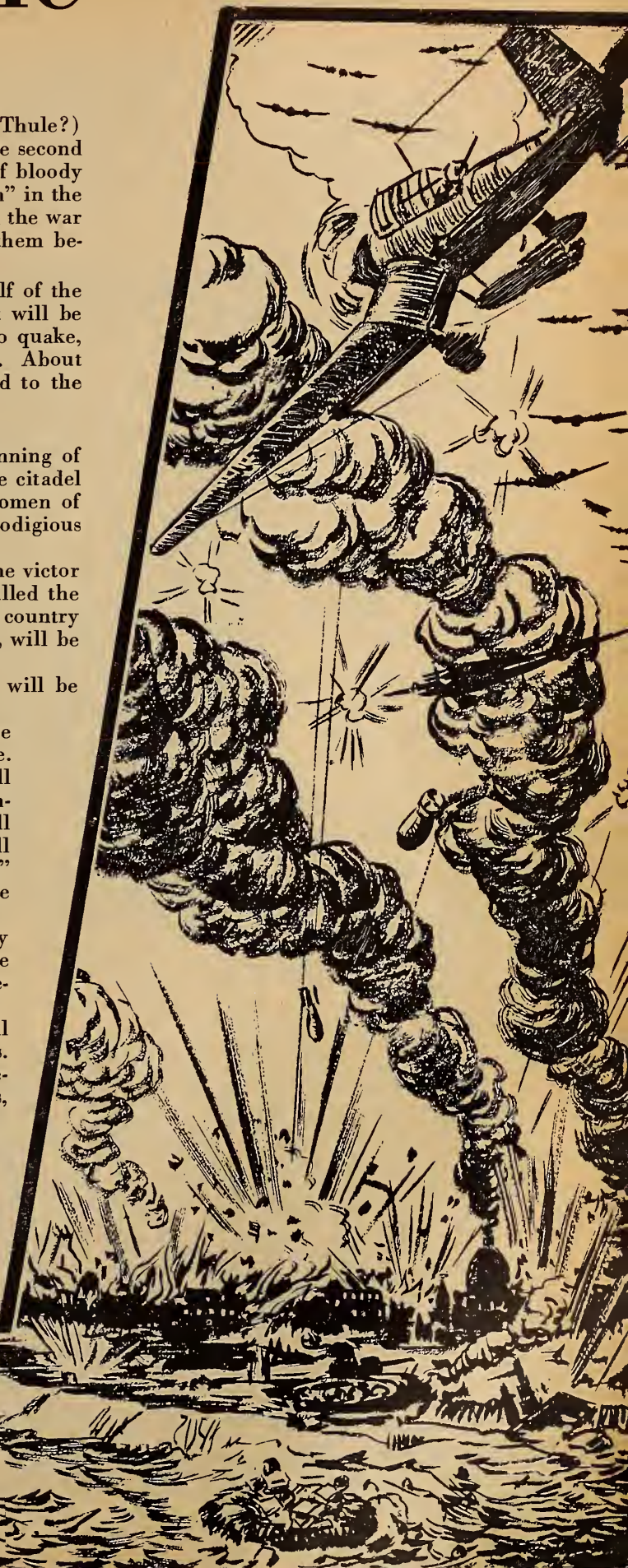
The peoples will believe that his end is near; the sceptre will change hands, and my people will rejoice.

Because God is just—while sometimes allowing cruelty and depredations, all the spoliated people who will have believed in Him will recover what they have lost and something additional as a reward on earth.

Countless regions that were fired and made bloody, will be saved in a providential manner by their heroic defenders.

The region of Lutetia (Paris?) will itself be saved because of its blessed mountains and its pious women. This, although everyone will have believed it doomed.

(Continued on page 18)



Our Philadelphia Story



IT gives us great pleasure to thank publicly the members of our committee in Philadelphia who for the past few years have laboured so zealously to help carry the financial burden of our priests in China.

Through social activities these mission-minded men and women have sponsored many successful entertainments the proceeds of which have aided us to feed, clothe and educate both missionaries and those confided to their care.

Throughout Canada and the United States of America our Society has many such groups of friends to whom we hope, in future issues of CHINA, to show our appreciation and gratitude.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate but true that without the continued interest of the laity we cannot hope to bring the Good Tidings of the Gospel to the millions of souls committed to us by the Vicar of Christ. It must therefore be a great joy to our friends from the "City of Brotherly Love" to

realize the grand work they have done, and are continuing to do by helping spread, on earth, the Kingdom of God.

A MILLION THANKS!

Members of Our Philadelphia Committee

Mr. John Wilson, Chairman
Mr. Patrick Logue
Miss Rose Cassidy
Mrs. T. Enright
Mrs. McCrealey
Mrs. Jos. Duffy
Mrs. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. N. McFadden
Mr. D. McGlinchey
Mr. James White
Mr. M. Marley
Miss Marley
Mr. and Mrs. H. Callaghan
Mr. Eugene Gibbons
Mr. L. Cunningham
Mrs. D. Dever
Miss Ann Reilly
Miss Mary Cunningham
Miss Margaret Gallagher
Mrs. M. Breslin
Miss Mary Breslin
Mrs. M. Welsh
Mr. and Mrs. H. McBride
Mrs. Dillon
Miss Minnie Cavanagh
Mrs. A. Smith
Miss K. O'Shanghnessy
Mr. M. McCracken
Mr. J. McCracken
Mr. Patrick Whorisky
Mr. H. McClory
Miss Ann McLaughlin
Miss May Sheridan
Miss Mary Martin
Mr. and Mrs. James Mooney
Miss Roth
Mrs. Michael McGuiness
Miss G. Logue



Rev. Thomas Hurton, Pastor of St. Theresa's Church, Philadelphia, and Monsignor W. C. McGrath.

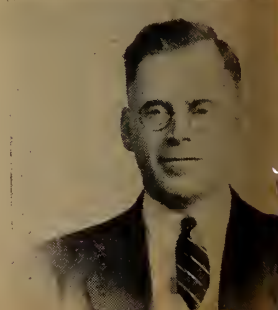


Some of the Philadelphia Committee.

John Wilson, Chairman.



Mr. Patrick Logue.



The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in Victoria, B.C.



REV. WILLIAM MATTE, the pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria, B.C., writes of steady progress being made among the Chinese community in Canada's most western city.

This year the number of Chinese children attending the kindergarten school at the Mission has greatly increased, and there are now thirty-six little boys and girls. Their teachers are the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Angels, who are assisting Father Matte wonderfully in his difficult work. It is Father Matte's ardent hope that he may be able to enlarge his school as time goes on, adding first the Primary Grades and later the other classes. He realizes full well that a Catholic school is the foundation and backbone of a parish, and that in pioneer missionary work such as he is doing, it is all the more necessary.

We present on this page a picture of the Sisters of the Holy Angels standing on the steps of Loretto Hall in Victoria, B.C. Loretto Hall is a Catholic Hostel for women and girls, and was

opened by the Sisters as a means of financing their missionary work among the Chinese. To the right of the group is a picture of the late Sister Margaret Mary, the first Superior of the Community in Victoria, who passed away suddenly last August. Sister Margaret Mary returned from mission work in China a little over a year ago, sailing to Canada on the same boat as Father Moriarty, who was to take up work among the Chinese at Toronto. Her death was a great loss to the community.

To the left of the group picture is that of Sister M. Gabriel, assistant Mother General and Superior pro tem of Loretto Hall. Sister is a native of China, and is in charge of the school conducted for the Chinese children. An article on the Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels will appear in the November issue of CHINA.

The young lady, all dressed in her First Communion clothes, is Miss Phoebe Leong, one of the first fruits of Father Matte's missionary work in Victoria's Chinatown. Please support Father Matte and the Sisters of Our Lady of the

Angels in their great work, that many more like Phoebe may come to know our Holy Faith and our Eucharistic Lord.



THEN - - - AND NOW !

By RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH

MAYBE it's the inescapable call of the East, that haunting nostalgia that lends enchantment to views that were not always so enchanting at close range. Or something of China pounding through your bloodstream as you trek from door to door on this campaign business. Whatever it may be, the fact is that the "good old days" were the days when you climbed the mountains over there. And every man who has ever known mission life in China experiences at home a restlessness that is reborn with every letter you receive from those with whom you once laboured and suffered and experienced the happiness that only a missionary knows.

There is another reason why the days not so long passed seem like happy days that may not soon return. It is that the little way of life we once knew in China has been rudely blasted and shattered by the grim savagery of war. In all its fury it has struck—at last—at the heart of our little mission of Lishui. The city reduced to a heap of ashes; the mission buildings demolished by direct bomb hits and the mission personnel driven from what was once a little haven of safety from the gathering storms of war.

Our recent letters tell the story. By contrast with what they are suffering and enduring now, even the first two years of the war seemed to have affected us hardly at all. A few examples of the little joys of mission life that are now no more may enable our readers to appreciate how the war has struck home and added to the

hardships of our little band of priests and Sisters over there. In the old days, to cheer you like a home breeze wafted across the Pacific and the mountain ranges of Chekiang, there was always one small but very precious diversion afforded by

THE MAIL

Twice daily—believe it or not—the cheery mailman, in his official green uniform, brought joy to our hearts as he sauntered in the mission gate. I can see him now. Sometimes just a Chinese letter that was a headache. Trouble with the Catechists some place and a complaint from some over-zealous Christian who knew how things should be run. But hope sprang eternal and there was always tomorrow and, sure enough, some fine morning you looked across from the verandah and there he was, staggering under a load of mail and grinning from ear to ear. He seemed to get as much kick out of it as we did, especially as he displayed his meagre knowledge of English by calling the names of the lucky ones concerned. Those days when we all "clicked" were something to write home about. Fr. Strang, if I remember rightly, still

has the all-time high record with twenty-two letters in a single day. After the mailman had taken his departure some of the boys would disappear from the scene for an hour or more to wade through the welcome news from home and then emerge with a radiant smile that let you know that all was right with the world.

Now and then our system would backfire. Once, in the early days, I made the fatal mistake of subscribing to the St. John's *Daily News* and *Toronto Daily Star*. Just to keep in touch. Months would elapse without a single paper, second-class mail not receiving the attention we thought it deserved, and then it would require a rickshaw coolie or our own water carrier with his *tan-tan* pole to transport the truckload to the mission. Ninety papers in a single day was something to peruse at your leisure but it was joy to the Chinese members of the household. When we had censored them all of the more daring movie ads (always a source of scandal to the circum-spect natives) the papers were available for pasting on the walls of their homes. A bridal couple, just setting up in housekeeping, once appealed for a supply of

papers to decorate the living room. It was wonderful what newspapers could do when pasted over the lattice work, to keep out the chilling December winds

But newspapers are no more. It is over a year since our priests have seen a copy of our own CHINA. And the mailman must almost have forgotten the way to the mission door. The precious letters are few and far between,



Fishing with cormorants on the Chuchow River.

months sometimes elapsing without a single line from home. They are piled up—some place—and if the war ever ends there will be papers enough to plaster the Great Wall of China, but that doesn't help much—now. A small sacrifice, you may say, for those who have long since "left everything". But a psychological lift that is sorely missed these anxious days when so many other features of normal mission life have been blasted to smithereens.

PICTURES AND PICNICS

I can still recall the thrill of starting out over the mountains on a fine sunny morning, the faithful "boy" carrying a ponderous Graflex and enough photographic equipment to ensure pictures of everything that came our way. What if you had to bribe some farmer with a ten-cent piece to halt his water buffalo in the midst of plowing operations or induce a fisherman to halt his bamboo raft long enough to put his cormorants through their paces and dive for fish for your special benefit! Ten cents Chinese money was two cents Canadian and good three by four prints could be obtained from the local photographer for one cent apiece. You have seen hundreds of those pictures in CHINA, some of them in this very issue taken on just such an expedition. Now, it is forbidden to take pictures outside the mission compound and the cameras are hung up for the duration.

Perhaps they can still have their picnics. There must surely be thousands of sampans along the river, in spite of war's alarms, and while it may cost twenty times as much as before to hire a boatman and his craft for the day, it should still be possible to send the boy down to where the Little Water Gate used to be, before the peaceful little town was destroyed, and

have him haggle for an hour or two with the wily *lawda* for his services and his boat and his three squares of rice for the foreign gentlemen. But there will be none of the little "dainties" that were once available when boats ran to Shanghai. No bully beef or occasional tin of milk or foreign flour or raisins for that delectable pie from the convent, just like mother used to make. Perhaps they still "boil the kettle" somewhere along the river bank, with the nice brown soupy water right out of the typhoid infested river that flows by our door, but gone are the little snacks and, of course, the batteries of cameras that lurked behind every knoll to

less, you got there. If she didn't develop bronchial pneumonia or nose-dive over the hundred-foot cliff. You could leave Lishui at five a.m. or half past seven (you never knew exactly) and with luck and no flat tires or bandits on the five-hour run to Ni-Wu, you could catch the Kinkwa-Hangchow slow-motion special and transfer to the up-to-date modern Shanghai express which landed you in the Oriental metropolis at 10.30 p.m. the same day.

Last time I made the trip to Shanghai it took two weeks. By Wenchow. And that was while some of the motor roads were still standing. Now, the Ni-Wu route is out because the Japanese are astride the Kinkwa railway and no boats are sailing to Shanghai. The magnificent highways have been dynamited to keep out the invader and our district in this respect has been set back about twenty years. Heaven knows when normal travel will again be possible.

HEALTH

This leads, indirectly, to the all-important question of keeping fit in China. All too

frequent, it seems, were the trips to Shanghai for medical attention, but before the younger men become acclimatized and develop even a workable immunity to the legions of Chinese bugs and bacteria, there are times when adequate hospital treatment is a *sine qua non*. The time that I spent *hors de combat* in Lishui or in hospital at Wenchow or Shanghai totals two years out of a nine-year stay and some of the other men have had similar tough luck. Now it is impossible to get supplies of medicine for Lishui so that the Sisters are severely handicapped in caring for the sick. And Fr. McGoe, almost too ill to be moved, was recently brought to Wen-

(Continued on page 18)



Off on a picnic.

catch the hundreds of white sails in the sunset or the rafts and floating lumber yards that drifted lazily downstream.

TRAVEL

Gone also are the days when it was possible to go by bus to most of the principal mission stations. Five hours to Fr. Vanadam's, up in Lungchuan; three hours to Tsing-tien and a mere forty-five minutes to Pi-Wu-Ka. Not that the Chinese bus was exactly a Florida streamliner. You might find yourself supporting a basket of piggies in your lap or sardined in among a human cargo that was five times the normal capacity of the old crate. (Fr. Morrison and I once counted ninety people getting off a bus "licensed" to carry twenty). But, more or



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Members of the Rose Garden:

On the third of October we celebrate the feast day of our patroness St. Therese of the Child Jesus, the Little Flower. We feel sure that on that day all members of the Rose Garden will attend Holy Mass if it is at all possible and receive Holy Communion, for our missionary priests and sisters in China and Canada. More than ever before they need your prayers, and St. Therese, who so loved the work of the Catholic Missions, will indeed hear your prayers and obtain from God many blessings and graces for those who so unselfishly have left home and loved ones and braved even the horrors of war to bring our Holy Faith to the countless millions of China who know it not.

October is also the glorious month of the Holy Rosary of Our Lady. How lovely it would be if all the members of the Rose Garden, together with their teachers, would make it a point to say the Rosary every day during this month of Our Lady, to ask the Queen of Peace to obtain from Almighty God true and lasting peace throughout the world, and a new and golden era of missionary endeavour by the Catholic Church among all nations.

REMEMBER—THE HOLY ROSARY EVERY DAY THIS MONTH FOR THE MISSIONS.

FATHER JIM'S MAIL BAG

From St. Andrew's Convent, St. Andrew's West, Ontario, comes a donation of two dollars for our missionary work, from the school children. May God bless their generosity. We assure Sister Helena, who wrote us, that "the odds and ends" will help a great deal in the glorious work being done in far-off Lishui and Kinwha.

The children of Room I at St. Dominic's School, Lindsay, Ontario, have sent us the ransom money for a pagan baby to be christened "Paul Anthony". In send-

ing the four-dollar War Savings Certificate, they told us that they were happy in this way to help win the war and also assist in our missionary work in China. That is a happy thought indeed and we thank them with all our heart. We are glad to reserve a plot for them in the Rose Garden, and will send on the certificates, if they will give us the number of the new Buds who wish to be enrolled. St. Dominic's School is a part of St. Joseph's Academy at Lindsay.

Joan McLaughlin of 10 Edinburgh St., Hamilton, Ontario, sent us a dollar collected in her mite-box and hopes to have four dollars more real soon. Evidently Joan wishes to ransom a little Chinese baby. Good luck to you, Joan, and thanks a million. We are delighted to hear that you are now in Grade V and that you like school.

A very interesting letter came to Father Jim from Lillian McIntyre, New Victoria, Cape Breton, N.S. Lillian lives in a Lighthouse on the beautiful east coast of Cape Breton, and although she lives a long ways from the church, she goes regularly to Mass and Holy Communion. Miss McIntyre is fourteen years old and in Grade IX, and hopes some day to become a sister. We welcome Lillian to the Rose Garden and hope she finds some Buds to write to.

The Crusaders at St. Stanislaus Convent, Kinkora, P.E.I., sent us a ransom of five dollars for a pagan baby. Thanks to a group of real missionaries to whom Father Jim is deeply grateful. Please pray for our missionaries in China during this month of Our Lady.

Margaret Davenport is the secretary at St. Clare's Girls' School, Toronto, and she wrote us a lovely letter with a donation of two dollars for our work and two subscriptions for CHINA from Grades I

and II. Thank you, Margaret, and thanks to all the other girls for their kind thoughtfulness. Here's hoping you all have a grand year at school.

Sister M. Chrysostom writes from St. Anne's Convent, Glace Bay, N.S., sending us ten dollars towards our Missionary Travel Fund and four dollars in War Savings Stamps, with an assurance of help during the coming school year. May God bless the students and the sisters and may we express our deep gratitude for their generous donation and continued interest in our work. We assure them of our prayers and a remembrance of their special intentions.

Daniel Doyle, the secretary of the C.C.S.M.C. at the Catholic School at Margaree Forks, Inverness Co., N.S., forwarded to us five dollars for the ransom of a pagan baby, asking us to send it on to Father Venadam. We are pleased to do so and am sure that Father Venadam will write to the Crusaders expressing his heartfelt thanks. We thank them for their fine missionary zeal.

We were more than glad to hear from Rosaleen Corkindale of Brantford, Ont., who sent us one dollar—the collection from her mite-box. Rosaleen is a real faithful member of the Rose Garden. She writes—"I am now in Grade X but I am still sticking to the rules of the Club. I follow the Rose Garden with much interest and miss it during the summer." Thanks a lot, Rosaleen, and write again soon.

Grade XI of Notre Dame Convent, Sydney Mines, N.S., have sent us four dollars' worth of War Savings Stamps, as their contribution to our missionary work and we are indeed grateful to them all. They are fine missionaries and we ask their fervent prayers to our patroness, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, on her feast day, October 3rd, and during the

CHINA

month of the Holy Rosary to Our Blessed Lady, for our mission work both in China and Canada.

Corpus Christi School in Toronto has sent us a donation of five dollars to help in our work. Thanks a million to these lively missionaries, who have helped so often. We are sure that God will especially bless them for the kindness. Assuring them of our prayers, Father Jim asks theirs in return.

From Almonte, Ontario, the little town where Monsignor Fraser's wonderful work saw its beginning and where CHINA was first published, comes a donation of two dollars and fifty cents for our missionary work. We thank the teachers and the pupils of St. Mary's School at Almonte for their kind thoughtfulness. May God bless them.

Thanks a million to the pupils of St. Basil's School at 38 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto, for the grand sum of sixteen dollars, collected in their mite-boxes. Considering how many calls there are on them during the year, we think they did wonderful. God bless them. Keep up your fervent prayers for the missions.

The Primary Class of Sacred Heart School in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, sent Father Jim a dollar—their savings during the close of the school term. We realize what sacrifices the children make in order to send us this contribution, and we thank them with all our heart. God bless you all.

Yvonne LeClair, the secretary of Stella Maris School Buds at North Rustico, P.E.I., sent us a lovely letter and enclosed the grand sum of four dollars for our missionaries in China. Thanks a lot, Yvonne, and thanks, too, to all the teachers and pupils at Stella Maris. May your kindness be returned to you a hundredfold.

Yvonne McAskill of Passchendale, Cape Breton, writes as follows: "Dear Father Jim, I enclose the pennies I saved during Lent for the China Missions and for Father MacGillivray". God bless you, dear, for your kindness. Dear Father MacGillivray looks down from heaven in gratitude to you, for so remembering him, by helping in the work he lived and died for. Rest assured we will pray for your grandmother's health.

Peter Sheehan of St. Catharines, Ontario, one of our most faithful Buds, writes that Theresa, Paul, Francis and himself have succeeded in their exams and thanks us for our prayers. We were glad to help, Peter, and delighted to hear from you. You people sure are lucky in having a place to swim so handy. Do you skate on the Lake in the winter? Many thanks to your dear Mother for sending us that cheque for five dollars—her faithful, monthly donation.

The Sacred Heart Unit of the C.C.S.M.C. of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent us a

cheque for the grand sum of twenty-five dollars—their annual contribution to Saint Madeleine Sophie Bourse. No more faithful friends of China Mission Seminary can be found than the girls at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Halifax, and Father Jim is sure proud of them all. By the way, Father Jim knows the girls real well, even though they don't know him. Thanks a million to the Madams of the Sacred Heart and to the girls. May God bless you all.

Loretta Evans, the Class Secretary for Convent Commercial, 148 Renfrew Street, Pembroke, Ontario, sent Father Jim a two-year subscription to the CHINA and a grand letter. In the letter Loretta says—"We are looking forward to receiving the magazine, because we know it is interesting literature about the Missions and because we know that each subscription helps to carry on the grand work of the missionaries". We could not have ex-

pressed it better ourselves, dear. Many thanks to Convent Commercial.

From the teachers and pupils of the Separate School at Preston, Ontario, came a very interesting letter just before school closed for the summer, together with three dollars' worth of subscriptions to CHINA. That sure made Father Jim happy and he thanks you all sincerely. We assure you all of our prayers and best wishes now and always. May God bless you.

The students at St. Mary's Convent School at Peterboro, Ontario, collected the large sum of eighteen dollars in their mite-boxes. Three cheers for such fine missionaries, who are increasing their help to the missions year by year. Father Desmond Stringer paid them a visit in June and told them many things about his life in far-off China. Thanks very much, teachers and students of St. Mary's.



Jimmy and Margaret McGrath, North Madison Road, Madison, Conn. Jimmy makes model aeroplanes as his hobby, and Margaret, whose pussy seems to know what it's all about, goes in for the piano and practises—sometimes, she tells us.

Then — — and Now

(Continued from page 15)

chow in the hope that there might be a boat to run the blockade and carry him to the Shanghai General. For over three weeks he lay ill there, treated as best they could and during this period the city was bombed, besieged and finally captured by the Japanese. But he never made Shanghai and never received the full treatment necessary for an aggravated case of hookworm, something the local hospitals are unable to handle, and one of the little things that may come your way if the vegetables or the pork are not boiled to death.

The work of the Sisters in the dispensary has received a serious setback because of the lack of "foreign" medicine.

AIR RAIDS

Worst of all, of course, are the air raids. With the mission property half destroyed, to the extent of forty thousand dollars and the danger of further aerial visitation ever present, the priests and Sisters have been obliged to take to the hills and live as best they may in the Chinese countryside. Imagine rising every morning at four o'clock and making the daily trek to the nearby village; living in native surroundings during the summer heat, with the fleas and flies and epidemics and about as much privacy as a goldfish in Times Square. At Headquarters, during those insufferable dog days, life was tolerable. But now, with food scarce and prices advanced *Two Thousand Per Cent.* and Lishui a deserted village where farmers fear to come with their supply of vegetables, life is a bit precarious from day to day. Worst of all is the suffering of the poor people who have been bombed from their homes and have lost their little all and are on the verge of starvation. After dark the dispensary work is resumed and the priests and Sisters carry on, and have earned the undying gratitude of the Chinese people.

THE FUTURE

In spite of all, the future is bright. Personally, I believe that the four years of war in China have done the Church more good than

anything that has happened in the preceding century. It has found priests and Sisters at their posts, risking their lives to minister to a stricken people. A Chinese General who once honoured me with a visit remarked that our Catholic missionaries did not seem afraid to die, that missionaries as a whole were the only friends the Chinese had in this hour of desperate trial and disaster. "If that is what your religion teaches you people to do" he added, "rest assured that when this war is over the people of my country will not forget." I hope they do not. And when brighter days return, and the cheery mailman once more calls out, "Fader Mupphy, Fader Mollison, Fader Maygeggigan" (that was always a tough one) the boys will read the news from home with the added consolation that they have not faltered in the face of hardship and disaster.

Kwan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy

(Continued from page 5)

This ceremony which took place this morning, will no doubt mark an important point in the growth of Catholicism in China. The prophecy of Isaías, which was read in the epistle of the Mass, seems indeed to be grandly fulfilled. "Behold thou shalt call a nation which thou knowest not and the nation that knew thee not shall run to thee." Who will doubt that this dedication of the Chinese nation to Mary will bring down upon this vast country countless blessings and graces and for those who already know and love Our Lady, will give an increase of affection and devotion towards her.

Another interesting point is that this new feast of Our Lady is a counterpart to and can counteract, the pagan worship of Kwan Yin, the so called "goddess of mercy", to whom is dedicated a statue in all the temples throughout the land. Situated in the beautiful hills about twenty miles west of Peking, in the temple of the Sleeping Buddha, is a circular stone slab on which stands a gigantic statue of this goddess, and through sluices

beneath the stone on which the idol stands rushes out a clear stream of water, which the Chinese believe to be a cure for all the ailments to which the flesh is subject.

Now, with this feast of Mary, Mediatrix of all Graces, we have a direct counterpart to the widespread and superstitious worship of Kwan Yin. Inspired with the knowledge of her mediation and aided by the grace which must come through her as Mediatrix, may we, for her honour and glory, helped by your prayers, labour with all our powers to overthrow the superstitious worship of the pagan goddess and in its place build up a great love and devotion to Mary, the Mother of Jesus. Then, in place of the water, devoid of all healing powers (for no concrete case of any cure has ever been recorded although the pagans believe the water to be able to cure all bodily ills), may there flow a continual and bountiful stream of Divine Grace through this vast land, to heal all the spiritual ills of these unfortunate people and as it flows along wash away all trace of the old paganism and superstitious worship of the goddess Kwan Yin.


Kwan Yin is dead and in her place on the Dragon Throne sits the rightful Queen of China, Mary the Mediatrix of all Graces, the Mother of God.

The Prophecy of St. Odile


(Continued from page 11)

Then the peoples will go to the mountain and offer their thanks to God, because men will have seen such terrible abominations in this war that their generations will never want more of it.

Woe, however, in these days to those who fear not the Anti-Christ, because he is the father of those whom crime does not frighten. He will give rise to further murders and there will be many more tears shed. But the era of peace under the iron will have arrived and the two horns of the moon will be seen to be united under the Cross, because in these days frightened men will adore God in all truth and the sun will shine with unaccustomed brilliancy.



READ'EM AND GRIN



Magnate (to hard-up suitor): "Young man, do you know how I made my money?"

Young Man: "Yes, but I can't permit that to stand in the way of Muriel's happiness."

"Oatmeal, oatmeal — every day oatmeal! lamented Willie.

"Yes," said Fred; "no wonder they call it a serial."

She: "Did you know I'd become an actress?"

Her Friend: "No, but I heard you'd gone on the stage."

Passenger: "Have I time to say good-bye to my wife?"

Porter: "I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?"

In a village in the Highlands the kirk required a new minister. One of the candidates, having preached, returned to the church after the service and began to inspect the building.

"I was just taking a look at the church," he exclaimed to the beadle, who was watching him rather grimly.

"Aye, well, tak' a guid look at it," came the unexpected warning, "for it's no' likely ye'll ever see it again."

He was finding it hard to propose and Maggie was too reticent to help him along.

"Maggie, I have been calling on ye for three years now."

"Aye, Jock," she answered.

"I have taken ye oot every Sunday, Maggie."

"Aye, Jock."

"I have taken ye to the pictures every Saturday, Maggie."

"Aye, Jock."

"And I have sat wi' ye every Thursday nicht."

"Aye, Jock."

"And I'm here the noo."

"Aye, Jock."

Then, in desperation: "Maggie, d'ye no' smell a rat?"

The city dweller was reading a newspaper when he was heard to exclaim: "Even the cows are doing it now!"

"Doing what?" inquired his wife.

"Hoarding," he replied.

"Not really hoarding?" his wife echoed.

"Sure," said her husband. "Right here in the headlines it says: 'Light native cow hides seven cents.'"

Some people say that the letter "E" is unfortunate because it is always in Trouble and Debt, and never out of Danger! That's true, but still it is always to be found where there is Gaiety and merry-making, and is the absolute centre of honesty, and the beginning of all Earnest Endeavour.

There are lots of things you hear about but never see—here are a few:

A Hair from a hammer's head.

A Wink from the eye of a needle.

A Blanket from the bed of a stream.

A Tooth from the mouth of a river.

A Toe from the foot of a mountain.

A Key for the lock of your hair.

A Jail for the crook of your arm.

An Academy for the pupils of your eyes.

Which country, though old, is always new?—Newfoundland.

An inspector, while examining a class in school one day, asked, "Who drove the Israelites out of Egypt? You!" he said, pointing to a small boy in the corner.

"No, sir, 'twasn't me," replied the boy, trembling. "I only came back from the country last week!"

Teacher (to boys): "If you were to have another eye, where would you like it to be?"

"On my finger end," replied one of the boys.

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"So that I could stick it through the fence and see the football match."

"So the magistrate fined you five pounds for assaulting Casey, Mick," said his friend, meeting the Irishman the day after the fight."

"Gegorra, he did," smiled Mick, "and it was a proud moment in my life when I heard the sentence."

"Why, how's that?" asked the other.

"It showed which of us had the best of the fight," explained Mick.

Magistrate: "Did you say that the culprits used high words?"

Witness: "Well, their voices were pitched high—but the words they used were extremely low."

"Say, looky hya, Rastus, you know what you're doin'? You is goin' away fo' a week and they ain't a stick of wood cut fo' de house."

"Well, what you all whinin' about, woman? I ain't takin' de axe wid me, am I?"

Baggs: "Happy are they who look before they marry."

Boggs: "Yes, and overlook after they marry."

Lady (showing photograph): "Don't I look terrible?"

He: "Not on the photograph."

Stranger: "So little Willie, who used to make mud pies all the time, turned out to be a sculptor?"

Pa Sikes: "Yes, blame it; I thought it was a sign he'd be a baker."

Binks: "That chap pitched three years at Yale."

Winks: "What is he doing now?"

Binks: "President of a bank. His arm went back on him."

Earnest New Student: "Excuse me, could you tell me the way to the lecture hall?"

Old Hand: "'Fraid I can't; I'm a student myself!"

Airman (explaining the crash): "I just happened to get into an air pocket."

Sympathetic Old Lady: "Oh, dear! And there was a hole in it."

She (admiringly): "Just look at that man's chest development."

He: "Chest development! He got that bulge patting himself on the back."

"Dear teacher, the next time our Willie is a bad boy," ran a letter to a schoolmistress, "smack him on the face, because he wears his pants out soon enough without you helping him."

He told her of his great love.

"When a belle is told," she whispered winsomely, "a ring generally follows."

"How is Dub getting on with his golf?"

"Pretty good. He hit a ball in one to-day."

Temperance Orator: "Some advocate moderation—others demand prohibition. What, I ask you, really is the great drink question?"

A Voice: "What'll you have?"

Squad Leader: "I heard the battalion commander called you a blockhead. Is that correct?"

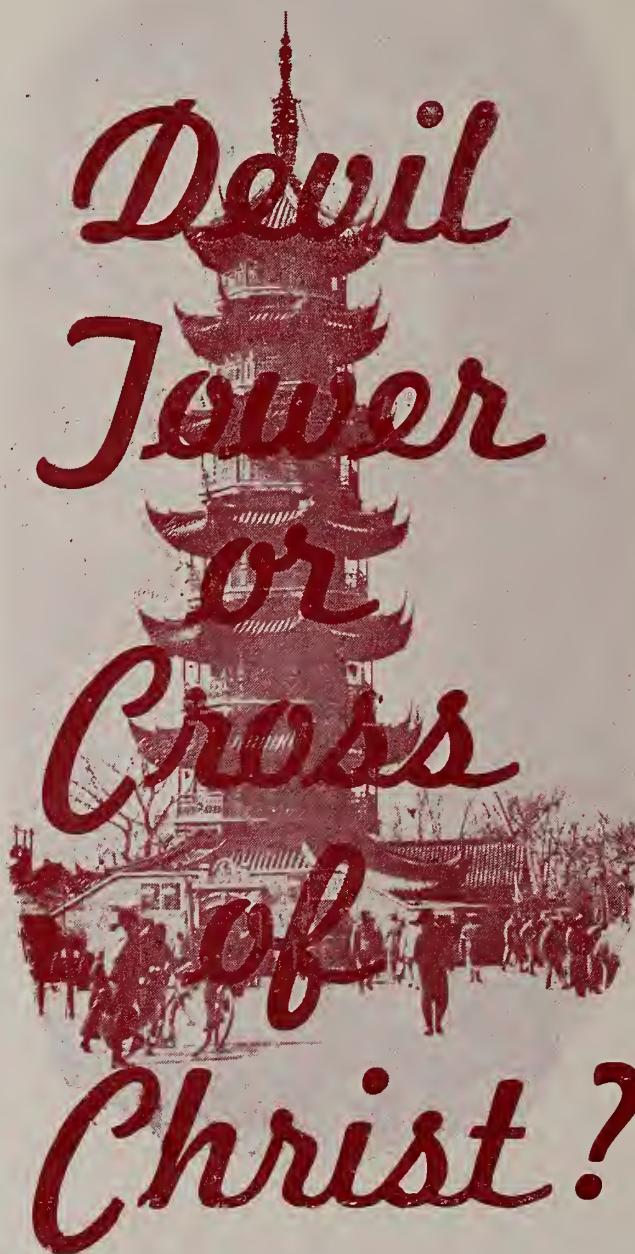
Rookie: "No, sir, he didn't make it that strong. He just said, 'Pull down your cap; here comes a woodpecker.'"

Which Shall It Be —

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Everywhere in China one sees it —the Devil Tower; symbol of paganism, superstition and worship of the evil one. They stand on China's hundred hills, strongholds of Satan — "the powers of darkness in the high places". Almost 400,000,000 people still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and know not Almighty God or the redeeming Cross of Christ.

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In helping our missionaries by your prayers and by your alms you are liberating the millions of China from a domination far more terrible than the crooked cross of Nazidom. By your zeal for souls you are leveling the Devil Tower and raising in its place the Cross of Jesus Christ.

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NOVEMBER

CHINA

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REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

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The Month of the Holy Souls

IT is the Month of the Holy Souls—a month of prayer and supplication to God, for our dearly beloved dead; it is a month of memories—memories of friends, relatives, benefactors, long since departed.

Memory to-day takes us gently by the hand and leads us high up into the hills of Chekiang, to a little plot of China's "good earth", that is forever Canada. Reverently we kneel beside the graves of Rev. James MacGillivray and Rev. Aaron Gignac, the beloved dead of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, and pray Almighty God, that He may have mercy on their souls and grant them that peace and happiness they so richly deserve.

To you, dear reader, we especially recommend, during this holy month of November, the souls of these our priestly comrades, who have fought the good fight, who have finished the work that they were given to do, and who now lie bivouaced until the Judgment Day.

During this month of the Poor Souls in Purgatory, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will remember daily in the Masses and prayers of its priests and seminarians, both here and in China, the deceased friends and benefactors of our institution—those who during their lifetime were our co-workers in Christ, making possible by their prayers and their sacrifices both the harvesters and the harvest of pagan souls. Our gratitude to them is great indeed and we know that the good God has reserved for them in heaven a special happiness and glory.

We recommend them, too, to the prayers of our readers—beseeching you to pray God for them, that they may enjoy the fruits of their holy life and apostolic zeal.

On the inner cover is a picture of the annual catechists' and teachers' retreat at Lishui, preached by Rev. Father Fu of Kinhuwa. Next to the retreat master is Rev. Vincent Morrison, former pastor at Lishui, now chaplain to the Grey Sisters' convent there and Spiritual Director of the girls' school.

"Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

Most understandable and most consoling perhaps of all the doctrines of the Catholic Church to the average Chinese pagan, is the teaching of the Church that we may assist our dear dead by our prayers—for ancestor worship has always been from time immemorial in China the very heart and centre of their pagan religion.

The Chinese have always believed in punishment for sin in the other world, but their religion also taught that the dead might have this punishment shortened by prayers offered up for them by friends and relatives. Of course, such a belief was mixed up with all manner of stupid superstitions and practices. Nevertheless, it did prepare the pagan mind for the acceptance of our doctrine regarding Purgatory. While on the other hand, Protestantism had nothing to offer in place of Chinese ancestor worship, as indeed it had nothing to offer in place of the pagan celibate priesthood, pagan celibate nuns, and China's customary sacrifices to the gods.

So appealing to the Chinese Catholic is our doctrine of prayer for the dead, that the first native order of Sisters to be founded in China took as their name the Virgins of Purgatory and as their special devotion, prayers for the deceased Chinese Catholic people.

Nowhere as in Catholic China will this month of the Holy Souls be kept more reverently. All during November, Catholic China, from north to south, from east to west, will be on its knees, praying for its dead.

"The Catholic Church has no other reason for existence than to propagate the Faith"



Attention, Please!

Bag" and is made every Sunday morning from 6 to 7 a.m., Pacific Standard Time, which is evening in the Far East. Messages must carry the full name and address of the sender and the full name and address of the missionary priest or sister to whom it is going.

* * *

Right Rev. Monsignor J. M. Fraser, in charge of our district of Kinhwa, and Rev. Lawrence Beal, Regional Superior, return to China. They will sail from San Francisco on October 17th, aboard one of the President liners, bound for Shanghai. From Shanghai, Monsignor Fraser will proceed to Kinhwa and Father Beal will go on to our Mission Headquarters at Lishui. Both returned from China in May, to take part in the First General Chapter of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, and since then have been endeavouring to return to their Missions in China.

We ask the prayers of our readers that both Monsignor Fraser and Father Beal may arrive safely at their journey's end, despite the unsettled conditions in the Far East and the difficulties of transportation.

* * *

Rev. Mother Estella, Superior-General of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, arrived in Vancouver, B.C., on October 10th, on a visitation of the Community's houses throughout the West.

Mother General expressed great satisfaction at the progress made in the Chinese Catholic Mission, since her visit some years ago. Since that former visit, a new school has been built, a new church opened and many improvements made in the priests' and Sisters' residences.

CHINA takes this opportunity of thanking Mother General for her interest, her help and her sacrifices on behalf of the Mission in Vancouver and to pay tribute to the zeal and unstinted effort of the Grey Sisters in the conversion of the Chinese people of Canada.

CHINA wishes to express sincerest congratulations to Rev. Brother Alfred of the Christian Brothers, who this year celebrates the golden jubilee of his vocation. Widely known as an educationalist, Brother Alfred was instrumental in the foundation of the present D'Arcy Magee High School, one of Montreal's best-known institutions of higher learning. In 1913 he came to Toronto, as the first director of the Junior House of Studies at De La Salle, where he inaugurated many wonderful improvements. From Toronto he was sent to Edmonton, where he raised more than \$200,000 to build St. Joseph's College. He then returned once again to Toronto, and headed a campaign for funds for the foundation of Oaklands.

Brother Alfred's numerous friends from Coast to Coast in Canada will join with him on this most happy occasion and wish him many more fruitful years in his holy calling.

* * *

There is another golden jubilarian whom we are most happy to honour during this year of grace—Sister Xavier Berkeley of the Sisters of Charity, Superior of the Presentation Convent at Tinghai, Chekiang, China.

Daughter of the late Lord Berkeley of England, Sister Xavier began her missionary career in Kiukiang. Later she was transferred to Ningpo, where she did expert service in the hospital and founded a school for instruction in the art of weaving. In 1911, as the Superior of the convent in Tinghai on Chusan (largest island of the Chusan Archipelago), Sister estab-

lished an orphanage for two hundred foundlings. To-day there are also another orphanage, an old folks' home, a home for mental defectives, a fully-equipped hospital, a school for externs, and a school for arts and crafts. All these have been made possible by the zeal and courage and labour of Sister Xavier Berkeley.

Sister saw the convent at Ningpo threatened and almost destroyed by the Boxers in 1900. She has seen the great ecclesiastical territory of Chekiang, divide, subdivide and divide again, as the Catholic people continued to increase in number. And now, she carries on her work of charity, despite the horrors and upheaval of the Sino-Japanese war.

The Scarborough Foreign Mission Society of Canada takes this opportunity of thanking Sister for all her kindness to our missionaries and to the Grey Sisters in China. We owe her a very deep debt of gratitude that we could never possibly repay, but we ask God to repay it for us. We assure Sister of our prayers daily and our jubilee wish is that Almighty God may give Sister Xavier Berkeley many more years in which to serve her beloved China.

* * *

Relatives and friends of our missionaries in China will be delighted to know that through the courtesy of General Electric Station KGEI, at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, personal messages of not more than thirty words may be broadcast free of charge to their loved ones in China. The broadcast is called "Missionary Mail

The Church in China To-morrow

by LOIS LEE

(Reprinted from *The Shield*)

FREQUENTLY my friends in America ask me, "What do you think of the future of the Catholic Church in China?" When I hear the question I always feel tempted to smile. I am a Catholic only a few years and do not pretend to be a specialist as regards the Church in China.

However, I know that my friends, and at this moment I include all Crusaders among them, are interested merely in learning what I, a young lady of present-day China who knows and loves her homeland, believe to be the prospects for the winning of China to Christianity.

The future of the Church in China is very bright. This is the opinion of our missionaries and of well-informed Chinese Catholics. It is likewise the impression of many young people like myself who know the spirit of modern China and who realize how much the sufferings and struggles of our people have made them earnest and anxious to possess the finest ideals by which to live their lives.

The Church Is Recognized

To-day the Church in China is free. Some centuries ago, Catholic missionaries—great Franciscan and Jesuit scholars—on different occasions entered China and won favour at the Court of our Emperor. But in each case after a few years, when some thousands of converts had been won, difficulties and misunderstandings arose and the missionaries were expelled. In a more recent century, an entry was again effected and the Church made a fresh start, this time among the lowly, living for generations a life similar to that of the Christians in the catacombs of Rome during the early centuries.

To-day, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and our principal leaders express themselves publicly as recognizing that the teachings of Christ are a force for good in the country. There is always the possibility, it is true, that radical elements desiring Communism after the Russian pattern, may over-



"GEE! YOU GO BACKWARDS!"

Miss Lois Lee, author of the article on the future of the Catholic Church in China, identifies herself in this writing as one who is working for the day when she may return to her native land for social service. This paper was presented in the Foreign Mission Forum of the 12th National C.S.M.C. Convention.

Asked by some one in the audience if the Chinese think that Catholics and Protestants are the same, Miss Lee said that she was brought up in Protestantism and did not know there were Catholics until she came to the U.S.A. "Many Protestant Chinese think that the Catholics are old-fashioned," she said, "and many of my friends have remarked to me: 'Gee! You go backwards!'"

throw the present government, but the chances are quite remote.

... And Organized

First of all, this is due to the fact that the Church is very well organized in China. The Holy Father in Rome, guiding the destinies of the Church throughout the world, has divided China into small sections like a checkerboard. Over each section he has placed a Bishop, who has missionary Priests and Sisters to work for him.

There are more than 130 such sections to-day, and while some 20 different nationalities are represented among the missionaries who labour in them, all of these apostles from overseas are striving resolutely to train Chinese Priests and Chinese Sisters who will increase

the grand total of workers and make the Church in China more and more a brother of China's soil. Of the 130 sections, some twenty-five are now in charge of Chinese Bishops; there are thousands of Chinese Priests and Sisters in every part of the country, from the shores of the Pacific to the borders of Central Asia, from the confines of Mongolia in the north to the borders of Indo-China in the south.

Secondly, the Catholic missionary in China is admired by all for his devotion to the people. General Chiang Kai-shek himself has praised their unselfishness. Many young officers who have attended military classes under the Generalissimo have revealed that in the course of his confidential lectures on the ideals of an officer he has held up before his men the Catholic missionary.

"To-day," one officer reports the Generalissimo as saying "I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic missionary. These men are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacles." The Generalissimo devoted his entire lecture period to developing this theme and to exhorting the officers to form their lives according to the devotion of the missionary to the cause which he serves.

The missionaries are loved by the people because they have not deserted them during these years of disaster. For instance, during the bombing of the city of Kweilin in Kwangsi Province, the home of the missionaries, who are American Priests of Maryknoll, was wrecked. But, rather than leave the city, the Priests rented a river-boat and continued their work among the people with their boat tied to the bank of the stream.

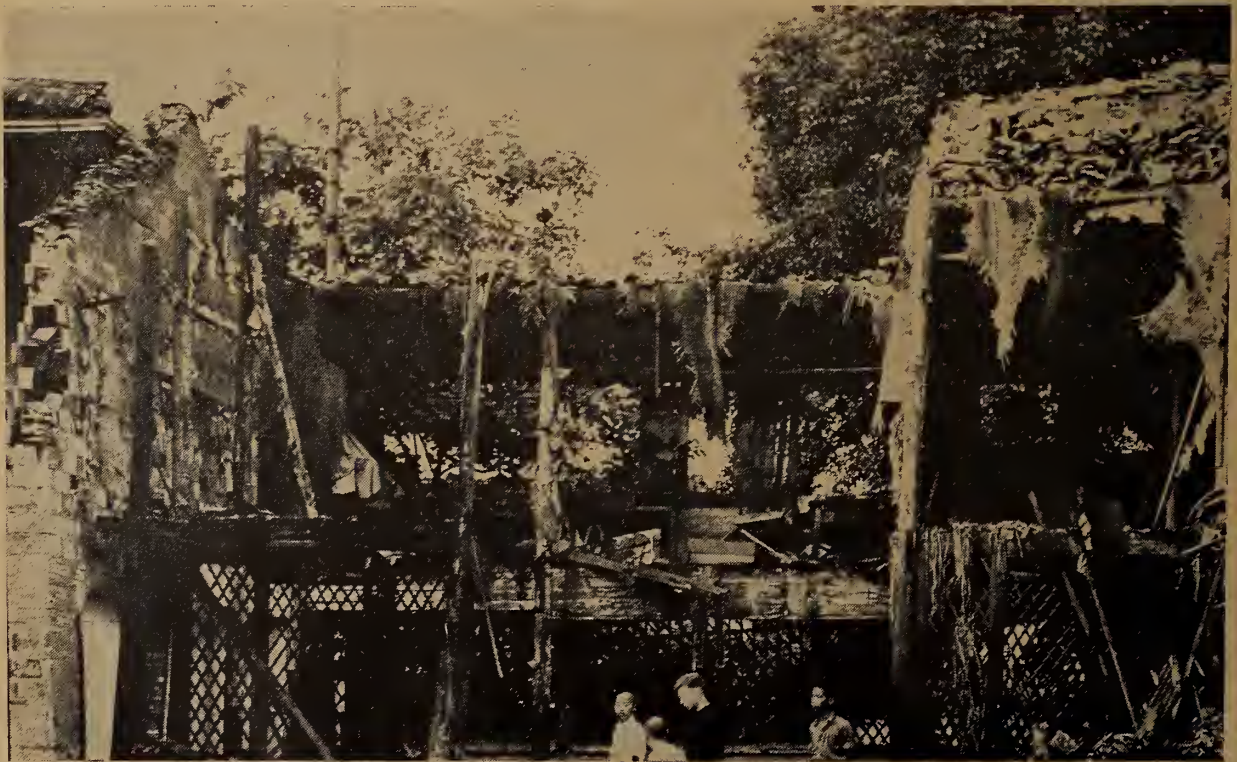
The Life of Charity

Thirdly, Christianity has a bright future in China because the people are coming to see that every Christian community in China tries its best to distinguish itself by a life of warm charity. The Chinese people
(Continued on page 16)

\$100,000 DAMAGE



ABOVE—All that was left of the dispensary. BELOW—Ruins of the resident students' quarters.



Your Help is Urgently Needed in Lishui



Kenneth Hugh Roland Jang.



Sister St. Joan on the occasion of her Solemn Profession, attended by flower girls.



Miss Nina Cheng.

Vancouver Mission News

MAY we introduce to you, dear reader, some of the very interesting personalities at our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, B.C.? We want you to know these young people among whom our priests have been labouring these past eight or nine years. Of course we cannot mention them all this month, but we promise to introduce you to a few more in the next number of CHINA.

* * *

KENNETH HUGH ROLAND JANG—A little lad of about five years whose picture graced the February-March issue of CHINA this year. He was christened Kenneth after Father Kenneth Turner; Roland after Father Roland Roberts, and Hugh after Father Hugh Sharkey. He is a regular attendant at the kindergarten school at the Mission and is affectionately known as "Baby Doi". Whenever one of the priests visits his home he insists on entertaining them with a few songs. His picture is at the above left.

* * *

MISS NINA CHENG—Secretary at the National Office of the Holy

Childhood Association, Nina is a graduate of the University of British Columbia and one of the leaders among the younger set in Vancouver's Chinese community. An accomplished pianist, with a degree from the Conservatory of Music at London, England, Miss Cheng embodies that high culture and love of the arts and learning that is the finest heritage of her race. But above all else, it is for her cheerfulness and friendliness that we like her most and we are happy to present her picture at the right top of this page—though it in no way does her the justice she deserves.

* * *

EVELYN WONG—One of the sixth grade pupils in our St. Francis Xavier School in Vancouver, Evelyn was baptized in St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, where her Mother was at that time a patient. Evelyn is the first girl from the left in the central picture at the top of this page. The picture was taken on the occasion of Sister St. Joan's final profession last August. The dainty young ladies all dressed in white were

Sister's flower girls at the ceremony.

Evelyn is one of our finest Catholic girls, always polite, always ready to help, and very proud of her Faith and her school. When she grows up we know that the Catholic Church in Chinatown will find in her a pillar of strength and real leadership.

* * *

MISS IRENE WOO—Irene is our next door neighbour in Vancouver, for she lives less than a block from the Mission. Now in Grade Six, Irene has been coming to school to the Grey Sisters ever since she was in kindergarten. Ever since her baptism Irene has been one of the most faithful of all in coming to Holy Mass, Confession and Holy Communion, and in attendance at our school. Irene is the third from the left in the centre picture that heads this page.

* * *

MISS JEAN KONG—Jean is the second flower girl from the left in the above photo and is smiling as usual. She is growing so rapidly that soon she will be a young lady,
(Continued on page 17)



*Rt. Rev. J. E. McRae,
D.P., D.C.L.,
Superior General.*



The Priests and Students, St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary, 1941-1942.



Peking — Lishui:



Rev. J. Murphy and Rev. T. McQuaid at Peking.



Rev. M. MacSween and Rev. T. McQuaid at Peking.



Rev. R. Reeves and friends at Lishui.

Rev. M. Maloney and Rev. A. Clement at Peking.



Rev. M. Maloney and Rev. M. Carey at Peking.



Rev. Craig Strang and Pharaoh at Lishui.

A. R. P. in a C

by A Grey



It was just the week's washing hung out to dry.

IT WAS not a soap advertisement, nor was it the contents of a Lishui linen cupboard on parade. No, it was just the week's wash hung out to dry. The weekly wash, yes, but a double decker this time and the three women who were responsible for the white array were sitting restfully in the laundry waiting for the sun to apply his drying torch to the lines of clothes. And they were talking as women have the habit of doing, and they were talking "shop".

Mrs. Chen was quite certain that all the Missions must have staged an altar linen shower, as never in her day had so many Missions been represented in one week's wash. Moreover, she had an extra supply of Roman collars and she sighed as she thought of her wasted labour on them.

"Those collars are out on the boards now and should be dry in an hour," she muttered as she glanced through the window at the neat rows of white collars spread out to be ironed dry by the sun.

"Dry or not dry," said the second occupant of the soap box, "don't bring them in even if the alarm does ring, and not a sheet, not even a handkerchief, comes off that line until I hear the sound of planes myself, and," she added, "I hope

those panicky pupils keep away—they should be hypnotized every time the alarm rings."

No sooner said when Mrs. Chen's daughter startled the trio with, "Air alarm!" The women did not move, did not even ask the child which alarm had rung. They were not interested any more and they were tired of hanging out and bringing in clothes. They had done it seventeen times last week just because a seemingly lonely scout plane had chosen Lishui clouds for an eight-day game of hide and seek.

Mrs. Chen, Mrs. Wong and Mrs. Li were discussing the futility of it all when, to their dismay and disgust, a pupil fell in the door with a staggering bundle of sheets and altar cloths. Behind the leader followed a group of frightened school girls, each one laden with a healthy fragment of the week's wash hastily snatched from the lines. The "urgent" they shouted as they threw their wares helter-skelter on the laundry floor and then dashed to the dug-out. Already, there was a familiar hum coming from that region of blue where the sun and the moon reside.

"That's not angel's wings," said Mrs. Wong as she stumbled over



A pupil fell in the door with a staggering bundle of sheets and altar cloths.

the white heap of linen and winged her way to the ironing board in an effort to rescue the precious collars from those panicky girls. But she was too late. She turned and went to join the others in the dug-out.

There were discussions going on in there as to the number of planes. "How many planes?" is always the foremost question on everyone's lips and always, all eyes are riveted for enlightenment on the latest arrival as he or she descends. Usually that one does not have to be asked. If he doesn't know the number he will give his opinion anyway. If he does know and if he is the "keep them cool" type, he says, "There are six or so but very low, that is why they are so noisy." Everyone is satisfied and settles down to hear what six or so planes may have for discharge to-day.

When the laundresses began their descent into the shelter, the debating as to the number of planes ceased and all interested in aerial activities awaited their account of the number of actors on to-day's overhead programme.

"It's that old scout plane again—that's all it is and all our morning's work for nothing"—that was Mrs. Chen's announcement.

When the lone plane had finished its game and headed for its own playground, Mrs. Chen and her laundry associates returned to the scene of their labour but not to their soap-box rostrum. That mountainette of whitewear at the wash-room door which only a few hours ago had concluded its weekly appointment with suds and tubs had to be re-sorted and clothes-lined again. From previous operations, based on nearly four years' experience, this trio of women well knew that many a piece would be marshalled into the tubs again. There were lengths of altar cloths and yards of sheeting that had been dragged all along the ground from the clothes-line to the laundry, and

Chinese Laundry

er at Lishui

there were towels and handkerchiefs that had been trampled on in the stampede, not to mention the table linen that had come first to the rescuers' hands and now served as a foundation rug. And, there were the collars and corporals that had been starched so carefully and spread in such even formation on the zinc-covered ironing boards. The stage was set for another review and it was well nigh noon rice before the last sheet after its second dip in blueing was unfurled in the orange grove drying area. The tired women locked the laundry and went home to dinner.

They could not have reached the dessert stage of their well-earned dinner when there was another "ching poo" (alarm). From three homes three women emerged and headed for their laundry. A sentinel stopped them as they converged at the street intersection near the Mission. Three women and one sentinel had a stiff argument—time was marching and the excited ladies were thinking of those rows and rows of linen and cotton that needed salvaging by them if they were to be spared this morning's fate.

"Please let us pass," said Mrs. Chen meekly and half not so meekly.

"But, I cannot, I have orders," replied the uniformed man.

"But, we have business—it's urgent," said Mrs. Wong.

"There's no business now—the alarm is on and you cannot pass here—go to your shelter."

The sentinel was stern but he did not intimidate the women.

"Our shelter is on this street and we must pass—besides we have to save—"

"Save? Save what? If you have something to save go quickly and save it."

Mrs. Chen and her friends passed sentinel No 1, only to be stopped

half way down the block by a second.

"Return to your homes," he ordered. "Don't you know there is an alarm on? A.R.P., do you know what that means?"

"We do and that's why we must hurry—and we have to bring in the Catholic Missions' washing."

"The Catholic Mission washing?—well, ladies, go, and go fast—that sea of whiteness in their garden can be seen clearly from above—"

The "urgent" sounded just then and the members of the Lishui Triple Laundry Pact sped on to cover the half block between them and the Convent gate. Directly to the clothes-line they went, but once again someone had dismantled them. They turned to the laundry and there was the heap of white, only it seemed to be three times higher than it was this morning. And, Mrs. Wong began to scold—it seemed to be the only thing to do now.

"Who brought those clothes in? I am going to tell Sister this very minute to keep those teachers and girls of hers in their own school and out of our affairs—such a squadron of—"

"Sh-h-h." The cook heard the commotion as she passed from the basement to the kitchen.

"It wasn't the girls—it was the Sisters themselves."



"Please let us pass," said Mrs. Chen.



Sisters and women took shelter under the green foliage.

"But they are on the floor—"

"Yes, but Sister put mats under them and most of them are dry enough to iron anyway."

"Even so, we must make some plan for the washing—it does not do us any good, nor the clothes neither, to have them on and off the lines so often. A blackout sounds sensible enough but a white-out—"

"Well, at first we did not have this trouble—it was only after the Match Factory was bombed that the police ordered the Sisters to have no white display—they could see it from the hill."

"All clear, all clear!" a bevy of girls shouted as they came in suddenly on the women. "And Sister sent us to help hang out."

They did not wait for directions but piled the clothes, dry ones and wet ones, into the baskets and trooped off to the lines. The clothes on parade again, the girls went off leaving the half dozen or so baskets scattered in and out amongst the orange trees. Their "good turn" did not include as thorough a job as putting things where you got them.

The three laundresses and the cook went into conference at the kitchen stove. Two pairs of women

(Continued on page 17)

St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto

CHINESE language school has started once again at the Mission, and there are about twenty boys and girls attending. Class starts at five o'clock every afternoon and continues until seven. Thus these Canadian-born Chinese girls and boys are taught their native tongue, in order that they may be able to appreciate the ancient culture, the history, the literature and the arts of a civilization that is older than any other on earth.

Mrs. Wong, wife of the editor of the Toronto Chinese daily newspaper, is a teacher and she instructs the students in writing, reading and speaking Chinese correctly. She is considered the best Chinese teacher in the city and, as such, is a great asset to the Mission.

We are happy to announce that the Chinese Catholic Mission at



A Dragon procession through Toronto's Chinatown.

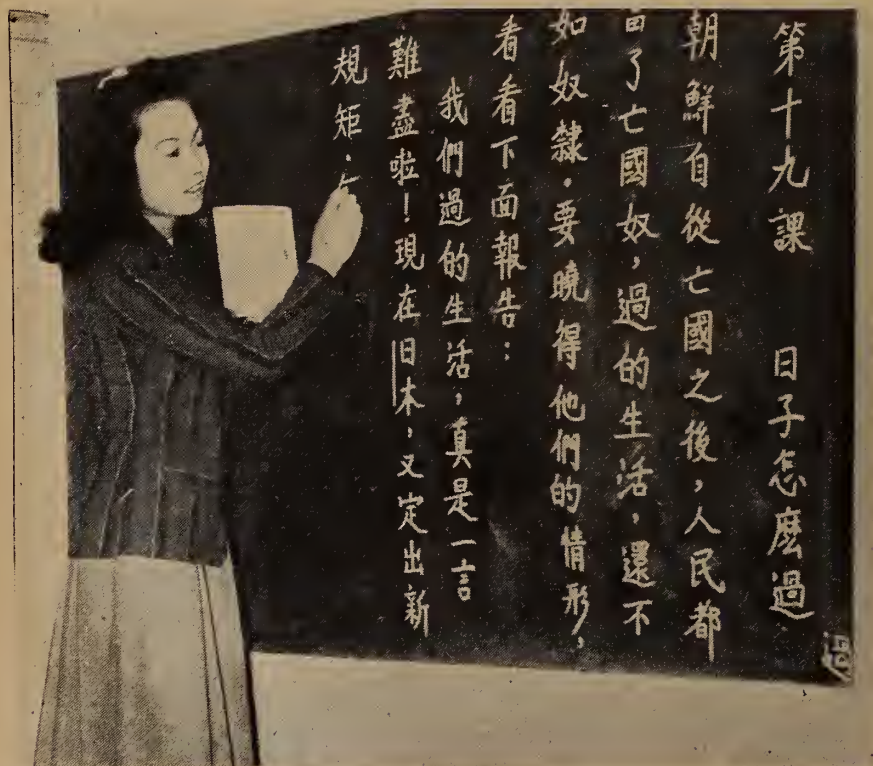
Toronto is soon to move to new quarters on Simcoe Street. The present house on Chestnut Street has been very inadequate and was only rented for Mission purposes

because no other place in the district was available at the time. Father Moriarty hopes to take up residence on Simcoe Street some time before Christmas and will be able in these more suitable surroundings to carry on his Mission work far more successfully and efficiently.

Besides the Chinese Language School and Chapel, the new building will house a kindergarten school and a clinic. Thus there will be a real Catholic Social Centre for Toronto's Chinese Catholics. We know that this forward step in Mission work in Toronto's Chinatown will be a great source of encouragement to the numerous friends of the Seminary and especially to the St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary, who have laboured so very zealously for the conversion of the Chinese in Toronto and for the support of St. Anne's Mission.

Another announcement of interest to the friends of China Mission Seminary is the second annual Oriental Bazaar, to be held by the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary at Columbus Hall, Linden and Sherbourne Streets, on Monday, November 17th, in the afternoon and evening. The Bazaar is in aid of the Mission and is under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, the Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

We invite all our friends to come to the Bazaar and thus help in this foreign mission problem that is right at our door—the conversion of Toronto's three thousand Chinese. Please come to Columbus Hall on the evening or afternoon of November the seventeenth, and not only thereby enjoy yourself, but also participate in real Catholic Action.



Miss Phyllis Chu, a student at the Chinese Language School at the Toronto Mission.

HE *Blazed* A TRAIL

By The Rev. Patrick O'Connor

(Reprinted from *The Far East*)

THE MAN WHO LED THE WAY TO CHINA—FORTY YEARS AGO

"I'M sorry but I can't give you a collection. Try Holy Rosary over on Chauncey Street."

The words did not carry much encouragement to the tall, thin missionary. Dubiously he listened to directions for going to Chauncey Street. He would try anyhow.

It was a morning in February, 1912, and the scene was Brooklyn, N.Y. The missionary was Father John M. Fraser, home from China and due to return in two weeks. A missionary from China is nothing marvelous in 1941. In 1912 he was a rare bird. Indeed if you saw Canadian-born, thirty-five-year-old Father Fraser on the Brooklyn sidewalk that morning, you saw the only secular priest from North America who had ever laboured on the Chinese Missions.

Stranger though he was, Father Fraser found a cordial welcome in Holy Rosary rectory. The elderly pastor, the late Monsignor McEnroe, invited him to stay for dinner. He introduced him to his two assistants, one of whom was a young priest named Galvin. And in that meeting lay the beginning of St. Columban's Missions.

One day last May the same Father Fraser, white-haired but youthful as ever in spirit, mounted the steps of St. Columban's, Nebraska, to be greeted by priests who were only boys when he first met Father Galvin and by students who were not even born then. Now a veteran of the Chinese Mis-

sions and, as a Prothonotary Apostolic, bearing the title of Monsignor, he had come from China to attend the chapter of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society (which he founded) at St. Francis Xavier's

story of the beginnings. It is a great story of Divine providence and grace, an inspiring story for the young men of a new generation who are preparing to follow in the footsteps of Monsignor Fraser and Bishop Galvin.



Right Rev. Monsignor John M. Fraser, P.A.

Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Tall, wiry, spare of frame and keen of eye, he has still the apostolic outlook, the matter-of-fact faith and the uncompromising zeal that forty years ago made him the precursor for hundreds of English-speaking missionaries who have come after him to China.

He spent a night in St. Columban's Seminary and told again the

John Fraser was in a seminary in Genoa, Italy, studying to be a priest of his home diocese of Toronto, when the thought of the foreign Missions came to him. He had read of the martyrs of Korea. Father Gabriel Perboyre, martyr of the Chinese Missions, had just been beatified. The Boxer persecution was then going on around Peking ("Here's a short way to heaven!" he thought). He applied for permission to go to China after his ordination; his archbishop granted it. A meeting with a Vincentian missionary, on sick leave in Italy, determined his choice of a Mission. So a few days before Christmas, 1902, young Father Fraser arrived in China to labour in Ningpo, then the Vicariate of Chekiang. On the following Holy Thursday he preached his first Chinese sermon.

In 1903 he was sent to a town that up to then had no resident priest. He built its first Catholic church. It was the town of Fenghua, birthplace of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, then a youth of seventeen.

Herald of the Missions

After eight years in China, Father Fraser returned to America and Europe to collect funds and to explore possibilities of starting a

(Continued on page 17)



Little Flower's Rose Garden

*Edited
By Father Jim*



Dear Boys and Girls:

It is time for Father Jim to say his monthly "hello" once again. I do hope you are all well and enjoying this grand Fall weather that we are having. Out here at Scarboro Bluffs the trees are all changing to red and brown—and the autumn colours are really beautiful.

Father Jim hopes that all the Buds are faithful to their prayer for the Missions every day and to their monthly Communion. Do not forget either during this month of the Poor Souls, to pray for your dear dead and for our deceased missionaries, Father James MacGillivray and Father Aaron Gignac.

Father Jim is very anxious to have the pictures of the different Buds, so he sure to send them in. I promise to put them in the CHINA if you do. Many of the Buds have asked me to have my picture in the CHINA, but Father Jim is rather backward about getting a picture of himself and putting it in the magazine. However, he may some time.

Good-bye for now and he sure to write me often and give me all the news about Mission activities at your school. God bless you.

Sincerely,

FATHER JIM.

* * *

Sheila Corbett writes from Loretto Academy at Guelph, Ontario, sending us a donation towards our work from Our Lady's Sodality, of which she is the president. Thanks very much, Sheila, and we are indeed glad that the girls enjoyed a visit from Monsignor McGrath. Don't forget to send Father Jim a picture some time.

We gratefully acknowledge a donation of \$4.75 from the children of St. Nicholas Catholic school, St. Nicholas, P.E.I. May God bless the zeal and generosity of these boys and girls and their devoted teacher, Mrs. Anthony Gaudet. Keep up the good work, children, and pray hard for the Missions.

* * *

Miss Eleanor Doyle of Peterborough, Ontario, wrote Father Jim a very interesting letter and enclosed some poems that she herself had written and for which she had obtained several prizes. Eleanor was too modest to send these verses until I wrote and asked her to. They are lovely poems and Father Jim hopes that Eleanor will continue to make use of this great talent that God has given her.

May I recommend to the prayers of the Buds during this month of the Poor Souls, the father of Miss Doyle. Her daddy passed away suddenly on April 5th of this year.

* * *

Anne Howard, twelve-year-old young lady from Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland, has just joined the Rose Garden and I hope some of the Buds of her age will write to her. We would like Anne to write and tell us something about Daniel's Cove.

* * *

The girls of Grade I of Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, Nova Scotia, have just sent in their renewal for CHINA for two more years. Does your school take our little Mission magazine and is your subscription paid up? One of the best ways of helping our work is getting new subscribers for CHINA. That is a good

Mission idea, if any of the girls or boys would like to help in that way.

* * *

St. Joseph's Convent of Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent the very generous sum of six dollars to aid in our missionary work. This money was collected by the pupils of Grade VI (Mixed) and the girls of Grade II of Oxford School. May God bless the children for their kind thoughtfulness. Father Jim realizes that the six dollars represents many sacrifices on the part of the pupils and much zeal on the part of the teachers.

* * *

Villanova School, Sydney, Nova Scotia, sends us two dollars for three subscriptions to CHINA for the school year. We hope you all enjoy the little magazine and that you are not forgetting our missionaries in your prayers. God bless you.

* * *

Genevieve Bienko writes to Father Jim for Grade IV of St. Lawrence's School in Hamilton, Ontario, and sends us a donation. Thanks, Genevieve, and all at St. Lawrence's. I was sure glad to hear from you and know that everyone passed in their June exams. I certainly will pray for you all that you may succeed at school.

* * *

I have a real helper in Angela Hoskins of Carbonear, Newfoundland. Angela wrote for ten copies of CHINA, and is going to sell the individual copies to people each month. I am sure she will be very successful and Father Jim certainly appreciates her kindness. Angela is going to be confirmed soon, so please pray for her.

Sylvia Ford, the Secretary of "Soldiers of Christ" class at St. Cecile School, Riverside, Ontario, sent me in their subscription to CHINA for this year and also a Mass Intention. The Mass is to be said in honour of Our Lady for the class that all of them may be true soldiers of Christ and that God may choose from among their number some missionary priests and sisters.

Father Jim thinks the name of the class is indeed a lovely one and that the boys and girls by their zeal for the Missions are living up to it.

* * *

Lorraine Blanchard wrote me for the pupils of Grade V of Holy Rosary School, Toronto, sending me a subscription to CHINA and a Mass Offering—the Mass to be offered up for the parents of the pupils. All the boys and girls are anxious to become Buds in the Little Flower's Rose Garden and wrote asking how to join. Father Jim will be delighted to have all these new members.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Beecher from Kippewa, Quebec, kindly sent us a donation to St. Theresa's Burse for the education of a missionary priest. She tells us that many of the mites that went to make up the amount were given by the Indian children, who call in at her little store on their way to and from school. Many thanks to these children and to Mrs. Beecher. God bless them.

* * *

The pupils of St. Joseph's School at Port Arthur, Ontario, sent us recently a donation to help in our missionary work and we are most grateful to the staff and the students. We are glad they get their copies of CHINA and enjoy them so much. I assure them that we will not forget them in our prayers.

* * *

Florence Tattersall, the secretary of Second Class at the Carmelite Convent in Toronto, wrote us a lovely letter and sent along a ransom for a Chinese baby girl to be named "Rita Leonie". We thank Second Class and are very grateful for their daily prayers for our Missions and missionaries. God bless you all.

* * *

Through one of our seminarians, Mr. Walden Allen, the pupils of St. Joseph's School at North Bay, Ontario, sent Father Jim a very generous donation of five dollars, to help our missionaries in far-off China. I want to thank them all very sincerely, for I realize that such a large donation means a lot to them, and was only gathered together by many sacrifices. But God will reward their kind thoughtfulness and our missionaries will be eternally grateful to them.

* * *

The girls of Grade XI at St. Patrick's Convent in St. John's, Newfoundland, sent Father Jim a note through Mr. Robert Moore, one of our seminarians—and it sure took my breath away. Out of the envelope fell a donation. Not two dollars, or five, or ten—but the grand sum of twenty-one dollars. Well done,



UPPER LEFT—
Rex and Mae
Edwards, Grand
Falls, Nfld.



UPPER RIGHT—
Gerard P.
Edwards, Grand
Falls, Nfld.

LOWER LEFT—
Angela Hoskins,
Carbonear, Nfld.

girls! A million thanks and may the good God bless such generosity. This large sum of money will greatly help our poor missionaries in China, in their work for the salvation of souls. Father Jim is sure proud of St. Pat's girls.

* * *

Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, sent us through their secretary, Miss Mary MacNeil, four dollars in War Savings Stamps. They feel that in this way they are helping Canada in her war effort and at the same time aiding the Chinese Missions. Father Jim thinks that is a swell idea and thanks them all most sincerely.

Two of our missionaries in China, who are from Nova Scotia, have written to Notre Dame School recently. They are—Father Charlie Murphy, who is in Hong Kong, and Father Dan MacNeil, who is in Tsingtien.

* * *

Mill Mildred Bambrick, the secretary of the C.C.S.M.C. at Immaculate High School in Ottawa, has just sent us a renewal of their subscription to CHINA and she tells me that the girls all enjoy the magazine very much. Thanks a lot, Mildred, and I do hope the bunch will continue to find our little mission monthly interesting and enjoyable.

Please pray hard for our Missions and missionaries during this month of our Blessed Lady. Father Jim will remember all the girls in his Masses and prayers.

* * *

The C.C.S.M.C. of Sacred Heart School at Guelph, Ontario, have sent us in their renewal subscription to the CHINA and we do hope that they will enjoy our missionary magazine, and send us along a picture of themselves that we will be able to publish. Well done, Sacred Heart School.

* * *

The most interesting letter of the month, written to Father Jim, came from Miss Dorothy Boyer of Blind River, Ontario. Dot is a little Indian girl, twelve years old, living on the Indian Reservation four miles from Blind River. She sent us along a dollar for our work, and we well know that for Dorothy to save that much money, meant many a sacrifice indeed. May God bless her thoughtfulness and kindness to His missionaries. Three cheers for Dorothy Boyer from everybody.

By the way, Dorothy, may I ask you a question? Why do they call it Blind River? Father Jim would be interested to know the answer.

* * *

The Mission Cluh at Notre Dame Convent, Morinville, Alberta, have just sent us a subscription to CHINA for the school year. Father Jim hopes they enjoy every number. The students last year ransomed three pagan babies, and helped missionaries both at home and in China. They certainly are fine missionaries and I am proud of them.

* * *

Agnes Molloy, of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, is a new Bud, and so is her younger brother Alphonsus. Agnes is fifteen and her brother twelve.

Come right into our garden, Agnes, and you, too, Alphonsus. We are all glad to have you, and Father Jim will be sending along your membership certificates right away. Don't forget your prayers for the Missions.

* * *

New Buds from Room Five, Holy Rosary School, Toronto, are the following boys and girls—Lorraine Blanchard, Frances Harper, Helen Murphy, Michael Cocomozzi, Dorothy Went, Barbara Morrison, Paul Caden, Mugette Hilliard, Helen Cook, William Hough, Teresa Woodbyrne, Mary Theresa Fattori, Dorothy Newton, James Carruthers, Paula Hanley, Eileen Mary Deegan, Jerry Goodwin, Joyce House, William Smith, Barrie Davidson, Nicholas Schaffer, Hilda Degenmeir, Katherine Birtles, Leonard Catania, Kathleen O'Brien, Gertrude McGann, and William Wingfelder.

Father Jim sure is glad to welcome such a large number of Buds into the Little Flower's Rose Garden, and thanks them for the grand donation of five dollars that they sent with their letter. I sure will try to visit your school one of these days, boys and girls.

Victoria Mission

On 866 North Park Street, on the outskirts of Chinatown, is the Chinese Catholic Mission, in charge of Rev. William Matte of Gogama, Ont., a member of the Scarborough Mission Society. Assisting Father Matte in his work are the Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels, who conduct a kindergarten school and a Chinese language school. Two of the Sisters working among the Chinese of Victoria are themselves Chinese—Sister Mary Gabriel and Sister Angela. Knowing their own people so well, these two Sisters are an invaluable help to the pastor, Rev. Father Matte.

The Chinese Catholic community of Victoria are badly in need of the assistance of our people throughout Canada. The present premises are being used for Father Matte's residence, a school and a community centre, and these premises consist of but one small one-storey house. It would indeed be a wonderful thing if, through the generosity of our Catholic people, the Chinese Catholics of Victoria might have a little school and church of their own. Please assist Father Matte and the Sisters to the best of your ability, in the great but difficult work that they are carrying on in Victoria. We cannot stand idly by and see these thousands of Chinese on the Pacific Coast converted to heretical sects, when we have the true Faith of Jesus Christ to give them and they are prepared to accept it. For fifty years or more Protestantism has bent all its efforts to proselytize the Chinese in British Columbia and has succeeded only too well. Till the advent of Father Matte to the city of Victoria, nothing was done for them by the Catholic Church. But now, Victoria's Chinatown has a resident priest and zealous co-workers, who are making great sacrifices and labouring day in and day out for the conversion of Canada's little Orient. We must not fail them—we must assist them—and we must pray for them.

Send along your mite to Father

Matte, and assist in a great missionary movement right here in our own Canada.

The Church in China To-morrow

(Continued from page 5)

are observing more and more that the good Christian is a synonym for the man who thinks of others and works to better the lives of others in his community. Most of what the Chinese Christians do cannot be written into statistical tables or recorded by the photographer. Mrs. Wong sends a bowl of rice to her neighbour's children who are starving; Mr. Wu gives a home to a refugee family whose house has been destroyed; little Jimmie Tsu minds the water-buffalo for the widow Chan, whose husband has been killed and whose sons are off to the wars. This love of neighbour will be found inscribed only in the Book of Life, but daily it builds stronger foundations for the Church in China.

Besides this private life of charity, Chinese Catholics, under the leadership of their Priests and with the assistance of zealous Catholics in other lands, including many Crusaders, undertake numerous public works of charity. Catholic organizations for refugee work have cared for over half a million of the unfortunate victims of the war. Catholics in China have homes for 10,000 old folk, for 30,000 orphans, and for several thousand lepers.

There are more than 100 Catholic hospitals in China, a few of which are large and beautiful, like St. Mary's Hospital in Shanghai with its 500 beds. Most of our hospitals are primitive institutions, for poverty keeps us back, but, counting both large and small, our hospitals in China possess over 10,000 beds.

To-day's Needs

Our greatest good in the relief of suffering comes through the dispensaries, for here the Priest, the Sister, or the zealous Chinese lay helper meets the people of his or

her community at a moment when the neighbourhood folk are in trouble and demonstrates to them the generous devotion of Christian mercy. More and more Chinese young men are becoming doctors and Catholic Chinese young women who are trained nurses now number approximately a thousand. Each year some ten million cases are handled in Catholic dispensaries.

As I began by telling you, I am a Catholic only a short while. My early years of schooling were passed in China, after which I was privileged to attend St. Elizabeth's College of Convent Station, New Jersey, and then the School of Social Service and the Catholic University of America in Washington. I am at present acquiring experience in social work among the Chinese of New York under the direction of the Sisters of the Madonna House, with the intention of returning to China to help both my Church and my country as a Catholic social worker.

Thus my eyes are fixed on that happy day in the future when I may journey up the Burma Road and reach Chungking, the present Capital of China. From the port of Rangoon I shall travel a long, mountainous road that may vaguely be compared to the ground that would be covered if you or I were to land on the Pacific Coast of Mexico and to achieve a tedious journey by auto truck over make-shift roads through the valleys and heights of the Rockies to the city of Denver.

In closing, please let me remind you, who are brothers and sisters of the Catholic young men and young women of China, that we are in great need of many missionaries from overseas, and the Priest or the Sister who comes to China will not work alone. We Catholics of China possess the same yearning found among earnest Catholics everywhere in the world to see God and His Church triumph in the lives of all men. We Chinese Catholics are determined that China will not merely receive but will give. We entertain the hope that Catholic China will occupy a bright and glorious page in future history as a truly zealous portion of the Church of Jesus Christ.

A.R.P. in a Chinese Laundry

(Continued from page 11)

were waiting for one pair of kettles to boil—water for starch and water for tea were warming up nicely when, things began to happen and they happened quickly. From the school, the workroom, the dispensary, the Convent and the front gate folks were moving and no one as much as bid the other good-day. The kitchen doors swung wide and the women darted out. The planes were already overhead but on to the garden went the women. Two Sisters were already at the lines and the clothes were coming off fast. The baskets left carelessly by those “panicky girls” were quickly piled high with whitewear and pushed under the orange trees. When the planes soared uncomfortably overhead, Sisters and women took shelter under the green foliage and from there snatched frantically at the remaining pieces still exposed.

“Not much warning this time,” Sister was first to break the silence.

“No, Sister,” replied Mrs. Chen, “but do you think it is safe here? Sister Superior will be anxious if we do not join the others in the shelter.”

Just then nine silver bombers sailed out of a cloud—three more followed in even formation—the cloud seemed to be full of them, three more and still three more. The women were white with fear and the Sisters were a little pale, too. The gap between them and the shelter was only a few yards but it seemed like leagues. They made it.

“The sky is full of them.” Mrs. Chen had breath enough left to say that much as she crouched into the shelter, and her statement did not have a soothing affect on her listeners.

The game was already on above—heavy bombers were chasing each other across the sky, bombs whistled down in quick succession, and like a referee’s whistle in an over-heated game, machine-gun bullets added their share to the din. Inside the dug-out women and children knelt before the little altar of our Lady. “We fly to thy protection” — never had those

words such meaning as they had during those hours. Overcome with fear for themselves and anxiety for their loved ones at home, most of the children sought relief in tears but their fervour seemed only to increase with their tears. The three laundresses knelt side by side, Mrs. Chen was intercepting her Aves with words of comfort to Mrs. Wong, who was worrying over her brand new daughter-in-law who had not reached the shelter in time and would be so frightened. The third member of the trio was in a world of her own and was interested only in the chatter of her crippled five-year-old son who clung to her. An orange, a duck egg and a string of large wooden beads were of more concern to him than the noise overhead.

Then after what seemed hours, the planes made their last circle and soared off to their base. The all-clear sounded and everyone was off to her own scene of activity—another air-raid was over.

Ten minutes later the clothes were on the lines again and the trio had resumed their positions around the kitchen stove. The kettles were boiling now but the women were not interested yet. Each one had to air her reactions to the recent raid and that seemed more in the line of events than making starch.

“The Sisters took the clothes off the lines so fast,” said Mrs. Wong. “I was so frightened I couldn’t hurry—luckily the girls forgot the baskets.”

“Forgot the baskets?” chimed in Mrs. Chen. “Well, I wish they would forget about our work altogether. Had those pupils not been so anxious for their so-called good turn, the clothes would not have been out so soon and we would have been spared that rush and fright.”

A Sister passed by and, on hearing the voices in the kitchen, stopped for a second.

“I think I heard Sister Superior say that you are to hang the clothes in the basement—one of you better go and find out.”

And that’s what they did, and every week after while the alarm

fever was on, the laundresses handled their own A.R.P. act.

“It saves soap and blueing and starch,” says Mrs. Wong.

And it saves oranges and walnuts—the clothes were a wonderful camouflage for those panicky school girls—the secret of their good turn.

For every time the girls took the clothes down or put them out again they had a good feed of oranges and walnuts.

Vancouver Mission News

(Continued from page 7)

but though she does grow up, we hope that she will always remain the sweet, bashful and lovable girl that she now is. She is another member of Grade Six, and a fine, good Catholic girl, who is one of our earliest baptized, and who, like Irene, has been with us from kindergarten days.

* * *

MISS EILEEN CHAN — The dainty Miss on the extreme right of the group above is Eileen, still another Sixth Grader and pal of Irene, Evelyn and Jean. Eileen is another of the rising generation of Vancouver Catholics who are the hope of the Church in the task of converting Chinatown’s eight or nine thousand pagan Chinese. If ever you visit the Mission at Vancouver, Eileen and her pals will sing some real Chinese songs for you and initiate you into the use of the chopsticks and the art of dining in Chinese style. Eileen has been with us ever since the Mission in Vancouver opened and she is a lovely girl.

He Blazed a Trail

(Continued from page 13)

seminary to educate American missionaries for China. He was in New York, with his plans still tentative but promising, when the projected foundation of Maryknoll was announced. Feeling that this meant partial fulfilment of his own hopes, he sailed for Europe. In Rome he was assured of approval if a Mission Seminary were launched in Canada, but clearly some time must elapse before this could be achieved. Already he

was thinking of his vast parish calling him back to China.

Leaving Rome, he visited his old seminary in Genoa. There he met some Irish students, who suggested that he should go to Ireland where vocations were plentiful and success might be reaped rapidly.

It was now June, 1911, and the seminaries in Ireland would soon be closing for the summer vacation. Father Fraser hurried on to Dublin, where he stayed with the Vincenzians, whose confreres were his fellow-workers in China. He was invited to lecture in All Hallows, a seminary that has trained thousands of priests for English-speaking Missions throughout the world. In the national seminary, St. Patrick's, Maynooth, the students were on retreat, but the President, now Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, Australia, made an exception to permit the missionary to address them. He gave an illustrated lecture, showing how badly priests were needed in China and how much good could be done with a little material aid. Present as students that night were Monsignor Owen MacPolin and Fathers Paul Waldron, John Blowick, Patrick Kelly, James Wilson and several others who later on became members of St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society. Father Blowick was to be its first superior-general. On that June evening, however, no results from the lecture were apparent. The fruits began to appear in the following September, as Maynooth men subscribed to burses for the education of Chinese priests and some of the students revealed that the missionary's lecture had left an abiding impression on them.

During the ensuing months Father Fraser lectured in various towns in Ireland. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland issued a booklet written by him. The Irish bishops encouraged him, favouring the idea of a seminary for the Chinese Missions if he would stay to direct it. Cardinal Logue offered him a house and grounds, in historic, hallowed Monasterboice, for the purpose. But already word had come recalling Father Fraser to China.

In England and Scotland also, he lectured on the Missions of China. A Scottish seminarian of Irish

parentage, Andrew McArdle, volunteered to join him. He completed his course in All Hallows, Dublin, went to China in 1913 and laboured there for more than a score of years. He died in 1936. Father Conway, still an active missionary in China, followed Father McArdle from Scotland.

St. Therese

It was now time for Father Fraser to leave. As he prepared to sail for America en route to China, he was downcast at the thought that his stay in Ireland had been fruitless. Before he left, however, a priest in Scotland who was active in the cause of the beatification of St. Therese, the Little Flower, wrote telling him not to worry; the Little Flower had made known that the China Mission Seminary in Ireland would one day come into being! Startled and puzzled yet not greatly consoled — Sister Therese of the Child Jesus was not yet beatified and he had not even heard of her until that year — Father Fraser sailed for the United States. And there, before continuing his journey to China, he met young Father Galvin in Holy Rosary rectory, Brooklyn.

It happened that shortly before Father Fraser's visit to the rectory, Father Galvin had been thinking — uncomfortably, almost unwillingly — of the tremendous need for priests in pagan lands. In fact, he had decided to volunteer for the foreign Missions. That very morning he had planned to go over to the Propagation of the Faith office in New York to enquire about Mission fields. A sick call delayed him. When he came back from the first sick call, a second summoned him. When he returned from that, it was too late in the forenoon to start for New York; he would wait for dinner in the rectory. As he walked into the dining room, the pastor introduced the unexpected guest, Father Fraser, missionary from China.

And when Father Fraser sailed for China next month, Father Galvin was with him.

On the ship Father Fraser told his companion about his efforts, his opportunity and his apparent failure in Ireland. "Some day you must go back and finish what I tried to start," he told the young

Irish priest, who was himself an alumnus of Maynooth.

After four years' labour in the Vicariate of Western Chekiang, now called after the principal city, Hangchow, Father Galvin fell ill. He was in hospital in Shanghai and Father Fraser came to see him. Once more they talked about the need for priests in China and about the young men at home who were only waiting for the summons and the seminaries. "You should go back now and start the work!" insisted Father Fraser. That night the patient's temperature was at fever height again!

As soon as he was convalescent, Father Galvin prepared to leave for the United States and Ireland. When Father Fraser heard from him next, he was in America. He sailed thence to Ireland. He found men and women willing to aid him. He found young priests ready to join him, including several who had heard and had not forgotten the lecture given by Father Fraser in Maynooth on that June evening in 1911. To-day St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, founded by Father Galvin and his associates in 1918, has more than 300 priests and has seminaries in America, Ireland and Australia. The Father Galvin of Holy Rosary rectory, Brooklyn, in 1912, is now Bishop Galvin of Hanyang, China.


In 1919 Father Fraser realized his dream of establishing a foreign Mission seminary in Canada. From this seminary the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has grown. It staffs the Prefecture of Lishui in China. Monsignor Fraser has cultivated the Kinhwa territory, which has more than 5,700 Catholics and is now part of Lishui.

Our priests travelling overland from Shanghai to St. Columban's Missions in Kiangsi province pass through Monsignor Fraser's parish of Kinhwa. There is something fitting about that. Even still he is a signpost on the road, helper on the way for St. Columban's missionaries.

He is now in his sixties but, as he reminded us, the soul does not grow old. Certainly his does not. May God bless him and give him length of days to see still further growth in the work in which he was a pioneer, among English-speaking priests, forty years ago.



READ'EM AND GRIN



Teacher: "Children, Holland is noted for its cleanliness and the truthfulness of its people."

Student: "No, 'tain't, teacher, my geography says it's a low, lying country."

"Roll up, only tuppence to see the world-famous performing fleas; roll up," shouted the harker at the village fair.

Tramp (in crowd): "Ow much them fleas worth to buy, mate?"

Barker: "Five shillings each, my man."

Tramp: "Shake hands with me; I'm a millionaire."

A woman novelist was asked by an interviewer why she had never married.

"Well, it's like this," she told the reporter. "I have three things in my house which represent so closely the characteristics of the average man that I don't want any more of him—a dog that growls all morning, a parrot that swears all afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night."

The visitor paid his bill at the fashionable hotel and as he went out, he noticed a sign near the door, "Have you left anything?" So he went back and spoke to the manager.

"That sign's wrong," he said. "It should read, 'Have you anything left?'"

Diner: "Say, waiter, this coffee is not fresh."

Waiter: "But, it was ground yesterday."

Diner: "It may have been ground yesterday, but it's mud to-day."

Reporter: "And can you tell me his last words?"

Doctor: "He had no last words—his wife was with him to the end."

One Man: "Why don't they have insane asylums in Arabia?"

Second Man: "Because there are nomad people there, you sap."

The homely girl approached the information desk at a tourist park and asked for a road map. The obliging clerk gave her one.

"Thank you, I hope I won't go wrong," the girl said sweetly.

"With a map like that," retorted the attendant, "I don't see how you can."

Teacher: "Now, Robert, what are you doing—learning something?"

Robert: "No, Sir; I'm listening to you."

The steamship office clerk was being pestered by the questions of a fussy customer. A long line was waiting to have business done, so the clerk decided to teach the fussy one a lesson:

"Upper or lower berth?" he asked.

"What's the difference?" said the customer.

"Well," said the clerk, "the difference is two pounds. The lower berth is higher than the upper one. The higher price is for the lower. We sell the upper lower than the lower. Some people like the lower. Some people like the lower upper; it's lower, of course, on account of its being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and you have to get down to get up."

The story goes that there came to a magazine office not long ago, the metrical outpourings of a feminine soul entitled, "I wonder if he'd miss me?" The editor read the effusion with constantly increasing depression and then scrawled on the rejection slip that accompanied the returned manuscript: "If he does, he should never be trusted with firearms again."

New Missionary: "Did you know Mr. Jones?"

Cannibal: "Yes, he was the pride of the island."

Missionary: "I wonder why he left so nice a place as your island?"

Cannibal: "He didn't leave. You see, sir, times got so hard we had to swallow our pride."

The boy's name was Abe and the girl's name was Anna. They parted. Abe 'an Anna split.

The young man went into the shop and said to the cashier: "I wish to pay the last instalment on the perambulator."

The smiling cashier handed him his receipt and asked: "And how is the baby?"

"Oh, I'm feeling fine, thank you," was the reply.

Visitor: "What does the Chaplain do here?"

Freshman: "Oh, he gets up in the chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the College."

Friend: "So your daughter is about to marry? Do you really feel she is ready for the battle of life?"

Father: "She should be. She's been in four engagements."

Father: "I don't want my daughter tied to a hopeless idiot for the rest of her life."

Suitor: "Of course not. Then I suppose I have your consent?"

Gruff Father: "Why don't you get out and find a job? When I was your age I was working for three dollars a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store."

Son: "You can't do that nowadays, they have cash registers."

Mr. Meeker had crawled under the bed when he heard the burglar. He beld his breath and waited. Then, after a long pause, he felt someone trying to crawl in beside him.

"Is that you, Henrietta dear?" he whispered.

"No," was the answering whisper. "I've just had a look at your wife. I'm the burglar. Move over."

Man: "Say, Conductor, can't you run any faster than this?"

Conductor: "Yes, I can, but I have to stay in the car."

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French, but the laugh was on him. I told the waiter to give him the cheque.

"My wife has been nursing a grouch all week."

"Been laid up, have you!"

"Jobnny, come and kiss your Aunt Agnes."

"Aw gee! ma, what did I do now?"

Warden: "We must set you to work, What can you do?"

Forger: "Give me two weeks' practice and I'll sign all your cheques for you."

Landlady: "You will have to pay your bill or leave!"

Lodger: "That's very nice of you. My last landlady made me do both."

Jones was busily engaged digging his car out of the mud when Brown accosted him and said:

"Hello, old fellow, is your car stuck in the mud?"

Jones smiled as sweetly as he could, and replied:

"Why no, my engine died, and I'm digging a grave for it."



CHINA



CHINA



CHINA



CAHUA

Scarboro Bluffs

December, 1941



"We have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him."

—MATT. 2:2.



"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all people."

—LUKE 2:10.

A Christmas Message for All Our Friends

Dear Friends:

While the world is submerged in blood and tears, while men and nations are engaged in a life-and-death struggle, Christmas emerges to present to us the tender Child of Bethlehem Who came with Heaven's message of peace on earth to men of good will.

The angels look down in wonderment and the words of Jesus on the Mount of Olives must occur to them now: "If thou hadst known the things that are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from thee. The days will come upon thee . . . and there shall not be left a stone upon a stone, because thou has not known the day of visitation".

While the world does not recognize its day of divine visitation and divine retribution for its wickedness, the Babe of Bethlehem still lives and still proclaims His message of peace through His Vicar on earth, a message that would bring peace so much desired, if only those who rule the nations would listen. No, the world will not listen. It is too blind to see and too proud to notice, just as the Jews, blinded by their pride and stubbornness, refused to see the Light of the world and nailed Him to the cross. Thus has it been down through the ages, thus is it to-day.

While then, we look on distracted by the awful spectacle we may at least and must remember that the Babe of Bethlehem had but few friends on that first Christmas. He was hounded by Herod whose hands were dripping with the blood of the Holy Innocents.



RIGHT REV. J. E. McRAE, D.P., D.C.L.,
Superior-General.

The Church to-day has comparatively few friends. On every side she is persecuted, sometimes openly, but mostly under cover. The world, while inwardly recognizing the truth of her teaching, stubbornly refuses to listen to her message.

She goes on, nevertheless, as she has always done, fearless in her defence of the rights of man, resolute in her determination to carry out her divinely given mission and serenely confident in the assured help from on high.

And just as the Church, just as Jesus, has so few friends, so also

the dearest work of Jesus and His Church, has comparatively few. The world does not understand the value of the human soul, neither does it appreciate the mission of Jesus and His Church which is above all else to spread the Gospel to those benighted people who know not their Maker. The Divine Mission is to save souls.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, the only Foreign Mission Society in English-speaking Canada, is doing its part in this great work and, while it, too, has comparatively few friends, as has Jesus, it, nevertheless, goes on with its work, and this is owing to the fervent prayers and generous assistance of those noble souls who, out of their meagre means, and even want, do not hesitate to carry on and lend a helping hand.

To all of our friends we offer our sincere thanks and the assurance of our prayers that they may, this Christmas, enjoy the graces and blessings given by the Child Jesus to those who love Him and work for Him, notwithstanding the wickedness of a blind world around them.

May this Christmas, dear friends of China Mission, bring you many blessings and may the New Year, through your prayers and sacrifices, see sanity restored to a crazy world. Pray that the leaders of nations may begin to realize that no peace will be of any avail unless based upon justice and charity and observance of the Ten Commandments, in a word that the Peace, which Jesus came upon earth to establish, may reign in the hearts of men of good will.



DECEMBER

CHINA

1941

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REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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Whose Birthday is it, Anyway?

CHRISTMAS is with us once again. Gaily-decorated stores are crowded with shoppers, buying gifts for loved ones and friends. On the streets, the throng of people is so great that one can hardly make their way along. Though the air is cold and the snow is falling in big, thick flakes, everybody seems jolly and good-humoured. On every side there are cheery greetings and good wishes. Through the windows of almost every house one can glimpse the gaily-decorated Christmas tree. There are jolly old Santa Clauses, brightly-wrapped gifts, tinsel, holly and mistletoe. The world forgets for a time that it is at war, for it is Christmas Day.

Yet, somehow, despite the glamour and glory of it all, I seem to see a little, ragged, shivering boy, with his face pressed eagerly against the window of the world, quite bewildered by the decorations, the gift-giving, the lighted trees, the laughter and the warmth within. He is asking himself whose birthday it is—as he stands there in the bitter cold, the loneliness and the darkness, outside.

Why, little boy, this is your birthday they are celebrating. Many, many hundreds of years ago, you were born in a little stable at Bethlehem, on Christmas Day. You were born for these people—for them you left the kingdom of your father, the Great King, and came to earth. You made all the joy and gladness of this day possible. Yes, forgotten, ragged, heart-broken little lad—this is your birthday.

The tinsel, the toys, the merry-making, the celebrating have dimmed the true significance of this day of days. The holyday has become a holiday. The dogs, horses, cats, etc., on the greeting cards have usurped the place of the little Babe of Bethlehem. The age-old Catholic salutation Merry Christmas (merry Christ-Mass) has become meaningless indeed. As is so often the case, the world has commercialized this feast-day of the Church, this birthday of the very Son of God.

Yes, whose birthday is it anyway? Friend gives to friend upon this blessed day, but for the Friend of friends we have no gift to offer. He whose very birthday is being celebrated, receives no invitation to the festivities. Surely there is a place in our thoughts and in

our hearts for the Infant Jesus Christ, upon this blessed anniversary of His birth? Surely there is some gift that we may bring to the manger to warm and brighten the heart of the new-born Baby God?

Let us give Christ the place He should have at the Christmas celebrations—the first and foremost place. The gift-giving, the holly and tinsel, the good-cheer and the feasting—let us have them all; but let the deeper and more sacred significance of this thrice-blessed Christmas Day be in our hearts and on our lips, bringing to us the real peace and happiness and joy of Bethlehem.

And what may we give to the Child Jesus on this His natal day? There is one thing, one gift that the Boy Christ wishes more than anything else upon this Christmas morn, something He cannot have unless we give it to Him. He who is rich in all things is poor indeed for this one gift of gifts—the souls of men, the salvation of the world. As on that first Christmas eve, the shepherds brought to the Christ Child pure white lambs from their flocks; so to-day, He would have us bring to Him the pure, white souls of men—the souls of China's countless millions, who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death.

This Christmas, when you compile the list of friends to whom you are going to give a gift, do not forget God—God from Whom are all our friends, all our happiness, all the joy and the gladness of this Holy Season. Give to the Christ Child, by giving to those through whose missionary labour in far-off China and among the thousands of pagan Chinese here at home, the gifts dearest to the heart of the Baby God, the souls and hearts of men, may be presented at the Crib this Christmas Day and other Christmas Days to be.

Send to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society a little Christmas offering. Give through His missionaries to the good God Who has given so much to you. Open the door of your heart, and bring into your Christmas, the little, ragged, hungry, shivering Christ Child, who stands without this festive, gay and tinselled world of ours, His face pressed against the pane—forgotten, lonesome, heart-broken, wondering whose birthday it is.





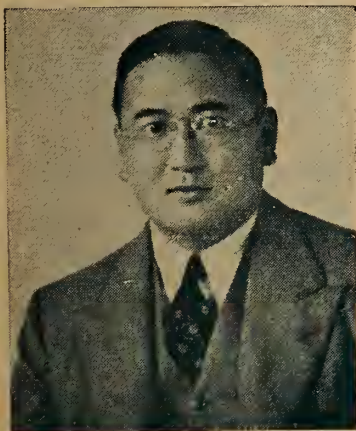
Attention, Please!

Chinese Wins a Commission

A Vancouver Chinese, 26-year-old Roger Cheng, is the first of his race to win a commission in the Canadian army. A graduate of McGill University Engineering School, Cheng holds the degree of bachelor of electrical engineering.

Last month he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Corps of Signallers and instructed to fly to Brockville, Ontario, to take six weeks advanced course in signals technique.

Cheng weighs 200 pounds and inherits the stature of his Hunan ancestors. He was born in Lillooet, British Columbia, and his father was born in the same province. Miss Nina Cheng, his sister, is a



LIEUTENANT ROGER CHENG

graduate of the University of British Columbia and is the Secretary of the National Association of the Holy Childhood, of which Rev. Roland Roberts, S.F.M., is the Director.

Roger has always been a very great friend of the Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver, and CHINA takes this happy occasion to express our sincerest congratulations to Canada's first Chinese Commissioned Officer and to wish him all the happiness and success in the world. Well done, Roger!

Father Carey Writes From Peking

Father Mike Carey writes that most priests of our Society who are attending the Jesuit Language School at Peking, spent the hot, summer months at Shanhaikwan, a spot on the Pacific Ocean, about a day's train ride from the ancient capital of China.

Shanhaikwan is where the Great Wall of China starts from the sea and winds its dragon-like way for 1500 miles across mountain and valley of northern China. Father Carey tells us that it is only two minutes walk from the house where they were staying at Shanhaikwan to Manchuria, which lies just on the other side of the Great Wall. Indeed, it was to keep the Manchurians and Mongolians out of the Middle Flowery Kingdom, that one of China's Emperors constructed that wonder of the world.

We feel sure that a few weeks spent on the Pacific coast of north China, was a welcome respite from one hundred and ten in the shade summer temperature in Peking.

A Distinguished Visitor

A distinguished visitor to the Seminary last month was the Rev.

Jean Baptiste Kao, O.F.M., Procurator of the Apostolic Prefecture of Fengsiangfu, Shensi province, China.

Father Kao spoke to the seminarians on the glorious future of the Catholic Church in China. He spoke of the heroism of the priests and the sisters, during these terrible days of war in the Far East—of their sublime charity, devotion to duty, and self-sacrifice. He said that the government and the people of China will never forget what the Catholic missionaries have done during the war for the millions of poor, homeless, hungry refugees. Father Kao feels sure that when the war is over, a wonderful harvest of souls will be gathered into the Church—as the fruits of present missionary devotion.

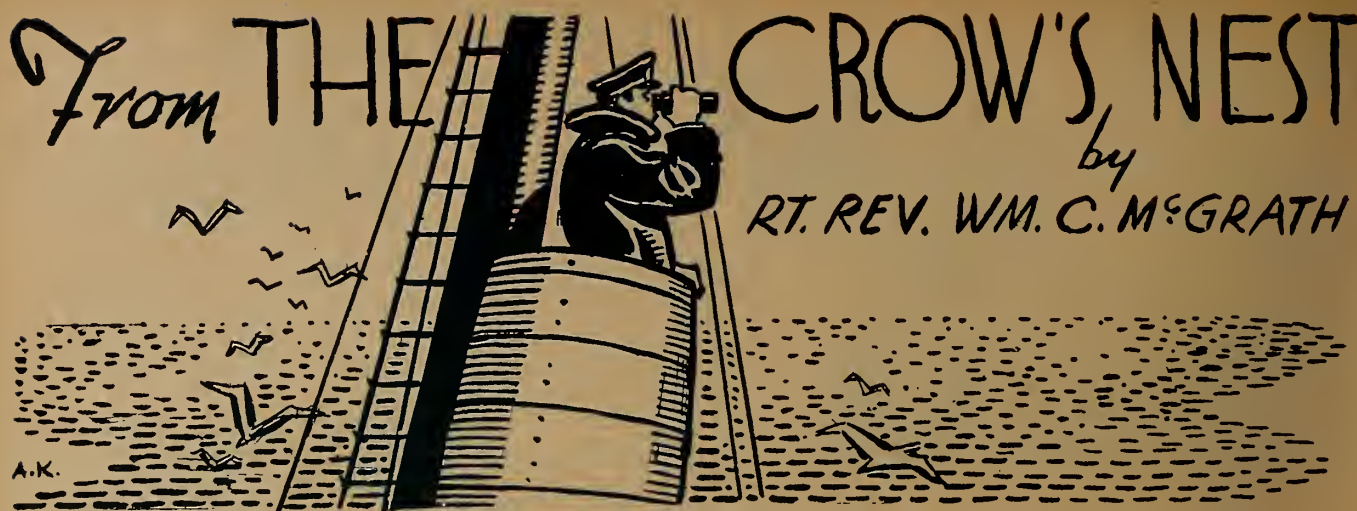
The Prefecture of Fengsiangfu is entirely staffed by native priests under a native Prefect. Father Kao, the Procurator, has his licentiate in philosophy and has also the degree of Doctor of Social and Political Science.

Father Edward Lyons Is Bereaved

The sad news reached the Seminary early in November that Mrs. Cecil Winifred Jennings Lyons, mother of Father Edward Lyons, one of our missionaries at Lishui, had passed away at Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary, Alberta, after a lengthy illness. Mrs. Lyons was in her 57th year. Born in Sheenboro, Quebec, she had resided in Calgary for 35 years. She was a member of the Catholic Women's League and of the Altar Society of St. Ann's Catholic Church of Calgary.

Surviving are her husband, Peter B. Lyons, Calgary; four daughters—Cecile, of Calgary; Sis-

(Continued on page 18)



COSMETICS

WE were crossing on the Lishui ferry. Beside me, an immaculately attired Chinese, obviously out of tune with his surroundings, was regarding his peasant and coolie fellow travelers with an expression of mingled boredom and disdain. To our polite and socially correct enquiry as to whether he had had his rice this morning he replied, in acceptable French, that he did not understand the barbarous dialect of Chekiang; that he had spent many years in Paris and was now engaged in creating cosmetic consciousness among the younger generation of New China. Maybe the Foreign Gentlemen would be interested? *Mais non?* Perhaps the White Foreign Sisters, since they never used cosmetics, could do with a suggestion of his *parfum reve chinois* as a barrage against the odoriferous onslaughts of daily life in Chekiang.

So the Chinese travelling salesman had observed that Sisters never use cosmetics. Strange that we had never thought of that before. Some things, of course, are too foolish to think about and that was probably one of them. But it led to another thought. If Sisters never use cosmetics, how come that they always look so young? Somebody should write an article on that subject. Call it the cosmetic value of charity, the only facial beautifier that ever finds its way into a Sisters' Convent; the only make-up that prolongs in their regard the "lingering summer's parting bloom".

A few days ago, in Philadelphia, a Sister put us on the spot. How long did we think she had spent in the Religious Life? She looked about forty-five, which might, so we reasoned, mean anything up to sixty. Adding more than a decade of years for good measure, we ventured a guess, only to be told that our reply was a combination of Chinese politeness and the Blarney Stone. Actually, she had spent more years in the Convent than we thought she had spent in the world.

Of course, if there be one thing in the world about which Sisters do not worry, it is the preservation of the schoolgirl complexion. But, in the world, how many millions of ladies are literally spending themselves in the relentless task of arresting every evidence of the ravages of time. They are in no wise deterred by the realization that they are playing a losing game. There is face powder to the right of us, vanishing cream to the left of us, while radio announcers all round us volley and thunder about the only way to have and to hold the fleeting radiance of youth. There is vanity-case glamour galore, but not so much of the serenely effulgent charm that mirrors the glow of the soul within.

Ladies, here's a tip! Have you ever tried charity, not for its cosmetic value (for then it would cease to be charity), but for its own sake? You endure far more at the hands of beauty parlour experts than you would ever have to suffer for charity's sweet sake, and the best they can give you is superficial. But if you really set out to

be kindly, tolerant, forgiving; to shun harmful gossip and pettiness and envy and jealousy you will release the hidden beauty that is inherent in every human soul and it will shine through the windows of your soul with a radiance that money cannot buy.

* * *

DOGS

We like our animals. In their place. In the matter of dogs, we lean to something that suggests an element of canine he-man-liness, say an Airedale or a St. Bernard or a Newfoundland. We have long cherished a secret ambition some day to own a Great Dane, but the Oriental in us rebels at the thought of the twenty-one T-bones per week that he guzzles in his stride. Our soul revolts that any mere animal should consume more meat in a week than an average poor Chinese family would see in a year.

But something else is getting us down, these crisp November morns. It is the spectacle of blanketed, pint-size poodles being paraded all over the place by their adoring lady owners, who seem to release in their direction all the pent-up maternal instinct that will never find expression in the love of babies of their own. The twenty-storey apartment next door is a glorified kennel where Pekinese pups are lords and masters and men are in the dog-house. Each morning we behold the march-past of lowly, subdued canine manservants, looking thoroughly defeated and unnecessary as they play valet to the hordes of lap-happy sniffers who drag them all

over the lot. Of all the sights that eloquently reflect the distortion and dislocation of our social order, the all-time low is that of the benighted Lord of Creation holding a leash and waiting resignedly beside a lamp post.

"It's a great country for dogs and women," remarked the newly arrived immigrant to America, "but cruel hard on horses and men." The Chinese, whose attitude towards dogs is strictly utilitarian, would marvel at such a monstrous perversion of misdirected rationality. In this instance, it would seem that the Chinese are right.

* * *

ARE YOU NORMAL?

What is normalcy? How would you define a normal person? Since no two blades of grass and no two horses' faces are alike—much less any two human beings—how find a norm by which to gauge the unpredictable *homo sapiens*?

If I am appraised as normal surely it is because I am being compared to somebody else rather than because I am being myself, because in all the world there is no other like me or you or the next man. So few people, these days, dare to be themselves even in a benevolent free-speech democracy. Convention has long been arrayed in an all-out war for the extermination of individuality and the result is the evolution of a race that socially, anyway, looks like a procession of identical units off an assembly line.

Milady dare not be out of fashion. The mere male hasn't dared dress for comfort since the days of sabre-toothed tigers. He is still addicted to gadgets and freaks of dress that were anachronisms in the days when the bustle held full sway. In common with millions of mute, inarticulate, unprotesting fellow victims, he must still have the buttons on his coat sleeve because a Royal Grenadier once needed a handkerchief; must have slits in his formal coat tails to ensure comfort on the long since vanished horse that his umpteenth great-grandfather used to ride; would do well, in the eyes of the socially meticulous, to leave his lower vest button unfastened be-



cause centuries ago a pie-eyed king dined and wined not wisely but too well.

Socially, then, normalcy would seem to consist in acquiescence in the acceptance of idealism. But, apart from all relations with Society and its mandates, what is being normal in one's *outlook on* and (maybe of greater import) one's *reactions to* the wear and tear of life? We sometimes suspect that the Chinese are far more courageous than we are in their reactions to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. At least they are proof against disillusionment because, from the earliest dawnings of reason, they have rarely held any illusions as to what part idealism would play in the give and take of social contacts. But some of us, in our younger days, were taught to live in the clouds and we emerged with the idea that we could take idealism in our stride. It sometimes takes half our adult lives to parachute back to the facts of life.

Are we getting anywhere, now that we are on the subject of disillusionment? Should life hold any illusions for the mature normal man? For the idealist, certainly, the green-clad woods are full of sweet things that aren't so and wonderful little men that were never there. They should be so and they should be there, and, thank Heaven, we find them now and then where the foliage is more scrubby. But, by and large, things and people have an unhappy knack of being what they are rather than the consistent, predictable things that we think they should be.

While the Chinese attitude may be more courageous, we rather dislike the idea of premature sophisti-

cation that it implies, and in a Christian atmosphere it should not be so necessary. It is normal to trust people, to trust one's friends and family in particular and children, ordinarily more normal and free from complexes than the disillusioned adult, are the most trusting of all. Yet trust is only too often misplaced and it is only experimentally that we can discover that disquieting fact. Wasn't it one Louis of France who prayed to be saved from his friends because he could save himself from his enemies? The old boy must have taken many a beating before bequeathing that pious prayer to posterity. And the tangled marital wrecks that strew our social shores and help keep Dorothy Dix off relief are proof positive that even soul mates don't always make a go of it.

Would you say that the trustings of early days and the rude awakenings of later life are part and parcel of normalcy? Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise in a world where quiet, elusive charity still works silently behind the scenes. Maybe we're like the crustaceans. In our younger days we don't need so thick a shell. But it hardens under the impact of life's little blows and, unless we go neurotic, will be quite capable of affording us adequate protection as the years go by. It is just a normal adjustment to environment. If everybody were always sweet and lovely our defence mechanism would atrophy and we should be easy marks for the gold brick vendor or the hair-oil man. Nature abounds in such adaptations. The Mexican hairless hound in the frozen North will develop a coat that would make him a luxurious ad for herpicide. The partridge are brown in the summer and white amid the winter snows. It would be a solution of none of our normal problems were we humans always to stay doe-eyed and gullible and green.

Idealism? Trust? Disappointments? Disillusionment? All part of the game. All necessary because we once expected too much of ourselves and everybody else. A sorry world indeed if nobody hitched a wagon to a star, but an

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The Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto

"CHINA" takes great pleasure in announcing that the Catholic Mission at present situated at 25 Chestnut Street, will soon take up more spacious and suitable quarters at 220 Simcoe St., on the outskirts of Toronto's Chinatown.

For some time past, it has been quite evident that the present Mission site was not a good one, and that much larger quarters were necessary, if the work among the Chinese people was to succeed. We were very fortunate in procuring a fine, large building, in a respectable part of the city — a building ideally suited for our purposes. This building will serve as a real Chinese Catholic Social Centre, and we are confident that the change to Simcoe Street will give a new impetus to the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society among the Chinese of this city.

We present on this page a picture of the new Mission quarters on Simcoe Street. In next month's issue of **CHINA** we will announce the formal opening of the new Mission site, and be able to extend an invitation to all our friends to be with us on that happy occasion.

As can be seen in the picture, the building on Simcoe Street is quite large and will become a real Social Centre for Toronto's Chinese Catholic people—housing a clinic, a school, a large chapel, a kindergarten room and the priests' living quarters. Its situation is ideal, since it is not far away from several churches and clubs frequented by the Chinese people.

The Annual Bazaar

We are happy to be able to tell you that the Annual Bazaar and Grand Draw in aid of our Chinese Mission work, which took place in the Knights of Columbus Hall on the evening of Monday, November 17th, was a grand success. The weather was ideal and a great

crowd of our friends turned out, and while thoroughly enjoying the supper and games, generously contributed to the success of the affair. May God bless their kind thoughtfulness and their interest in our missionary work.

To the St. Francis Xavier's Women's Auxiliary who convened the Bazaar and worked so hard for its success; to those who in any way contributed their talents, time or means; and to all who were with us on that evening—we wish to express our sincerest thanks.

The following is a complete list of the prize-winners—Grand Drawing and side raffles.

FOX FUR—Mr. J. Cassidy, 13266B, 37 Norway Ave., Toronto.

\$50.00 VICTORY BOND—Isiah Cull, 28204c, Douglas, Ont.

MANTEL RADIO—Steve Campbell, 28205c, New Waterford, C.B., N.S., Box 47.

LUGGAGE SET—Mrs. Ellen Quigley, 22208B, Main St., Penetanguishene, Ont.

CHINESE LAMP—

Miss D. Kauffman, 4349E, 85 Griffith St., Welland, Ont.

MIXMASTER—H. M. Doyle, 12863B, 131 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

MANDARIN JACKET—

Miss Mary Gallivan, 14254A, 116 Church St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

ELECTRIC IRON—

Mr. Cuthbert Cauley, 27476E, 28 Avalon Place, Hamilton, Ont.

BLANKET—Mrs. McCaffrey, 317E, 126 Huron St., Stratford, Ont.

SPARKLET SYPHON—

C. Pointon, 27754A, 321 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ont.

FRENCH LAPIN TIE—C. W. L., 20153D, Renfrew, Ont.

BAG OF SUGAR (100 Lbs.)—Mrs. Mark Ham, 103 Moore Ave., Toronto.

CHRISTMAS CAKE—Miss Helen Carlin, 1434 King St. W., Toronto.

QUILT—Miss Margaret Cronin, 134 Harrison St., Toronto.

IVORY CRUCIFIX—Mrs. Duck, 158 Roncesvalles Ave., Toronto.

SALAD BOWL—Mr. W. C. Hymus, 47 Chelsea Ave., Toronto.

TURKEY—Mr. W. T. Cassidy, 57 Orchard Park, Toronto.



The new St. Anne's Chinese Catholic Mission at 220-222 Simcoe St., Toronto.

CHINA

VICTORIA MISSION NEWS

The Catholic Chinese Community at Victoria, B.C.

THE history of Vancouver Island, of which Victoria is the capital, is bound up in a special way with the history of the Chinese in Canada. Chinese history tells us that long before the advent of Christopher Columbus to the new world, a Buddhist monk from China had navigated the Pacific Ocean and touched on what is now Vancouver Island. Strange to say, too, the first boat ever built in Victoria and the first modern house ever constructed on Vancouver Island were the work of the Chinese immigrants. Thus the earliest history of the Pacific Coast is intimately connected with the history of Victoria's Chinese community.

Victoria itself has a population of several thousand Chinese, and there are thousands more living in different towns on the Island. The Chinese are expert farmers and supply the Island cities with most of their fruit and vegetables—practically all fruit and vegetable stores in Victoria, Nanaimo and other places being owned by the Chinese. It is worth a visitor's while to visit the Chinese farms on the Island, for they are really a very beautiful sight. Acre after acre of growing vegetables may be seen, laid out in long rows that are perfectly kept and mathematically perfect, for the Chinese have been farmers since the days of Noah.

In the Chinese section of Victoria itself, the community has its own schools, stores, banks, theatres and pagan temples. The Chinese themselves are very law-abiding, honest and friendly, and there is an entire absence of opium dens, underground dives, etc., which current detective fiction and Hollywood thrillers would have us believe are regularly found in Chinatown.

Rev. Father William Matte of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society has been labouring in Victoria's Chinatown now for the past two years, opening up a new and glorious chapter in the history of our work among the Chinese



REV. W. J. MATTE

people of Canada. His great zeal for souls has brought about many conversions and would bring about many more, were he not terribly hampered by lack of funds and of space.

We appeal to the Catholic people throughout Canada to assist Father Matte in his difficult task of converting the thousands of pagan Chinese on Vancouver Island. Any assistance given to the Mission at Victoria will be greatly appreciated by us, and will



MISS MYRTLE WONG

bring down God's special blessing on the benefactors. Make some small sacrifices during the holy season of Advent and send your alms on to Rev. Father Matte, to assist him in his missionary work in Victoria—that "those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death" may see the Star of Bethlehem, and find their way to the crib of the Baby Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

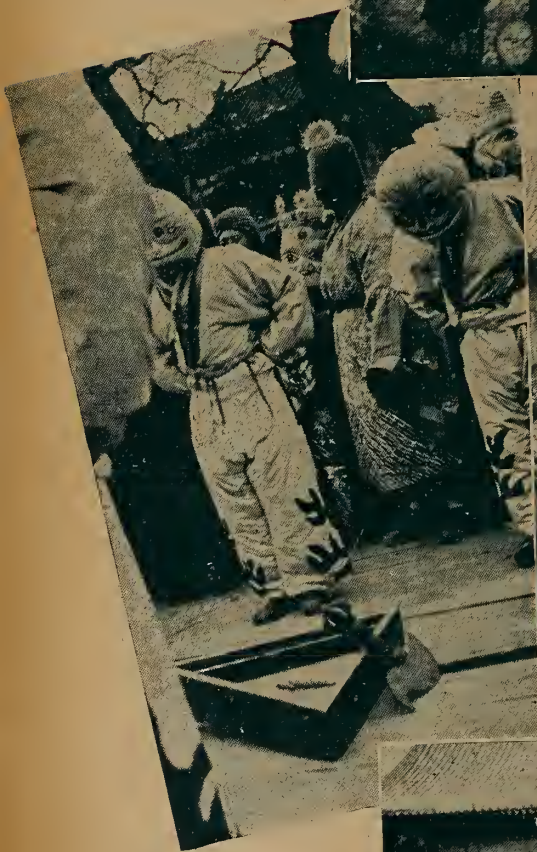
At the present time Father has his house, school and chapel all in the one small building, and is badly in need of other living quarters. For almost two years he has put up with the great inconveniences that arise from this situation, hoping that some good person or persons would come to his aid. We feel sure that many of the readers of CHINA will interest themselves in this young missionary and his problems, and help him by both their alms and their prayers.

We present on this page a picture of one of the sweet little girls that attend Father Matte's school, which is taught by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels. Help these children to know our Holy Faith and one day be baptized. Have the glorious privilege of becoming their God-mothers and God-fathers, and giving them their baptismal name. You will be doing real missionary work—work that will obtain from the good God for you and yours many singular graces and blessings.

We also present on this page a picture of Miss Myrtle Wong, a Chinese Catholic girl of Victoria and a student nurse at St. Joseph's Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of St. Ann. Miss Wong is one of Father Matte's parishioners, and very devoted to her Catholic Faith. She hopes one day, as a graduate nurse, to be able to do her part in the conversion of the Chinese community at Victoria.

The Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria and its zealous pastor are indeed worthy of your whole-hearted support.

A Devil Dance at Peking



Camera Highlights From Our Missioners at Peking



TOP—Sisters of Charity and First Communion class at Peking.

CENTRE—Fathers Maloney, White and Murphy have a snow fight.

CENTRE LEFT — Father Joe Diemert gets a haircut.

CENTRE RIGHT—Off to language school by bike.

LOWER LEFT—A little Peking miss.

LOWER RIGHT—Father Mike Carey and friend.



Vancouver Letter

Chinese Catholic Mission,
568 East Georgia Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Father Sharkey:

It's a full month since I said goodbye to you and the other priests at the Union Station in Toronto as I left for Vancouver. No doubt, you've been expecting a letter during these weeks. However, I hope you'll make allowances for me, knowing that the circumstances did not permit of much letter-writing. You're not the only one to whom I owe a letter right now. So, banking on your kindness as Editor, perhaps you would do me the favour of letting this letter "make" the pages of CHINA and thus spare me the necessity of writing many letters. I rather think there will be quite a few of your readers who may be interested in a little round-up of news from this Mission.

Yes, it is a new situation for me to be writing to CHINA instead of hankering for letters for CHINA. Having gone through the process myself for the past ten years I appreciate what must be your anxiety to get some "copy", particularly now since the mail from China comes so irregularly. Needless to say, I am grateful for the publicity you have given the Vancouver Mission in recent issues of CHINA. Well do I remember how I looked forward to arrival of letters from the priests in China giving their "first impressions" of life there. It's just about time I joined the honourable procession of such correspondents and so I pass on my own version of the oft-used "first impressions" variety.

It satisfies a long ambition of mine to be able to write of my experiences working amongst the Chinese. Whilst it is true that such work is not from "trans-Pacific", as I had so eagerly desired, yet I am immeasurably cheered that, at last, I have been given an assignment to live and work amongst Chinese people. Better than anyone else you yourself know of the problems to be faced right here in Canada to bring the Chinese into



the Church. I pray God that I may prove worthy to be the humble instrument to carry on the magnificent task so well inaugurated and developed here in Vancouver by yourself and your associates.

I thoroughly enjoyed the journey coming West. Having left Toronto on Wednesday night, September 10th, I was at the Mission here in time to say the ten o'clock mass the following Sunday. It was quite comforting to greet so many here that morning. I couldn't help but contrast the numbers with what faced you when you said the first mass here eight years ago and had not a single Catholic Chinese in your congregation. One did not have to look far to see the wonderful blessings that had attended your labours over the intervening years. Apart from the striking number of converts, which constitutes your greatest reward, I noticed the vast difference in the material possessions of the Mission. A far cry it is from the days, of so-recent record, when you tramped around Vancouver's Chinatown sowing the seeds that now have come to fruition so grandly. In those days of initial struggle you had, literally, "no place whereon to lay your head". To-day, you have left us here the inheritors of a splendidly organized Mission, with a lovely church and a new modernly-equipped eight-grade school, as well as a convent housing five Grey Sisters of the Immaculate

Conception who so zealously teach in the Chinese school, and a residence for the several Scarboro priests who feel honoured to be devoting their time to continuing in your footsteps.

As I go along I'm forgetting that what I am writing must come under your "censure" as Editor, but for this first contribution as a correspondent I'm going to invoke an ex-editor's mythical privilege of requesting that you be sparing with the blue-pencil where reference is made to yourself. You see, your readers know full well that to refer to the Vancouver Chinese Mission without mentioning Father Sharkey would involve the same impossibility as telling about the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society without mentioning Monsignor Fraser. And so your successor at Vancouver is not essaying the impossible.

For me, coming to Vancouver Mission was not coming amongst complete strangers. I retained happy memories of my visit here in the summer of 1936. Naturally, the little boys and girls then under your care here have grown in the meantime, but it didn't take me long to "place" them. Even yet I'm not quite at home with the use of their family names; although it's not much trouble to distinguish "Michael" from "Arthur", or "Rose-Marie" from "Evelyn", it's not so easy to remember "Wong" from "Quan" or "Mah" from "Marr". However, the kids get a lot of fun out of my confusions. They are all so friendly and such lovable children. With all due respects to young people whom I know I think the youthful Chinese have a quality of attractiveness all their own. The many visitors here readily admit it. Our kids can "steal the show" anytime.

Sister Anne Marie and Sister Mary Evelyn received new appointments in September; the former is now at the Seminary in New Westminster and the latter at St. Vincent's Home in Vancouver. Sister Philomena has come to our Convent from Immaculata Convent,

CHINA

Ottawa. The four other Grey Sisters with us are: Sister St. Hilda, (Superior); Sisters Francis Regis, St. Joan, and Miriam Therese. The last-named is a sister of our Father Ron Reeves in Sungyang, China.

I consider it a happy omen that my very first day in Vancouver was marked by my witnessing the baptism of two Chinese. Two elderly invalids at the Oriental Hospital were dying and I went over with Father Roberts in response to a call from the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception who conduct the Hospital. Father Roberts baptized the two men, who had been under instruction of a Chinese Sister at the Hospital. One of them was given my name in Baptism. Perhaps at a later date I may be able to write you something for publication on the work being done for the Orientals by the self-sacrificing Sisters at the Hospital. The Mother-Foundress of their Order died at their Motherhouse in Montreal early in October. In gratitude for their charity to the Chinese we had mass for their dear deceased Foundress here at our Mission.

Within a few days after my arrival, the school children held a little formal reception in my honour. One day at dinner I corralled a little chap who was excitedly waving a sheet of paper in our dining room. I read a poem he had on the paper. The ensuing merriment was a mystery to me until, some hours later, I saw the same little fellow step forward in the school and read the same poem as the opening item on the reception programme. With all respects to the poem (not Father Sharkey's) I didn't recognize its purpose at the noon-time reading, but the merriment of the others was occasioned by the fact of the little fellow unwittingly betraying the impending surprise-reception. I got a big kick out of the children's reception; a welcome was voiced by little Kingsley Jang and Eddie Mah; boys and girls joined in the choruses of "Soldier Song", "Look for a Silver Lining", "Sing-a-Ling", and a Chinese song; and talented little Catherine Kong sang solo "Little Old Lady". Of course, the occasion called for a half-holiday which was duly granted by Sister Superior on a day that coincided with the 8th and 7th ordination

anniversary, respectively, of Father Roberts and Father Moore. The joint celebrations were fittingly crowned by Sister Philomena serving us a "banquet".

On Sunday, October 5th, our Chinese children, attired in their Chinese garb, took part in the Annual Procession in honour of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary (Patroness of Vancouver Archdiocese). Although September was the "wettest month in twenty years" here, and October is getting its share of rain, too, the Procession Sunday was a magnificent day and the grounds of Vancouver College (of the Irish Christian Brothers) presented a pleasant sight as thousands gathered to honour our Blessed Mother. I was proud of our representation as the Chinese group marched past with their "Our Lady of China" banner. Both Father McCarthy and myself commended the judgment of one of Vancouver's newspaper photographers when the following day's layout of Procession pictures caught both of us "large as life" amongst the Clergy!

Seventeen miles from here, on Lulu Island, is Steveston, a community largely peopled by Japanese farmers and fishermen. One of our largest family-groups of Catholic Chinese lives there. Six boys and two girls in the family

are baptized; only the father and mother remain pagans. Father Roberts has been visiting Steveston over a long period to give this family instructions and he says mass for them each Sunday. Cultivating a large farm at Steveston the Chung family lives in what, by Western standards, would be considered a ramshackle house. Yet this house always, I think, will hold fond memories for me personally. For here, on a wet night in September, I saw brought into reality a scene I had often pictured, from the earliest days when I first thought of being a missionary for China, as being my lot through life — young Chinese people, in just such surroundings, gathered around me listening as I instructed them in the truths of our Holy Faith. The surroundings, perhaps, were a little more "comfortable" than might be experienced in China, and the Chinese could speak English, but the actual fact of being thus engaged gave me an undefinable thrill. My "introduction" to actual mission life among the Chinese will always centre around a little Chinese lad named Paul Chung as he held aloft his lantern to guide me along the dark wet path to his farm-home to give him and his five brothers and two sisters a lesson in the catechism.

I was grateful for the warmth of the welcome given me by the whole Chung family on this, my very first mission visit. It was splendid, indeed, to see the enthusiasm of the whole group as they sat, each with a catechism, around the bare board table. Each went through his paces in turn as the others studied their portion of the previous lesson assignment.

Five of the boys were preparing for Confirmation. In St. Paul's Church, at Garden City, B.C., Archbishop Duke administered the strengthening Sacrament on Friday evening, October 10th. Father Roberts had done his work well. As the Archbishop kindly questioned the children our five Chinese lads scored 100 per cent. in answering his questions. The second name here given is the Confirmation name of the Chung boys: Vincent Edward, Francis Joseph, Joseph Peter, Benedict Stephen, and Paul Albert. Their pagan mother at-

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Santa visits the Vancouver Mission



LITTLE FLOWER'S ROSE GARDEN

Edited by Father Jim

Dear Boys and Girls:

It is Christmas once again—the birthday of Jesus Christ, Who was born in a stable at Bethlehem and died on the cross on Calvary, in order that all the people in the world, whether they were black or white, red or yellow or brown, might save their souls. It is the feast of our Redemption—it is the greatest missionary feast of the whole year.

To-day in hundreds of little Bethlehems (little mission chapels) in China, it is Christmas—the Christ Mass; for your prayers and your sacrifices have lit many a star and helped raise many a little home for the Baby Jesus. But for almost four hundred million people in far-off China, there is no Christmas Day, no sweet-faced Infant Christ within the crib, holding out His baby arms to enfold them—instead they cower in fear and wretchedness before some horrible, satanic monster of a god, in the dark, gloomy, dirty pagan temple.

As you kneel before the manger on this blessed Christmas Day, pray to the Child Christ for His brave missionary priests and sisters; pray for the millions for whom there shines no star of Bethlehem.

Dear members of the Rose Garden, Father Jim wishes you one and all, the happiest, merriest, grandest Christmas you have ever had. May the Babe of Bethlehem bless you on this joyous Christmas Day.

FATHER JIM.

THE MAIL BAG

From the pupils of Room VIII in St. Ann's School in Toronto, Father Jim received a donation of two dollars to help the pagan Chinese. Many thanks, boys and girls of St. Ann's. St. Ann's School has some wonderful artists, whose work was on display at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Agnes Molloy of 43 Brookland Street, Glace, Bay, N.S., writes to tell me that her brother Stephen is over in England and to ask our prayers for her mother,

who is not feeling well. Please pray for her and pray that God may bless and protect Stephen.

From Moose Creek, Ontario, comes a letter from Rolland Villeneuve, who is ten years of age and has just joined the Rose Garden. He is very anxious to have some of the boys and girls write to him. I hope some will. We welcome Rolland to our Club.

Twyla Clement of North Bay, Ontario, who is seven years old, sold a book of tickets for our Annual Bazaar and Father Jim wants to say—thank you very much indeed, Twyla. I'm glad that you enjoy reading the Rose Garden. How about sending me your picture for CHINA?

Many, many thanks indeed to the students of St. Clement's School at Preston, Ontario, who sold five books of tickets for our Bazaar. Father Jim is real proud of you all, for he knows that it is not very easy to sell Raffle tickets these days. God bless you all for your good work.

Father Jim's *special letter of the month* is from Betty Davis, of 206 South Marks St., Fort William, Ontario, who sent him a generous donation towards our missionary work. Betty was twenty years old last year, and has been in bed for eleven years, suffering from an accident that happened to her back in 1930. Despite all this, Betty writes to ask for a Mite Box, because, as she says, "I want to do my bit for the missionaries."

Betty gets CHINA every month and reads it from cover to cover. May God

especially bless such a brave, unselfish girl. I'm sure every Bud will be proud of Betty and want to write to her.

Mrs. Alice Beecher of Kippewa, Ontario, an old friend of Father Jim's, regularly sends in the contents of her Mite Box. Father Jim wants to thank her and tell her how grateful he is for her frequent contributions. Mr. Pilon, Mr. Covey, Patrick Beecher and Wilfred Pariseau helped to fill up the Mite Box, as did also the Indian children of Kippewa. Many thanks to all.

Father Sharkey gave Father Jim an interesting letter from St. Francis Xavier Chinese Catholic School at Vancouver, B.C. Douglas Jang, the secretary of the Mission Club, sent in a subscription to CHINA. Father Jim hopes all the Chinese Catholic boys and girls at the Chinese Mission in Vancouver enjoy CHINA and don't miss Father Sharkey too much.

From the Children of Mary of St. Mary's Parish, Ottawa, Ontario, we received a donation of five dollars for our Missionary work. Thanks very much, girls—your generous gift will go a long way in China these times and I am sure God will especially bless your generosity. Please pray for our missionaries.

Once in a while I open a letter and the contents almost take my breath away, and such was the case with a letter I received from Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. Out tumbled a cheque for \$25—money saved up by the different classes in their Mite Boxes. That sure was one grand surprise for Father Jim. Many, many thanks to you all.

Grades V and VI (mixed), Grade VII (boys) and Grade IV (girls) were especially good in helping to make up the grand sum of twenty-five dollars. Sister Rita Ursula sent along two class pictures, which will appear in either the December or the January number of CHINA.

Grade III girls of St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S., saved up their money dur-



ing October and collected five dollars, which they sent us as the ransom of a Chinese baby girl to be named "Maria Elizabeth". It was their first letter to the Rose Garden and Father Jim was very pleased to get it and wishes to thank them all for their kind thoughtfulness in sending on the ransom. The girls also sent a subscription to CHINA and we hope

they enjoy it. Father Jim intends to put their class picture either in the December or the January number of our magazine.

From St. Joseph's Convent School, Russell St., Halifax, N.S., came a War Savings Certificate, donated by the children of Grade VI; a renewal subscription to CHINA, and a dollar in Mite Box

money. For all this, Father Jim is very grateful and he asks God to bless all the children for their interest in the Missions and the many sacrifices that they have so generously made.

Joan McLoughlin wrote me another lovely letter and sent a dollar from her Mite Box. Joan and her brother were to



TOP LEFT—Rosemary Coleman of St. Anne's School, Toronto. Some of her own beautiful poster work may be seen in background. TOP RIGHT—Grade III girls, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S. CENTRE LEFT—Grade V, College St. School, Halifax, N.S. CENTRE RIGHT—A representative group of young missionaries of St. Anne's School, Toronto. LOWER LEFT—Agnes and Alphonsus Molloy, Glace Bay, N.S. LOWER RIGHT—Grades V-VI mixed, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S.



have their tonsils out and asked for our prayers. Father Jim hopes they are all better again. Thanks for your letter and the dollar, Joan.

* * *

Doris Poirier, the secretary of the Crusaders of Notre Dame Convent at Miscouche, P.E.I., wrote Father Jim, sending a five-dollar donation, which the girls wish used in our missionary work. Many thanks to Doris and the other Crusaders of Miscouche. I am sure their very generous donation called for many sacrifices by them all, and we are indeed grateful.

* * *

Pupils of Room V of Holy Rosary School, here in Toronto, sent us five dollars for the Missions. In her letter, Lorraine Blanchard sent me a list of names of those who wished to join the Rose Garden—welcome to all the new Buds. Father Jim promises to come and visit Holy Rosary School some day soon. Thanks very much indeed, Room V, for your big donation.

* * *

Joe Fraser, Jr., of Lansing, Michigan, in the United States, is a big help to Father Jim, for he has been getting subscriptions to CHINA. Joe goes to the Resurrection School in Lansing, and is in the seventh grade. He is a football fan, especially when Resurrection School plays Evertt High. How did the last game turn out, Joe? Writing to Father Amyot, who was a great friend of Joe's dad, Joe tells Father he would like to take swimming lessons from him. Thanks a million, Joe, for your hard work for CHINA.

* * *

From Our Lady of Protection School at Noranda, Quebec, Father Jim received three dollars—collected by the pupils in their Mite Box. Many thanks, boys and girls, and may God bless you all for having made so many sacrifices for the Missions. Father Jim hopes that you will all have a very Merry Christmas.

* * *

Very welcome indeed and very cheery was a letter from Dorothy White of London, Ontario. Dorothy sent Father Jim a dollar for the Missions and Father Jim knows so many things that can be done with that dollar over in far-off China. Thanks a million, Dorothy.

Father Jim is glad to hear that you have some new pen-pals and that you hear from Betty MacNabb, Lydia Murphy and Rita Chafe. It must keep you busy writing letters. We will pray for Betty's mother, who is not well. I hope your brother George is over the "flu".

Thanksgiving greetings came to Father Jim from Grade V, College St. School, Halifax, N.S., together with a War Savings Certificate to help build up the St. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursary. The class sent along their picture, which I hope to put in this or next month's CHINA. Theresa Burke, the secretary, promises another War Savings Certificate soon, for she says they want to be real little missionaries. Indeed you all are, Theresa, and thanks very much to everyone for the generous donation.

* * *

Shirley Phyllis Murray, the secretary, writes for Grade VI of College Street School, Halifax, N.S., sending us a War Savings Certificate which also is to help swell the St. Madeleine Sophie Bursary Fund. Father Jim thanks Shirley and all the others for their kind thoughtfulness and the sacrifices they have so gladly made for the Missions. God bless you all. Thanks for the class picture, which will be in the December or January issue of CHINA.

* * *

I was delighted to receive a letter from Donald Bellefeuille of Dominion Street, Alexandria, Ontario, who one day hopes to enter our Seminary and study for the priesthood. Donald sent me a picture of himself, taken at his Confirmation, and I intend to publish it in the December or January issue of CHINA. He would very much like to have a letter from Reggie Kay and he asks us all to pray for his father, who has been sick.

* * *

Frances Murphy, secretary of Grades IX and X, St. Edward's School, Westport, Ontario, sent me a subscription to CHINA for the coming year and a whole load of cancelled stamps. Thanks very much indeed.

I am glad the pupils enjoy CHINA, and I promise to remember them all in my prayers. God bless you all.

* * *

From St. Ann's School, Bolton Ave., Toronto, comes a very generous donation of five dollars, for which we are indeed sincerely grateful. May the Infant Jesus bless all these little missionaries and grant them a very Merry Christmas. Father Jim is especially proud of the boys and girls at St. Ann's. Father Hymus tells me that they are working hard for the Missions and that they do wonderful poster work.

* * *

Miss Eleanor Doyle wrote me not long ago, from her home at 41 Frank Street, North Monaghan, Peterborough, Ontario. She enclosed a lovely poem that she had written just recently, called "Faith And A Child", which I thought was really lovely and I enjoyed very much. Eleanor certainly has lots of talent. Eleanor also plays the violin and her sister the piano. They have promised to play for me, when I visit them in Peterborough. Please pray for Eleanor's mother, who has not been well lately.

* * *

Angela Hoskins of Carbonear, Newfoundland, is still busy selling copies of CHINA and doing a wonderful job, too. Her picture appeared in the November issue of CHINA. Angela asks us all to

pray for her cousins, Edward Lahey and Owen McGrath, who are in England with the Canadian Army. Many thanks, dear, for selling all the copies of CHINA. Father Jim is proud of you.

* * *

A newcomer to the Rose Garden and a very welcome one, too, is Margaret MacDonald, of 10 Margaret Street, Sydney, N.S., who is twelve years old and in Grade VIII. Margaret wishes some of the boys and girls to write to her and I am sure they will. Father Jim wishes her a very Merry Christmas.

* * *

Reggie John Kay, of Erindale, Ontario, wrote me a very interesting letter and sent in a subscription to CHINA and a donation towards our missionary work. Reggie was confirmed just recently together with a class of thirty-eight others—one, a very old man.

Thanks very much, Reggie, for the donation and subscription. You are a real missionary and I am proud of you. Don't forget to write to Donald Bellefeuille, who would like to hear from you.

* * *

Miss Marie Butler, eighteen years old, a student at St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax, N.S., wrote Father Jim a lovely letter, enclosing a dollar as a subscription to CHINA. Marie says that she has many pen-pals already, but would like to add still others to her list of friends. So, won't some of the other Buds write to her? I'm sure they will find her an interesting and faithful friend. St. Pat's girls have always been the very best Mission workers. Thanks a million, Marie. Write me again soon.

* * *

Rosemary Dourish writes for her mother, from 482 Orange Street, Newark, New Jersey, sending us three dollars for prayers for deceased members of her family and deceased relatives. Thanks a lot, Rosemary, and may God bless you. Please write Father Jim again soon. I am sure Rosemary would like some pen-pals, so I hope some of you will write to her.

* * *

Most interesting of all the letters that Father Jim got in August was one from Camp Ozanam, Pickering, conducted by the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. Miss Frances Redmond, who was in charge of the children, sent us eight dollars and fifty cents, the ransom of a Chinese baby boy, to be named "Frederick Ozanam", after the great Catholic social worker of the same name.

This sum of money represents many and great sacrifices on the part of these children, who have so little themselves. May God bless them in a very special manner for their grand missionary spirit. Father Jim is more than proud of you all.

* * *

Twenty-one new members were added to our Club from St. Mary's Home, Edmonton, Alberta. These young boys are praying every day for our work. Father Jim hopes they were pleased with their Certificates.

* * *

Five dollars were contributed through mite-box savings by the pupils at Christmas Island, N.S.

VANCOUVER LETTER

(Continued from page 13)

tended the ceremony, together with the younger children, Rose-Marie, Mary, and John. The faithfulness with which these young people learn their catechism would be all the more appreciated if you knew how hard all of them work, both before and after school-hours, helping their father at his farm. In explaining the precepts of the Church I asked Paul what the big words meant in the fifth precept, and he told me "to give the priest vegetables like we give Fr. Roberts sometimes".

It is interesting to note that the reception of the eight children of the Chung family into the Church was occasioned by the good example of a Catholic neighbour. Mrs. Chung used to see this lady going to mass every Sunday and one day she said she would like her children to go, too. Father Sharkey quickly availed himself of the opportunity thus presented. Because they do not know much English, the parents are still pagan, but more well-disposed and friendly people one would hardly meet anywhere. Please God, they, too, will receive the grace of conversion in time.

The only entire Catholic family of Chinese in Vancouver is the Kong family. Eight of the thirteen Kongs comprise a troupe of stage performers, specializing in acrobatic feats. Recently, they played two engagements at a local theatre. I made use of the opportunity to write for the *B.C. Catholic* a little story about them. It was published with their picture on the front page in the October 9th issue. I'm sending it along in case you may be able to use it to fill a column in some future issue of CHINA.

In preparation for Mission Sunday our church is favoured by being the scene of the exercises of the National Novena sponsored by the Holy Childhood Association. At the ceremonies, each afternoon at 4 p.m., the Vancouver schools are represented by pupils and teachers from each school. The National Director, Father Roberts, conducts the Novena before a beautifully decorated shrine erected in honour of the Infant Jesus of Prague. Thousands of children

throughout Canada make the Novena exercises as members of the Holy Childhood Association.

As I write we are being favoured by a visit from Reverend Mother Estelle, Mother-General of the Grey Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, from Pembroke, Ontario, who is making her Visitation of the Order's houses in the West. Rev. Mother has expressed her gratification at the work being done by her Sisters, and she has been most favourably impressed by the results obtained by the efforts of her devoted Sisters in our new school. The erection of this all-Chinese school two years ago was a big undertaking for a Mission with such slender resources as ours. But, under God, it is the medium through which we hope for any success in the future conduct of our work here. The financial burden it places us under was assumed in the hope that our good friends everywhere would "see us through". I hope I may be pardoned if I insert here a reminder to our friends that we need their charity to keep our school going. It would be such a help if many of CHINA's readers made it an object of their interest.

Just now, all of us are kept extremely busy preparing for our Annual Bazaar and Drawing. This is the one big feature of the year's activities on which we depend to raise a portion of the money this Mission needs to function at all. So

we are trusting to the generosity of all those to whom we have sent our appeal and our drawing tickets. The Bazaar dates are November 12th and 13th. Ten lucky prize-winners will receive a famous "Hudson's Bay" blanket. It would cost an individual nearly thirty dollars to buy a pair of such blankets to-day. A useful, practical prize apart altogether from the purpose to which your contribution will be put. Through CHINA we once more ask your aid for our Mission.

Since this letter from Vancouver may come to the attention of many of my personal friends, as well as a large number of people whom I know through my work at the Seminary and with CHINA, I make use of the occasion to extend to them all my sincere greetings for a Merry Christmas and to beg of them a remembrance in their prayers that all of us here, priests and sisters, may merit the blessing of Almighty God on our missionary labours amongst the Chinese. I hope, from time to time, to be able to make further reports on our doings at the Vancouver Chinese Mission. To my successor in CHINA's editorial chair I can only express the same greeting that was handed down to me by my predecessor, Monsignor McGrath: "Keep up the good work, Father Editor; the first ten years are the hardest".

A. Chafe.

WINNERS OF THE "HUDSON'S BAY" BLANKETS OFFERED AS PRIZES IN THE GRAND DRAWING

at the

CHINESE MISSION ANNUAL BAZAAR, VANCOUVER

Thursday, November 13, 1941

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Mrs. Irene O'Connor,
c/o 6312 Carnarvon St.,
Vancouver. (8358C). | 6. Rev. J. Savin,
St. Patrick's Deanery,
St. John's, Nfld. (1096B). |
| 2. Mr. Lum Fun,
269 Pender St. E.,
Vancouver. (6889C). | 7. Mr. L. Read,
1265 W. 38th Ave.,
Vancouver. (12004B). |
| 3. Mrs. M. J. Doody,
306 Main St.,
Vancouver. (2052D). | 8. Mrs. Gordon Lim,
87 Pender St. E.,
Vancouver. (848D). |
| 4. Mrs. J. Arbour,
119 E. 18th Ave.,
Calgary, Alberta. (8108A). | 9. E. R. Shopaff,
Ovenden College,
Barrie, Ontario. (11352C). |
| 5. Mrs. C. Buckley,
82 Queen's Road,
St. John's, Nfld. (1737C). | 10. Mrs. J. De Vite,
285 Tamarac St.,
Trail, B.C. (4053D). |

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

(Continued from page 7)

abnormalcy to expect always to hit as high as we aim. We cannot take the heights in our stride. Most of our life is centered round the lowly valleys and the more daring spirits are ever there to battle their way to the heights of the dizzy crags. We make or break ourselves in our process of readjustment. It is well expressed in the little gem of doggerel:

"No enemy can do me harm,
No matter how unkind,
Unless he makes revengeful
thoughts
Usurp my peace of mind."

It is consoling to realize that we and we alone, under God, hold the key to the impregnable citadel of our own happiness. No need to go defeatist with the experimental discovery that people and things are not what they used to be and really never were. The ups and downs, the heights and depths; the vistaed hopes and the titanic glooms down which we all now and then shoot precipitated are all part of normalcy, of the glorious and interesting variety that keeps life from going monotonous and stale.

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

(Continued from page 5)

ter Mary Elizabeth of St. Joseph's Convent at Toronto; Sister Claire Marie of the Sisters of St. Martha of Antigonish, Nova Scotia; and



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself!

Mary, of Calgary. Four sons also are left to mourn—Rev. C. J. Lyons of Taber, Alberta; Rev. E. J. Lyons of the Catholic Mission at Lishui, Chekiang, China; John, of Calgary, and Joseph, of Edmonton; three brothers—James P. Jennings, of North Bay, Ontario; Joseph Jennings, of Winnipeg; and Robert, of Ottawa.

Father Clarence anointed his mother, and other members of the family were with her at the end. Mrs. Lyons realized that she was dying and was well prepared. May God have mercy on her soul and grant her the special happiness, peace and blessing reserved for the mother of a priest.

On receipt of the news of Mrs. Lyons' death, special prayers were recited for the repose of her soul by the seminarians and Requiem Mass was celebrated for her by Rev. Father Sharkey. CHINA extends to her dear loved ones sincerest sympathy in their bereavement and recommends Mrs. Lyons to the prayers of all our readers, especially during this month of the Holy Souls.

To Father Hurton, Philadelphia's Soggarth Aroon, sincerest congratulations on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary. We hope to join you, Fr. Hurton, for the Golden Jubilee.

THE MISSIONER

(Two of four verses found in an old Irish Book)

They hear the Master calling
"come"

And follow Him, and leaving home
They go into the pagan night
And bear afar the Gospel Light.

Our sons go forth, our daughters
go,

With zeal for Him their hearts
aglow;

Their lives they offer at His feet,
And find indeed His yoke is sweet.

Those noble sours, heroic hearts,
Who toil for Him in distant parts;
Our prayers go with them on their
way,

Our prayers be with them night
and day;

Our prayers that Jesus' Heart may
send

Them strength and courage to the
end.

—Anon.

THE RICKSHAW COOLIE

"He's but a rickshaw coolie,"
The maiden glibly said;
I gazed upon the figure
Who meekly bowed his head.
The beads of sweat clung to him,
He panted on his way,
Pulling his heavy burden
Each slowly passing day.

The words struck cold and heart-
less,

I turned my eyes once more,
A change passed o'er the figure,
A nameless look he wore;
The beads of sweat were bloody,
And thorn-crowned was the head,
And there, a rickshaw coolie,
Stood Christ, his Friend, instead.

I bowed down on the roadway
And raised my eyes to see
The wondrous Son of Mary
A rickshaw coolie. He
Who came all men to rescue
Gasped on His way again,
The Shameful one of Calvary,
Bearing His load for men.

"Why goest Thou so, my Jesus?"

Love pierced me like a dart,
He turned His gaze upon me,
Full captive was my heart.
With smile of tender pity
He raised His bleeding head,
"I go to die for coolies
Of all the world," He said.

The vision then passed from me,
We paid our rickshaw fare,
The street was grey and dirty,
With only coolies there.
But tears welled up within me,
And I prayed on the Taiping Road,
That Christ, the Rickshaw Coolie,
Would let me carry His load.

—A Sister of Charity
in China, 1930.

"CHINA" St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for
years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please
give us the OLD address as well as the
NEW one)



It's Time to Laugh!



Boss: "Did you put that note where it would be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he came in?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir, I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."

Catechism Teacher: "How many Sacraments are there?"

Tommy: "There are none left now; Mrs. Cassidy received the Last Sacraments yesterday."

Private (finding a wasp in his stew): "Hi! What's this?"

Mess Orderly: "Vitamin bee!"

A Scotchman was discovered wandering around in Detroit with a pair of rumpled trousers over his arm. "Can I help you in any way?" asked a friendly citizen.

"Mon," replied the weary Scot, "I'm looking for the Detroit Free Press."

"I remember once," said the soldier, relating his experiences, "when a big explosion tore up the main road."

"And what did you do?" asked one of his listeners.

"I tore up a side street," replied the soldier, emptying his glass.

A member of a Ladies' Aid Society in a small town went to the bank to deposit, as she told the banker, "Some aid money." Unfortunately, the banker thought she said "egg money" and replied: "Remarkable, isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days?" Then he couldn't understand why the woman gathered up her passbook and hurried out of the bank.

"Women will suffer much to be beautiful," says a writer. "The removal of eyebrows, for instance, calls for quite a lot of pluck."

"In days of old the man with powder in his gun, went out to get the deer; but now the deer with powder on her nose goes out to get the man."

A float, used to mark a sunken rock off an English coastal town, broke away and caused a German mine to explode without doing any damage. Local *buoy* makes good.

Lieutenant, at barracks inspection: "Is that your cigarette butt on the floor?"

Recruit: "Go ahead, you saw it first."

Shopper: "Can I stick this wallpaper on myself?"

Sales Clerk: "Yes, sir—but it would look better on the wall."

"Does my practising make you nervous?" asked the youth who was learning to play a saxophone.

"It did when I first heard the neighbours discussing it," replied the man next door, "but now I don't care what happens to you."

Boxer: "Isn't it a long distance from the dressing-room to the ring?"

Opponent: "Yes, but you won't have to walk back."

Lady of the House: "I don't need none."

Salesman: "How do you know—I might be selling grammars."

There was a grocer named March. One day a commercial traveller came into his shop and said: "March, on the first of April the price of tea is going up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," replied March.

A few days later a wholesale salesman came in and said: "March, on the first of April the price of sugar is going up."

Later on the landlord came in and said: "March, on the first of April I must put the rent up."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said March. Then he put up this sign in the window:

"The first of April will be the end of March."

A minister, travelling on one of those way-trains that stop at every station on a side line, was reading his Bible.

"Find anything about this railway in that book?" asked the conductor, trying to be funny.

"Yes," replied the minister, "in the very first chapter it says that the Lord made every creeping thing."

Clerk: "Now here is a wonderful hat, sir. You just can't wear it out."

Customer: "No use, I never wear a hat in the house."

"I'm sorry," said a diner, who hoped to get away with it, "but I haven't any money to pay for the dinner I've eaten."

"Oh, that's all right," said the manager, "we'll just write your name on the wall, and you can pay the next time you come in."

"You can't do that," said the diner, "why everybody who comes in will see it."

"No, they won't," said the manager, "your overcoat will be hanging over it."

The masked carnival was in full swing. As the clock struck twelve, the hostess said to the lady near her: "You can now take off your mask."

"Madam," replied the lady, with a freezing glare, "it is not a mask."

"I shall go to your father and ask his consent to-night, darling. There are no grounds on which he can throw me out, dear, are there?"

"Not in front of the house, dearest, but there's a flowerbed in the rear which looks nice and soft."

A girl student in taking leave of her college dean said: "Good-bye, professor! I shall not forget you! I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Oh, I beg of you," replied the professor, "don't mention such a trifle!"

The little German boy was playing in the mud, building things with it, when the Nazi officer passed by.

"What are you building, my boy," said the officer, patting the lad on the head.

"Oh, I'm building the Reichstag," said the little boy, "don't you see the building and the soldiers on guard?"

"Yes, indeed," said the officer, "but where is our beloved Fuehrer?"

"Oh, I didn't have enough mud to make him," said the little boy.

"Does the doctor think your wife is going to die, Mr. Jones?"

"Blamed if I know."

"Didn't he tell you something as to the chances?"

"Yes, he told me to prepare for the worst, but he still has me guessing."

Introducing Our Campaigners



REV. J. P. LEONARD,
United States.



REV. R. HYMUS,
Province of Ontario.



REV. M. DWYER,
Maritime Provinces.



RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, V.G.,
Canada and United States.
Director of Campaign.



REV. C. MacDONALD,
Province of Quebec.

By the time you read this, we campaigners will have packed our bags and taken to the road. We hope to meet many readers of CHINA and Rose Garden members during the course of our travels, the chief object of which will be to boost the circulation of our magazine through churches where missionary appeals are permitted.

OUR LECTURE BUREAU

We know you would also like to hear from some of our missionaries who have been in China and lived through the air raids and dangers of war in the Orient. While our "regulars" will carry the heavy end of the campaign, our lecture team will bring you some first-hand stories that you will long remember. China is front page news these days, and the five "Old China Hands" who constitute the *personnel* of the Lecture Bureau, will give you the inside story.

They are: Monsignor McGrath, Rev. H. Sharkey, Rev. W. Amyot, Rev. D. Stringer and Rev. E. Moriarty, all of whom have entertained you many a time with stories in CHINA. They will be available for lectures to Study Clubs, Parish Societies, Communion Breakfast groups, College and Academy assemblies, and for special occasion lectures of any kind.

If you are within reasonable distance and would like to arrange for a lecture on China, drop us a line. What do we mean by "reasonable distance"? Well — that depends. Let us know your prospective audience and we promise to do our very best.

Address—LECTURE BUREAU,
Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

CHINA





JANUARY

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

NO. 1

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The New Year — 1942

WE enter upon a tragic year, this January of nineteen hundred and forty-two. War has spread to the Pacific and has isolated both Europe and America from the vast mission fields of Asia and Africa; and cut off all aid to the numerous priests and sisters labouring for the propagation of the Faith in India, Africa, China and Japan. But this fact must not for a moment lead to any curtailment of our missionary effort, but rather increase it. We must consolidate our position, we must built up a vast army of missionary priests and sisters, who will, when peace comes (as come it will), take up the gigantic task of the conversion of the pagan world, where it was unfortunately left off, and make up for the losses of the barren years of war.

First then, we ask the earnest prayers of all our readers for peace in the Pacific—for the resumption of the great work of God's missionary church. We ask your prayers, too, for the safety of our priests and sisters in China; that with the grace of God and necessary freedom of action, they may be able to care for the spiritual needs of China's millions of Catholics and even spread the faith among other millions who know Him not.

We cannot send our missionaries in the war zone material aid or financial assistance, but we can pray for them. Although we have had no news whatsoever from China, since the outbreak of war, we feel sure that our missionaries are safe and will be safe and that despite conditions they will carry on their work valiantly and cheerfully. God will watch over them and we will pray for them—pray for them incessantly and fervently. To all their relatives, loved ones and friends, we give an assurance

that the missionaries are safe and we promise to acquaint them immediately with any news we receive.

The work of the Seminary will of course go on, as will also our missionary work among the thousands of pagan Chinese in Canada, at Victoria, Vancouver and Toronto. We ask our friends to continue their interest in our work and the financial assistance they have so generously given in the past. We must keep up the training of young men in our seminary; we must carry on the conversion of the Chinese people of our own country; we must prepare for days of peace and of renewed missionary activity in the Orient. All this cannot be done, unless our friends continue to assist us by their alms and their good prayers. We feel sure they will. We must not allow the Pacific war to diminish our missionary zeal and endeavours. Let us build well against the day when the great White Empresses will again sail from Vancouver, with our Canadian missionary priests and Sisters aboard bound for Lishui.

The New Year is always a time for good resolutions, so let us one and all resolve, despite the war, to make this a memorable year for the Missions. There could be no finer contribution to world peace and final victory, than the sacrifices made to spread the kingdom of God throughout the world. If we enthrone the Prince of Peace in our hearts and seek to bring about His reign from pole to pole, then indeed will a war-weary world at last find surcease from heartbreak and blackout and bombing—then, and then only, shall we have a true peace, a just peace, a lasting peace.

Let us then go forward into the New Year with courage, and hope and faith, our hand in the hand of God.

On opposite page is picture taken late in October, 1941, on the occasion of a Reception tendered to Rev. Mother Estelle, Mother-General of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, by the Children of the Chinese Catholic School in Vancouver. Mother-General is in centre (right) with the Local Superior, Sr. St. Hilda. The Sisters who teach in the School are at rear, together with some visiting Grey Sisters from St. Vincent's Home. At left, Fr. Chafe, Pastor of the Vancouver Mission, with Fr. Roberts, National Director of the Holy Childhood Association. At right, Fr. Moore and Fr. McCarthy of the Mission. Miss Violet Wong, Kindergarten Teacher, stands behind the Sisters Superior.



Attention, Please!

Franciscan Priest to Translate Bible to Chinese Tongue

The Rev. Gabriel Mario Allegra, O.F.M., a noted sinologist, student of the Pontifical Biblical Institute and of the faculty of Exegesis at St. Anthony at Rome, recently passed through America on his return to China. Father Allegra has been recalled to China by His Excellency the Most Rev. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, to head the Biblical Committee that will undertake the translation of the entire Bible into both languages in use in China, the modern or colloquial Chinese and the classical language used by the scholars.

Not only is Father Allegra well versed in sinology and all the modern languages but he has likewise a ready command of Hebraic, old Syriac and Arabic. He is connected with the Franciscan House of Studies at Peiping, where he is professor of Biblical Theology. The work of translating the Old and the New Testaments into both modern, colloquial Chinese and into the classical style is expected to cover a period of several years.

Catholic Chinese Doctor Has Plans for "New" China

For one Chinese leader—a young Catholic official—the future of China, its rehabilitation and its post-war “new order” are of far greater current interest than the nation’s horrible present, battered by bombs and bathed in blood.

He is Dr. J. Ancheng Miao, newly appointed Commissioner of

health for Yunnan Province, China. Touring this country for the past few weeks to study American health and sanitation methods, Dr. Miao is at present observing the functioning of the State Board of Health.

From him comes a story, not so much of sorrow and suffering, shot and shell and destruction, as of plans for the rehabilitation of China on a scale beneficial to rich and poor alike—the rebuilding of health and sanitation, based on knowledge gained in America. He has covered many States in his tour of American health centres, interviewing health authorities and studying their work under a schedule arranged by the Rockefeller Foundation.

MUCH BETTER FUTURE

His view of China amid the clouds of war pays tribute to “the old that was good, as well as to the new that will be much better”. His story stresses that while the China of another day sold its wares by romantic, picturesque settings, the same China was yearning for knowledge that in some practical way would help its people to a betterment of public health along lines not yet learned—safeguarding public health by preventive as well as controlling measures.

Leader of Philadelphia Chinatown Dies a Convert in His Native Land

Word has been received of the death in Hong Kong of Philip Lee, long the leader of Philadelphia’s

Chinatown. He died a convert to the Catholic Faith—the Faith of his friend Cardinal Dougherty.

Through many years Philip Lee was called the “King” of Chinatown in Philadelphia. In the Chinese colony on Race Street it was he who made decisions, settled disputes, righted wrongs.

Early he came to know His Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia. To the Chinese of Philadelphia, His Eminence is “Uncle Dennis the Cardinal”, but he didn’t understand.

Among his descendants is one of whom he was most proud—Dick Lee, of Mott Street, in New York City. Properly, Philip Lee was proud of Dicky. Had not Dicky, at the age of six, delivered an address in the presence of President Roosevelt? Had not Dicky delivered public addresses on many, many occasions; even when he was so small he had to stand on a table to be seen? And Dicky was a Catholic and a convert.

Then there was Bishop Yu Pin (the Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking), who visited Philadelphia. That was an occasion for great festivity, and, of course, Philip Lee directed all arrangements. It was then, too, that he met the late Dr. Chang Shan-tse, renowned Chinese painter, who accompanied Bishop Yu Pin on his mission, which was to seek aid for China’s war sufferers. This Dr. Chang, too, was a Catholic. Peter Lee wondered.

Came a great occasion; Philip Lee was sent to China to attend a national convention of his people in Chungking. He was in Hong Kong about to start his return journey to Philadelphia when he was stricken ill. He was taken to a

(Continued on page 13)

Toronto Mission News

THE Toronto Chinese Catholic Mission will soon be situated at its new location on Simcoe Street. Final arrangements are now being made to quit the Chestnut Street address and move into the newly-acquired building.

Friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will be happy to know of this new development in the work of the conversion of the Chinese people of Toronto. The new headquarters on Simcoe Street, on the outskirts of the local Chinatown, are admirably suited to our missionary needs, and will become a real Social Centre for the Chinese Community.

Because of lack of room at the Chestnut Street location, it has been impossible to carry on our missionary work as we would have liked to do. In the new building there is ample space for a nice chapel, a recreation centre for the young Chinese, a kindergarten school, a clinic and a Chinese Language School.

When the exact date of the opening is known, we intend to have open house for all our Toronto friends, in order that they may see the new Mission headquarters. An announcement to this effect will be made in the February number of CHINA. Be sure to be with us on that very happy occasion.

The establishment of a kindergarten school for Chinese children will give a new impetus to our missionary work here in the city of Toronto. Much of the success of the work among the Chinese community at Vancouver is due to the kindergarten and grade school there, which is under the zealous care of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario. Naturally, the best possible foundation for missionary work among any people is to be found in the Catholic school, and a Catholic Chinese school in Toronto is our most fervent hope and prayer. Please join your



Miss Patricia Chung and Miss Joyce Chung, Chinese Catholics of Toronto.

prayers with ours to God, that this dream may become a glorious reality.

The Chinese Language School has already been established at Chestnut Street and will continue on in the new Mission on Simcoe Street. A large number of Chinese boys and girls attend the school every day and are taught their native tongue by Mrs. Wong, a bril-

liant teacher of the Mandarin dialect. They learn also of the great art and culture of their ancient fatherland, so that they may be some day well prepared to return to post-war China and take their part in her glorious future.

Chinese Language School starts at five in the afternoon and continues for two hours. Several such type of schools may be found in every Chinatown in Canada, for the Chinese people wish their children to be able to speak their native tongue fluently; wish them to be conversant with China's great literature, poetry and philosophy. One cannot help but admire these young Chinese boys and girls, who lead their classes in the schools and universities, despite the added burden they have of devoting several hours each day to the study of the Chinese language.

We also hope to open a clinic at the new Mission, where in curing the ills of the body, we may help in the healing of souls. Christ Himself, while on earth, had compassion on the sick and the lame and the blind—He cured their bodily ailments, in order that they might permit Him to be also the physician of their souls. This Christlike charity of the missionary has always won the hearts of the poor pagans and drawn them to God. A Chinese Catholic clinic here in the city of Toronto would indeed be fruitful of many souls and would become a very wonderful means of propagating our Holy Faith among the thousands of Orientals who know it not.

Please continue your interest in the work of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society among the Chinese Community at Toronto. Pray God that this missionary endeavour may succeed and that year after year many Chinese may come to know, love and embrace the Catholic Faith. The New Year sees the opening of the new Mission, and God grant that it may be a year of grace and blessedness.



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself!

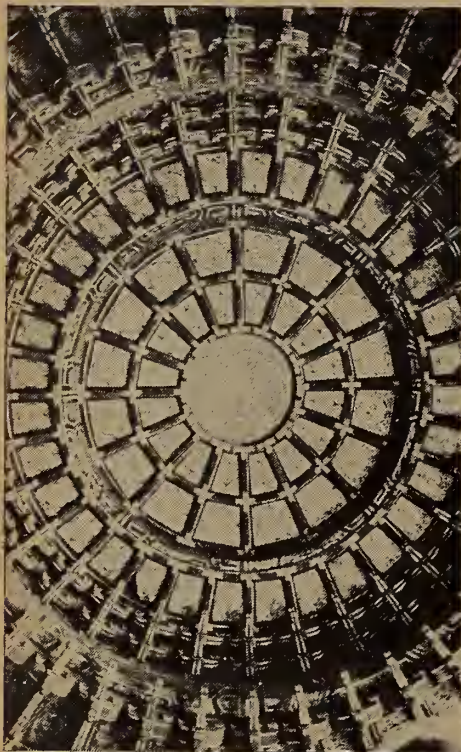
LIVING IN PEKING

By

Rev. Joseph Murphy, S.F.M.

“**T**HOUGH no longer the capital of China, Peking remains one of the oldest living cities in the world.” . . . (*Peking* by Juliet Bredon.) From the early 1400s until 1928 it was actually what its name translated—namely—“the Northern capital”. Now, however, its name has been changed to “Peiping” or “Northern peace”. That term also is an actuality. For there is no doubt about it that Peiping is one of the peaceful cities remaining on a battle-scarred map. Suppose then, for this and possible business reasons, that our reader decided to reside in this city. What would be awaiting you? Would it be difficult to readjust yourself—to become acclimatized to a new country? We shall see.

Your first duty, naturally, would be to look for a home. In the Western hemisphere you had been accustomed to “go home” to a two- or perhaps three-storey dwelling. In Peiping you live in a compound with all the rooms on the ground. Now a “compound” is an enclosure of as many three-room bungalows as your pocketbook permits and your necessity demands. It is entered through a set of heavy doors set into a ten-foot wall whose purpose is to keep out thieves. But think of the privacy! For neither you nor I have seen a ‘rubber-neck’ that could peer casually over a ten-foot wall. Let us again suppose



that you would require a four-bungalow compound.

In the owner's new Studebaker (right-hand drive—for we keep to the left here), we travel over wide paved streets to a residential section on the western edge of the city. You remark about the modern pavement when we turn on to an unpaved and very sandy street. Most of the side-streets here in Peiping are like this. From a desert in dry weather, they turn into a country lane after a rain. On either side of this sandy track you can see only the wall broken at regular intervals by doors—painted red if the owner can afford the paint. Our host apparently could, for he pulls up before a set of red doors complete with brass nameplate, number and knocker. He invites us to come in and look over his real estate.

Upon entering we are in a vestibule faced with another set of doors. This is known as the 'devil-screen'. When closed, the devil cannot steal a hurried glance, when the outer door is opened, into the compound—which, of course, is just one of China's superstitions. Through the now open devil-screen we enter a courtyard. In the centre is a large stone urn for goldfish or for flowers. On each of the sides is a long building. Almost immediately you notice the strong-looking tile roof on each of these dwellings. Believe it or not, beneath those tiles are two layers of sun-baked mud. This mixture has been trowelled smoothly over a base of straw matting. Supporting this weight are three-inch rafters laid about three inches apart over the beams. We now approach the main building which faces south. We mount the cement steps to a full length verandah. Notice the windows. The lower sections have glass, while the upper framework is covered with paper. For winter weather a heavy air-tight quality is used. In summer this is replaced by a lighter grade paper. Allowance for fresh air is made by rolling up a part of this "window". Now, let us enter.

You enter a room measuring approximately 50 ft. by 45 ft. It is the largest and most important room in the compound for it corresponds to what you knew as a

"parlour" in your late home. Here in China it is called the "guest room". Ceiling-high scroll-work partitions separate it from the two side rooms. The ceiling you would scarcely believe, is simply heavy paper. Hanging from the central rafter you are glad to see the good old "Mazda", and by following with your eye the outside wiring, along the rafter and down the wall, you notice also a few wall plugs for floor lamps and a radio. The floor is of heavy grey tile and is usually covered with full length straw matting or a few small carpets. The side rooms measure about 24 ft. by 45 ft., and may serve as sleeping quarters. The rooms in the other three bungalows are all of this size. However, there is one exception—namely the "dining room" which is a little larger. By your comments and the expression on your face, you show that you are anxious to "close the deal". Finally with all the papers duly signed, you decide to move your family in at once.

The late owner has thoughtfully engaged for you three "house-boys" and a cook. Already they are "putting things in shape" and preparing your dinner. With some misgivings you enter the dining room. You had read about such Chinese dishes as "sharks' fins" and "birds' nest soup", but right now did not feel inclined to sample those delicacies. You are surprised then when the "boy" serves up a savoury vegetable soup. This is followed by the meat and vegetables you have been used to all your life. After the second cup of coffee you suddenly disturb the lazy peace of our cigar smoke with: "By George, to-morrow is Sunday and we have no alarm clock to awaken us in time for Mass." "My friend, you will not need one. Have you never heard of the Pekinese criers?"

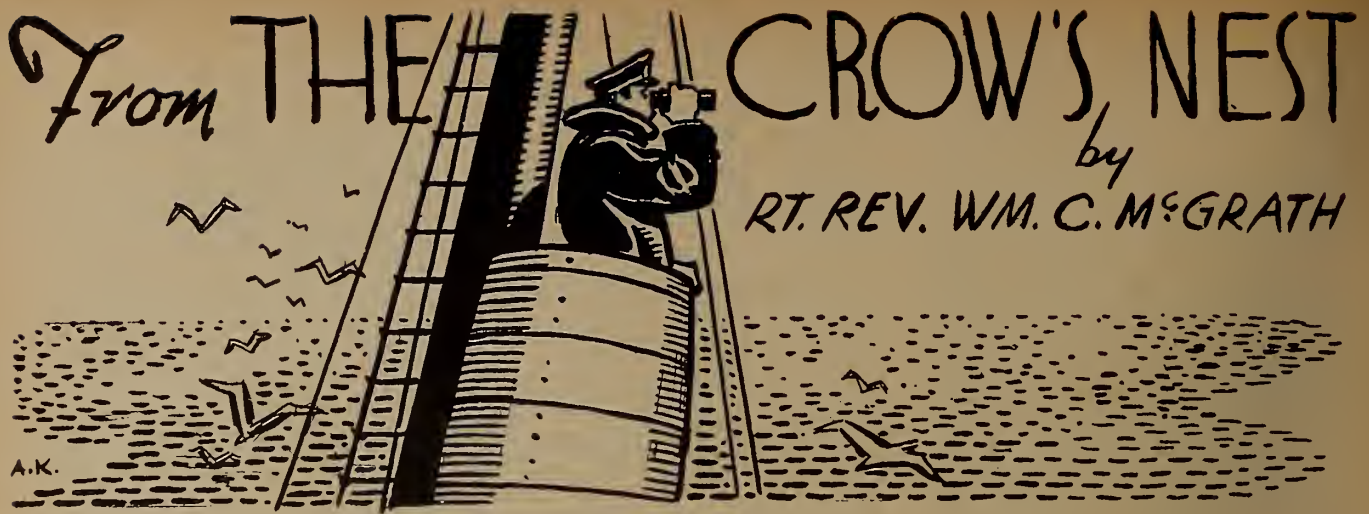
The official and unofficial towncriers of Peking are famous. The only ones in the civic employ are those who walk the streets at night and in no mean voice cry out the time. At first you will not appreciate this service; but soon you will be conscious of a feeling of security emanating from their cry. For they are also the night watchmen. Then there are the unofficial "town-

criers". It is among these that you may find your "alarm clock". They include everything from a genuine "donkey serenade" to the appeal of neighbour's "Little Curly Hair in a high chair" who quite often seems to feel the business end of a safety pin. From early morning until late at night in almost any section of the city can be heard the complaining cry of the donkey who is not at all pleased with his burden. Again, there are the "traveling salesmen". A "no pedlars wanted" sign on a door would not bother them. They cry out their wares as they parade the streets with their shoulder poles and heavily laden baskets. These include food merchants who will sell you already-cooked delicacies, or the Chinese equivalent of 'peanuts, popcorn, chewing-gum'. There are many more—too many to mention here. But rest assured that, although because of them you may at first have trouble in rolling into slumberland at night, they will make you roll out in the morning.

Since your new home is situated in the northwestern section of the city, you will attend the "North Church"—which also happens to be the Cathedral. When you are ready for Mass, you go out and say to your ricksha man "Pei t'ang"—and he has you at church in no time. At the same time, Catholics in other sections of the city are on their way to the "South", "East" or "West" Church, or perhaps to the Catholic Church in the legation quarter. Here are a few of the sights awaiting you on this Sunday morning.

To pagan China, Sunday is 'just another day'. With this in mind you are not surprised to see a regular week-day activity on the streets. The coolies—the hardest working working-class in the world, as usual are hauling their heavy loads. Old women with baskets slung over their shoulders, scour the streets for stray bits of paper. Over there on that ash pile other women with their children are raking through the leftovers for stray pieces of coal. You might even be fortunate enough to see a fight—verbal and otherwise between two women. Here is something that is quite common. Two children have been

(Continued on page 13)



ON one of his trips from Shanghai, Father Beal once brought back a few golf clubs to Lishui. Accompanied by the faithful Chinese "boy" as cad-die, we wandered down to the river bank and started knocking out a few, to the amazement of the natives that a little white ball could travel so far. Ai Yah, Ai Yah. Tse Gawagah. Ye gods! Most extraordinary.

The old-timers, who wear long white beards and fly kites now and then for pastime, looked on for awhile and then shook their heads. This, after all, was no game for gentlemen. That was their verdict. It was a game for coolies to play. Gentlemen should sit around the tea house (golf club to you) and let the coolies do the horse work out on the fairways while they, the gentlemen, were sipping their tea and being kept informed of the score. There was no use going into a big discussion. We just explained that the gentlemen in America didn't sip much tea in any of the golf clubs we knew. They assembled at the "nine-ten-hole-place" and quaffed water while they told of the battles lost. Oh, yes, it was a special kind of water. Stepped up a trifle. A sort of *huo-shui*, fire water, if you know what we mean.

Ai Yah. . . . Those strange foreign gentlemen!

* * *

The Crow's Nest is not a plug department for any bookseller, but a word about Cronin's much controverted Keys of the Kingdom. Read it, if you want a faithful picture of the difficulties of Mission

life in China. His knowledge of Chinese mentality is truly amazing, which leads us to suspect at first that he must have spent long years in the interior of China and then to wonder if he were ever there at all. Could be that he wasn't. The great Prescott (of Conquest of Mexico fame) never set foot on Mexican soil.

Be that as it may, I do wish the young missionary going to China were gifted with even a modicum of Cronin's sympathetic insight into ways that are dark and tricks that are not always so vain. His Father Chisholm makes a superb missionary, a better man than most of us, Gungha Din. But deliver me from his Mother Superior. I know something about nuns in China and a little about Communities on this side of the Celestial Republic, but I cannot absolve Cronin for investing this snooty Duchess with a religious habit and calling her Sister Maria Veronica. She just gets in your hair. She couldn't possibly have survived any novitiate I know. There are superiors who have wills of their own and "wants what they wants when they wants it". Quite within their rights. But this supercilious dowager, with a basket of chips on her shoulder from the days of her arrival in China, would provoke the average missionary to trade her in as part payment on a few months' peace with the bandits.

His catechists, the Wangs, are true to life. All missionaries know the type only too well. And there are bandits in them thar hills whose technique is just as delicate

and refined as that of Cronin's bandit chief, Tai. By and large I like the book, in spite of Maria Veronica and the author's occasional penchant for bending over backwards with broad-mindedness. But he never should have put into the mouth of any returned missionary the semi-blasphemous assertion that Christ was a perfect man but Confucius had a better sense of humour. Priests just don't say such things.

* * *

One of the first things that strikes you in any little Chinese town is the skill of the Chinese craftsman. That is after you survive the initial shock of your impact with five-foot-wide streets, mud-walled houses without chimneys, mangy dogs and vegetables soaking in slimy creeks. You would search in vain for a meal of Chop Suey or Chow Mien. They have not yet been introduced into China. But you will find the butcher and the baker and the old coffin maker; the wood carver, carpenter, blacksmith and tailor, every man a skilled craftsman in his own line. There used to be no unemployment in our little Chinese town, but these days you will find groups of High School graduates with nothing to do. They would lose face by doing what they consider menial work. We noticed the same thing in Manila, where many of the taxi drivers and longshoremen were full-fledged lawyers, with diplomas and shingles in the attic. But Manila is top-heavy with gentlemen of the legal profession. Over

there they say "Two lawyers for a Centavo", which adds up to something less high priced than a dime a dozen. We're not anti-education, but we hope the academic in China can be kept in reasonable bounds. Rampant, as it is in America and the Philippines, it could easily dislocate and bedevil the normal system of vocational training as it bids fair to do over here. It's all right for every man to have his chance to be President, but, after all, somebody must empty the ash can and put the holes in the doughnuts if society is to endure. ;

* * *

But about the Chinese craftsman. Say you wanted a table or a chair just like that one in your mail order catalogue. You sent a boy to fetch the old carpenter. When he arrived, you broke the ice gradually with a little small talk and maybe a few watermelon seeds and a cup of tea. How were the rice crops and were there any more bandits in the hills and was business good these days? You had a big book with many pictures and drawings and there was a desk that you would like to have made, and you knew that it would be just child's play for a man of his skill to do it.

The old carpenter would take out his magnifying glass, look the design over carefully and then submit his estimate as to time and price. Then he would take his leave, catalogue and all, and begin from the beginning by starting to hand saw a camphor log. By the time you had forgotten all about the order, he would turn up, smiling, and there was your desk. The old boy could reproduce in exact detail anything from a pair of drumsticks to a Peterboro canoe.

* * *

The "craftsmen" usually called at the house. The barber came with all his stock in trade and it cost me three cents (Canadian) for a haircut because I was the big shot around the place and had to contribute a little "face" money. The other priests got by for two cents. If you wanted a pair of shoes, the shoemaker came and took the measure of your foot on a piece of newspaper. If it were a soutane or a new suit, the tailor did

not take your measure. He took the old suit as a model. If you happened to have a patch on the old trousers it would be reproduced faithfully on the new ones. By the way, shoes that cost \$4.00 (mex.) in 1937, now cost \$80.00, and rice that sold then at eighteen pounds for a dollar now costs one dollar for one pound.

* * *

The Oriental is a pastmaster in the art of relaxation, fast becoming, so they tell us, a lost art in America. Our colourful friend Abbot Chao Kung (Trebitsch Lincoln to the world at large) used to hold forth by the hour in Shanghai on several of his pet theories, the impending doom of France (long before the war began); the intolerance of our Catholic orthodoxy (his pet obsession being the *absque dubio in aeternum peribit* of the Athanasian creed — "How does anybody know *absque dubio* that anybody will be damned forever", he wanted to know) and the slow suicide being committed by the average American and Canadian, because of their inability to relax and unbend the mental bow. They die about ten to fifteen years ahead of their time, the Abbot used to say. They are wearing out through hypertension, the one American product that hasn't yet been imported into China.

Well, whatever you may think of the Abbot's dive-bomb attack on

the *absque dubio*, you will concede that he had something in his views on relaxation. For a stamped, self-addressed envelope we might be induced to give you further particulars. No, on second thought we better not because it sounds too much like "boy, you oughta see my doctor". However there, is mighty little hypertension in China and people are not dropping dead in their tracks of coronary thrombosis. Nerve disorders and heart disease are rare because the Son of Han is positively allergic to high gear. He doesn't want to be "on the go" all the time. He takes it easy. He would like to know what the American man does with all the time he saves since he never seems to have time for anything. A journey of ten thousand miles, he says, starts off with a single step. Then another step and another step, and, if you live long enough, you get there, and if you don't get there, who cares, anyway? Not exactly an exuberant philosophy but one that is milk and honey to the nervous system.

Of course, that much-maligned man in the street known as the average American may ask you just what China has accomplished with her centuries of Rip Van Winkle relaxation. There is no prize for an answer to that question, and it is open to the staff of this great journal and their relatives and everybody.



Schoolboys at Lishui.



*Schoolgirls at Lishui leaving the Church
after Mass.*

Mission Snapshots



Tu-Dee and Wife, pagan idols.



Scene from a Christmas play staged by the schoolgirls at Lishui.

"I am the Lord, thy God—thou shalt not have strange gods before me."



Our Christmas Gift to the Babe of Bethlehem—Our 1942 Contribution to the Cause of Christ

REV. JOHN FULLERTON



REV. WILLIAM J. COX

REV. BASIL J. KIRBY



ON Saturday morning, December 20th, His Excellency Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, the Archbishop of Toronto, raised to the holy priesthood three members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Rev. John Fullerton, Rev. William Cox and Rev. Basil Kirby. The beautiful and impressive ceremony took place in St. John's Church, Kingston Road, Toronto.

Rev. Basil Kirby is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Kirby of St. John's parish, Toronto. Father Kirby was born in St. Helen's parish, but later moved to St. John's and attended St. John's parish school. Later he entered St. Michael's College and after completing

his course came to Saint Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

Rev. William Cox is a native of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. He is a member of St. Anthony's parish, Glace Bay, and attended the parish school there, completing his course at St. Anne's High School. He is a son of Mrs. Catherine Cox and the late John Cox.

Rev. John Fullerton is a member of St. Joseph's parish, Toronto, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Fullerton. His studies were made at St. Joseph's parish school and at St. Michael's College.

To our three newly-ordained priests CHINA offers its hearty congratulations and says—AD MULTOS ANNOS.

"KONG TROUPE" WELL-KNOWN STAGE PERFORMERS, ALL CATHOLICS

THE Troupe, as constituted at present, is made up of eight members of a Chinese family of thirteen, all of whom are Catholics attending regularly the Chinese Catholic Mission at 568 East Georgia Street.

How the gift of Catholic Faith came to this Chinese family makes an interesting story. It centres around the eldest child, Margaret. No, Margaret was not amongst the performers last week. She was, as a young girl of ten, the "star" of the troupe. Her stage career is over. It ended ten years ago, just when the popular acrobatic marvel was enjoying huge success. Ten years ago she was looking forward to a life before the footlights. She knew what it was to thrill to the applause of an appreciative audience. Life was good to Margaret in those days. Neither Margaret, nor those who admired her graceful movements and acrobatic skill, could guess that before she would be twelve years old she would lie on a bed of pain, a helpless invalid.

For ten long years now, this Chinese young lady has known

suffering as she changed from an agile, supple-limbed performer to a state of crippled, helpless inaction. To-day, her once-graceful body is a wasted thing; her joints are stiff and incapable of motion. Her eyesight is failing. But if you were to talk to Margaret Kong you would not suspect her condition. For she still keeps her ready smile, her alert mind. And Margaret is happy, very happy. For her terrible physical affliction has brought her a gift which she values most highly. And she has been the means of bringing that same gift to every one of her family. The Kong family of thirteen souls has the distinction of being the only entire Chinese Catholic family in Vancouver.

When Father Hugh Sharkey, S.F.M., came back from China to establish a Catholic Mission amongst the Chinese in Vancouver there were no Catholic Chinese here. Margaret Kong's illness was the medium of Father Sharkey's contact with her family. His sympathy and friendship for the afflicted bore rich reward when the entire family was received into the

Church. Individual members of other Chinese families have since become Catholics. Only God knows how much the success of our city's Chinese Catholic Mission is due to the prayers, and the voluntary offering of her sufferings by Margaret Kong. She herself is a weekly communicant at her home. Her remarkable faith makes life livable for her.

Has she lost all interest in the stage? Far from it. She treasures the memories of her own performances, and she never ceases to encourage her brothers and sisters in their careers. Much of the success of the Kong Troupe is due to her efforts. From her bed she coaches and advises the younger members of her family. She has never ceased to be interested in the entertainment columns of the newspapers. Her knowledge of what's doing by clubs and conventions has enabled her, through correspondence dictated to her sister Dorothy, to make contacts that have brought engagements to the troupe. Little Ethel, second youngest of the troupe, whose singing has proved so delightful a part of the programmes, has learned her songs at Margaret's bedside.

We know no story of courage that can match Margaret Kong's as she lies patiently helpless in her bed, buoyed up by the comforts of her holy Religion and sharing the common burdens of the large family which she has been instrumental in bringing into the Catholic Church. The Kongs know what poverty means; there have been times when so large a family has had its difficulties to "make ends meet". But they go cheerfully on, looking at the bright lining of the clouds. And in their hearts is a great joy, the joy of having found treasures beyond the measure of this world's standards.



THE KONG TROUPE

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

(Continued from page 4)

hospital—the French Catholic Hospital of Hong Kong. A nurse told him he was dying—and he asked for a priest.

Philip Lee joined the Church of “Uncle Dennis the Cardinal”, the Church of Bishop Yu Pin and of Dr. Chang; the Church of Dicky Lee, of whom Philip Lee was so proud.

Philip Lee understood.

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Mme. Chiang Kai-shek Praises Missionaries

(By N.C.W.C. News Service)

High tribute to Catholic missionaries is paid by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Generalissimo of China, in the preface of a new book published by the Catholic Truth Society of Hong Kong, “China Through Catholic Eyes”.

The book, which is an illustrated album of Chinese history of Catholic missionary and educational activities and charity, was presented at Washington recently, to Dr. Hu Shih, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, at the Chinese Embassy by the Rev. Charles Meus, of the Catholic Truth Society in Hong Kong. The envoy, although not a Catholic, is a trustee of the Catholic University of Peking. The text was written by the Rev. Thomas F. Ryan, S.J., professor at Wayang College in Hong Kong and Editor of the Catholic monthly, “The Rock”.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek writes in the preface that “no account of China’s resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part” Catholic missionaries “have played, whether at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese occupied areas”. “They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction,” she says. “On the contrary they have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery, both physical and spiritual.”

“Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, too, at the risk of their

own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honour of the hordes of terrified and helpless women who ran into their compounds” during hostilities, the Generalissimo’s wife writes. “Others devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war,” she adds. “Still others with undaunted courage continued work amongst the stricken and destitute.”

Declaring that “all these missionaries have throughout kept their banners flying and their spirits vibrant in the midst of the charred ruins of their missions,” Madame Chiang Kai-shek adds that “their life of self-denial and inner discipline have proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer.” “In following the footsteps of the Master,” she adds, “they dare to do and die. Life to them is not a comedy of a hundred acts but a veritable battlefield on which each exerts his utmost so that right will eventually triumph over might.”

“China Through Catholic Eyes” is being distributed in the United States by the Catholic Students’ Mission Crusade through its headquarters in Cincinnati.

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LIVING IN PEKING

(Continued from page 7)

scrapping. One mother rushes out and pulls the ears of the youngster who was bullying her ‘Jimmy’. ‘Jerry’s’ mother comes out in time to witness this maltreatment of her pride and joy. Now the two women take up the war. In the meantime the original scrappers have ‘shaken hands’ and are now watching, goggle-eyed and cheering, the outcome of the battle they started. Having arrived at a main street, if you are of “the nervous type”, you had better pay off your coolie and walk the rest of the way to the church whose tower is now plainly visible. For there are many motor cars in Peiping, and they do speed. Many ricksha men seem to trust in the car drivers’ good eyesight and

quick judgment to prevent an obvious collision with their buggy.

If you have decided to walk the remaining few blocks, you will become very popular with the poor. Cripples of all ages will approach you with: “Foreign gentleman, I have not eaten all day”, or “my children have nothing to eat”. They will follow you until you either shell out or tell them to make themselves scarce. For there are many who are simply ‘putting on an act’ in an endeavour to loosen up your pocketbook. However, do not stop too often or you will be late for Mass.

You now approach the large and imposing-looking Cathedral. In 1673 a French Jesuit house on this site became the original Pei tang. Later on the parish was taken over by the Lazarists. In 1826 the government confiscated the property and razed the church to the ground. About ten years later construction on the present Cathedral began. You enter an already crowded church. Immediately you notice that, according to custom, the men are all on one side—the Gospel side, and the women on the other. The women wear no hats although some of them have veils. These intend to receive Holy Communion, and when the time approaches to go up to the rail, this veil is lowered over the face. Naturally you will not understand the sermon. You will have to “brush up” on the language first. After a few months you will be able to understand a little more than you can speak. It is the tones that cause the trouble. However, although each word may have one of four and sometimes five tones, the Chinese language has no “sing-song” effect. If well spoken, it is not in the least monotonous.

Well, now your first glimpse at Peiping is over. We will wait for a worth-while sightseeing trip. In the meantime you will have become acclimatized to a new country, comparatively easy in Peiping for there are many Western influences. So, although strictly speaking, you could not really readjust yourself to the real China by living in Peiping, you would discover it to be a beautiful city to live in.



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Boys and Girls:

By the time this issue of CHINA reaches you, you will all be back at school after your holidays. Father Jim hopes that you all had a very merry Christmas and found just what you had been wishing for under the tree. Had a lovely Christmas myself and remembered every one of you, as I held the Baby Jesus in my hands at Midnight Mass. I asked Him to bless you all and keep you the fine Catholic boys and girls that I know you are.

And now, we begin a new year—1942. I know you are all making your good resolutions for the new year, so do not forget to jot down this one—I am going to be a faithful member of the Little Flower's Rose Garden during 1942, saying my prayers for the Missions every day and doing all I can to help in the great work of saving souls.

The old year now past has seen wonderful work done by all the members of the Rose Garden, and Father Jim thanks the boys and girls and their teachers from the bottom of his heart. But let's make 1942 a better year still. Happy New Year to you all.

FATHER JIM.

FATHER JIM'S MAIL BAG

Marie Charlebois, Secretary for Grade VII of St. Stanislaus School in Fort William, Ontario, wrote Father Jim a lovely letter and enclosed two subscriptions to CHINA for one year. She says that the pupils are saving up their pennies and buying War Savings Stamps, in order to help win the war and save souls. Thanks very much, Marie. Well done.

Sister Blanche of Our Lady of Mercy Convent at Sarnia, Ontario, wishes us to publish that a temporal favour has been received through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Missions.

The boys and girls of St. Clement's School at Preston, Ontario, wrote Father

Jim a grand letter, and sent along pictures of all the classes. Father Jim regrets that he will not be able to publish the pictures in this issue of CHINA, but will certainly see to it that they appear in the February number.

Although the pupils at St. Clement's School are already members of the C.C.S.M.C. and the Holy Childhood Association, they all wish to become members of the Rose Garden—that sure is the real missionary spirit. They raised two dollars in a novel manner, by selling copies of their class pictures, and then sent the money on to Father Jim for the Missions. Thanks a lot, boys and girls, and a hearty welcome to the Rose Garden.

Two very interesting letters came to me during the past month—they were from two little Chinese Catholic girls of Montreal. Their names are Mary and Nellie Chin. Both the girls sent Father Jim a subscription to CHINA. Mary and Nellie made their First Holy Communion

last year and were baptized the year before that. Mary is in Seventh A at St. Patrick's School and Nellie is in Fifth A.

The letters from these two girls were the neatest and loveliest that Father Jim has ever received. God bless them both. Be sure to write again, Mary and Nellie.

* * *

Patsy Abern writes for Grade VI of College St. School at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and sends us another four dollars' worth of War Savings Certificates to help us in our missionary work. Patsy says that the pupils are also working for the Junior Red Cross and put on two plays to raise money. Father Jim would like to have seen the plays. Thanks very much for the War Savings Stamps, and may God bless such fine missionaries.

* * *

From St. Patrick's School at Hamilton, Ontario, comes a Christmas offering with the prayers and good wishes of the Grade II boys and girls. Well done, St. Patrick's. The Babe of Bethlehem will indeed bless you, for in helping His missionaries you have given Him the best and only gift He would wish for Christmas. Thanks.

* * *

Odilo Brendan Howard of Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland, tells Father Jim that he is very interested in our Mission work. He is ten years old and is in Grade VI. Odilo wants to become a member of the Rose Garden and we are indeed glad to have him as a new Bud.

* * *

Helen Clark of St. Angela's College, London, Ontario, helped us to sell some of the tickets for our Annual Mission Bazaar. May God bless Helen for her kind thoughtfulness in doing so. The Bazaar was a grand success and much of the success was due to the kindness of friends like Miss Clark.

* * *

Dorothy Boyer, Father Jim's little Indian friend of Blind River, Ontario,



Donald
Bellefeuille,
Alexandria,
Ont.



MARIE LENNON,
St. Joseph's High School,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

wrote a lovely letter, explaining why the place where she lives is called Blind River. Dorothy says that when the white men found the spot many years ago, there was a blind Indian living by the river, so they called the town Blind River. Thanks for explaining it, Dorothy, and write again soon.

An old friend of Father Jim, and a faithful one, Mrs. Alice Bucher, writes from Kippewa, Quebec, and sends in the contents of her Mite Box—two dollars, and also a Mass Intention from a friend. Father Jim is very grateful to Mrs. Bucher for her continued interest in our work and her kind generosity. May God bless her.

* * *

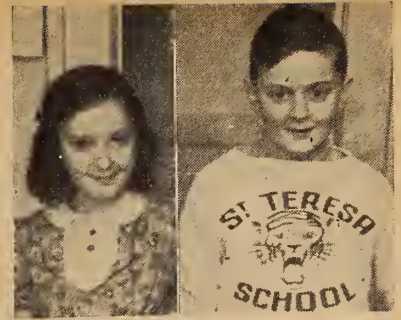
Anne Howard of Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland, writes that she has received her certificate of membership in the Rose Garden. Anne was Confirmed early in November. She promises to send Father Jim her picture as soon as she can, and asks for one of me. Father Jim has no pictures of himself just now, Anne, but hopes to have one a bit later.

* * *

Father Jim received a lovely and interesting letter from Donald Bellefeuille of Alexandria, Ontario. We are very glad to know, Donald, that your Father is back home again after a successful operation and that he is feeling much better. Many thanks, Donald, for your Christmas wishes.

* * *

Nancy Fitzgerald, Secretary of Grade V, College St. School, Halifax, N.S.,



GENEVIEVE LENNON and
THOMAS BRESLIN,
St. Theresa's School, Brooklyn, N.Y.

has sent me four dollars in War Savings Stamps, as a donation towards our work from herself and her classmates. It gave Father Jim great happiness to receive this generous gift from Nancy and the other pupils of Grade V, and Father Jim is indeed very grateful. God bless you one and all. Your donation will be added to St. Madeline Sophie Burse as you so wished it. Hope you will like your class picture in the December number of CHINA.



Grade VI, College St.
School, Halifax, N.S.

Grade VII Boys,
Oxford St. School,
Halifax, N.S.,
Teacher—Sister Rita
Ursula.



A Mission-Minded Catholic Youth Organization

ST. CLEMENT'S PARISH, PRESTON, ONTARIO



*C.Y.O. Club Rooms.
Father Larry Hart is
the chaplain.*



*The C.Y.O. of St.
Clement's Parish,
Preston, Ont.*

As a part of the spiritual aim of the Catholic Youth Organization, it was decided at the last meeting to do something for the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. Mite-boxes were given out by the members before and after all the Masses on Sunday. Names and addresses of those who accepted the Mite-boxes were taken down and C.Y.O. members will call around to these addresses every two or three months to collect the offerings.

It was decided that the returns would be sent to the Chinese Catholic Mission at Vancouver, B.C., where Father Pat Moore is now stationed. Father

Moore was on the parish staff at St. Clement's in Preston last year, and while there he was spiritual director of the C.Y.O.

The C.Y.O. group at Preston is indeed an active one. The executive is as follows: President, Michael Coughlin; Vice-President, Valeria Parniah; Treasurer, William Murphy; Secretary, Margarite Carney.

CHINA extends best wishes to the boys and girls of St. Clement's C.Y.O.—real, active Catholics and fine missionaries. God bless your zeal and charity and may you be an example to other C.Y.O. clubs throughout the country. Well done, Preston. Carry on.

CHINA'S HALL OF FAME

HE'S the best-known man in Brooklyn. He has never invented any bigger or better house traps, but still the Catholic world of New York's sister city has long since made a path to his door. We discovered that path in the course of our own meanderings up and down the U.S.A. And at the end of it we found a man who is as Irish as they make 'em, who is

known to his innumerable friends among the clerical and philanthropic and sporting fraternity, is about the busiest man I know. He will probably want to shoot me when he reads this, but I am going to tell you that the busiest man in Brooklyn has been a daily communicant for twenty-five years; has virtually adopted a thousand orphans, into whose drab little

patients, and the next day he is "using his influence" to enable us to get a hearing in some of the Brooklyn churches. It would take you ten years to cover the churches of Brooklyn if you preached in one every Sunday, but we wouldn't know. New York and Brooklyn are pretty tough burghs when a mendicant missionary tries to muscle in. A few months sufficed



MR. DAVID SODEN and MONSIGNOR W. C. McGRATH

usually answering three telephone calls at once and taking on a dozen or more of the privileged callers who have access to the inner sanctum of his office in the State of New York building on Schermerhorn Street.

He is Mr. David Soden, District Tax Supervisor and Appraiser in charge of the Long Island district for the State of New York.

The busiest men always have time for everything. Dave, as he is

lives he brings the joy of Christmas presents and a grand annual outing and an occasional "grand parade" to a ball game at Ebbets field. He hasn't had a vacation in ten years and has so far turned a deaf ear to our protestations that no man can keep up his daily pace much longer under penalty of a crack-up. One day he is supervising the packing up of a few crates of candies and odds and ends to be sent to his friend Bishop Willinger for his orphans and hospital

to cover our "quota" and but for Dave we should have gone on relief.

My grouch against Dave is that he always beats you to the draw when the lunch cheque comes round. He is about seven up on me as we go to press and a glance at the accompanying picture will convince you that a "free lunch" with the District Tax Supervisor is something more than cheese and crackers.



READ'EM AND GRIN



Biggins: "I didn't see you in church yesterday."

Higgins: "I know you didn't. I took up the collection."

Miss Bride (loftily): "Oh, I didn't accept Arthur the first time he proposed."

Miss Rival: "No, dear; you weren't there."

Waiter: "The gentleman sitting over there says his soup isn't fit for a pig."

Manager: "Then take it away and bring him some that is."

Herbert: "Who was the smallest man in history?"

Jasper: "I'm ignorant, who?"

Herbert: "The Roman soldier who went to sleep on his watch."

"These gloves are about six sizes too small for me."

"Well, you asked for kid gloves, didn't you?"

The class had been instructed to write an essay on Winter. Before they began, the teacher gave them a few hints, and among other things suggested they might introduce a short paragraph on migration.

One child's attempt read: "In winter it is very cold. Many sick people die in winter, and many birds also go to a warmer climate."

The lesson had been about gramophones and other modern inventions.

"Does any boy know," asked the teacher, "from what the first talking machine was made?"

"Yes, Miss," answered little Freddy, "from a rih."

"Above all," the doctor urged, "you must eat more fruit, and particularly the skin of fruit. The skin contains all the virtues and vitamins. What, hy the way, is your favourite fruit?"

The patient looked gloomy, "Coco-nuts," he said.

Miss Giles: "What are you drawing?"

David: "A horse and a wagon."

Miss Giles: "I see the horse hut where's the wagon?"

David: "The horse has to draw that."

Meehan to Blackwell: "I have it, let's see who can make the funniest face."

Blackwell: "Nothing doing, look what a start you got."

"My Uncle," said Concilla, "was a very great man. One day a Queen touched him on the shoulder with a sword and made him a Knight."

"Ah, that's nothing," said the traveller. "One day an Indian touched my uncle on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel."

First steeplejack: "Where's that mate, Bill, you took on yesterday—the chap that used to be an artist?"

Second steeplejack: "Ah, he was too good for this world. Soon as 'e laid a couple o' bricks he stepped back off the scaffolding to admire his work!"

She: "Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

He: "And I know something they all thirst after."

She: "What's that?"

He: "Salted peanuts."

Small Boy (in chemist's shop): "Please, I want some powder for my sister."

Chemist (jokingly): "Something that goes off with a bang?"

Small Boy: "No, something that goes on with a puff."

Solomon's 999th wife: "Sol, are you really and truly in love with me?"

Solomon: "My dear, you are one in a thousand."

Teacher (to boy's mother): "Why, what's the matter? Has Johnny got a toothache?"

Angry Mother: "No, Johnny hasn't got a toothache. His suffering comes from your foolish teaching. You told him he was to tell you how long it would take him to eat twenty apples if he took one and a half minutes to eat one apple—and he got stuck on the fifteenth."

First Cannibal: "Is I late for dinner?"

Second Cannibal: "Yo is. Everbody's eaten."

A young couple were getting married and the bridegroom was terribly nervous.

The best man was trying to brace him up. "Where's your nerve, old man?" he asked. "You're shaking like a leaf."

"I know I am," said the bridegroom, "but this is a nerve-wracking experience for me. You see, I've never been married before."

"Of course you haven't," replied the best man. "If you had you'd be much more scared than you are."

Jones: "Here's that last pair of trousers you made for me. I want them reseatd. You know, I sit a lot."

Tailor: "Yes, and I hope you've brought the bill to be receipted. You know, I've stood a lot."

While explaining the words "affirmative" and "negative", a teacher in an Ontario school questioned a girl pupil as follows:

"What," he asked, "would happen if you shook your head in the 'negative'?"

Pupil: "The picture would be blurred, sir."

The village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred, but it had four legs.

One day he took his hargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. The smith regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs.

"You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length. "I see you've got the scaffolding up."

The landlady and the boarder were having an argument. "I'm always at work," she said. "Busy as a bee."

"You're not like a bee," said the boarder. "A bee can only sting a person once."

Duggleston: "It is a truism, I helieve, that fat men are honest."

Diggleton: "Yes, that's right, and it's because they can't run very well."

Mrs. X: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Y: "No, that's what's so exasperating. He just grins!"

Prof.: "Take this sentence: Let the cow go. What mood?"

Frosh: "The cow."

(Oh, well, they can't all be funny.)

Dressmaker (gushing): "Ah, madam, I consider that the most perfect fit I have ever seen."

Customer: "You should see the one my husband will have when he gets the hill."

Victim: "What did you say this meat was?"

Waiter: "Spring lamh."

Victim: "I helieve you. I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour."

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● Activities:

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● Means of Support:

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● Burses:

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

Introducing Our Campaigners



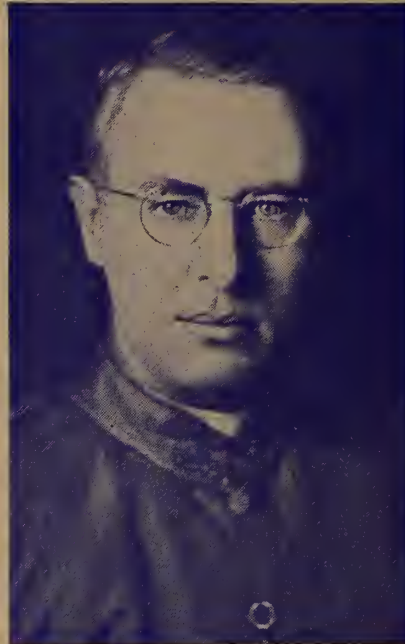
REV. J. P. LEONARD,
United States.



REV. R. HYMUS,
Province of Ontario.



REV. M. DWYER,
Maritime Provinces.



RT. REV. WM. C. McGRATH, V.G.,
Canada and United States.
Director of Campaign.



REV. C. MacDONALD,
Province of Quebec.

By the time you read this, we campaigners will have packed our bags and taken to the road. We hope to meet many readers of CHINA and Rose Garden members during the course of our travels, the chief object of which will be to boost the circulation of our magazine through churches where missionary appeals are permitted.

OUR LECTURE BUREAU

We know you would also like to hear from some of our missionaries who have been in China and lived through the air raids and dangers of war in the Orient. While our "regulars" will carry the heavy end of the campaign, our lecture team will bring you some first-hand stories that you will long remember. China is front page news these days, and the five "Old China Hands" who constitute the *personnel* of the Lecture Bureau, will give you the inside story.

They are: Monsignor McGrath, Rev. H. Sharkey, Rev. W. Amyot, Rev. D. Stringer and Rev. E. Moriarty, all of whom have entertained you many a time with stories in CHINA. They will be available for lectures to Study Clubs, Parish Societies, Communion Breakfast groups, College and Academy assemblies, and for special occasion lectures of any kind.

If you are within reasonable distance and would like to arrange for a lecture on China, drop us a line. What do we mean by "reasonable distance"? Well — that depends. Let us know your prospective audience and we promise to do our very best.

Address—LECTURE BUREAU,

Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario



CHINA

February, 1942



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



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FEBRUARY

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

NO. 2

Official Publication of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont. Entered as second-class matter and admitted to privileged postage rates at the Post Office, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, July 10th, 1924. Published by Ecclesiastical Authority

Our Missioners Are Safe

WE wish all the friends and relatives of our missionary priests and sisters, to entirely discredit all newspaper reports claiming that the Grey Sisters or Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society in China are either interned or in danger, because of the outbreak of war in the Pacific. All such rumours and reports are, thank God, absolutely false and unwarranted.

A cable, sent from Lishui after the outbreak of war, (though entirely of a business nature), has assured us that all our priests there and in Kihwa are perfectly safe and unmolested. We have had no direct news from our missioners either in Shanghai or Peking, but word has been received through other channels telling us that they are all safe. A radiogram from Bishop Walsh reached the Seminary, telling us that Father Charles Murphy was safe at Hong Kong. Monsignor Fraser is in Manila, from which city he wrote us just before the outbreak of the war. Father Beal, we presume, is at Shanghai.

We are very happy indeed to give this good news to the families, relatives and friends of the missionary priests and Sisters. No doubt more news will be forthcoming and as soon as it is received, it will be given out.

Our missioners will of course remain at their posts and carry on. War is nothing new to them, since war has been waging in China for over four years. They will have added sacrifices, hardships and inconveniences, but then, no missionary work ever has been accomplished otherwise than by the cross of Jesus Christ.

Money can still be sent to our missioners in the unoccupied territory of Lishui and Kihwa. Those in Peking, Shanghai, Hong Kong or Manila, will no doubt borrow locally, trusting that you are still supporting the Seminary, which will go good for their present debts when peace comes once again.

Please then, continue your support of our missionary endeavours and pray God for the continued safety, health and success of our brave, unselfish,

devoted priests and Sisters. Pray too for peace, that the work of the Foreign Missions may receive new life and impetus, and all the nations of the earth walk in the charity and brotherhood of Christ.

Let not the exigencies and seriousness of the present world war, blind us to the fact that the conversion of the pagan world is still the grandest, noblest and most important work on earth. Let us support Canada's war effort to the best of our ability, but in doing so let us not withdraw our customary help given to God's valiant missioners. It would indeed be an empty victory that would be gained at the expense of Christianity and the immortal souls for which Christ died.

Indeed, the background of the present world war is a background of paganism, a background of godlessness. Men cry out that God has abandoned the world, but they know in their hearts that the world has abandoned God. In a world where God had His rightful place, and in which the lives of men were directed by the principles of charity, justice and purity, such a thing as the unutterable horror of the present world-wide conflict would be impossible.

It is the greatest of all fallacies to believe that lasting peace, and universal brotherhood will come as a natural consequence of the elimination of Hitlerism or any other ism. The roots of the damnable evils that have come upon us, lie far deeper indeed and the issues before us are neither political or social, but moral. The Catholic Church and the Catholic Church alone can hospitalize and convalesce this bleeding, bombed and bedevilled world of ours. The world needs the Catholic Church more than ever before—the old world and the new, the east and the west, every nation of the earth. In the great missionary Church established by Jesus Christ and in her alone, lie all the hopes of all the world, for peace, justice, charity, brotherhood and happiness. **THAT IS WHY THE MISSIONARY PRIESTS AND SISTERS MUST CARRY ON—THAT IS WHY YOU MUST HELP.**

Monsignor McGrath

Honoured by Holy Father

We are very happy to announce that the Holy See has singularly honoured Right Rev. W. C. McGrath, Vicar General of our Society, by making him a Prothonotary Apostolic. The Apostolic Delegate in his letter said that this great honour had been conferred on Monsignor McGrath in recognition of his excellent work as Prefect Apostolic of Lishui. Monsignor McGrath's health necessitated his resignation as head of our Prefecture in China. Since his return to Canada, he has been in charge of the campaign work of the Society in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland.

Our Society has been greatly honoured by this action of our Holy Father and we know that Monsignor McGrath's numerous friends in this country, in China, in the United States and Newfoundland, will rejoice at the good news and add their hearty congratulations to ours.

Rev. William K. Amyot

Appointed Vice-Rector

Rev. Father Amyot, so well known to thousands of our readers has been appointed Vice-Rector of the Seminary, succeeding Rev. Father Chafe, the present superior at Vancouver, in that office. Father Amyot has been stationed at the Seminary, since his return from China and has been Circulation Manager of China, our Mission Monthly. We congratulate him on his new appointment and wish him success.

We Are Intensely Grateful

We are intensely grateful for the wonderful kindness and co-operation received from the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, the Bishop of St. John and the Archbishop of Halifax in our present campaign for funds. When we asked to campaign in the different dioceses of this province, we did not meet with even one refusal, but on the contrary our missionaries were received with open arms, and given every possible assistance. May God bless the kindness and generosity of the Bishops

The Bulletin Board



and Archbishops of Ontario, and shower His special graces and favours upon their parishes, missions and institutions.

Right Reverend Monsignor McRae

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society's first Superior General Right Rev. J. E. McRae, D.P., D.C.L., has received word from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fidei, that his election to that high office has been approved by the Holy See and that Our Holy Father has expressed his pleasure at the choice of the General Chapter.

Monsignor McRae has been associated with the work of China Mission Seminary since 1924, having relinquished his position as the chancellor of the Diocese of Alexandria, in order to associate himself with our missionary endeavours. He has visited our missions both in China and on the Pacific coast many times, and has endeared himself to the hearts of our Chinese Catholic people. While Rector of China Mission Seminary, our Holy Father the Pope honoured the then Father John E. McRae by elevating him to membership in the papal household. China wishes Monsignor McRae many years of fruitful labour as Superior General of the Society.

Our Monthly Magazine Effected by Present War

Because of the present difficult times it has been decided to make some slight changes in our

monthly publication CHINA. Hitherto it has carried a heavy stock cover and contained twenty pages. The cover will now be of lighter stock and the magazine reduced to sixteen pages. We assure our readers however, that the CHINA will remain as interesting and attractive as we can possibly make it, despite the necessary limitations.

These changes are made for economical reasons and in an effort to assist the government in the prosecution of the war. We know that our readers will understand and accept our sincere apologies.

Father Desmond Stringer Appointed to Seminary Staff

Father Desmond Stringer, who returned from China last summer as a delegate to our first General Chapter, and who because of war in the Pacific is unable to return to the Far East, has been appointed to the Seminary staff.

Father Stringer will give a course of lectures to the student body on the religions, philosophy and ethics of the Chinese people. Because of his many years as a missionary in China, Father Stringer's lectures will be of invaluable help to the seminarians.

Toronto moves to new quarters Chinese Catholic Mission in

The Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto is soon to take up its new quarters at 220-222 Simcoe Street. Father Edward Moriarty has announced that the official opening of the Simcoe Street Mission will take place on the first of February. All the Toronto friends of the Seminary are invited to visit the Mission on that day. At the present time the building is undergoing necessary changes.

There has been a great increase in the number of students attending the Chinese Language School at the Chinese Catholic Mission on Chesnut Street and a further increase is expected after the opening of the Simcoe Street building. Street is far too crowded. An account of the opening of the Simcoe Street Mission will be given in the March issue of CHINA.

Vancouver News Bulletin

Word has been received from our Mission in Vancouver that Margaret Kong is very seriously sick in St. Paul's Hospital. She has been in the hospital now for some weeks in a very weakened condition, but everything that can be done for her is being done, and we recommend her to the good prayers of all our readers.

Margaret has been sick in bed eight or nine years, and although she has suffered greatly, never has any word of complaint passed her lips. She has been indeed a model of patience, charity and resignation to God's holy will. Much indeed of the success of our mission work in Vancouver is due to the prayers and sufferings of this little apostle of Chinatown. May Our dear Lord sustain and comfort her in her present serious sickness. Pray for her.

* * *

Father Jack McCarthy, who has been assisting Rev. Father Chafe at our Vancouver Mission, has been loaned to the Calgary Diocese for the next few months. Father McCarthy has endeared himself to our Chinese Catholic people on the coast, who will be sorry to see him go, but they will be happy to know that he is to come back to them after his temporary sojourn in Calgary. The Calgary Diocese is very short of priests, and we are very glad to be able to assist Bishop Carroll in this way, for he has always been a great friend of the Seminary and deeply interested in our missionary work. We are but repaying in some small part, the deep debt of gratitude owed His Excellency.

* * *

Father Pat Moore spent Christmas in Victoria, at our Chinese Catholic Mission there, and we are sure Father Matte more than enjoyed his company. Father Pat is doing wonderful work in Vancouver, especially among the younger people—a work that is of the greatest importance to the Mission.

Miss Nina Cheng, secretary of the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood, has joined the Women's Ambulance Corps, in connection with ARP work in Vancouver. Despite her many duties as secretary of Rev. Father Roberts, she is determined to do her part in the war effort. We wish her success and knowing Nina as we do, we are convinced that the ARP will find in her one of its most faithful, generous and indefatigable workers.

* * *

Word from Vancouver is to the effect that winter has really paid them a visit out there. The temperature went down to about eighteen above zero and that is plenty cold for Vancouver. Our Chinese boys and girls had the unusual treat of skating outdoors, since all the lakes and ponds in and around the city were frozen fast. Lost Lagoon in famous Stanley Park was the mecca for thousands of skaters, and the boys and girls from the Mission went out to skate on Deer Lake in Burnaby. The cold spell lasted for about ten days.



Miss Helen Lee, Miss Anne Mah and Miss Violet Wong.

We have heard with deep regret that Sister Miriam Theresa, who has been in charge of the kindergarten at our Vancouver Mission, is returning to the East. Sister Mary Marcella is coming from Pembroke to replace her. The editor of CHINA, formerly the pastor at Vancouver, wishes to express to Sister Miriam Theresa his sincere gratitude for the wonderful work she has done in our kindergarten school on the Coast. May God bless her and reward her for her labours and sacrifices, and assist her in her new life. CHINA takes this occasion also to welcome Sister M. Marcella to her new post at Vancouver.

* * *

The Chinese children from the Mission put on a little Christmas entertainment in the children's ward of St. Paul's Hospital. The little patients enjoyed it very much and our Mission Troupe was happy to be able to bring a little cheer to those shut in at Christmas time. Anyone who has seen the children of the Vancouver Mission performing knows that they are fine, little troupers and would very easily win the hearts of their audience.

* * *

Midnight Mass was celebrated in the Mission Chapel by the pastor, Rev. Father Chafe. The choir, under the direction of Rev. Father McCarthy sang many, lovely Christmas hymns. Beautifully decorated, the little chapel was crowded to the doors, by both Chinese Catholics and non-Catholics. Everyone at the Mission had a holy and happy Christmas and all our friends and benefactors were remembered in our prayers before the Crib. To all of you we take this opportunity of wishing a blessed and Happy New Year.

The Chinese Catholic Mission at Victoria, B.C.

REV. FATHER MATTE, the pastor at the Chinese Catholic Mission in Victoria, reports steady progress in his missionary labours there. The Catholic Church is becoming better known among the Chinese community at Victoria, and therefore more respected; the number of children who are attending the kindergarten and language schools has greatly increased; many adult Chinese have become contacted by Father Matte himself and by the native Chinese Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels, who are assisting Father in his work among the Chinese.

There is much work to be done among the Chinese on Vancouver Island, for besides the large Chinese community in Victoria itself, there are Chinese communities in Nanaimo, Duncan, Port Alberni and many other cities and towns in the district.

There is much that Father Matte could accomplish, had he the means to carry on, and we recommend his missionary work to the interest and the charity of the friends of China Mission Seminary. Please do what you possibly can to assist this deserving Mission of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Pray for the conversion of the thousands of Chinese on Vancouver Island and send your mite to Father Matte, in order that he may carry on his great work for souls.

On this page we present a picture of one of the sweet, little, Chinese girls attending Father's school. Unfortunately she is not yet baptized, but through your charity her conversion can be made possibly—and not only her baptism, but that of many other lovely Chinese boys and girls, who have never had the opportunity of hearing about the true God.

Also on this page is a picture of a group of Chinese young people, taken on the grounds of Loretto Hall—the convent-guest-house of the Sisters of the Holy Angels, who



A little tot attending our school in Victoria.

assist Father Matte in his missionary work in Victoria's Chinatown. Father Matte and Father Sharkey may be seen in the picture and also Sister St. Hilda, of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

Father Matte at present has neither a church or a school—the school-rooms and the chapel are in his own house. The Mission itself is well situated, being on the



Rev. W. Matte, pastor of the Victoria Mission, with some Chinese friends.

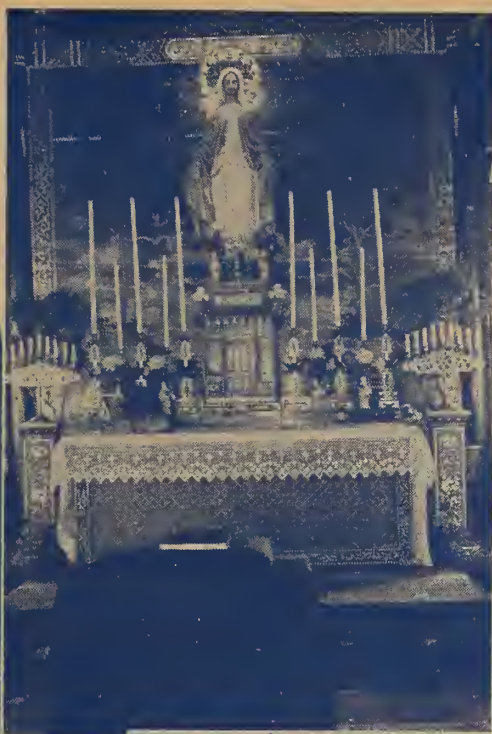
outskirts of Chinatown. The Chinese section takes up several streets. The community has its own banks, theatres, cafes, schools, stores, etc. There are two or three pagan temples in Chinatown, and the United Church and Presbyterian Church have special Chinese community centres.

The Chinese community even has its own hospital—a hospital that has been terribly neglected and could easily be taken over by the Catholic Mission, had they the means to run it and the Sisters to staff it. Certainly a Chinese Catholic hospital in Victoria would be a wonderful thing for Father Matte in his missionary work. In healing the ills of their bodies, the Church would heal the sickness of their souls. Christ Himself won the hearts of the people by his ministrations to the sick and there is no finer or better way of winning souls to God, than by showing them the charity of Jesus Christ.

How wonderful it would be, if some Catholic people of means would interest themselves in this truly great work of Father Matte, and adopt his little Mission. Any such investment will bear eternal dividends and call down God's choicest blessings upon the kind benefactor.

In our next issue of CHINA we hope to show you some more pictures of the Chinese Catholic people of Victoria. Pray God that our mission work there may steadily advance and that the unselfish, generous labours and sacrifices of Father Matte and the Sisters of the Holy Angels, may bear abundant fruits.

It is hoped that in the very near future, Father Matte will have an assistant, to help him in his work among the Chinese on the Coast. Father Matte, the Sisters of the Holy Angels and the Chinese Catholic people of Victoria take this opportunity to wish all their friends in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, a Holy and Happy New Year.



Mission



Snapshots



UPPER LEFT—Apostolic Delegate visits our house in Peking.

UPPER CENTRE—Chapel of Catholic University at Peking.

UPPER RIGHT—Father Maloney inspects buying of coal.

CENTRE LEFT—Our Missioners at Peking.

CENTRE RIGHT—Christmas dinner at our Peking house.

LOWER RIGHT—Funeral procession.

Is St. Odile's Prop

By Rt. Rev. W. C.

SPANISH FLU HITS GERMANS

Especially Serious
on Leningrad Front
MORTALITY HIGH

Bearers

JAPANESE RAIN DEATH ON OPEN FILIPINO CITY HAGUE PACT VIOLATED

Damage and Casualties Reach Tragic Proportions as Bombers
Machine-Gun Civilians—Churches Destroyed.
Houses Burned, Ships Sunk

RAILED TOWN ABLAZE

HITLER IN COMMAND ON Moscow Front LINE To Boost Morale

Assumes Personal
Control as Armies
Flee From Kaluga

Victorious Soviet
Troops Drive On to
Key Highway City

WIDE

HELL IN REAR

PRODIGIOUS things will be done in the Orient. Hitler will lose confidence in his warriors. The German army will be annihilated by an unknown great illness. There will be a period of invasion and it will be the last battle. In these days, frightened men will adore God in all truth.

These things will come true, according to the much-discussed prophecy of St. Odile, which so far has told the story of the present war almost as if it had been written by an eye-witness. It foretells the destruction of the German army and the ultimate victory of the Allies; states that Anti-Christ, in these days, will give rise to "further murders" and that there will still be "many more tears" before the end. Already, it would seem, much of this remarkable prophecy has come true.

Germany has surely been known as the most belligerent nation on earth. And from its womb has sprung the terrible warrior, born "on the banks of the Danube". Few will question the fact that the war he has undertaken is the most terrifying humans have ever undergone or that "it will be impossible to list the number of his cruelties" or that he has already won many victories on land and sea and in the air. His winged warriors have been seen "in unbelievable numbers" over Poland and Rotterdam and London and from end to end of the universe they have already "lighted their gigantic fires".

Apart altogether from the question of its approval or its literal fulfilment, (the Church has made no pronouncements) this prophecy, ascribed to an obscure nun of the seventh century, is a profoundly disturbing document because of its revelation of the horrors still in store for suffering humanity. Utterly unaffected in its stark simplicity, and totally devoid of any straining after melodramatic effect, it seems to me to have achieved at least the classic outlines of an apocalypse in miniature. It is a blending of terrifying realism and soaring poetic imagination. To the accompaniment of the ceaseless thunder of armageddon, sound the grim warnings of prophets of old, the mad panic of a thousand Erl Kings and the knell of doom of a *Dies Irae*. Yet, above the sustained pandemonium of this bizzare symphony, there is heard a sustained overtone of assurance and deliverance, with a finale as soothing as the gentle lapping of waves against the tortured shore.

The end is not yet. All will be well.

ecy coming true?

Grath, S. F. M.

The horrors of the days now upon us do not herald the crack of doom. Not now will the heavens re-echo to the Tantum Ergo of Celestial choirs or the Eternal God write *finis* to the brief but awful chapter of man's iniquities on earth, "because in these days, frightened men will adore God in all truth and the sun will shine with unaccustomed brilliancy."

May it be so! Only the march of time can vindicate or belie the closing strains of this Unfinished Symphony.

Books could be written on some of the lesser thoughts that are merely incidental to the great theme. Think of the wildly impossible and fantastic reality depicted in one short and relatively inconsequential sentence. "*The marine monsters themselves will disperse in terror to the bottom of the ocean.*" Where are the phrases to describe the monstrous madness that is making these words ring true? The scarred, jagged, bleeding hulls of great ocean liners, daily plunging to their ocean tomb; the mighty explosions from above, sending quakes and tremors to the farthestmost recesses of the dark, unfathomed caves below; affrighted monsters of the sea, bestirring themselves uneasily in their murky habitats and "dispersing in terror" to dark and slimy hide-outs that the light of day will never brighten and the eye of man will never see.

You recall the experiments and remarkable photographs secured a few years ago from the great diving bell that was lowered to hitherto unexplored depths of ocean. The Walt Disney creations suddenly come alive. The flamboyantly coloured and brilliantly lighted fish with their shining rows of port and star-board lights like miniature ocean liners; the fantastic, story-book, angler fish, with natural hooks and lures extended from veritable fishing rods above their heads, to catch their unwary fellow denizens of the deep; the monsters so huge and terrifying that it was feared at times they would snap the airlines with their massive jaws or even swallow the diving bell, human occupants and all. And this was but exploring the comparative surface of the ocean. What other undreamed-of nightmares must lurk in the unsounded shadows? And whence this strange confusion that disturbs the century-old serenity of their ocean home?

Corruptio optimi pessima! There is something sickening in the thought of the majestic Empress of Britain

Dutch Saboteurs, Paris Terrorists Increase Activities

Two New Bombings
in London
Germans
Capital

Terrific Blast
Eindhoven
Gas

Plague Stalks Europe, Poland Is Hit Hardest

300 a Day Said Dying
in Ghettos of Warsaw
DUE TO MISRULE

Outbreaks Reported
From Rumania to Spain
SPREAD BY COLD

IN BERLIN

HITLER FEARS UPRISING LED BY ARMY CHIEFS LONDON WRITER HEARS

States Military Leaders Broadcast Nightly Against Nazi Rule
Hunger and Disease Breed Dissension Among
Troops on Russ Front

lying at the bottom of the sea. I last saw her, a great white floating palace, ablaze with lights on the muddy old Whangpoo in those far away blissful days of peace on earth. Now she lies, a mangled corpse, ten thousand fathoms deep. Can anything more grotesque and preposterous be imagined than the thought of schools of sharks swimming through the elaborately carved and panelled precincts of her once luxurious lounge room or the codfish and mackerel disporting themselves in rooms where men once foregathered and children played and sang?

The Marine Monsters Will Disperse in Terror

Would that that were all! Too many of them, more's the tragedy, will rise to the surface of the seven seas, to haunt the days and nights of sailors drifting helplessly at the mercy of wind and wave. Others will gorge themselves to satiety on the bodies of pathetic humans who have sunk to the ocean's depth.

"With bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled,
unconfined and unknown."

Where is the Jules Verne who will make this stranger-than-fiction story live? Marine monsters, indeed, interrupted in their sacrilegious prowlings and ghoulish feasting, startled suddenly by the muffled concussions from above and scurrying in terror to the last frontiers of creation, where land and water lose themselves in a limbo beneath the waves. An Empire's ransom lying buried beneath the swirling waters, while on shore, where alone the destroyer man holds sway, starving children beg piteously for bread and despairing mothers watch as the light of their innocent young lives flickers feebly to its close.

"Man marks the earth with
ruin, his control
Stops with the shore."

Men, set adrift from their stricken ships, clinging for agonising days and horror-stricken nights, to the frail protection of an upturned raft, going slowly insane beneath the merciless tropical sun till, one by one, they drop off, to be devoured by the waiting sharks.

We ask your pardon. A digression, most assuredly, from our main theme, but one that grips the imagination and calls forth thoughts that lie too deep for tears. But—to return to St. Odile.

Future Generations Will Be Astonished That His Strong and Numerous Enemies Were Unable to Stop the March of His Victories

Future generations will be astonished at many things and dismayed by the dreary inheritance of hate and destruction that will be theirs when we have ceased to be. But the sudden collapse of the nation that was deemed the strongest of his "numerous enemies" will possibly be the greatest source of astonishment and regret to future statesmen yet unborn. It was the tragedy of the fall of France that nearly cost us the war. To this day, the grievous repercussions of that dismal collapse are echoing round the allied world. The loss of the French Navy, if not the danger of its being used against us; the life and death struggle in the Mediterranean without a helping hand in Africa from those who once swore to be with us to the death; the capitulation of Indo-China and its far-reaching and disastrous effects upon the defence of Hong Kong and Manila and Singapore. With France prostrate and the myth of the Maginot Line but a bitter memory, the other "numerous enemies" of this "terrible warrior born on the banks of the Danube", England alone excepted, could have done nothing to avert complete and disastrous defeat.

The Conqueror Will Have Attained the Apex of His Triumphs About the Middle of the Sixth Month of the Second Year of Hostilities

In this instance the timing of the prophecy is uncanny. Imagine an unknown nun in her humble convent cell thirteen hundred years ago writing to tell her brother of the terrible visions she had seen and foretelling almost to the very day the Hitler successes that reached their peak with the collapse of France. The "middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities" would be June 15th, 1940. Paris capitulated on June

14th, 1940, just one day before and for France, that was the beginning of the immediate end. It was close to the apex of Hitler's triumph when the lights of civilization flattered and flickered ominously for many an anxious hour. Hitler, in the desperate days that followed (had he but known it) had victory within his grasp. It has since escaped him forever. As Prime Minister Churchill pointed out to the Washington Congress last December, an invasion of England after the fall of France and a simultaneous declaration of war by Japan upon the United States would, in all probability, have lost us the war. It was the low and dreary ebb in the dark tide of disaster and despair, when only the unconquerable spirit of an almost defenceless England stood between Nazi savagery and a tottering civilization.

The Second Period of the War Will Equal in Length the Half of the First. It Will Be Known as the Period of Diminution

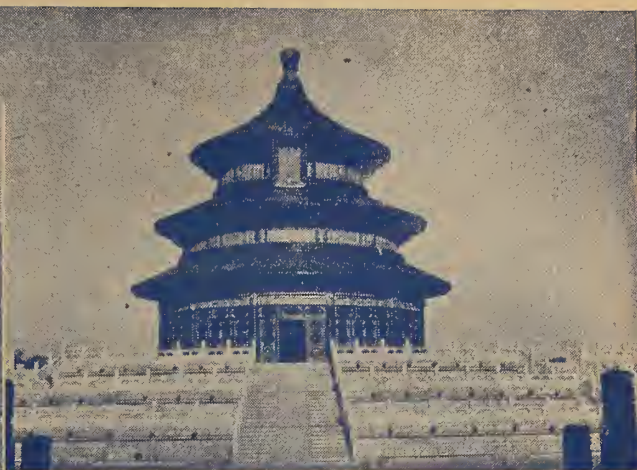
Hitler has shot his bolt. He is all washed up, even if he himself doesn't know it. That, in effect, is the theme of the prophecy from now on. The first period, according to St. Odile's classification of three periods, lasted from September, 1939, to June, 1940, ten months. This period of diminution, then, being half the length of the first, will carry us to November, 1940. It will not be the end of these wars, but the beginning of the end. I confess to a little bewilderment as to the timing of events here and there in this section of the prophecy. Not a thing mentioned but would seem to have come or to be coming true, but after the period to which some of the events were assigned. For example:

Hand to Hand Fighting Will Take Place in the Citadel of Citadels

What is meant by the Citadel of Citadels? Some say Rome, others Berlin. These days we hear ominous reports of dissatisfaction on the German home front and nests of machine guns posted on roof tops. If there had been hand to hand fighting in either Berlin or Rome, you may be sure the news would be suppressed. But in this

(Continued on page 14)

LEFT—Chekiang springtime.
RIGHT—Temple of Heaven at Peking.



A Catholic family of Peking.

*Fathers Clement and Murphy
inspect an incense urn.*



The professor's son.

CENTRE—Bringing home the water.

*LOWER CENTRE—Guardian of the
temple.*

A group of children at Peking.





Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Buds:

It would be impossible in this small space to thank personally all the boys and girls who so thoughtfully sent me Christmas and New Year's greetings, but I do want them all to know that I deeply appreciated their kindness. I hope you all had a really enjoyable Christmas and that God will bless you during the New Year, which has just commenced.

War has broken out in the Pacific Ocean, but thank God all our missionaries are safe, and we ask you all to continue to pray for them that Our Dear Lord may continue to protect them and that they may be able to carry on their missionary work, even during the war.

I know you have all made some resolutions for the new year, and am sure that one of them is that you will pray even more and work even harder for the Missions—true Buds of St. Theresa's Rose Garden. God bless you all.

FATHER JIM.

From Oxford School, Halifax, Father Jim received a cheque for six dollars—to pay for copies of CHINA sent to the different grades. Many thanks to Sister Rita Ursula and the pupils. I hope you all had a grand Christmas, for you deserved it.

Angela Hoskins sent me a lovely letter. Angela lives in Carbonear, Newfoundland, and sells as many copies of CHINA as she can every month. Angela asks the prayers of the Buds for her grandmother, who died just recently, and also for Gerald Sheehan, a neighbour, who was killed by a train just a few days before Christmas. We will not forget them in our prayers, Angela. Thanks for your good work with the CHINAS.

The Fourth Class at the Convent of Mary Immaculate in Pembroke, sent in two dollars to pay for their subscription to CHINA. We hope the girls and Sisters

enjoy our little magazine. We ask Fourth Class to not forget our missionaries in their prayers. God bless you all.

* * *

The pupils of St. Ann's School, Boulton Avenue, Toronto, sent us a Christmas gift of five dollars, through Sister Eudocia. We wish to thank them very much for their kind thoughtfulness and we feel sure that the good God will especially bless them for not forgetting Him and His great work on His birthday. God bless you all.

* * *

Dorothy Boyer, my little friend from Blind River, Ontario, sent me a lovely Christmas card and a very nice letter. We hope Dorothy had a merry Christmas and that Santa was good to her, for she certainly is a lovely Catholic girl and a fine Bud.

* * *

Grades nine and ten of St. Rosaire School, Windsor, Ontario, sent Father Jim a renewal of their subscription to CHINA. Many thanks to them all. We hope they like our little Mission monthly.

* * *

St. Joseph's School, Sydney, Nova Scotia, also sent in their subscription fee to CHINA. The Junior Unit of St. Joseph's Crusaders plan to make this year one of still greater mission activity. More power to them. We greatly appreciate their daily prayers for our missions and missionaries.

* * *

Agnes Molloy sent me a lovely letter. She tells me that her older sister, Mary Theresa, who once was a member of the Rose Garden, is now Sister Mary of St. Agnes, and that she is in New Brunswick. Father Jim hopes that many other Buds will become priests and Sisters when they grow up. Thanks for your letter, Agnes.

* * *

The prize letter of the month is from Daniel Stamp, Secretary of the Mission

Club at Holy Cross Monastery in Saint John's, Newfoundland. Daniel writes—“On behalf of our school I wish you a very Happy Christmas and we hope that the Divine Babe of Bethlehem and His holy Mother may bless you and your associates. We are glad to announce to you that the Mission Box Collection for the past term has exceeded our expectations. We are enclosing a Post Office order for \$80.”

Our gratitude to the pupils of Holy Cross Monastery is indeed very great. Only last June they sent us a check for sixty-six dollars. That makes a total of one hundred and forty-six dollars sent in by this school for two terms. May Almighty God richly reward the many sacrifices that have made this wonderful donation possible. Three cheers for Holy Cross Monastery and many, many thanks.

* * *

Patricia Ann Pigot, writing for Grade VII of College Street School, Halifax, sent us five dollars in War Savings Stamps. This is part of her interesting letter:

“We had great fun getting the five dollars. We are divided into two baseball teams—the girls the Tigers and the boys the Lions. Twenty-five cents is counted as an inning, and the side that gets the most innings wins the game.

“We read CHINA every month and we want to tell you how much we liked the cover of the November number. We had great fun using the figures as drawing models.”

Many thanks to Grade VII of College Street School and Father Jim sure would like to have their picture. God bless you all.

* * *

Lillian MacIntyre of New Victoria, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, wrote Father Jim a lovely letter. I am going to answer it as soon as I can. Glad to hear from you, dear. Please pray for me.



*The
Boys
and Girls of*



*St. Clement's School
Preston, Ontario*

*Friends
of
Father Jim
and the Missions*



Is St. Odile's Prophecy Coming True?

(Continued from page 10)

matter we ourselves feel tempted to go prophetic and predict that it won't be long now, even at the risk of being accused of mere wishful thinking.

Prodigious Things Will Be Done in the Orient

Prodigious is hardly the word for it. Of course, prodigious things had been going on in the Orient for many a day, while China alone held the fort against the armed might of Japan, but nothing quite so far reaching in its ultimate effects as the attack on Pearl Harbour and the unannounced entry of Japan into the fray. In the final adjustment of things, after the war has been won, the emergence of China to a position of dominance and the solution of the problems of the Pacific will write a truly "prodigious" chapter in history for centuries to come.

The Third Period Will Be of the Shortest Duration and the Victor Will Have Lost Confidence in His Warriors

Hitler's assumption of Supreme Command. The Gestapo keeping watch on the army and even on Goering himself. The Fuehrer's almost pathological appeal to his men to hold fast amid the Russian snows while the second great Retreat from Moscow assumes the proportions of a rout. It would certainly seem true that the victor has already lost confidence in his warriors, but this pronouncement that the third period will be of the shortest duration seems at variance with the earlier statement that "the war will be very long". If this third period is to be of the shortest duration, the end of the war should be already in sight. In fact, the period has largely lasted fourteen months, far longer than either the first or the second. The prophecy then goes on to speak of the period of invasion and "the last battle" and, meanwhile, too there will have arisen the warrior who will disperse the troops of the victor,

Whose Armies Will Be Annihilated by An Unknown and Great Illness.

Who is this great warrior? Where is he now? Many people

claim that it is none other than the Archduke Otto, of Austria, but when the matter was put up to him during a recent visit to Canada, he modestly disclaimed the role of saviour of civilization. Will the great warrior spring into being as a result of consultations as to allied strategy? Is it Churchill or Wavell or Auchinleck? Our readers will join us in the hope that his coming may not be long delayed.

Already serious illness—spotted typhus and Spanish Flu—is said to have broken out in the German army. Both these maladies, however, are well enough known. What is the "unknown and great illness"? Would it be that another Black Death or similar plague is in store? Once more, only time will tell.

Men Under Arms Will Call the Antichrist

Without saying so in so many words, the prophecy seems to imply that Hitler is the Antichrist, "he who will be damned by mothers in their thousands, crying like Rachel for their children and refusing consolation because they are no longer of the world". Personally, for what my opinion is worth in a matter about which all of us know nothing, I cannot see Hitler in the role of Antichrist. He isn't big enough. A neurotic paperhanger turned military genius would hardly be the man to head the legions of false Christs and pseudo-prophets who, before the end of the world will work such signs and wonders as to deceive, if possible, even the elect. Hitler hasn't fooled anybody since Munich.

The time of the arrival of Antichrist upon earth is purely a matter of conjecture, but many claim that he is already born, in Palestine or Russia. The Russian environment would seem to provide the ideal atmosphere and the opinion as to Palestine is probably based upon the revelations made by the Devil during one of the exorcisms by Rev. Theophilus Riesinger, O.M.Cap., of the possessed girl in Earling, Iowa, in 1928. At one point in the oft-repeated ceremony, the Evil One, speaking through the unfortunate victim, said: "Yes, Satan is already abroad, and the Antichrist is already born in Palestine. But he

is still young. He must first grow up *incognito* before his power can become known".

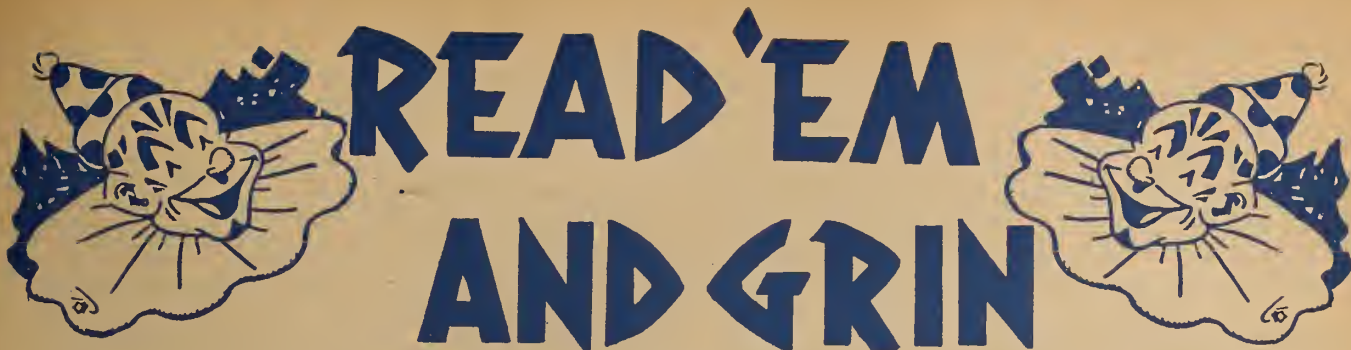
What? Do I believe such poppycock? I most assuredly do. I believe that devils in possession of people to-day can speak just as they could speak in the time of Christ, when they besought Him to let them enter a herd of swine, for example, and the whole herd ran headlong into the sea. I have in my possession eighteen single-space typewritten pages of the experiences of Fr. Heier, S.V.D., in a case of diabolical possession in his mission in China. It is so like the Iowa case in many details that the similarity suggests almost a routine technique in the case of diabolical possession. And we have had experiences of our own in China along similar lines. After all, weren't there cases so stubborn in the Gospel days as to call for prayer and fasting and even for the intervention of Christ himself?

I do not believe all the devil says or that he knows half he pretends to know. He is a pretty shrewd guesser about future events and he has the experience of many centuries of history to guide him as to things to come. But if Antichrist *were* actually born, he would be likely to know, since Antichrist will be only his own special agent among men. But the father of lies wouldn't tell the truth unless it were to his own advantage or unless compelled to do so by God, as again in Gospel days.

So—make what you will out of the inference of St. Odile, that Hitler is the Antichrist and reconcile it as you may with the assurances of his Satanic majesty in Iowa.

The mention of Antichrist naturally suggests the end of the world Wars and rumours of wars. Nation shall rise against nation. But the prophecy is quite insistent that the events of these dark days do not presage the end of the world. It hints at a revival of religion, when God will once more be enthroned in His Heaven and all will be right with the world. "The era of peace under the iron will have arrived and the two horns of the moon will be seen to be united under the cross, because

(Continued on page 15)



READ'EM AND GRIN

"It's good of you, doctor, to have come this far to see my husband."

"Not at all, madam, not at all. I have a patient next door, and I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone."

A deputation visited a jeweller's shop. "We want to buy a solid silver coffee-pot for presentation to our member of parliament," said the spokesman.

"In that case, sir," suggested the jeweller, "you will want something with a long spout."

A group of big oil men in Washington were telling hard-luck stories one evening about Government taxation.

"There is no telling where we will land by the time the tax bill is settled," said one. "Our status is as uncertain as that of an old Negro slave I once heard of. Somebody asked him whom he belonged to."

"I don't know, suh," he replied. "Old Marse, he's upstairs playin' pokah."

Friendly Susie: "Had you heard that Jane is engaged to an X-ray specialist?"

Jealous Fannie: "Well she's lucky. Nobody else could see anything in her."

Dear Tom:

"Come to-morrow evening sure. Papa is at home, but is laid up with a sore foot. See?" Signed Mary.

Dear Mary:

"I can't come to-morrow evening. I'm laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See?" Signed Tom.

The peddler knocked at the door and started his sales talk with the statement that "I'm out scratching for a living."

"Sorry, but I don't itch," vowed the woman of the house as she slammed the door.

The lady was complaining about the egg shortage to her grocer. "And," she went on, "last week one egg you sent me was bad. I demand that you make it good."

"Lady," said he, "I'm a grocer, not a magician."

Science Master: "Do you know that trees contribute greatly to the heat of the atmosphere?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir; the birch has often warmed me."

He: "A month ago my wife left me without any reason."

She: "I felt sure someone had left you without any."

The form, full of type for the next day's paper, dropped to the floor with a heart-rending crash, and the compositor turned pale.

"Go," he muttered hoarsely, to a fellow workman, "for the sake of everything go and tell the chief."

"Go yourself," the other replied, "you're better at breaking news than I am."

She: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

He: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

She: "Then I'd like to know where you got the idea?"

Wife: "I wish you would shave that mustache off, John. You look like Hitler."

Husband: "Don't worry, dear, the neighbours know I'm no dictator."

Customer: "I want some consolated rye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye?"

Customer: "It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

Druggist: "Fifteen cents. I have never cinnamon with so much wit."

An old Scot was smoking in the waiting room of the railway station. A porter said to him: "Don't you see that notice on the wall.—No smoking allowed?"

"Yes, I do," said the Scot. "But how can I keep all your rules? There's another one on the wall that says: 'Wear Spirella Corsets.'"

"I hear that Jim had an accident."

"Yes, someone gave him a tiger cub, and told him it would eat off his hand."

"Well?"

"It did."

Husband: "What are you planning to do to-night?"

Wife: "Nothing special. I'll probably write a letter or two, read, listen to the radio and so on."

Husband: "When you come to the so on, don't forget my shirt buttons."

Sentry: "Halt—who goes there?"

Voice: "An American."

Sentry: "Advance and recite the second verse of The Star-Spangled Banner."

Voice: "I don't know it."

Sentry: "Proceed—American."

Two men were rooming in a two-storey apartment on the top-floor, and could not sleep on Sunday morning because the sun would shine in the window and wake them up. They hought some black paint, painted the windows and lay down to sleep. When they awoke they realized they would be late for work, as it was already past seven o'clock. They rushed to their jobs and the foreman looked at them in bewilderment.

"What's the matter, boss? We're only twenty minutes late and we'll make that up."

"Twenty minutes," yelled the foreman, "where in thunder were you Monday and Tuesday?"

"Teddy, don't take my refusal to heart. There are lots of nice girls to be found—Mahel, Ethel, Violet, for instance. Any of them would make you a better wife than I would."

"Yes, I know, darling, but you see I asked them all before I came to you."

The audience was intently watching the emotional drama, and the heroine was tearfully deploring the announcement that her soldier lover had been sentenced to death.

"Oh, what is there left for me now?" she cried in anguish. "What is there left for me now?"

"Ice cream, cigarettes, ginger ale, peanuts, and lollipops," came the startling cry from the vendor in the gallery, who had forgotten that the curtain was still up.

Is St. Odile's Prophecy Coming True?

(Continued from page 14)

frightened men will adore God in all truth and the sun will shine with unaccustomed brilliancy." Thus—on a note of hope and reassurance—ends the strange story of a humble religious who, thirteen hundred years ago, must have shuddered in her convent cell as there was unfolded before her startled gaze "the terror of the forests and the mountains" and "the most terrifying war that humans have ever undergone".

Our Benefactors and Friends Are Not Forgotten



The benefactors and friends of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society are daily remembered in the prayers of the priests and the seminarians.

Our deep gratitude to you all is told in prayer to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and your intentions recommended to His Sacred Heart.

The dear dead especially, are not forgotten. Their names live forever more in Mass and prayer—they who during their lifetime gave so generously to the cause of Christ.

CHINA



Carboro Bluffs, Ontario

March, 1942

The Missionary to His Friend

ROSE GRAFFE WILL

ARTHUR KEELOR



Dear friend, you write and wonder am I lonely,
Far off amid the wilds of this strange land,
No sound save that of Alien voices only,
And want and squalor spread on ev'ry hand.

Well, sometimes, when the silent rain is falling,
And mud and filth creep to my very door,
When all about is dreariness appalling,
And mem'ry tortures with the days of yore,—

And sometimes, when my very soul is yearning
To hear my tongue, to see a white man's face,
When I am tired and stinging thoughts come burning
That I am lone amid a yellow race,—

And sometimes, when my labour so enduring
Is paid for with indifference or jeer,
The Tempter whispers with his old alluring,
"Foolish, oh, foolish one, why are you here?"

'Tis then, ah, then, I have a great consoling.
I hasten to my humble altar-spot,
And there, I raise my pain to One condoling,
One with whom, years ago, I cast my lot.

He has come here in answer to my calling,
The bread has changed to Jesus at my word,
His grace and love and strength on me are falling.
He lifts me up, my gentle, gracious Lord.

He is to me my friend, my land, my brother,
My help, my solace, my incentive good.
How can I dare to long for any other,
When He becomes my very flesh and blood?

Thus I commune. And when I leave that altar,
I am so fraught with tenderness and zeal,
There is no hardship that can make me falter,
There is no loneliness that I can feel.

And so I thank my Saviour for the calling
That brought me here, across the mighty seas
To combat sin, that thing to Him appalling,
And save the souls He perished to release.

I thank you, too, dear comrade, for your letter,
And thank you for the gracious words you send,
I beg your pray'rs that I may e'er grow better,
And sign myself, your happy, happy friend.

—OUR MISSIONS.

MARCH

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

NO. 3

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An Urgent Appeal from Lishui

JUST as we were going to press, a cablegram reached us from our missionaries at Lishui. It was an urgent, desperate appeal for assistance, concluding with the words—"unless help reaches us by the beginning of March, the priests and Sisters face destitution".

Although the message was an assurance that our missionaries were safe, it left us in no doubt as to the sad condition in which they found themselves. Lishui has been bombed into a pile of rubble, with but the convent, church and priests' residence still standing, thousands of people are destitute, homeless, starving. Poverty and disease are everywhere. Millions of refugees from coastal cities and villages have poured into our district and created an alarming problem. Our missionary priests and Sisters, who have never complained through the hard years that have gone before—years of famine, pestilence and war—have been forced at last to cry out for help. Without that help the Sisters and priests cannot possibly carry on.

We feel sure that this sad and urgent appeal of our missionaries will not go unanswered. We appeal to you, dear reader, during this Lenten season of prayer and sacrifice—we ask you to come to the aid of our missionary priests and Sisters in China. If that aid is forthcoming, we will make sure that it reaches Lishui safely and quickly. Thank God it is still possible for our Society to transmit money to our mission district in far-off Chekiang.

In what better way could you spend the Holy Season of Lent than in praying for our poor missionaries in

China—praying God to protect and watch over them during the dark days that lie ahead?

In what better way could you prepare for Easter, the feast of the world's redemption, than by making sacrifices for the salvation of the pagan world and by assisting our missionaries in their great work for souls?

Let us forego our little luxuries during Lent—candy, smokes, shows, etc., and send the money so saved to the brave missionary priests and Sisters at Lishui. We are free from famine, pestilence and war; we have our warm, happy homes; we have enough to eat and enough to wear. Can we sit back in comfort, listening to our radio and enjoying our cigarette or our box of candy, or our movie, while God's missionaries have not enough to eat or sufficient to wear, or even the medicine to protect them from disease? No, God forbid.

Let the answer to the cablegram from Lishui be generous and immediate. In your charity send us a donation for our destitute missionaries in far-off China. Give them a Lenten alms—remember them especially in your Masses and prayers.

How thrice happy will be your Easter Day if, through your prayer and sacrifice, a new hope and joy arises in our poor missionaries' hearts and in the hearts of those poor souls for whom Christ died and rose again.

Our missionaries have cried out for our help before it is too late. We must not fail them now.

OUR COVER

The little lady on those seemingly endless flight of steps is Miss Sonia Soon, who attends the kindergarten at our Chinese Catholic School in Vancouver, B.C.

The Bulletin Board

New Toronto Mission Opens

On Sunday, February 8th, the new headquarters of the Chinese Catholic Mission at Toronto, Ontario, were blessed and opened by His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan.

His Grace celebrated a special Mass in the morning and the chapel was crowded for the occasion. Many Chinese were present, as were also members of St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary and numerous friends of the Mission.

In the afternoon there was a reception and tea under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary. The Catholic people of Toronto took advantage of the occasion to visit the new Mission and all were

delighted with the fine building and the splendid improvements made.

* * *

Father Hart Goes to Victoria

Father Larry Hart, who for some time has been helping out at St. Clement's parish, Preston, Ontario, has just recently left for the Pacific Coast to assist Father William Matte at the Chinese Catholic Mission in Victoria, B.C.

We know Father Hart will be greatly missed in Preston, where he has been doing such wonderful work for some months past.

May God abundantly bless his labours amongst the Chinese people of Vancouver Island.

Urgent Appeal from Our Missioners at Lishui

Only a few days ago, a very urgent cablegram reached us from our missioners in Lishui. It was a desperate appeal for funds. We were told that unless help reached them by March, the priests and Sisters would face destitution.

We therefore urgently appeal to the kind charity of our readers and ask them to assist these poor missioners. If the help is forthcoming, we will find ways and means of having that help get to Lishui as soon as possible.

We feel sure that this urgent appeal from Lishui will not go unanswered.

* * *

Grey Nuns Arrive

Two of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario, have just arrived in Toronto to assist Father Edward Moriarty in his work among the Chinese people. They will conduct a kindergarten for Chinese children at the new Simcoe St. Mission and in other ways assist in the missionary work being done in Toronto's Chinatown. The two nuns are Mother St. Paul and Sister Mary Gertrude. Sister Mary Gertrude was for many years associated with our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver. Her experience will be a great help to the Toronto Mission.

We know that the arrival of Mother St. Paul and Sister Mary Gertrude will give a new impetus to our work among the Chinese community here in Toronto, and we wish them every success in their work and pray God that their labours may be abundantly blessed.

As our readers well know, the Grey Sisters are also assisting our priests in Vancouver and China.



Archbishop McGuigan blesses the new Mission Quarters on Simcoe Street, Toronto.

An Invitation to Dine

By Rev. J. M. Morrissey

MR. YANG and I had been friends for some time. That an invitation was pending was a certainty as there is no better way to strengthen the golden bond than a tete-a-tete over the rice-bowl. Finally my anticipations were realized when the long red envelope, bearing my Chinese name (Pan Kuan Hui) in flourishing characters, arrived. Inside was a red slip of paper requesting my presence at the lowly table of one unworthy creature called Yang. Already I had received many similar invitations and had accepted them but for some reason or other did not give a great deal of attention to the procedure at the homes of my hosts. Probably because even the most unusual things have an uncanny way of becoming usual with us, causing us to think twice sometimes before saying that such was not the same back home. On this particular occasion, though, I was determined to be most observant and from it, possibly, might develop an article for CHINA, depending, of course, on the good graces of the Rev. Editor.

My intention was to notice the customs and incidents directly or, at least, in some way opposed to our foreign way of acting. Hence it was well to begin at the begin-

ning. So, a second look at my invitation. Strange, the characters, square in form, were written by a small brush and from the right-hand side of the paper downwards or vertically. The year, month and day (in that order) were written last.

At the appointed time Mr. Yang's servant arrived at the Mission to invite me a second time and to escort me to the home of his master. On reaching the gate I was greeted by my host with bows, the most profound, and hand-shaking, his own hands, that caused me to wonder if there was royal blood somewhere in my family tree. After some time I managed to get to the guest-room and was given, in spite of protests, the seat of honour at the table. All was in readiness and as far as I could gather the fatted calf had literally been killed for the occasion. Oh! They are serving tea before we eat. Then cigarettes are passed around and in this way: The host took one out of the package and with his two hands proffered it to me. I accepted it likewise and beat him to the draw on the matches. Did I say beat him! I was offering him a light and he politely took the match from my hand and lit my cigarette with little delay.

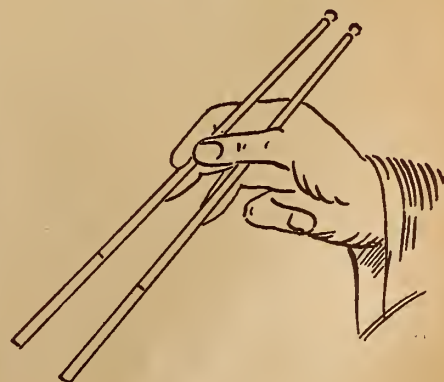
And here comes Junior. He is just a month old to-day, his father tells me. His head is cleanly shaved, bearing a strong resemblance to the proverbial billiard ball if it were not for the tuft of hair remaining above his forehead. Yes, says Mr. Yang, to-day the "egg-ceremony" was carried out. My friend is pagan and so the superstitions must go on. This morning Mrs. Yang and her friends fried an egg without grease and held the same above baby's head for some time. If the gods are kind they will smile benignly on Junior and when he "puts off the things of a child" and blossoms out into virulent manhood

his face, like the egg, ought to be round and handsome. Then, by reason of the yellow yoke, the back of his head ought to be a nice yellow, while his face, like the white in the egg, ought to be somewhat pale.

Then came the eats. A bowl at a time, into which all the guests dipped their chopsticks more or less simultaneously as there are continual requests to eat and each guest waits for the others. The women of the house were conspicuous by their absence, while the guests were men only. It would be futile to attempt a classification of the dishes which were numerous and varied to an unheard of degree in the West. Naturally I was expecting to hear much discussion but surprised to find there was little as Mr. Yang, cultured to the fingertips, still observes the old custom of virtual silence at meals. In due time the last course was brought along and, you may not believe this, but it was soup.

We then moved out in the bamboo grove to relax after our strenuous exercise at the table. The day was rather hot and so my Chinese friends were attired in their summer pajamas. These alone are matter for an article. The pants are very loose, the back and front having nothing by which they might be distinguished. The coat is also very loose, indicative of the Chinese love for individual free-

(Continued on page 14)



VICTORIA LETTER

By FATHER W. J. MATTE

Dear Father Editor:

Here, Father, is news of our Chinese Mission in Victoria. I regret the delay, but circumstances here do not permit of much letter-writing, especially letters of any length, and rather than send you a brief mathematical report of the work done to date, I preferred to wait until such time as I could add a few details. I feel that our readers will welcome these "extras" as it will enable them to obtain a much clearer picture of our pioneer efforts out here in the West in the face of multiple difficulties.

I had not been here long before I realized that a missionary's life in the home-land differs much, very much, from that in the Orient. I mean particularly that the obstacles confronting one here are vastly different from those that beset a priest in distant China. Over there we are almost stifled by the dank atmosphere of paganism and idolatry; we shudder and groan inwardly at the superstitions that play so important a role in the lives of those around us. Being human, we often wonder how much effort, kindness, prayer and sacrifice are needed to dethrone their pagan gods and to set up instead the banner of Christ. Perplexing thoughts—and they come often to any priest over there. Meantime, when we pray, and at Holy Mass particularly, we remember that we are mere instruments in the mighty hand of Christ; that all He expects us to do is our level best. That if we must sow in sorrow and grief, then there will be those who in future will reap in joy and gladness. Refreshed, we find ourselves at work again, down the river on a sick-call, or across li after li of rice paddies with our Mass kit, less confident in our puny selves, but much more confident in our Gentle Master.

Here in Canada a different picture presents itself, and, I think, a more formidable one, in some respects at least. Paganism? No;

in fact I believe there is very little of it here of the type we find in the hills of Chekiang. Superstition? No; I've seen very little of it here in Chinatown and have never been awakened at night by the devil chaser's drum. No, not that either, but there is here that evil little microbe which so easily gains access to hearts and minds and which has blighted a great part of this continent; we call it "religious indifference". Now, intrinsically wrong as it is, idolatry nevertheless postulates a religious sense, motivated, of course, by fear of the devil. Religious indifference, on the other hand, deadens the conscience, with the result that there is neither love of God nor fear of Satan—an extremely dangerous illusion to stark reality. Chinese here in Canada have adopted our way of life in material things out of necessity; being human, they have also adopted the moral code of our "enlightened" age—with the crowd they have gone a step farther back than the cult of old Cathay. Hence we see, that faced with terrific odds, the priest in China has nevertheless something to work on—this "religious sense"; he must engineer an "about turn" in the pagan's mind and proceed from there. Over here a missionary must begin further down; he has first to instil this "religious sense" if there is to be any hope of leading his subjects into the Holy Faith. There is another little microbe, too. Prejudice—the greater part of which has been developed unconsciously in the local Chinese, yet it is there and forms a barrier of surprising proportions. Very little prejudice of this kind in Chekiang—if any at all. Again, there's a third little bug, but we shall not call him a microbe. I think he is more aptly termed "virus", being something more poisonous—more deadly than the other two, and that is the bad example of some Catholics. Some-time ago I was explaining to a cer-

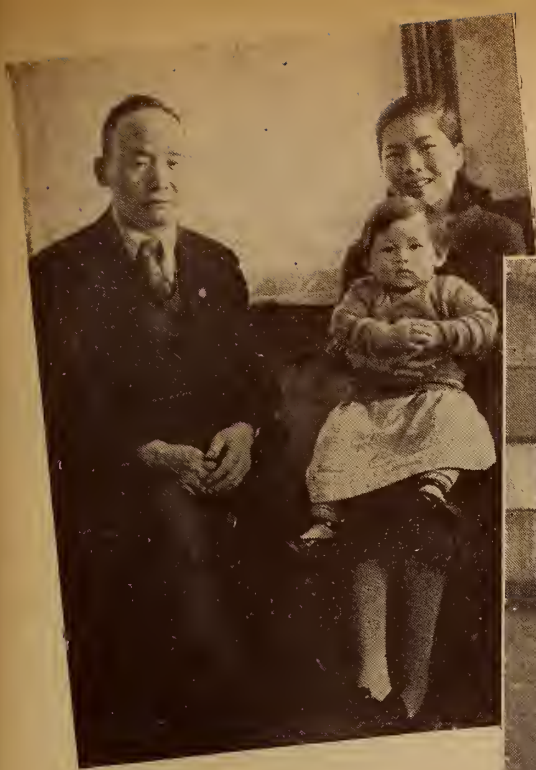
tain Chinese the importance of regular attendance at Sunday Mass. "But, Father!" was the retort, "it cannot be so very bad to miss Sunday Mass! I know several Catholics who sleep in—who seldom go. And they have the Faith for years, while I have It for such a short time." He beat me to the punch—badly. There is one unfortunate feature about a Catholic magazine, and that is, that generally the only readers are good practical Catholics. However, despite all three major difficulties we must go forward in God's Holy Name; there is no time for discouragement so pressing are the spiritual needs of those entrusted to our care. If men and women in China press forward in their quest for souls, press on amidst thundering bombs and strafing guns, despite contagious disease, inadequate food and clothing, certainly we here at home who enjoy so many more material things must not slacken our pace in that same glorious quest. As the following report shows, our labours to date have not been without fruit—a mere indication, we hope, of what lies in store for us.

Our registers show that in the past twelve months there have been ten Baptisms, two Confirmations, and five death-bed conversions bringing the total to sixteen Catholics and eleven death-bed conversions as compared to two Chinese Catholics at this time two years ago when the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of the Angels arrived here. The attendance at our Mission School this year numbers thirty-six pupils—including kindergarten, grade school and the Chinese language class. We have good reason to hope that the attendance at our humble little school will increase much more.

From the above it is evident that Almighty God is blessing our efforts and while we daily offer up our thanks to Him, I gladly take this opportunity to express our

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Victoria Mission Snapshots



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lim and daughter Winnifred (the child baptized on Christmas day). Mrs. Lim not Catholic, yet. Peter, a devout Catholic — full of energy, has done much in contact work.



Joseph Jow Guan, a paralytic, bed-ridden for past 14 years. A Catholic now, and a devout one.



Sr. Mary Gabriel, Father Matte, and Mr. Ng. Mr. Ng is head nurse at Chinese Hospital and has shown us every kindness.

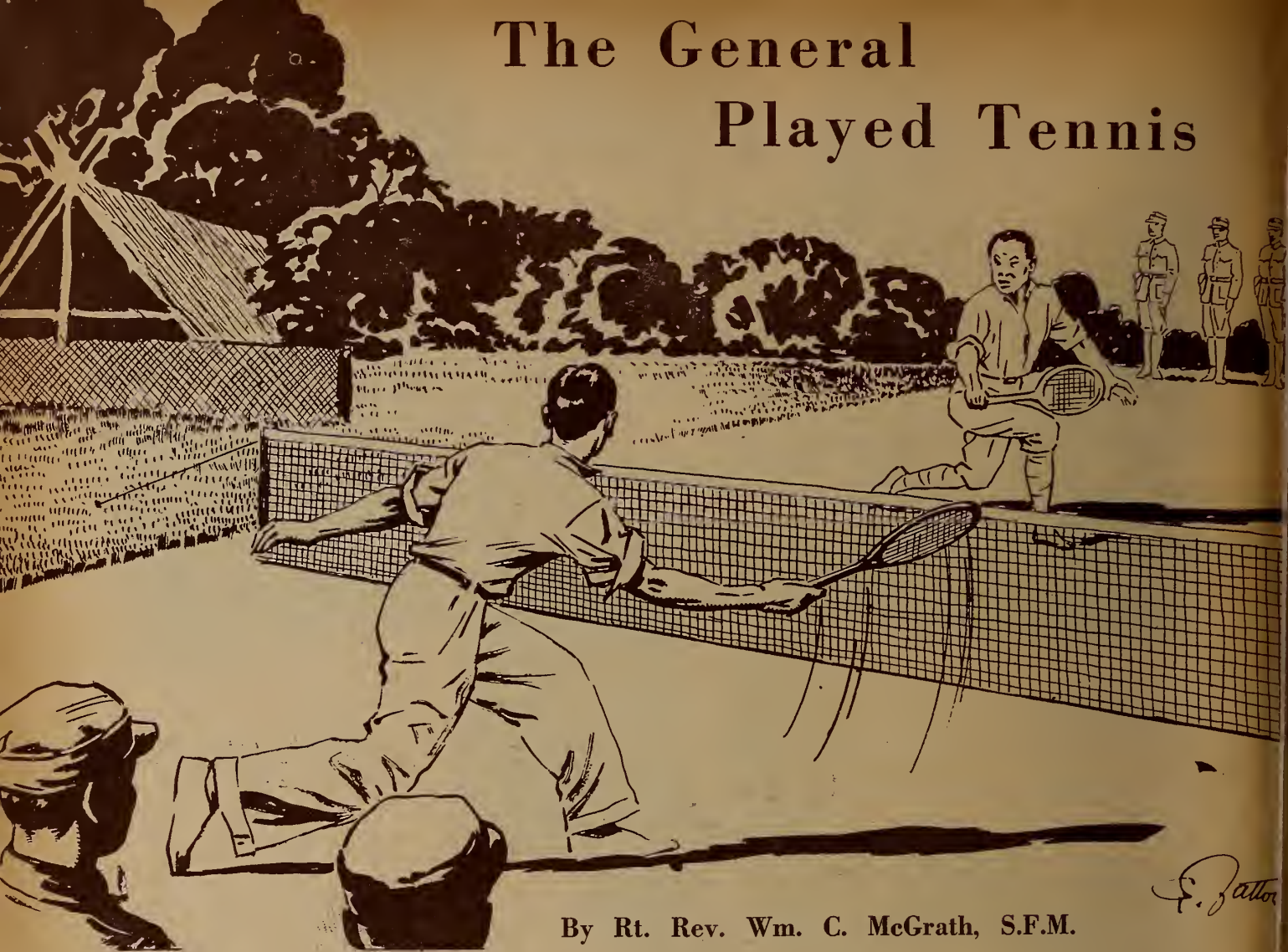


Baptizing Chinese at Chinese Hospital; Father Matte, Sr. Mary Gabriel; sponsors in background.



Another snap of Baptisms at Chinese Hospital.

The General Played Tennis



By Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, S.F.M.

TAKE it apart to see what makes it function and you will discover that the Chinese fine art of social make-believe is not fundamentally different, after all, from our own "tact" in dealing with our circle of acquaintances and friends. In either case the recipe is the same. Take a generous portion of soft-soap suds, mix thoroughly with enough of the old bear oil to disguise the fact that it is all apple-sauce, anyway, and you have a social lubricant de luxe that greases the social contacts, prevents the sparks from flying and keeps Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith from getting in—or at—each other's hair.

True, the Oriental ladles the mixture out with more abandon. But at no time does he even *pretend* to be fooling anybody. When he assures you that his insignificant and

despicable person is altogether unworthy to cross the threshold of your lordly mansion, he does not mean, nor does he expect you to be fool enough to believe, one little word of it. When the Chinese host at one of those interminable banquets makes his inevitable speech, assuring you that the food is past praying for and that you are being slowly starved to death, he would be the most pained and surprised man in the world if you up and answered (as you often feel like doing), "Brother, you said it." My unworthy this; your illustrious that. My humble name is Leaf; your precious moniker is Horse. Just so much "hooey", if we may relapse into the vernacular.

We are the ones who are more likely to be taken in because, by and large, we pride ourselves far more than the Orientals do on that quality known as Jeffersonian sim-

plicity. Theoretically, we are addicted, at least now and then, to calling spades spades. But if we carried our forthright candour to extremes we should soon find ourselves socially beyond the pale.

"I am pleased to meet you . . . glad to know you . . . delighted to make your acquaintance" says the guest at the party, as he gives you a dead-fish handshake and a vacant stare and registers not one solitary emotion of pleasure, gladness or delight.

"My dear Mrs. MacStinger, what a pleasure it is to see you! You know, we were just talking about you. . . . Speak of an angel."

They *were* just talking about "dear" Mrs. Mac. The air was still slightly blue and smoky. They had done a real job before her arrival and from their summing up of the case one might have suspected that

the company of angels to which she had been assigned was of a somewhat darkish hue.

Isn't it much the same all down the line? Who wants the truth, unless it happens to be flattering? The man who asks for your advice is really seeking your approval. Even though people claim to "see right through that silly flatterer", it is the man who says the nice things and pays the prettiest compliments who is always more in demand than the objective realist who calls things and people as they really are, or, at least, as they appear to him.

Consider our little tennis game. The General didn't pretend to be fooling anybody and, certainly, nobody was fooling him. But nobody's little style was cramped; no feelings were ruffled; faces were saved all round and a thoroughly good time was had by all. But . . . we are getting ahead of our story.

* * *

There was nothing unusual in the fact that three Chinese soldiers had just entered the Mission Compound. On this particular morning they attracted no more attention than other soldiers on other days. That is, until they began asking questions. They were looking and pointing in my direction as I walked up and down the verandah, reading my Office.

"Who's that man wearing the red sash?" they asked the old gatekeeper.

"That's *Mo Chu Kaw*, the Bishop," he replied.



"*Chu Kaw* . . . Bishop . . . What's that? Is he a high ranking officer in the *Tien Chu T'ang*? Would he be as big a man as a General?"

"General?" The old man's eyes flashed scorn. "You and your generals. Listen, soldier, till I tell you something. Generals are a dime a dozen in these parts. They're all over the place these days. But *Chu Kaws* . . . Bishops . . . How many of them did you ever see in your lifetime?"

The soldiers were somewhat taken aback. They admitted, rather sheepishly, that this was the first specimen they had ever set eyes on.

"See what I mean?" The old man was triumphant. "You never even saw a *Chu Kaw*. Only four of them in this whole Province of Chekiang; at Hangchow, Ningpo, Haimen and Lishui. Go and tell that to your General. By the way, who wants to know all this anyway?"

"Oh, no offence meant. You see, honourable keeper of the gate, we are sort of out on the camphor-tree limb. The General wants a game of tennis. As soon as he saw your tennis court from the Mah Jan San barracks, he said he knew the foreign gentlemen would permit him to play a game if a worthy opponent could be found. He's told us to go all over this dump of a town. That, I regret to say, is how he describes your great city of Lishui. Comb the place inside out, he said, from the Mahomedan pagoda to the Little Water Gate and don't come back till you have found somebody whose rank is nearly equal to my own. We visited the Yamen and looked the Mayor over. From there we went to the Postmaster's and the Police Department. None of your worthy officials will do. The General would lose face if he took



them on. Now . . . you say that man over there is even higher rank than the boss himself. If we could only get him to agree to a game we should return to the barracks with big face both for the General and for ourselves. Does the *Chu Kaw* play tennis?"

"Does he play tennis! Do all the *Seng Vus* play tennis! Come around sometime if you want to see something."

Already the crowd was beginning to gather. Sensing something out of the ordinary in this prolonged conversation between the soldiers and the old gateman, they were exercising their inalienable prerogative by crowding closer to hear what it was all about. Chinese crowds, on the least provocation, can appear from nowhere in a split second in numbers sufficient to start a riot. Everybody's business being everybody's business in the Celestial Republic, they were all talking excitedly about this new and unexpected development; getting in their two cents' worth free, gratis and for nothing. This *was* something. The Bishop on the tennis court with the General. Imagine the big face for the Mission and all the Christians as this event became the talk of the town. Sure, the Bishop *must* play. He and the General would be pals forever after such a gracious gesture of *camaraderie*. And then suppose some day the Bishop were captured by the bandits up around Sungyang. Or some of the priests or sisters were captured. His friend, the General, would soon send out a regiment of soldiers. At that, the bandits

would know better than to interfere with any of the General's friends. Ai Yah, Ai Yah!

Well, it looked as if the big game were on. I consulted Father Kam and he said it would be bad form to refuse. It would be better to send my card with a polite note of acceptance of the invitation extended by the General's personal representatives. He, Father Kam, would give me a hurried course in the finer points of the etiquette involved before the arrival of the official *entourage*.

The note was prepared and despatched forthwith. "Mo Chu Kaw acknowledges with unfeigned pleasure the unspeakable honour conferred upon him by this gracious invitation from the Supreme Military Commander. Unworthy as he is of such attention on the part of a man in such exalted position, he would deem it the most unforgettable privilege of his life if the General would deign to grace his humble home. After a round or two of tennis would the General condescend to sit at our lowly table and partake of the wretched trash we foreigners call food?"

The news spread like wildfire. The bamboo wireless was working at peak load. Didn't you hear? . . . The Bishop and the General are going to play a formal game on the tennis court. . . . The General and all his officers are having dinner. The General and all his staff have been invited to make their headquarters at the Mission. . . .

Of course, it was to be formal. I wasn't to beat the General and the General wasn't to beat me. Neither of us were to lose face before the very best people of the town, who were already streaming in the Mission gate. Coolies had

left their rickshaws in their tracks and *tan-tan* carriers had deposited their bundles "for the duration". The women left their washing down by the river's edge and even the barber and the old Christian coffin-maker decided to call it a day to witness the social sensation of the season.

After an appropriate interval of about an hour, a rickshaw pulled up outside the main gate, preceded and followed by an imposing array of bodyguards, armed with murderous-looking Mauser pistols. They looked as if they meant business. If ever I had been tempted to entertain any wild notions of beating the General, they were dispelled by one glance in the direction of those gun-toting muscle-men.

The General was graciousness itself. He was obviously impressed by the array of people assembled for the great occasion and returned our bows with a brisk military salute. Arrived at the *Katting*, or formal reception room, he divested himself of his Sam Browne belt and automatic pistol. This, he said, was something more than a mere formal call. He would visit his friend the Bishop without attendants. He would accompany him to his room, if he might make so bold, unarmed and alone. He was now, he told the assembled guests, who were hanging on his words, in one place in China where there was no fear of assassination. He was in the house of the missionaries, all good men who had come thousands of miles across the ocean to help the people of China.

The crowd were visibly impressed and smiles wreathed the faces of the assembled Christians. This was the General speaking. That would make those pagans sit up and take notice. The General was saying that the missionaries were

all good men and were helping the people of China. Not a few of the backsliders decided then and there that from now on it might be a good thing to be seen a little more often at Mass on Sundays.

It was in the books that once we reached the room and the boy had brought the inevitable bowls of tea, we were to sit around for a little conventional chat about this, that and everything. Everything, that is, except tennis. It would be as well not to mention *that* subject till the General was on the point of leaving, when, out of a blue sky and, as it were, purely as an afterthought, it would be quite in order for me to suggest a game.

"This, my dear General, is one of the big moments of my life. It is an honour as unexpected as it is undeserved."

The General smiled and waved his hand deprecatingly. "My dear *Mo Chu Kaw*, you are altogether too polite. It is I who am being honoured beyond my most fantastic dreams."

"May I say on this great occasion, my dear General, that we are all filled with admiration for your wonderful country?"

"Oh . . . you mean poor, barbarous China. Really, I marvel that you people from Canada should want to spend a single hour among us. How unprogressive we are. And how unenlightened. And how little we have accomplished down the dreary ages."

"It is the General who is too polite. He it is who speaks the Guest Manners Language of the honourable visitor. In his heart of hearts, a man of his profound learning and understanding knows, of course, that it is Canada that is the poor unenlightened country. Only yesterday were we born. Today we speak the babbling words of little children. The culture and wisdom of China descend from the dim mists of antiquity, but how little we have to show! Bricks and mortar, maybe. Tall buildings and machines that deprive the labourer of his daily work. And where are our wise men and philosophers to compare with your great Confucius? They are but as infants crying in the night. We newcomers of yesterday have every

(Continued on page 15)





READ'EM AND GRIN



Friend: "What is your favourite sport?"

Doctor: "Sleighbing."

Friend: "No, I mean apart from business."

Mistress: The master was very happy this morning, Jane. He went off to the city whistling."

Jane: "Yes, mum, it was my mistake. I made his porridge of hird seed."

There was a young lady of Crewe,
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.
Said a porter, "Don't hurry
Or worry or flurry
It's a minute or 2 2 2 2."

The critic wrote: "The play ended, happily." What a whale of a difference, a little comma makes.

"What's in this bottle?" asked the customs officer.

"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger.

"Oh — is it," sneered the customs officer, removing the cork and taking a long sniff. It was.

Miss de Frost: "Circumstances compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources."

Mr. Gayt: "Er—I don't get you—"

Miss de Frost: "That's what I'm telling you."

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."

Youngster: "M a m a here's the doctor to see the cook."

Conundrum. Why is a moth hovering around a candle like a garden gate in the wind? Because if it keeps on, it sings its wings. I mean, if it keeps on its hinges it swings. Well, have it your way.

Lady, to guest who has come in during a rain shower. "Why, it's raining cats and dogs, Mr. Jones. You'd better stay and have lunch with us."

Mr. Jones, looking out the window: "Oh, no, it isn't raining that hard."

Southern Texan: "Only last season we raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles for the babies."

Tourist: "Now, in my state it is a common thing to find three full-grown policemen asleep on one heat."

The teacher was giving a lesson on the Creation. John interrupted with the remark: "My father says we are descended from apes."

Teacher: "Your private family matters have no interest for the class."

The stranger found the customers in the Green Pig discussing boxing.

"Well," said a quiet, little red-haired man, "I've boxed some of the best men in these parts, from heavy-weights to bantams, and not one of them fought again after I'd done with them."

"Good heavens," gasped the stranger to the man beside him. "He doesn't look like a fighting chap."

"He isn't," was the reply. "He's the local undertaker."

Mrs. John: "John, what was that noise when you came in last night?"

John (trying to be funny): "That was night falling."

Mrs. John: "Oh, excuse me. I thought it was day breaking."

They had a quarrel. She spoke up: "You can say one thing for mother; she's outspoken."

He: "By whom?"

Customer: "Remember the cheese you sold me yesterday?"

Grocer: "Yes, madam."

Customer: "Did you say it was imported or deported?"

Rastus brought a ham back to the store, saying it was no good.

"That ham's all right, Rastus," the storekeeper insisted. "Why, it was cured only last week."

"Well, maybe it's been cured all right," Rastus answered, "but it sho' has had a relapse."

"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"How about a fortnight?"

Rhodes: "So that's your new overcoat! Isn't it rather loud?"

Rhoads: "Yes, but I intend to wear a muffler with it."

"Got anything snappy in rubber bands?" asked the boy from the big town.

"No," said the shop girl sweetly, "but we've got something awfully catchy in flypaper."

"Now there is a woman who makes the little things count."

"What does she do?"

"She teaches arithmetic in our grade school."

Sister: "Now, Phyllis, if I subtract 25 from 57, what's the difference?"

Phyllis: "Yes, Sister. That's what I say—who cares!"

Two London cabmen were glaring at each other. "Aw, what's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothing the matter with me."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first."

"Well," responded the other, "now you mention it, you certainly have a narsty look; but I didn't give it to you."



Waiter—"Well, here's your pickled tripe."
Socrates—"No thanks. I'll take poison."



Little Flower's Rose Garden

*Edited
By Father Jim*



Dear Rose Buds:

By the time CHINA reaches you, we will have begun the holy season of Lent, in preparation for the great feast of Easter.

I know that all of you will make some little sacrifice for Lent. Why not make it for the missions? Save up the pennies that at other times are spent on candy, shows, etc., and put them aside for a Lenten offering to the missionaries.

What better way could one prepare to celebrate Easter, the feast of the world's redemption than by praying for the salvation of the pagan nations and making sacrifices for the missionary priests and Sisters, labouring in far-off China?

Pray hard during Lent that God may bless our labours among the people of China and among the Chinese people here in Canada.

In closing, Father Jim wants to thank all the Buds for their interesting letters. I want to apologize for not answering them all yet, but I promise to do so real soon. Many of the letters received will be acknowledged in this CHINA and others in the April number of our magazine. God bless you all.

FATHER JIM.

THE MAIL BAG:

The C.C.S.M.C. of St. Anthony's School, Toronto, held a "Doughnut Sale" for the purchase of a Victory Bond, to be turned over to our Seminary—and thus the boys and girls are helping both our missionaries in China and our brave soldiers, sailors and airmen. God bless you all.

Father Jim will put the pictures of children who were highest in the "Doughnut Sale" in the April number of CHINA. Thanks a million.

Margaret Howard of Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland, is a new member of the Rose Garden, and is very anxious to have

some pen-pals, so please write to her. She is eleven years old and is in Grade VII. Welcome to the Rose Garden, Margaret.

Grades V and VI Crusade Unit of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, sent us five dollars for the ransom of a pagan child to be named Anthony Daniel. What a lovely Christmas gift to give the Baby Jesus. Many thanks, girls, for your kind thoughtfulness and may God bless you.

Little Harold Burke wrote me a lovely letter from Halifax. On behalf of all the other tots in Grade I, he sent four dollars in War Savings Stamps. Many thanks to all the members of Grade I. We hope



*Altar Boys at Chinese Catholic Mission,
Vancouver, B.C.*

you all had a lovely Christmas and we will pray for you all, especially those who are soon going to make their first Holy Communion.

Father Jim regrets that there are many other letters that he is not able to acknowledge in this issue of CHINA. They will be mentioned in the April number of the magazine.

Mother M. Theodore writes from the St. Columban's School in Dublin, Ontario, sending us four dollars and fifty cents for subscriptions to CHINA. Many thanks, Sister, and please tell the children that their prayers are indeed being answered for Father McQuaid and all our priests are safe and well, thank God. Tell the children to keep up their good prayers for their adopted missionary and also for our other priests and Sisters in China.

Lillian Magee, the Secretary of the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Edward's School, Lansing, Ontario, sent us five subscriptions to CHINA. Thanks very much, Lillian, and I do hope that all the students enjoy our little magazine.

Barry Hodgins, Anne Burke, Joan Hogg, Camille Black, Dorothy Renaldo, Carmen Lister, Marie Gionna, Betty Anne Peacock, Margaret Pickett, Madeline Manganello, Joan Shea, Paula Hopkins, Margaret Daley, Eva Perfetti and Ruth Anne all wrote lovely letters to Father Sharkey and he asked Father Jim to thank them all and tell them Father Sharkey will write them all the first chance he gets.

Father Jim had a nice letter from the Rose-Buds of Saint Clement's School in Preston, Ontario, where our own Father Hart is at present stationed. They are

CHINA

a fine group of boys and girls—real missionaries. We are glad to tell them that as far as we know all our missionaries are safe and sound.

* * *

Margaret Howard of Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland, is a newcomer to the Rose Garden and we all give her a very hearty welcome. She is eleven years old and in Grade VII, and is very anxious to have some of the Buds write to her—so come on, Buds, be a real pal to Margaret.

Margaret's older sister, Anne, and her younger brother, Odilo, are both members of the Rose Garden and Father Jim had lovely letters from both of them just lately.

* * *

Richard Valerrate, president of the C.C.S.M.C. of Sacred Heart School, Guelph, Ontario, wrote to us, sending us a donation of two dollars for the Missions. A picture of some of the boys at the school was enclosed, showing five silver cups that they had won in sports during the past term. Well done, Sacred Heart School. Many thanks, boys, for the donation.

* * *

Jim, Betty, Michael, Gerald, Mary and Billy Fewer of St. John's, Newfoundland, wrote me a grand letter, enclosing three dollars and seventy cents, saved in their Developing-Tank-Mite-Box. We thank them all from the bottom of our hearts and assure them we will not forget to pray for the safety of their brother Ted, who is in the army—just where, they are not sure at present. God bless you all.

* * *

Grade X of Immaculata College, Ottawa, sent a cheque for five dollars to the Grey Sisters at our Chinese Catholic Mission in Vancouver. Leah Beehler said in her letter that the girls had raised the money in a candy sale, and were anxious to help in the missionary work of the Grey Sisters among the Chinese

on the Coast. May God bless the girls for their kind thoughtfulness.

* * *

Marie Butler of Halifax wrote me for Christmas. She is one of our very faithful Buds, and has a pen-pal, Miss Bessie Lee, a Chinese Catholic girl in Vancouver. Marie is working since she left school and sent a donation towards our work. God bless you, dear.

* * *

Subscriptions for CHINA were received from the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Peter's Convent, Port Hood, Nova Scotia, and from St. Ann's School, Hamilton, Ontario. We thank the pupils and teachers of both schools and assure them of our prayers.

* * *

Marion Kale of Seaforth, Ontario, wrote me a lovely letter, and enclosed her picture, which appears in this issue of CHINA. Marion is very anxious to have some pen-pals, so I hope some of the boys and girls will write to her.

* * *

Doreen and Kathleen Aroc, Box 301, Gannon Road, North Sydney, Nova Scotia, have just joined the Rose Garden. Kathleen is 13 and in Grade VIII; Doreen is eleven and in Grade VI. They would like to have some pen-pals. Welcome to the Rose Garden, Doreen and Kathleen.

* * *

The pupils of St. Willihrod's Academy, Verdun, Que., Grade 5B, made their own mite boxes in the shape of Easter eggs, and sent the contents for the Missions at Easter-time. Father Jim is happy to have these new members from Quebec.

* * *

The pupils of Grade III of Notre Dame Convent, Sydney Mines, N.S., sent us a donation of four dollars in War Savings Stamps, thus striking their blow both for God and for Country. We wish them all a happy, successful school year and assure them of our intense gratitude. Please pray for our missionaries in China and Canada.

VICTORIA LETTER

(Continued from page 6)

deep gratitude to His Excellency Bishop Cody who has given us every possible assistance during these, our pioneer days. To the diocesan clergy who have shown by their help their keen interest in this new venture for souls; to the Sisters of St. Ann who have often placed their auditorium at our disposal; to the zealous members of the C.Y.O. who have done such fine work in social activities for Chinese youth; to the cheerful, eager little workers of the Girl Guides who arranged a very enjoyable Christmas party for our Chinese school-children, with gifts for all, and hampers of groceries for needy Chinese families; to the very kind lady—a Registered Nurse—who prefers to remain anonymous—who has offered her free services for the benefit of our Chinese—"any time during the day or night". Our gratitude goes out also to all who, by their free labour, alms and prayers have helped us through many a difficult situation. And last but not least, and rather because they well deserved a special vote of thanks, I express my deep gratitude to the capable, energetic ladies of the Missionary Circle of the Little Flower. Imbued with a real missionary spirit, they have shown by their faithful assistance that they have taken well to heart their motto: "Caritas Christi urget Nos!"

To conclude: the work already done, when compared to that which remains to be done, pales into insignificance. A tremendous task lies ahead, and we earnestly solicit from all readers throughout Canada and Newfoundland their daily prayers and what material assistance they can reasonably afford. Let each and every Catholic remember that it is the Will of Christ that we must not retain unto ourselves our glorious Faith, but rather, by every means in our power, to diffuse It to all without exception; let us recall that to be a real, life-giving cell in the greatest organism of all time—the Mystical Body—each one must play his or her part in leading souls to the foot of the Cross.

W. J. MATTE.



LEFT—Twyla Clement, North Bay, Ont.
RIGHT—Marion Kale, Seaforth, Ont.
CENTRE—Boys of the Sacred Heart School, Guelph, Ont.

An Invitation to Dine

(Continued from page 5)

dom and, so they say, of their love for peace. Then the slippers of my host were of very soft cloth since he could not possibly even walk across his courtyard wearing the stiff, hot, leather shoes that his Western guest was sporting.

Being the perfect host, Mr. Yang insisted that I be entertained in some way or other while I was in his hospitable compound. So, he showed me some of his books, which were Chinese to me, the covers of which were but paper so most pliable and suited for comfortable reading while reclining. Like his invitation, the books began and finished at the "wrong" ends, while the characters were written from the right and vertically. He even showed me some deeds of new property recently purchased bearing the "finger" print of the parties concerned. To have full legal value written contracts must carry the INDEX FINGER PRINT of the participants, plus the carved stamp of the same people.

I almost forgot to add one very common but very important custom which was carried out twice during my visit. Just as soon as I arrived the servant brought me a wet towel to wash my face and hands before eating, really to refreshen after a journey, even the shortest. And again after eating the same was repeated, but in no case is a dry towel given to complete one's toilet. This washing ceremony is no way superstitious or religious but just the ordinary treatment of a guest.

To complete the perfect day a photographer was invited on the scene and, Mr. Yang in the centre with the "Foreign devil" on his right, the guests' picture was taken. Being rather happy about the whole thing, I stared at the camera with my broadest smile but, on seeing the developed picture, I was most chagrined to find my fellow banqueters most serious and presenting the appearance of people whose world was tottering under

their feet. Oh well, next time I'll remember and there won't be a more stoic face in Tangki than mine when I give a return banquet to doubly strengthen the friendship that Mr. Yang and I have so earnestly begun.

There are hosts of other Chinese customs which I could tell you about but the Editor might object to so much space being used on such trifles. China will ever be the land of mystery to the white man. He is out of his natural setting here, but by dint of perseverance we gradually learn. It is worth the trying if, in spite of failures, we can accomplish something in the way of bringing souls to Him Who tolerated man and his strange customs to the extent of coming on earth for a long thirty-three years and finally offered the Supreme and Grandest Sacrifice the world has ever known to save souls of those who resented and resent His intrusion into their lives.

On many occasions I have told Mr. Yang about the beauty and conformity to reason of our Faith. He always agrees with me, again true to his politeness, but I sometimes doubt if he will be the recipient of the saving waters of Baptism. His upbringing, thought and surroundings are thoroughly Pagan. A gentleman, yes. There are thousands of them in China but their acceptance of the truths we have come to teach is difficult for them. Some day it may be done by the combined efforts of all the members of Christ's Mystical Body. Your prayers, dear reader, are necessary; our efforts to bring the Light of the Gospel to them are also necessary, and in the China of to-morrow, when the country is literally flooded with missionaries who will endeavour to break down the bad impression of Western gold-seekers, the sons of old, old Cathay may respond more fully to the Doctrine of Him of which His own contemporaries said, "It is hard and who can believe it?" Hard but never more consoling than when compared with man-made doctrines so prevalent and, to the Christian Missioners, so ridiculous and inadequate to satisfy the only species of the animal kingdom endowed with the gift of reason.

MAIN STREET, LISHUI

It's cobblestoned, narrow and dirty,
And its shops are like market stalls,
For, to open up shop here in China
Is to take down the front, board walls;
But there is no regal highway,
No matter where it may run,
With a roof like the one on Main Street
To keep away the sun.
The maid in her hright pajamas,
The boy in his long busan,
The hun-boy, shrill-voiced and Ding-
Dong

"Der voo, san ko dung pan."
The scenes and the sounds of Main Street
Quite used to them, I have grown,
And they have a weird beauty
And a music all their own.
Here, old-fashioned looms are turning
With an endless flurry and whirl;
Or a mother, with rags is making
Some shoes for her boy or girl.
While here on the right there's a temple,
Where the idols sit and grin,
While the devil in hell laughs softly
As worshippers enter in.
While the joss-sticks burn in the twi-
light

At the fierce god's broken feet,
And the spirit-money is offered
That was bought across the street.
And many pass with their burdens
Suspended from carrying-poles,
While the burdens no man can witness
Lie heavy upon their sons.
Logs and water and crockery
They carry, or casks of wine;
Threading their way 'mongst children,
Geese and chickens and swine.
But Main Street is full of heauty
When myriad stars look down,
And the coloured lanterns are lighted,
And the folks are sitting around.
Yet I cannot keep from thinking
As night comes down on the hills,
That indeed it is darkest midnight
In the hearts of millions still.
But a crimson light is burning
In the chapel over there,
And I hear the schoolboys chanting
Their beautiful evening prayer.
While a cross looms up in the darkness
And softly it looks down,
With arms outflung like the Master
On Main Street, Chinatown.

—Hugh F.X. Sharkey.

CHINA

The General Played Tennis

(Continued from page 10)

reason to doubt that our institutions will survive one-quarter as long as the venerable culture of China."

The General seemed pleased.

"It is the Bishop who now speaks the language of the Honoured Guest."

I took a sip from my tea bowl, untouched up till now. This meant that this phase of the amenities was at an end. The General rose and said that as there were some urgent military matters that required his attention, he would reluctantly be obliged to bring this delightful visit to a close.

"Of course," he added, "you will do me and my officers the great honour of visiting us sometime in my very disreputable barracks up on Mah Jan San."

I assured him that I was already looking forward to that great day. We moved towards the door, the General insisting that he was unworthy to precede his host. The moment was at hand.

"Oh, by the way, General . . . Of course, it is probably silly of me to bring this matter up at all. After all, you are a mighty busy man these days. But, somehow, I feel that I can speak freely to one in your position. The fact is, you find me at the moment in a bit of a jam."

"Oh . . . it would be a privilege if I could be of the least assistance."

"Well, it's this way. You understand, of course, strictly between you and me, just how careful one has to be with one's subordinates."

"Of course. Of course. I am in the same position myself. I have my officers and soldiers. You have your priests and teachers and ordinary Christians."

"I knew the General would understand. The fact is, for some time now I have been dying for a game of tennis. And, of course, I could not lose face . . .

The General paused. "Bishop," he went on, "it is no problem at all. Since you have been gracious enough to insist that my humble rank even approaches your own great dignity, it will be my privilege and pleasure to be of service. You will understand, of course, that I had not been thinking of

tennis. You know how it is. War and all that sort of business. But since the Bishop brings the matter up . . .

* * *

The parade to the tennis court was something of a triumph. For once I was allotted a considerable bodyguard and when we reached the scene of action they parked on my side of the court while the other half stayed with the General. The first great problem was who should serve. I tossed the balls to the General. The General, smiling, tossed them back to me. To this day, I hardly remember how we got started but I do recall that at no time was either of us more than one game ahead. 1-1; 2-1; 2-2; 3-2, and so on till 9-9, when we decided to call it a day.

At no time, of course, did either of us dare pick up a tennis ball. The bodyguard did a good job as retrievers and each time the ball was placed on the racket there was a salute and a click of heels. The crowd maintained a dignified silence throughout, the chief applause being for the skill shown by each opponent in netting or driving the ball out of bounds if ever there were danger of being more than one game ahead.

Once more we returned to my room. The boy brought hot towels and tea and some cakes and watermelon seeds and after a mutual exchange of compliments as to each other's prowess on the court, there came the grand finale about which I had been warned by my Chinese friends.



In order to bring the world's 1,200,000,000 pagan souls to Christ each missionary priest now labouring in the Vineyards of Christ would have to continue his labours for 2,850 years! Pray daily for missionary vocations. Any young man who has finished his High School education and who wants to be a missionary is invited to write to the Superior of China Mission Seminary. Why not be a missionary yourself!

"It will be very gracious and polite, and will go over big with the crowd, if you accompany the General through each of the five doors from your room to the Main Gate leading to the street. Of course, he will protest vigorously at each door that you must not come a step further, but you will ignore the protests absolutely and insist that you could not dream of permitting a man of his rank to be accompanied by any mere subordinate. Don't weaken, whatever you do."

As events turned out, I was grateful for that piece of advice. What looked like trouble was beginning right at the door leading from my room.

"My dear Bishop, I wish to say good-bye. On no account, of course, will you proceed one step further. I enjoyed my visit and do hope . . ."

"My dear General, please allow me. It will be my privilege and pleasure to escort you to the street. Tut, tut, now, my dear fellow. Please don't mention it, you know, and all that sort of business."

At each door the performance was repeated, the protests mounting vigorously as we moved along. At the fourth door it really looked bad, because we were by now in full view of the assembled crowds and the General put on a masterly performance. It looked as if he would call out the troops if I moved another step, but I only smiled and bowed and kept right on going, and he, more in sorrow than in anger, as it were, reluctantly acquiesced in the outrage of having such a dignitary stay right with him till he boarded his rickshaw.

The bodyguards fell into position. While they stood stiffly at attention the General gave a brisk salute, we all made our most gracious bow and to the roar of firecrackers set off by the now jubilant old gateman, the procession began to move away.

Next day, via the grapevine, we learned that the affair had been quite a success. The servants of the Mission enjoyed big face downtown for many a day and the General was heard to remark to a friend that he never expected to find so much real culture at the Catholic Mission.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities:*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support:*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses:*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

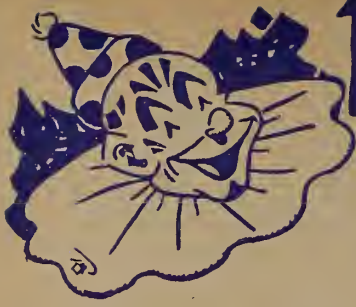
(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

CHILDREN



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

April, 1935



READ'EM AND GRIN



Patient in doctor's waiting-room: "How do you do?"

Second Patient: "Oh, so-so. I'm aching from rheumatism."

First Patient: "Glad to meet you. I'm Payne from Chicago."

Friend: "Did you go to the doctor the other day?"

Patient: "Yes."

Friend: "Did he find out what you had?"

Patient: "He was pretty close to it."

Friend: "What do you mean by that?"

Patient: "Well, I had ten dollars and he charged me eight."

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary?"

Salesman: "Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania here long, either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia a table. What'll you Havre?"

Buyer: "Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

Salesman: "Never mind asking anyone, and just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself, I'm only here to Servia."

Buyer: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am?"

Waitress: "No, and I don't Carribean. You sure Ararat."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?"

Customers: "Canada noise. Spain in the neck."

A policeman dashed up to a man groaning and writhing on the street. Inquiry brought nothing but a repeated mutter: "I ate one too—I ate one too."

"Poison!" thought the cop and administered a suitable antidote.

The man sat up like a shot and demanded to know why and wherefore. On being told, he became angry.

"What did I eat?" he raved. "I-812 is the number of the car that knocked me down."

Mr: "Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"

Miss: "Yes. Did you expect it to go through?"

Puffy: "I can go out with any girl I please."

Miss Fluffy: "Yes, it's too bad you don't please any of them."

Clerk: "Well, what does my little friend want to buy to-day, candy?"

Small Girl: "Yes, that's what I want to buy, but I've got to get soap."

Teacher: "With what weapon did Samson slay the thousand Philistines, Tommy?"

Tommy: "With the axe of the Apostles."

Physician: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping draught."

Patient's Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Physician: "You don't give it to him. You take it yourself."

Mother: "Do you know where bad little girls go?"

Betty: "Yes, Mom, everywhere."

Mr. Jones: "Do you know that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

Mr. White: "Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Restaurant Manager (sampling new cook's soup): "You say you served in France?"

Cook: "Yes, sir. Cook for two years and wounded twice."

Manager: "You're a lucky man. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

Boy: "Pop, what is a free-thinker?"

Father: "A free-thinker, my boy, is a man who isn't married."

The former vicar and his wife decided to attend the church social of his old parish. The new vicar greeted his predecessor heartily.

"I'm very pleased to see you again," he said. "And is this your most charming wife?"

The other vicar fixed his host with an accusing stare. "This," he said reprovingly, "is my only wife."

"And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife at the risk of your life?" said Mr. Tightfist. "Take this shilling, my brave fellow, as an expression of my thankfulness."

"All right, guv'nor, thank ye," and then he added softly: "You know better'n I do what your wife's worth."

Professor: "Name a deadly poison."

Pupil: "Aviation."

Professor: "Come, come, now, don't be silly."

Pupil: "Well, one drop will kill."

Sergeant: "What is the first thing you do when cleaning a rifle?"

Private: "Look at the number."

Sergeant: "And what has that got to do with it?"

Private: "To make sure that I'm cleaning my own gun."

Father (from head of stairs): "Say, Sarah, is that young man of yours an auctioneer?"

Sarah: "No, why?"

Father: "Well, he keeps saying he's going, going, but he hasn't gone yet."

Sally: "How did you lose your job with Swank Dress Shoppe?"

Anne: "Just for something I said. After I tried thirty dresses on one woman, she said, 'I think I'd look better in something flowing!' I asked her why she didn't go jump in the river."

Hostess: "Oh, Mr. Sax, I heard you were a wonderful musician! I'm so disappointed. I was hoping to see you arrive with an instrument under your arm. What instrument do you play?"

Mr. Sax: "The piano."

Mrs. Smart: "I want you to straighten that fender so my husband won't know I bumped it."

Garage Man: "I'm afraid I can't manage that. But I can fix it so that in a few days you can ask him how he did it."

Manager: "Why haven't you done this job? It's Christmas already and I told you to do it a month ago."

Office Boy: "I forgot, sir."

Manager: "Forgot! Suppose I forgot to pay you. What would you say?"

Office Boy: "I'd tell you right away; not wait a month and then kick up a fuss about it."

Eastern Tourist: "How does the land lie out this way, stranger?"

Western Native: "It ain't the land that lies, Mister; it's the real estate agents."

The Mayor had consented, with a number of colleagues, to attend a memorial service. They were rather late, and the chairman of the meeting, with the object of marking time, announced that they would sing the hymn, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

The civic procession, headed by the Mayor, entered the hall just as the audience were singing: "See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on!"

The Canadian Register

CHINA offers sincere, if belated, congratulations to the Hierarchy of Ontario for their courage in recognizing the need for a paper equal to the newsy national issue of the *Denver Register*, and for their willingness to submerge legitimate diocesan pride in the interests of the Church at large.

To the editors, both famous and capable, may we say: *ad multos annos*, with the prayer that you may continue to fight for the right and write for the fight.

Requiescant in Pace

We regret to announce the death of a leading Catholic layman, Mr. Patrick Cashman, Toronto. Mr. Cashman died at his home after a lingering illness; his exemplary life will ensure his eternal happiness; we will continue to remember him in our prayers as a faithful benefactor.

It is also with regret that we print the obituary notice of an equally exemplary Toronto Catholic layman, prominent in the business and social life of the city: Dr. A. J. McDonagh, father of the Very Rev. Joseph McDonagh, President of the Canadian Extension, died at the General Hospital, Toronto, having suffered a heart attack a few days earlier on his way home from a parish Holy Name meeting.

— May their souls rest in peace —

An Invitation

Friends of the Foreign Missions are particularly welcome at our houses at any time but when we have something new and rather novel we like to let our friends "in on it"—so we say, just drop in at our new Chinese Catholic Mission at 222 Simcoe Street. See for yourself what we are doing for the Chinese in our midst; far be it from us to have it said that we who leave all to cross oceans to preach to the brethren in the Orient should neglect them when they do the travelling to come our way. It took a long time but we are getting there; won't you visit us at Simcoe Street, Toronto?

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Our Toronto Women's Auxiliary

The annual Card Party sponsored by our ever-active and most-efficient Women's Auxiliary, Toronto, will take place April 21st at the King Edward Hotel. As usual more than forty prizes, a door prize and lots of fun will be available for fifty cents; we invite you and hope to meet you there.

St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary Holds Annual Meeting and Elects Officers

The Annual Meeting of the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary of the St. Ann's Chinese Catholic Mission and Clinic, Simcoe St., was held, the President, Mrs. A. Hymus, in the chair. The Annual Statement of activities was read by the Secretary, Miss M. Pinfold. The spirit of co-operation and sacrifice among the members has resulted in a magnificent work, the opening of the new mission and clinic. Work which otherwise

CHINA wishes to all its readers a Holy and a Happy Easter.

would have been impossible can now be adequately carried on to help our Chinese both physically and spiritually.

The treasurer, Mrs. A. A. Kirby, read the financial statement for the year. A substantial cheque was presented to Msgr. J. E. McRae. The Auxiliary also presented table linens for the Seminary. Msgr. J. E. McRae expressed his thanks to the Auxiliary. Rev. A. J. MacDonald voiced his thanks to the Executive and members. Rev. E. Moriarty thanked Rev. A. J. MacDonald for his excellent co-operation in the mission and expressed his gratitude to the Auxiliary.

Mrs. J. A. Duck was the acting Chairman during the elections which resulted as follows: Honorary President, Monsignor J. E. McRae; president, Mrs. A. Hymus; vice-presidents, Mrs. S. Fairley and Mrs. G. Clarke; treasurer, Mrs. A. A. Kirby; recording secretary, Miss M. Pinfold; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Wm. Ingolsby; councillors, Mrs. W. Cummins, Mrs. L. LaFrance, Miss K. Sullivan, Mrs. T. Lithgow and Mrs. M. Munnely; membership convener, Mrs. L. M. Quigley; press convener, Miss A. Cordone; convener of sanctuary, Mrs. E. Hunting.

A P R I L

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

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The Thought of Easter

THE thought of Easter is the thought of peace — that peace of which Christ spoke to His apostles, when He dramatically appeared before them in the Cenacle after His glorious resurrection from the dead. The thought of Easter, too, is the thought of life and hope and light. And yet, upon this tragic Easter Day of nineteen hundred and forty-two, the world finds itself far from peace and 'round about us all are death and fear, darkness and despair.

The world is still crucified upon its own red Calvary; the stone has not yet been rolled back from the heart of the world. But despite this dark hour of our tribulation, the blessed celebration of Our Saviour's glorious resurrection must, and shall, please God, renew our courage, strengthen our faith and give us the assurance that beyond the cross, beyond the suffering and the passion of this world of ours, lies the spring-time of peace, a surcease from sorrow, an end to the horror of war.

To whom can we turn for the blessed assurance of our own resurrection if not to the Risen Christ; Who stands triumphant over suffering, death and hell; Who bears His Sacred wounds as glittering gems and the gibbet of His humiliation and shame as the key to everlasting happiness?

If a bombed and blasted humanity is to creep up out of the underground into the light and beauty of the springtime; if a blacked-out world is again to see the light; if the fields of Asia and Europe are once more to bloom with sweet-scented wild-flowers and not be sown with the reeking bodies of the dead — then the world must turn to the Prince of Peace, the Risen Christ, the Son of the carpenter. Christ, and Christ alone, can give us a just and lasting peace; Christ, and Christ alone, can bring back to life the things that are dead; Christ, and Christ alone, can rebuild the good things that the wickness of man has destroyed.

We have been told that defeat and tribulation has come upon us because we had too few planes, tanks, battleships, armies; that France fell because the much-vaunted Maginot line was a fiasco; that spies, fifth-columnists and saboteurs had been our downfall — but we all know deep

down in our hearts that these are glib lies and that the roots of all the evil things that have so come upon us lie deeply imbedded in our very souls.

Our century forgot and ignored Almighty God; we littered the news-stands with filth; we crucified truth in our press; we held up to ridicule upon the screen the most sacred obligations and conventions of the Christian life; we built our financial empires on the ignorance, fear and helplessness of the poor; we produced innumerable multi-millionaires, society snobs, pink-livered communists and dirty-minded movie magnates; we practised birth-control, euthanasia, and other unmentionables — and God sent to us the scourge of war.

There can be no Easter and no resurrection unless, acknowledging in all humility our guilt before God, as a nation and as individuals, we re-dedicate our country and ourselves to those moral principles laid down by Christ Himself. Confiding in the output of our munition plants and the billions of dollars invested in our war effort will not gain for us an equitable and enduring peace, unless we merit such a peace by the purity of our intentions and the goodness of our lives.

Unless God is with us, there can be no victory. Only when the chosen people of old marched into battle bearing with them the Ark of the Covenant were they victorious in the conflict. Only when Moses on the mountain-top kept his arms uplifted in prayer to Jehovah, did the Israelites battling upon the plain below overcome their more numerous adversaries.

Let the beautiful feast of Easter really mean something in our lives. Let our souls be on this blessed day as white and pure and tall as the immaculate and stately lilies that deck the holy altar. In the barred and shuttered cenacle of this world at war, surrounded by our enemies, let us gather together in prayer to God, our hearts ready to receive the graces and blessings of this wondrous Eastertide. Then, perhaps, in His infinite mercy and abundant goodness, the Risen Christ may manifest Himself to us, and calm our fears and we may hear His happy, heavenly salutation

"PEACE I GIVE YOU".

From the Toronto Mission's Scrapbook

By REV. EDWARD MORIARTY, S.F.M.

THE present world conflict has brought with it a popularization of 'slogans' which have now become part and parcel of our daily speech. For instance, when we are encouraged to increase our efforts to further the allied cause we are reminded to 'Remember Pearl Harbour', or we are asked to dwell for a moment on the atrocities of Hong Kong and, indeed, the very thought of such happenings spurs us on to ever greater effort on behalf of all that is good and decent in this war-torn world.

Seeing that 'slogans' have become such a part of our age, here at our Toronto mission during the past month we have had occasion to adopt a slogan; one which carries with it nothing of the treachery of Pearl Harbour, nor the horror of Hong Kong, but the sweet gentle touch of God's kind Providence. For when we 'Remember Friday, February 13th' we look back to a day when so much impetus and inspiration was given to our missionary work here by the arrival of two 'Grey Sisters' from Pembroke. Naturally, the sight of their now familiar habit brought us back in fancy across the now far-from-peaceful Pacific to another of God's vineyards sheltered by the towering hills of Chekiang. There, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, another band of 'Grey Sisters' is still keeping the banner of Christ unfurled and striving in spite of so many human difficulties to show to a pagan world the heavenly sweetness of that word 'Pacific'.

And now, after a visit in fancy to that hallowed spot in far-off Chekiang, we come again to our 'China at home' right here in the heart of Toronto.

First of all, we extend a sincere and hearty welcome to the good Sisters who have come to share in our missionary endeavours. In the annals of eternity we will realize just how much their coming means, and to the Motherhouse at Pembroke, our Society's refuge in time of need, we feel that we are saying far from enough when we say



Rev. E. Moriarty, Mother St. Paul and Sister Mary Gertrude.

'Thank you, from the bottom of our hearts'.

This is not the first time that the 'Grey Sisters' have come to our aid so generously; their spirit of co-operation has been brought home to us during the past two weeks in a very practical way, when it was our privilege to receive a visit from the Mother-General, who has always shown such a deep interest in our work.

You have already learned through the pages of CHINA of our

new mission centre at 222 Simcoe Street, and we feel that God's Providence was very near us in the selection and the obtaining of a spacious building where our chapel, school, living quarters and recreation centre are all so conveniently located. To all who have made this possible we are most grateful. This change naturally has involved a heavy financial obligation but we know that spiritual values can never be measured in dollars and
(Continued on page 15)



PANACEA

66 **A**NY fool," quoth the downtown merchant, whose business was steadily going to pieces; "any fool," stormed the husband whose domestic relations were near the breaking point; "any fool would know," mused the barfly loafing in the poolroom, "that Churchill should do this and that if he wants to win the war. It was the sheerest madness to send soldiers to Norway, Crete, Greece, Singapore. He should have . . ."

* * *

The world is full of armchair strategists who can make a howling success of international affairs and of everybody's business but their own. They make it look ridiculously easy to run the affairs of this planet. But they are singularly incompetent when it comes to solving the problems of their own little world, the only one for which they are personally responsible. Ain't we all—in spots?

* * *

HOLIER THAN THOU

Did you ever pause to analyse the nature of moral indignation in the self-righteous man? Only too often it is a manifestation of his own self-conceit, his holier-than-thou-ism. It can be quite devoid of genuine concern for the interests of God in Heaven but rarely does it lack a comfortable solicitude for the reputation of its possessor. That is why it is so worse than useless, accomplishes so little, reforms nobody, succeeds generally in getting in people's hair.

* * *

People who can take their own delinquencies without batting an eye are quite capable of lathering

themselves into a frenzy over the moral lapses of the other fellow. Of all forms of blindness, the worst would seem to be our blindness to our own defects. The moat and the bean. The heathen and the publican. Pity the man who feels incapable of making a fool of himself. Some day God may permit him to do just that very thing. And the salutary lesson may be the beginning of his spiritual sanity.

* * *

CRAZY IDEA

Did you ever wish you had, just for a day, the power to satisfy all the yearnings and still the ubiquitous clamors of restless, importunate humanity? There are about two billion people and most of them have their hand out, to God in Heaven or to their fellow humans on earth. There is poverty among the rich and wealth among the poor, because wealth consists in being satisfied, in wanting little or nothing, while poverty, surely, is that state in which desires and more desires are forever clamoring for satisfaction. The richest people in the world are those who take and keep the vow of poverty, but that is slightly beside my point just now.

Did you never feel the somewhat impish urge to possess, even for one fleeting day, the power to answer all the ads in all the newspapers and street cars and billboards; to buy up, at one fell and glorious swoop, the entire output of tooth-paste, germicides, hair restorers, tags, bazaar and bingo tickets from here to the Gobi desert; to silence forever the radio barker, insurance salesman and Fuller brush man? Bliss in that dawn when you could

turn on your radio without being panicked into the dire realization of the millions of unsuspected saboteurs who were conspiring to wreck your nervous system and the many insidious diseases that even then—unknown to you—were gnawing at your vitals. It can't be done, you say. But some day it will. Only God can satisfy the ceaseless yearnings of all humanity which will one day either be stilled forever in eternal bliss or forever frustrated in that dismal exile where hope can be no more.

* * *

So you think you're a Christian! Then try, just for one day, to live the Sermon on the Mount. Do you consider yourself blessed if you are poor, oppressed, hated and despised by men? A thousand to one you do not. What is your attitude towards wealth? That you would fain garner is as much as you can get your hands on? Your enemies, if you have any? Do you—really—love them and try to do to them as you would they would do to you? The counsels of the Sermon on the Mount have never been abrogated, but what says the voice of experience? Is it not rather true that most of us, at least now and then, entertain feelings of dislike and resentment towards those who are not really our enemies at all? Contrary to the Divine warning that with what judgment we judge we shall be judged, we take it upon ourselves to interpret motives and read into the actions of others a meaning that is altogether unwarranted. Many forfeit the claim to being truly christian because of the terrible harshness of their judgments of others.

CHINA

TECHNIQUE OF CONFUSION

Tweetheart Soap presents Senator Bumblepuss . . . My friends, war with Japan is inevitable . . . You, too, may have Dinevititis . . . Watch that danger-line . . . Don't sabotage your hair, men . . . Use Dremyl, spelled D-R-E-M-Y-L . . . Be sure to tune in again to-morrow . . . the story of the life of Little Lonely Lou . . . We present Senator Borghum who will deliver . . . My friends, we aren't ready. Teddy Roosevelt would walk softly but carry the big stick; we are making an awful racket but there's no steam in our punches. Let us settle our differences over the conference table . . . we're courting chaos in the Orient . . . And then little Mary said to her mother, oh, mother . . . If you cherish that schoolgirl glow begin your airspun pumice treatment to-day . . . we present the madcap merry-makers and their hour of frolic, live, laugh and be happy . . . Men, now is the time . . . guard against winter colds . . . ten cents at your druggist, the new Drem, Drek, Drel . . . Hal Sepatica presents your news reporter . . . Informed sources in Washington pessimistic over chance of a peaceful settlement with Japan . . . There'll be Blue Birds over the White Cliffs of Dover . . . Night—ugh—and you—ugh—and Blue—ugh—Hawaii, the night—ugh—is heh-heh-venly, and you are heh-ven to me . . . I'll repeat the name, it's blasperin, spelled B-L-A-H . . . double strength, Blasperin plus . . . a speech by America's leading authority on diet and health . . . ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Snodgrass . . . so, stop this poisonous habit of drugs and sedatives and pick-me-ups . . . Live nature's way, eat grass, more grass, sixty per cent. grass . . . for men over ninety-five there's always Terusan, spelled . . . quick knockout blow in Pacific predicted by prominent Naval authority . . . Admiral Slayem-quick, itching for war with Japs, says one major naval engagement may decide war in Orient . . . let's blast their tin-can navy . . . the romance of Betty, the babe . . . hit me, you brute, with the chieeld in me arms, but how can I live without you . . . tune in to-morrow for our next . . . man river, he just keeps rollin' along . . . Buy sweet

Blentine chewing gum, boys and girls you'll love it some . . . and so we bring to a close . . . Louis leads with a right to the chin, a left, a right, another left, another right, the challenger's up, he's down, he's in, he's out, boy, whadda fight, the crowd is going wild . . . it's all over . . . Sorry, Ma, I done me best . . . speaking for Sunray soap—remember the super-extra foaminess . . . Extra, extra, read all about the Japanese advance into Indo-China. French resistance crumbles as men of Vichy order capitulation . . . Threat seen to Hong Kong, Singapore . . . Impregnable British bastion will never fall . . . symbol of Britain's strength and prestige in Orient . . . big guns point wrong way, Maginot, Hong Kong, how about Singapore? . . . returned rubber merchant from Penang, who will now address you . . . Japan, my American friends, is terribly overrated; bankrupt, desperate, nearing exhaustion after prolonged war in China . . . ever hear of Homer Lea? Don't be panicked by defeatists and alarmists . . . he never knew why she went away but don't YOU sabotage your personality . . . his best of friends wouldn't tell, so use Rifetoy, the soap that . . . learn on reliable authority that concern grows in Washington . . . no peaceful solution seen in Nippon-U.S. deadlock . . . Interest shifts to Pearl Harbour as scene of possible coup . . . your vitamins, abcdef . . . and so, until to-morrow . . . conferentially yours . . . State Department said to have warned Pearl Harbour . . . Japanese fleet reported on high seas . . . Admiral Bimmel sceptical . . . **WARNING PEARL HARBOUR! WARNING PEARL HARBOUR!**

* * *

Thousand attend gala Saturday evening ball, mid scenes of Hawaiian splendour. Honolulu authorities pooh pooh alarmist war scare . . . thousands of miles of ocean our protection . . . Boy, whiskey soda . . . Night and You and Blue Hawaii . . . Sweet Leleani, Heavenly Flower, you are my dreams come true . . . **PEARL HARBOUR . . . PEARL HARBOUR . . .** Make mine a Gin Sling . . . What'll ye have, honey?

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,

No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet."

War Department calling Pearl Harbour, **PEARL HARBOUR. INSTANT ALERT MAY BE LAST WARNING.**

Aloha Oe, Aloha Oe . . . Until We Meet Again . . . On with the dance; no sleep till morn.

* * *

EXTRA! EXTRA! NATION STUNNED! DASTARDLY ATTACK—2,400 KILLED.

Your news announcer . . . Use Dremyl . . . Don't sabotage your hair (lies, confusion, wolf, wolf, just sabotage your nation) . . . Use drugs . . . don't use drugs . . . war will be short . . . war will be long . . . He's up . . . he's down . . . We're in . . . we're out . . . Senator Bumblepuss . . . Senator Borgum . . . Senator Blah . . . Where am I? . . . Where are we, America? . . . What is truth?

Sweet Leleani, Heavenly Flower . . . Aloha Oe . . . Boy, whiskey soda . . . On with the dance . . . No sleep . . . no sleep . . . no sleep . . .

DAWN—AND THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

MY FRIEND ACROSS THE WAY

From my little study window
I can see a lamp's faint ray,
'Tis the ever-faithful Watcher
Of my Friend across the way.
Through the day I 'oft look over,
"All for Thee" is what I say,
And I fancy it's a comfort
To my Friend across the way.

When the sky is bright and cloudless

And my heart is also gay,
In my joys I'll not forget You
Comrade mine, across the way.
If the day be dark and dreary,
Drifting 'round me mists of gray,
Then I whisper, "Don't desert me,
Dearest Lord across the way."

Let the years be hard and toilsome,

Still my life is one bright May,
For my burdens all are carried

By my Friend across the way.
When I leave my study window

At the close of Life's short day,
Through the gates of death I'll take Him—

Take my Friend across the way.

—Rev. David P. McAstocker, S.J.

There's The



To Pay!

By

Rev. Hugh F.X. Sharkey

Illustrated by
MISS MARY LAMPHIER

IN China, his satanic majesty the Devil, is indeed a real personality, feared yet respected by all. Of all the manifold manifestations of paganism, the cult of Satan is the most horrible, the most deep-rooted and the most universal.

The pagan Chinese, people the air, the water and the land with evil spirits—spirits that are responsible for every calamity of their lives. Religion with them has descended to the practice of the grossest superstitions, to the worship of Lucifer and his innumerable satellites—a religion of the most abject fear, a cult of continual appeasement.

If flood or famine comes; if sickness or death appears; if plague or war stalks the countryside—there must be sacrifices of atonement offered to the devil; processions must be held in his honour; or perhaps another pagoda will be built on the mountainside to placate the dark emperor. Because of the rebel prince of angels, millions of children are abandoned in China every year; the pittance of the desperately poor is spent to buy joss-sticks, spirit money, food offerings to the idols; the country is bled white to keep up temples, towers and shrines to the powers of darkness; but worst of all, souls bought with the infinite atonement of the Sacred Blood of Jesus Christ are bartered for in the Black Market for the arch-fiend himself.

AS CROOKED AS THE DEVIL

I remember well an incident that occurred after I had been only a few days in China. I was walking

along one of the narrow streets of Lishui, and I noticed something very odd. Before the entrance to most homes, there was a screen of wood or a wall of mud or stone. It was set up two or three feet in front of the doorway, making it necessary for anyone to go around it before he or she could enter the building.

I asked later regarding the use of this wall and I was told that it was a devil screen, put up in order to keep the demons from entering the house.

When I asked how the screen could accomplish this, I was told that the pagan people believed that the evil spirits, which were always on the prowl to do any harm that they could, were unable to travel otherwise than in a straight line. Thus the screen made it impossible for the devil to enter the house.

I was told, moreover, that the roads and streets in China were never built in a direct line but rather in as crooked a way as possible, in order to frustrate the numerous imps meandering through the countryside.

The Burma Road was a notoriously crooked highway, built that way by the superstitious Chinese, despite the protestations of the foreign engineers supervising the mighty project. Looking down on it was like looking down upon a gigantic, curled-up dragon—a prehistoric guardian of the Good Earth.

I was rather amused however at this pagan belief that the prince of evil could only travel in a straight line. I told my Chinese friend that over in Canada, where

I came from, although we most certainly believed in the devil, we were convinced that he was so crooked by nature that he could not even travel in a straight line.

SCARING THE DEVIL OUT OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF

When Marco Polo went to far Cathay many centuries ago, he discovered among other things that the Chinese people had invented gunpowder, though it was still unknown to the rest of the world. But, strange to say, the Chinese were not using the explosive for purposes of war and destruction, but rather for superstitious practices.

For some odd reason, the pagan people of China believe that the best process for devil-elimination is noise and plenty of it. According to them, the devil just can't stand the fine art of Chinese noise-making, and after having had the odd taste of it myself, I don't see how in the devil he could possibly stand it either.

Convinced that Satan is a nervous wreck, the Chinese, when beset by the spirits of the nether world, proceed to scare the devil out of the Devil himself. So, in front of every procession, be it military, civil or religious, a funeral or a marriage, walks a man with a long bamboo pole, from which are strung literally thousands of fire-crackers. As the long procession starts, the lowest cracker is lit and it ignites the next and the next, so that there is something in the nature of a twenty-one gun salute all along the way of march—making the numerous little imps that infest every

nook and cranny stop their ears and run like the devil.

What missionary has not been awakened at the dead of night by the weird beat of the devil-drums and the high-pitched voices of the demon-chasers, as they crowded the sick-room of some nearby pagan home, literally trying to raise the devil and succeeding admirably in their efforts. The evil one had supposedly taken possession of the pain-wracked figure on the bed. Evidently, if enough noise could be made, the devil would be glad to leave before being actually driven crazy by the infernal din.

Even the pagans of Our Blessed Lord's day seem to have believed that all sickness was the work of the devil and the only cure for the patient was to raise a din and scare the evil spirit away. When Christ went down to cure the daughter of Jairus, we are told in the Gospel story that he found a great crowd of people "making a tumult" in the pagan girl's room and that, after he had put them all out, "He took the maid by the hand and she arose".

FOOLING THE POOR DEVIL

The art of fooling the poor Devil is greatly studied by every pagan. Certain charms against the evil one are worn; the ends of the roof are turned up to form sharp points so that the devil will feel that he has just sat on a tack if he dares to enter the house from above. Spirit money is bought and scattered in the wake of a funeral procession—numerous, tiny holes having been made in this spiritual currency, in the belief that the pursuing spirits must pass through each and every opening, and thus be confounded and misled.

Because of their own predilection for boy babies, the Chinese feel that the devil is especially set on doing harm to their male children. To fool the old boy, small baby boys are dressed up in girl's clothing, so that the evil one thinking it is a good-for-nothing girl may pass him by. If the old boy can really be fooled as easily as all that, there really must be something to that common expression—"as foolish as the devil".

THE DARK EMPEROR

Standing on almost every hill-

top and mountain peak in China are towering pagodas to the evil one, or pagan temples filled with hideous, leering idols. Through the craven worship of these brutal gods, Satan, like a dark emperor, holds sway o'er almost full five hundred million souls. Indeed, there are more devil-worshippers in China alone than there are Catholic people in the entire world. No ruthless army of occupation ever held any land in a more despotic grasp than the legions of hell do the teeming millions of pagan China. No blackout was ever more appalling or more universal than the spiritual blackout that for long centuries has hung like a dark pall above the Good Earth; as the giant, batlike wings of the damned prince of angels blot out the Light of the World.

Devil possession is so common in China that even the tiny child knows what a horrible sickness is meant by the words 'Mo Quay Bing' (devil disease). Manifestations of the evil one are common in the temples of pagan China. Processions in honour of Beelzebub daily wind their way through the streets of towns and villages. From dawn till dark the candles and the joss-sticks burn before the heathen idols and food is placed as a placating sacrifice before 'the powers of darkness in the high places'. Thus does the arch-enemy of God and man hold in hell's fearful servitude a race of half a billion souls.

Hardest of all the problems of the missionary is this struggle

against the Dark Emperor, whose name is legion. Without our prayers and our sacrifices to sustain him, hopeless indeed is the lot of the priest in fields afar. Arrayed against his single blade are all the imps of hell, the innumerable idols, the pagan temples, the devil towers, the gross superstitions of three thousand years, the deep deceits hatched in the dark abyss.

Too long has Satan ruled the hearts of men—the world, the souls of all mankind belong to Jesus Christ the King and Him alone. Greater, nobler, more excellent indeed than our present struggle for democracy, for the liberation of the nations of the earth, is that battle against the legions of darkness, that war for the establishment of an eternal, everlasting theocracy.

No person can claim to be a true Catholic, and yet not be a missionary in his heart. Has not Our Blessed Lord Himself taught us to pray 'Our Father, Who art in heaven, Thy Kingdom come'? Were not His parting words on the mount of the Ascension addressed to all of us—"Go, preach the gospel to all nations"?

Let the missionaries of Jesus Christ be daily in your prayers. Let your charity be ever extended to the brave priests and Sisters who labour in far-off China. Pity this country with its millions of pagan people "who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death".

Unless through your kindness and zeal for souls the light of the true faith comes to poor China, there will always be *the Devil to pay*.



Vancouver Mission Personalities

Eugene Jang



Irene Woo



Evelyn Lee



Arthur Quan



Jean Kong



Gleanings From

My Readings

By PEREGRINO

Modern Psychology in Action:

"It was the year 1942. Propaganda had been so successfully developed that all the Germans had been converted to the English point of view and all the English to the German point of view. Then, of course, the war started all over again."—*Dublin Opinion*.

* * *

Ireland Holds the Key of the West:

"Ireland has no Mannerheim Line, but she has a spiritual force that may revive and sustain the Europe of to-day.

"Nobody can foresee what is going to happen. The present crisis in human destiny will probably affect the future of the world for the next 500 years.

"IRELAND WILL HAVE TO PROVIDE THAT SPIRITUAL FORCE WHICH WILL REVIVE EUROPE. Her motto, 'Sinn Fein' will do up to a point, but there is no use in Irishmen saying: 'Europe has nothing to do with us.' Ireland holds the key of the West, and she stands facing an unimaginable future."—*Mr. Compton Mackenzie*. America is called the Arsenal of Democracy; will Ireland be known as the Novitiate of the hoped-for Christocracy?

* * *

As in 1885-6, So It Is To-day:

"They pose as liberals and, in reality, they are sunk in the darkest stupidity. . . . I learned that characters described in novels really do exist, and that one must not enter into contact with people *who have been demoralized by wealth*." . . . "They all dance perfectly. They are not bad creatures, for that matter, and certain ones are even intelligent, but their education has done nothing to develop

their minds and the stupid, incessant parties have ended by frittering their wits away." — *Marie Curie*.

* * *

Lest We Forget:

"On this point We have already insisted . . . but We believe it to be a duty of special urgency, Venerable Brethren, to call your attention to it once again. In the beginning communism showed itself for what it was in all its perversity; but very soon it realized that it was thus alienating the people. It has, therefore, changed its tactics, and strives to entice the multitudes by trickery of various

forms, hiding its real designs behind ideas that in themselves are good and attractive. . . . Again, without receding an inch from their subversive principles, they invite Catholics to collaborate with them in the realm of humanitarianism and charity; and at times even make proposals that are in perfect harmony with the Christian spirit and the doctrine of the Church. . . . See to it, Venerable Brethren, that the Faithful do not allow themselves to be deceived! Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may give it assistance in any undertaking whatsoever. Those who permit themselves to be deceived into lending their aid towards the triumph of communism in their own country will be the first to fall victims of their error."—*Pope Pius XI on Atheistic Communion, March 19th, 1937*.

* * *

What Is Education:

"Not a few families are anxious at the way the war will cut across the university education of their children. To them I offer this consolation:

"Pat McGill, the Donegal boy who was a navvy in Scotland and England before developing into a poet and novelist, once said to me: 'People such as I start handicapped. If I'd only been to a university like X (a mutual friend), how much better equipped I'd have been.' A few days later I was talking to X, a Balliol man, about Pat, and he said with a real sigh in his voice: 'Men like McGill have a great advantage over us who went to universities. He has lived all the things he knows. He got his experiences straight from life, where I only got mine from books.'"—*Douglas Newton*.

Stop the Press!

From the State Department at Ottawa, official word has just been received of the safety of our thirty-four priests and nine Sisters in China. The Department recently cabled the representative of the Swiss Government in China, giving the names of all forty-three missionaries and inquiring as to their welfare. The reply was: "Forty-three missionaries safe."

The list does not include the name of Msgr. Fraser, who is in Manila, or Father Charles Murphy, last reported in Hong Kong, but it reveals that Father Beal, whose whereabouts were for a time unknown, is safe in Shanghai.



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



My dear Boys and Girls:

First of all, Father Jim wants to wish you all a happy and a holy Easter. I do hope that everyone has a real nice holiday and that the Bunny who is said to bring gifts at Eastertide passes none of you by.

I am sure that we are all glad to have Springtime back again, after all the cold, winter weather. No doubt by the time this CHINA reaches you, hails and bats, marbles, skipping-ropes, tennis rackets and all, will be making their appearance. It sure is wonderful to look ahead to another grand summer and Father Jim is as happy as any of you.

Before I close my little letter, I want to thank all the boys and girls for their prayers and sacrifices for the missionaries during Lent. Father Jim has a big stack of mail from the Buds, so do not be too disappointed if your letter is not answered or published right away. I'll get around to it just as soon as ever I can. Good-bye for now and God bless you all.

Your old friend,
FATHER JIM.

FATHER JIM'S MAIL BAG

First on my list is a lovely letter that just recently came to me from Eleanor Doyle of Peterborough, Ont. Eleanor's letters are always so very interesting. Despite all her troubles (and she has plenty) Eleanor is an optimist. Father Jim will not forget you in his prayers and will also remember your sister, your dear mother and Mrs. Feeley. No doubt you had a sprig of green on, on St. Patrick's Day in the morning. Thanks for that lovely poem you sent to me. I think it is beautiful.

A new Rose Bud is Mary Carroll of Carbonear, Newfoundland. Mary is nine years old and in Grade IV at St. Joseph's Convent School. Welcome to the Rose Garden, dear. I will mail you your membership certificate right away. Very

interested in the letters of the other Rose Buds, Mary would like to have some pen-pals.

Another student at St. Joseph's Convent School in Carbonear, Newfoundland, is Mary Meaney, who also wishes to join our Mission Club. We all welcome Mary with open arms. Mary is eleven years old and in Grade V. She receives CHINA every month and says that she greatly enjoys it.

From Cornwall, Ontario, comes a very interesting letter written by Mary McDonald, who, together with her two girl friends, Theresa and Colette Drouin, put on a little concert in aid of our missions. They charged five cents admission and took in a dollar which they sent to our



Michael Wong with Shield (story on opposite page).

Seminary. Thanks very much, girls. St. Frances De Sales School in Cornwall sure has some fine little missionaries.

Joan Shea of St. Joseph's College School wrote telling me of a visit His Excellency the Archbishop made to the school. I hope you are praying hard for the missions and missionaries, dear, and also for peace. Thanks for your kind, interesting letter.

The C.C.S.M.C. of St. Anthony's School in Toronto has just purchased a Victory Bond, thus assisting both their country and the Missions. Their resolution for 1942 is to work harder than ever for the Missions. May God bless them all for their zeal. We all assure them of our prayers.

To raise the necessary money to buy the Bond, the members of the C.C.S.M.C. held a Doughnut Sale, and on the opposite page are pictures of the children who were highest in the affair.

Twyla and Danny Clement of North Bay, Ontario, wrote Father Jim just the grandest letter and he sure enjoyed it very much. I was very sorry to hear that Twyla was sick last winter, but I do hope that she is real well now. A picture of her in her First Communion dress appeared in last month's CHINA. Thanks, Twyla and Danny, for the lovely letter and for your prayers.

Dorothy Boyer writes me again from Blind River, Ontario, and she tells me that her Mite Box is rapidly filling up once more. Dorothy is a real little missionary and Father Jim wants to thank her for saving up her pennies to help the poor, pagan Chinese. Dorothy says that her family and friends help her with the Mite Box, so God bless them, too.

Mrs. Alice Bucher of Kippewa, Quebec, sent me the sum of two dollars for the

CHINA

St. Theresa Burse. This money was collected in her Mite Box, by herself and her friends. Even little John Kelly, who is only five, brings a cent every Saturday, to help the Missions. God bless them all. I want the Rose Buds to very especially remember in their prayers the intentions of our dear friends in Kippewa.

* * *

Grade V-A of St. Patrick's School in Montreal sent along a Postal Note for five dollars, to help towards the education of a young man for the priesthood. They told me that they were still saving, and hope to send along another donation later. They sure are a fine, active bunch of missionaries.

Many thanks to the boys and girls of Grade V-A of St. Patrick's School in Montreal. I am glad they enjoy CHINA, and Father Jim hopes they will soon send him their picture so that he can publish it.

* * *

Through Teresina Filipuzzi, the pupils of Grade III of St. Martin's School in West Fort William, Ontario, sent Father Jim a year's subscription to CHINA, and I do hope they all enjoy our mission magazine. We will be glad to publish their picture in CHINA as soon as they send it along. God bless them all.

* * *

The Crusaders of Sacred Heart Academy in Meteghan, Nova Scotia, also sent in a year's subscription to CHINA. I do hope they will find it interesting. Father Jim would love to hear from some of the students and would like to have their pictures.

* * *

Shortly after Christmas I received a grand letter from Betty McNab of Reserve Mines, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Betty was very sick in the hospital for a long time, but for the past three years she has been a lot better. Please remember her in your good prayers. Betty tells me that she has a pen-pal in Trenton, Ontario, whose name is also—Betty McNab. That sure is a coincidence. Best wishes, Betty. God bless you. Thanks for the stamps; and for that lovely poem you dedicated to our priests.

* * *

Two new members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden are Mary Greene and Clara Dalton, both of Cape Broyle in Newfoundland. I know you will all give these new Buds a hearty welcome to our friendly Mission Club.

The girls sent Father Jim a donation and asked that Agnes Malloy of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and Betty Davis of Fort William, Ontario, write to them. They would like to have some of the other Buds as pen-pals also.

* * *

The pupils of Grades IV and V (the girls) of the C.C.S.M.C. of Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, Whitney Pier, Nova Scotia, sent Father Jim a donation



Children of St. Anthony's School, Toronto, who held a doughnut sale to buy a bond.

of four dollars for our missionary work. I must apologize for not mentioning it before in my Mail Bag. May God bless them all for their generous sacrifices and prayers for our Catholic Missions.

* * *

Catherine LeBlanc, the secretary of the Guardian Angel Sodality of Alder Point School, Alder Point, Nova Scotia, sent in a subscription to CHINA. Father Jim hopes that the girls will enjoy our little Mission Monthly and will not forget to pray every day for the safety of our priests and Sisters in far-away China. God bless you all and grant you a holy and a happy Easter.

* * *

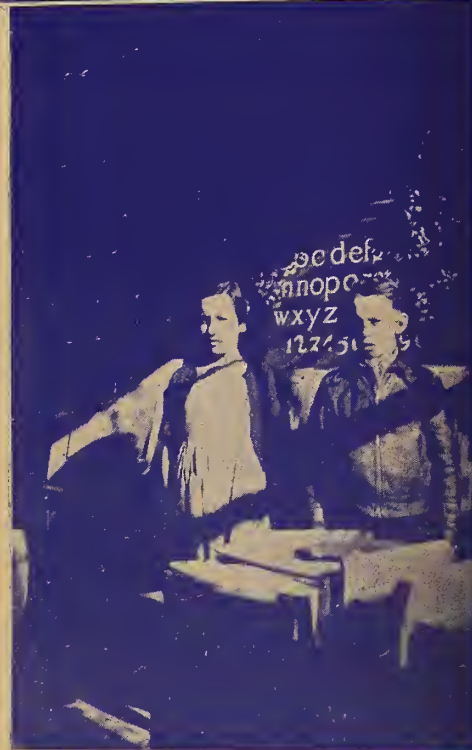
Rocco Matarazzo, the secretary for Grade VI of St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ontario, sent Father Jim a subscription for CHINA. He says that they all enjoy our magazine very much. I hope you will all continue to find CHINA very interesting, Rocco, and that all the boys and girls will pray every day for our missionaries in far-off China.

* * *

Harold Burke, writing for High Grade I of College Street School, Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent Father Jim four dollars in War Savings Stamps. He tells me in his interesting letter that his class are working and praying hard for the Missions. God bless them all. Many, many thanks and all best wishes for a Holy and Happy Eastertide.

* * *

Father Jim is sorry that he cannot publish any more of the members' letters in this number of CHINA, but there will be more in the May edition. In the meantime, keep up your good work for the Missions. Thank God at Easter-time for your Holy Faith, and pray to the Risen Christ that China's millions may



rise from the darkness and horror of paganism to a life of hope and happiness.

Please send in to Father Jim your pictures, so that he can publish them in the Rose Garden. Good-bye for now and God bless you one and all.

* * *

On the opposite page is a picture of Michael Wong, who attends our Chinese Catholic School in Vancouver, B.C. The school, which is the only one of its kind in Canada, is under the direction of the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pembroke, Ontario.

Michael was a winner of a shield, in the annual poster contest, conducted by the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood. All Catholic schools of the city of Vancouver competed, and we are indeed proud that Michael was a winner.

Congratulations to Michael from all the members of the Little Flower's Rose Garden and especially from Father Jim.

South of the Border

OUR American friends who organized themselves to help financially the Lishui Catholic Mission in China, have completed their year's work in a little more than two months! The total returns exceed those of 1940-41. More than two thousand dollars have been gathered in to further the work of the Fathers of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society in China. In order of returns the grouping for this year is as follows: New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Newark.

To our zealous friends we extend our heartfelt gratitude and assure them that they will be remembered in our Masses, prayers and good works as benefactors of the greatest work on earth, that of saving souls for Christ; a work that does not recognize any border be it national, provincial or even diocesan. The Catholic Church has no other reason for existence, said our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, than the extending of the Kingdom of God.

The wisdom of the Catholic Church in not allowing various mission societies to call their foreign missions by national names (e.g., The American or Canadian Mission), is a proof that we must not allow ourselves to become ultra-nationalistic when we are doing the work of God Who created all men and wills that they be



Mr. John Wilson, Philadelphia.

saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

In the material sense, America is now called the Good Neighbour of all like-thinking governments and so as Catholics we, of all nationalities, must become the "good neighbour" of *all men everywhere* when it is a question of saving souls. Thank you, American Friends; you are Catholic.

* * *

BOSTON AND VICINITY

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Mr. Leo Duffy, New York.

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Mrs. B. Dougherty, Boston, Mass.

CHINA

Chinese Vignettes



MEET the *tan tan* coolie, whose brawny arms and muscular frame have for centuries been accomplishing in China what machine-power was doing in other lands. He must work hard, while his "bitter strength" endures, carry, carry, carry, day after day, in a sustained, all-out effort to wrest the merest subsistence from his harsh environment.

Thousands of miles of motor roads in China have been built by coolie labour, a great part of them hewn out of the solid cliff with the most primitive hand-drills and blasted by "home-made" explosives. From a distance, the coolie armies working on the roads look like ants around an ant-hill. Whole factories have been moved inland on the backs of the *tan tan* men, who carry the most incredible loads day in and day out, across the muddy rice paddies and up and down the thousands of stone steps that reach to the clouds on China's high mountains and then dip down to the distant valleys below. Railroads have been torn up overnight and transported in relays thousands of miles into the heart of China.

Here you see the *tan tan* man carrying a typical load for a mission trip, when he travels with the priest to the outlying stations. Day after day he jogs along the cobblestone path, usually far outdistancing the Missionary and the "boy" who walk behind. You will notice a Mass kit, a suitcase, two "pukays" or bundles of bedding wrapped in oiled cloth to protect them from the rain, and a small bamboo lunch basket, with a little foreign food to help the rice along.

How would you like to earn your living as a *tan tan* man, carrying 100 pounds one mile for one cent? That's the usual rate around our district of Lishui. But rice must have plenty of vitamins. Few of the people in this country who live on such highly specialized and energized diets would care to compete, even for a day, with the *tan tan* carrier of Chekiang.

TORONTO MISSION

(Continued from page 5)

cents, and with God's help a way will be found to lighten this financial burden which the advancement of our work has entailed. In this regard we cannot speak too highly of the splendid co-operation of the 'St. Francis Xavier Women's

Auxiliary' who have devoted themselves so earnestly and wholeheartedly to our work. At this time we wish to extend to the Auxiliary's newly-elected President and officers very sincere congratulations and continued success throughout their term of office.

Our plans for the immediate future are directed in particular to the establishment of a kindergarten by means of which the little ones may be brought to Christ. Already we have been enabled to establish quite a number of contacts with a view to the kindergarten work and our visits to the Chinese homes have met with varying success; for the most part, however, we have every reason to hope that the attendance will be quite good and we expect to see the kindergarten in operation in the course of the next two weeks.

In closing, may we thank in particular the kind friends of the mission who have given us individual gifts of house furnishings which are so much in demand here since the establishment of our new headquarters. The kindness of those good friends has done much to encourage us in our efforts and we assure them that they will certainly share in our prayers. To all our benefactors, both spiritual and temporal, we send a sincere message of gratitude, and ask you to help us still more by remembering the slogan which was so recently introduced by Monsignor Sheen of radio fame, 'Remember, Pray Harder'.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER WOMEN'S AUXILIARY

will hold a

BRIDGE and EUCHRE

at the

KING EDWARD HOTEL

TUESDAY EVENING

APRIL 21, 1942

at 8.30 p.m.

In Aid of the Seminary and
Our Missioners in China

Attendance Prize \$25.00 value – 40 other Valuable Prizes

BRIDGE PLAYERS PLEASE BRING CARDS

ADMISSION – 50 CENTS

We invite all our friends to assist us in making the
Bridge and Euchre a great success.

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

May, 1942





An Easter party and reception, held at the Chinese Catholic Mission in Toronto

MAY

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

NO. 5

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Signposts

New Horizons:

CHINA offers its sincerest congratulations to the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society, on its acceptance of a new mission field in Bolivia, South America. May God abundantly bless their labours, and may the wonderful success that has attended the Society's mission work in other countries be once again realized in South America.

Bridge and Euchre:

As we go to press we are happy to announce that the Annual Bridge and Euchre, in aid of the Seminary, held by the St. Francis Xavier Women's Auxiliary at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto, has been an outstanding success. CHINA offers its sincerest congratulations to the Auxiliary and deepest gratitude to all who attended.

China and the Vatican:

It is reliably reported that diplomatic relations have been established between the Chinese government at Chungking and the Holy See. This news will be a source of great joy to the millions of Chinese Catholics in China, and augurs well for the future of the missions in that country.

Ten Years Ago:

"On January 28th (1932), the civic rulers of Shanghai declared a 'state of emergency'! Late that night the 'war' was started. . . . And refugees! Thousands of them began to pour in from the 'war zones'. . . . Most of those people were poor before, but what they

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lost in the pell-mell rush from shrapnel and bullets left them poorer still."

—Father Desmond Stringer
in CHINA, May, 1932.

Ten years later the same condition exists again, not only in Shanghai but throughout China, and in Lishui among the poor people who were poor before (in material things) and are poorer still now, are none other than our own priests and Sisters in Lishui, Peiping, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, where our Founder, The Right Reverend John M. Fraser, P.A., is, as far as we know, stranded and unable to communicate with us. We ask your prayers that this great missionary who said to me once, "*The soul never grows old*",

may be spared to continue a "trail-blazing" life that has brought vocations to thousands of souls and given the Church more than one Foreign Mission Society to carry abroad the banner of Christ.

Help Sent to Lishui:

The friends and relatives of our missionary priests and Sisters in China will be delighted and relieved to know that through the kindness and co-operation of the government officials at Ottawa, it has been possible to transmit some help to our missionaries at Lishui. Please pray that this help may reach them safely and that God will protect and watch over them during these unsettled times.

Peeping Into Peiping

By REV. J. MURPHY, S.F.M.

Theatricals

In our many months here at Peiping, we have seen and heard many things, strange perhaps, and even humorous to the Westerner. For example, to see and hear bands playing in a funeral procession seems strange. To see a young lady being carried in a sedan-chair to be married to a man whom she has never seen, seems humorous. Often it isn't, when they see each other for the very first time, which is only after the marriage ceremony. But in China, it has ever been the parental custom to arrange their children's espousals for long years ahead of the actual knot-tying.

However, it has only been at a Chinese play that we have really seen China and met the Chinese people. Here, make-believe is supreme; realism shunned; and conventionalism is carried to the limit. On a stage, whose bareness is relieved only by the presence of a few tables and chairs and, at times, a small curtain, the actors go through their paces. By their skill in pantomime, song and recitation, they may convert this bare stage into a moonlit garden or a field of battle. There is no change of scenery whatever, beyond the shifting of the furniture. Hence, the entire burden of the presentation falls solely on the actors. Their costumes are very beautiful, being rivalled only in colour by the rainbow. In the play itself, pantomime alone may suggest the opening of a door; and the mere lifting of the foot, the action of stepping over the threshold. Waving an oar indicates that the actor is in a boat; while the brandishing of a whip, with appropriate mimicking for mounting and dismounting, suggests the travelling of a fiery steed. The painted faces of the actors are revelations of their character. For example, a predominance of red implies courage and fidelity; of white, cunning and treachery; of black, impetuosity.

It is easily seen that there is no place around here for the lavish expenditure of M.-G.-M.

This leads me into a temptation, to which I am going to succumb. You have heard the comparison of life to a play—we being the actors. Some time ago our roles were assigned to us and we were told to play them to perfection. We were promised that our efforts would be richly rewarded. And what a grand reward, indeed — heaven, eternal happiness, for just a few years of work. At times the work has seemed hard and we have faltered in our lines. Often, perhaps, we have thought—"Oh, what's the use? It is too hard to do as the Director wishes." Meanwhile, our Director is just off the stage, watching, listening, ever ready to prompt and give us the cue, if only we will look up to Him. He knows when we need help, but like the Father He is, He wants us to take our minds out of ourselves, away from the mire around us, long enough to look His way. The world at large prefers to continue its puny efforts at aggrandizement, and so its reward, if there is one at all, is the corruptible crown. In the meantime, let us continue our prayers for one another, that we may perform our allotted roles in the play of Life,

as the Director wishes—not as we ourselves or others would wish.

The People, the Children

Our life here in Peiping is most interesting. Interesting, because of the people, the places, the customs, etc. The people, especially the children, are very cheerful—that is, those who can afford a bowl of rice a day. We ride to school twice a day on our bicycles, thus seeing both sides of the native life. The youngsters on their way to school smile at the foreign "Shen Fus" (spiritual fathers), and of course we smile back. In fact, we go them one better, calling them all kinds of names to suit their cheerful manner—from "Sonny Boy" to "Twinkletoes". Sometimes, if the name is not too complicated, we get it right back.

Regarding those others, who have to beg for their food—these people are most pitiable, and this for two reasons. Most of them really need food, and need it badly. Their tattered clothes, too, will prove next to useless against the winter, which is very severe here. But there are others, like everywhere else, whose only job is to 'fleece' anyone who has a soft heart. Some go so far as to maim their young children, and put them out on the street with a twisted



limb, to attempt to loosen the hearts and the purse-strings of the passerby. I gave a youngster ten cents (one cent Canadian money) one day, only to see it pass into the hands of apparently the father or guardian, who always hovers in the background. These street-beggars may be found in their thousands here in Peiping.

However, it is the interior—the soul—that counts. May the day soon come when we can brighten the souls behind the smiling faces of the children; and may we soon be able to go beneath the rather sordid exterior of the adults, to help them set their house in order.

The Missioner and His Camera

Ever since I came, my camera has been working overtime. There is almost an indefinite number of persons, places and things that would make interesting pictures. Among the places, I have taken snaps of remnants of the historic, old Forbidden City—the former magnificent residence of China's emperors.

Some day I'll try to snap two people haggling over the price of a chicken, a hat or a pair of shoes—which is almost an hourly occurrence at one or other of the stalls that line the street on market-day. Downtown, at the big stores, the prices of the various articles are all set, and cannot be changed by the buyer. However, at these market stands, the seller sets a price—usually outrageously high. It is up to the buyer to cut the amount down to what he wants to pay. For example, I saw a good-looking pair of black fur gloves. The price was set at fourteen dollars Mex. (about \$1.40 Canadian money). I set my price for "pa k'uai ch'ien"—eight dollars Mex. After much dicker-ing, and when the man saw I was leaving, the gloves were sold for nine dollars. All sellers whose prices are not set, look for this "chiselling", and if a foreigner doesn't realize it, in good old Canadian slang—"he is played for a sucker". However, we were told all about it back in the Seminary. Result: a good pair of gloves.

The youngsters make perfect subjects for a good snap. Very few of them run away from a camera. On their faces will be

written curiosity and self-importance. I have taken a few groups and have been stopped time and time again afterwards. "Kei wo shang, Shen Fu"—"give me my picture, Father." The youngsters are still pagan, but they can always spot a Shen Fu by his collar, and very often they greet us with a bow.

Here, at the Mission House, we have five servants (Chinese)—all of whom are better than most servants in Canada. For example, the boy who serves at table found out at the very first meal, just by watching us, who put cream in their cups before they poured the coffee and who smoked. From then on, the cream was put in our cups by him before he poured the coffee, and he was right there with a match when it was time for the after-meal smoke. But say, do they ever like to have their pictures taken!

The Chinese Language

This language is about the best example of the results of original sin that can be found. However, we have one consolation. We all have had headaches before, and they feel just the same. But the language really is coming, despite the difficulties. We should soon have a vocabulary, in theory at least, of over a thousand words.

Here are a few examples from the language. The Chinese manner of speaking is very concrete. The virtue of love, for example, is rendered "hao te"—the good virtue. "To suffer" becomes "ch'ih k'u", which means literally—"to eat tears". The missionary, wishing to say that God is everywhere, does not use that phrase or the word omnipresent. He uses a phrase that literally means, "there is no place that He is not". Sometimes the youngsters can be very concrete in their way of speaking. Instead of saying "give me some money", they get right down to business with—"kei wo t'ang", which means "give me some candy".

Celebrations

Here's an interesting note re celebrations. Across the street from our compound somebody died just the other day. The family, being pagan, according to

immemorial custom assisted the deceased into heaven thusly: From the very moment that his final repose began, the trumpet-blowers, cymbalists, etc., went about their business of making as much noise as they possibly could. This was to keep the man's spirit alive until he was within the pearly gates. In the case of this family, the racket kept going on all afternoon and most of the night. Thus, depending upon the wealth of the family (for they must pay these hired noise experts), the "raising of Cain" goes on anywhere from a few hours to forty-nine days. Naturally, the longer the better, both because the spirit may lose its way, and because it may not have "toed the line" while it was in the body.

The colour of mourning here in China, as you no doubt know, is white. Here it is, I think, that the pagans "have it all over us". A person dies. As St. Paul puts it—"his spirit is released from the body of this death". The soul wings its way up to heaven where it truly belongs. Yet, we become sad and put on a dismal array of black. The Chinese (the Christians, also) wear white, to rejoice over the release of the imprisoned soul. In this and in many other ways, contact with the people over here shows one that despite what Occidentals say, the Chinese are not backward. They "know the score". If their civilization seems to be behind that of the West, it is because the white man ruined it for them. History proves that fact beyond a doubt.

We Ask Your Prayers

You have no idea what joy and consolation we receive from saying Mass. It is in the Mass especially that we remember our loved ones back home, and the pains of separation disappear. For at the Mass, we realize that God the Son said good-bye to His Father in heaven before He came down on earth; and at Mass we see that Son saying another good-bye to His Mother, after He had lived with her for thirty-odd years. When He was thirty, He began His life of teaching, and His Mother remained behind at home. You, who are

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Cinderella

(A fairy-tale retold)



In a far-off, eastern city
In the days of long ago,
Lived the sweetest-hearted maiden
One could ever wish to know;
And the beauty of her features
Of a perfect-moulded face,
Framed by wondrous, golden tresses
Was enhanced by girlish grace.

Now, a King had sent a message
To announce His princely Son,
Soon would visit this far country
To espouse the comeliest one,
The most fair of all the damsels;
And would crown her as His queen,
Set her o'er the grandest kingdom
Human eyes had ever seen.

Yet, while all her sisters fretted,
Dressed themselves in garments rare,
Cinderella, poor, forgotten,
She, who was of all, most fair;
Thought herself of all, the meanest
Clothed in ragged poverty.
Though the day was fast approaching,
All were gaily garbed but she.

But one night, there came a fairy,
Wonderful and bright and fair,
Found the humble maiden kneeling,
Wrapped in silent, loving prayer;
Waved a magic wand above her,
Crying, "Thou shalt be His queen!"
Robed her in a golden glory,
Called her, "fairest to be seen".

Then one day, the Prince, long promised,
Came unto this earthly Ball;
As the midnight hour sounded,
Judged her fairest there of all.
Now she rules His golden kingdom,
Queen of beauty and of love;
Poor and ragged Cinderella
In the mansions up above.

But, the secret of her glory,
How she won the Prince's heart
Even though she fled the honour,
Is the story's sweetest part:
For the Prince had found her slipper
Which was named "Humility"
And its mate betrayed the owner,
Mary, Spotless Purity.

—Hugh F.X. Sharkey.

Gleanings From My Readings

By PEREGRINO

On Movies:

"In August, 1934, addressing Ourselves to a delegation of the International Federation of the Motion Picture Press, We pointed out the very great importance which the motion picture has acquired in our days and its vast influence alike in the promotion of good and in the insinuation of evil. . . . The essential purpose of art, its *raison d'être*, is to assist in the perfection of the moral personality, which is man, and for this reason it must itself be moral. . . . In an agreement entered into by common accord in March, 1930, and solemnly sealed, signed and published in the Press, they formally pledged themselves to safeguard for the future the moral welfare of the patrons of the cinema. It promised in this agreement that no film which lowers the moral standard of the spectators, which casts discredit upon natural or human law or arouses sympathy for their violation, will be produced. . . . An unceasing and universal vigilance must . . . convince the production that the "Legion of Decency" has not been started as a crusade of short duration, soon to be neglected and forgotten, but that the Bishops of the United States are determined, at all times and at all costs, to safeguard the recreation of the people whatever form that recreation may take."—*From the Encyclical "Vigilanti Cura" of Pope Pius XI, June 29th, 1936.*

* * *

A Sense of Humour:

"A sense of humour is one of the great gifts of God and the possession of it will help a man over a good many steep and stoney places."—*Katherine Tynan.*

* * *

Missionary Union of the Clergy:

"I wish to thank most cordially the Bishops, Priests and Semi-

narians of English-speaking Canada for their generous co-operation and support of the work of the Missionary Union of the Clergy to which Our Holy Father wishes all of us to belong. . . . Now when the Church is losing many of her children in Europe through war, persecution and death, it is for us, in the Americas, to take up the torch with greater enthusiasm and to light the way for the mission fields now suffering from the dire results of the awful welter of war into which the whole world is plunged." . . . "The war has wrought havoc on the Church both in Europe and missionary lands. We will have to begin the work of replanting the Faith all over again in many countries."—*The Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto in his Message to the Missionary Union of the Clergy, March 2nd, 1942.*

* * *

Christian Crisis:

"Christianity does not destroy anything, substituting for it a new thing; it only claims the right to maintain the infinite varieties of personal and social life within the bounds of the spiritual order that will ultimately lead them to serve the supreme ends of human life, the glory of God and the salvation of souls."—*Michael De LaBedoyre in "Christian Crisis".*

* * *

From a Chaplain's Letter:

" . . . A movement is getting under way to have children adopt a soldier for prayers; their motto is: *An army of children on its knees to keep an army of soldiers on its feet.*

"Just how far it has gone I do not know, or whether it has a national backing, but I wish you would try to find out for me. It is something of very high importance and needs not only spreading

but developing. It is strictly along the lines I meant when I said 'Don't waste the war'.

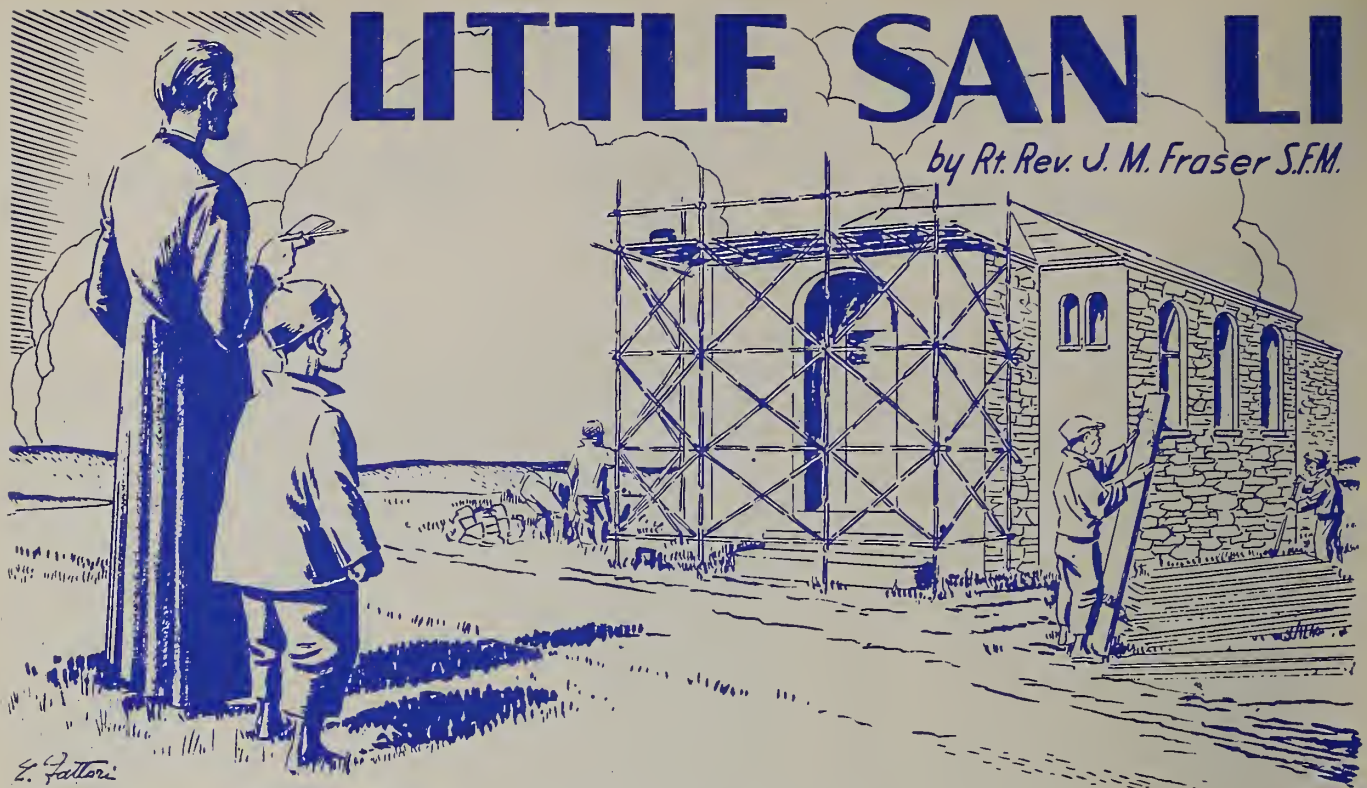
"People at large are already getting used to this affair, the first rush of prayers, which was not startling at best, has subsided to a large extent. Undoubtedly, I get more men to Mass and Communion than I did at home, but with them facing terrible danger at no great distance, there are still only a comparatively small number who are noticeably better than they were before. I have about a dozen at daily Mass out of about 200 who have nothing else to do at that time but hang around and wait for breakfast. From what I can gather the same condition goes in the parishes. Habit is strong. Of course, the war has not really gotten started yet and there are going to be a lot of hard jolts which will get people into a different habit of thought for a while at least. When we get a couple of hundred thousand Catholic soldiers under fire, it is going to make a big difference with the families at home. The mass effect will snowball up and will go well for a while.

"But when they get back it will be a different story. Not having a permanent habit, as soon as the immediate cause and anxiety is removed they will slump into a reaction and the last state may well be worse than the first, as it was after the other war.

"Of course, this war is going to last longer and be very much more severe than the last, unless all signs fail. Probably too, afterwards, we shall have our sacred standard of living off his perch for a long time and that will help somewhat.

"But if we can train a flock of kids to have a sense of their responsibility to the Country under

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LITTLE SAN LI

by Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser S.F.M.

A true story, written some years ago in China

IT was Sunday in Sungyang. The Christians—few but faithful—who had gathered for the Rosary and Catechism in the wretched mud hovel which was their only church, were now dispersing to their homes. As there was no Catholic priest in Sungyang, there had, of course, been no Mass and no Sacraments. Still they could pray, and had faith in the strength of prayer in unison; and so, led by their good catechist, they often met in this, their only meeting-place, to worship God as best they could.

Little San Li had lingered longer than the rest, his head bent in earnest prayer, his hands tightly clasped as if to enforce his entreaty. When the last worshipper had departed, San Li arose from his knees, and timidly, and respectfully approached the catechist. His eyes were filled with tears as he made this statement: "I have lost my sing-ba (medal). My father gave it to me. Long ago he got it from a missionary. He loved it, and I have lost it. Oh, please give me another sing-ba!"

But the catechist had no medal of Our Lady for the small pleader.

And little San Li—he was only eight years old—was inconsolable. The catechist tried to cheer him.

"I will speak to your father," he said, "and he will not be angry with you."

"It is not that," sobbed San Li, "I have already told my father and he was sorrowful, but said nothing."

"What then is the trouble?" asked the catechist. "Why do you weep so?"

"It is that I have promised Our Lady never to take off her sing-ba until we had a church, and a good Father in Sungyang. And now how can I keep that promise?"

The catechist comforted little San Li as best he could, reminding him that the Christians were even now planning to go to distant Chuchow to beg the missionaries there for the very favour for which San Li was so earnestly praying. Before leaving, the little lad knelt to say another prayer, and he ended it in this fashion:

"Dear Jesus, if I were a big rich man I would build for You a beautiful church; and the Christian priest would come to my people, and many, many would believe in

You. You would be so near us in a real church. But I am only a poor little boy, and I am helpless. I have nothing to give You but myself, and that is very little. I would give You myself, though, if this would bring You to Sungyang."

And little San Li went out, thinking deep, deep thoughts for one so frail and young.

There was great joy in the home of San Li when his father, with the other pilgrims, had returned with the good news from Chuchow. It had been a long, hot journey, but in the success of their mission, all their toil and hardship were forgotten. They had interviewed the missionaries in Chuchow—the good Fathers who had but recently come from a far-away land called Canada. On bended knees they had begged for a church and a priest for Sungyang. Oh, how they had pleaded!

"God cannot but heed such prayers," one of the Fathers had said. "Return to your homes, faithful Christians. You will soon have a priest and a church in Sungyang! I cannot see the way as yet, for we are but newly-arrived in



"In slipped San Li to thank God for the good tidings."

Chuchow, and we are straitened on all sides with the many and urgent demands put upon us, but Divine Providence will provide! You have come to us upon the Feast of the great patron of China, Saint Joseph, and this is surely a happy augury that your prayer will soon be heard. Redouble your prayers, and you will surely have what your hearts desire—a priest and a church in Sungyang!"

Oh, how eagerly did little San Li drink in every word of his father's recital! When he had heard all the wonderful story, he slipped out, his heart beating high with hope and joy, and made his way to the poor hut which served the Christians as a church. The crazy door was ajar, and in slipped San Li to thank God for the good tidings which had come to cheer Sungyang. His grateful prayer ended, he passed out, and as he was making his way between dilapidated ruins of houses which had been destroyed by fire, old standing mud walls, and numerous pig-sties with their grunting occupants, he was hailed by a passing group of young pagan lads.

"Hi-ji!" shouted one, "see, here comes San Li from the noble Hall of the Lord of Heaven!"

"A poor miserable God is the God of the Christians," said another, "if He cannot get Himself a better dwelling-place than that."

"Who cares for a God who lives with the pigs!" cried a third. "Come with us, San Li! We are on our way to the temple of the water-snake to beg of him to spare

us from drought and from flood. Come, we shall share with you our joss-sticks, and our paper money!"

But San Li only smiled and shook his head.

"I am going home," he said, "my mother needs me. And you well know that I would not go with you to the temple of any god but the one true God." The boys jeered at him till he was out of sight, but little San Li heeded them not, for his heart was filled with a joy, which all their taunts and insults could not take from him. His God was coming to Sungyang!

* * *

And now let one of our Canadian missionaries finish the story of little San Li. Let us see how this child's prayer had sped like a swift white-winged dove straight to the Heart of God, and how He in His wondrous way, had whispered an inspiration to a generous Christian lady in far-off Canada, making known to her that she was to build a church in Sungyang. Did God also accept little San Li's proffered sacrifice? Let us listen to the missionary, and we shall see. As you may have read before of the journey to Sungyang, of the arrival there of "the pretty blue mission-boat", *The Xavier*, of the warm welcome given to the Fathers by the rejoicing Christians of Sungyang, of the clearing away of all the ruins and other debris which had littered the church property, and of the other preliminaries to the building of the new church, we need not here repeat all this. We shall just quote from the missionary's letter the portion which concerns our little San Li:

"Every day we had been visited by an earnest-looking lad of eight

years. As the workmen cleared off the premises preparatory to the laying of the foundation, he followed them around, and watched them with a sort of wistful eagerness. He would look at Father John and myself in the same way. I could not help noticing him. There seemed an unspoken longing in his young face. I always had a smile and a kind pat for the little lad, and at last one day, emboldened by this, I suppose, he begged me for a "sing-ba". When I gave him a medal of our blessed Mother, he was overjoyed, kissed it reverently, and went home happy. I looked for him the next day, and the next, but he did not return. I wondered what had become of my gentle, grave-faced little friend, and I was soon to learn. One day his father came to us, and overcome by grief sobbed out the news that his little son had just breathed his last. He had been ill only two days, and the end had come unexpectedly. Father John set out immediately with the holy oils, and finding the small body still warm, he administered conditional Extreme Unction. A happy smile rested on the little dead face, and upon his breast lay his cherished "sing-ba" of our Blessed Lady. The bereaved parents, between their sobs, told the story of their boy as I have tried to tell it to you. They were somewhat cheered when they learned that the body would be given public burial service—the first in Sungyang—in the chapel. Father John and I had taken up our abode in a mud hut nearby, and next morning before daylight we heard voices calling to us from outside the high wall

(Continued on page 12)



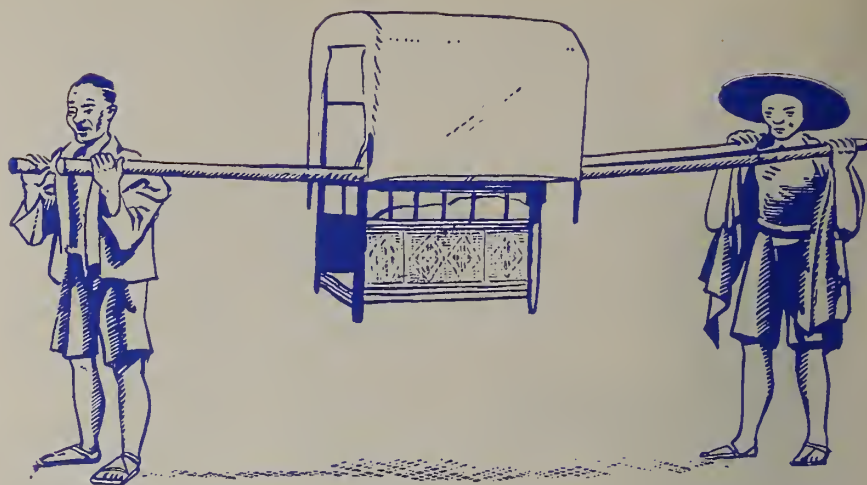
"The poor little coffin was borne on a pole."

Chinese Vignettes

SEVENTY-FIVE Chinese *li* or about twenty-five of our miles is a good "day's run" for a pair of doughty chair carriers. In this prehistoric sedan, you will travel on the shoulders of two seemingly tireless human beings who jog steadily and with even pace across the precarious paths that wind among the muddy rice-paddies, along the interminable cobblestone roads that seem to stretch from end to end of China and up and down the steep stone steps that here and there traverse the mountain ranges of Chekiang. The chair coolie is quite content if he can but take time out for a hasty and frugal meal of rice with a vegetable or two, and pause every ten *li* for a few drags on the long Chinese pipe before he's up and away again.

Along the level stretches it's comparatively easy going, but once you hit the foot of a mountain range and watch the rows of steps seemingly lose themselves in the clouds, you realize that your carriers are in for a tough grind before they reach the top and perhaps a tougher assignment before they climb down the other side.

The mountain climb is set to "swing" music. Arrived at the first step the carriers get going on a little Chinese tune, four-four time. They pause for a few moments to get the feel of things, bounce you up and down a few times and then start the long climb. *Heigh Yah . . . Aiegh Yah. Heigh Yah . . . Aiegh Yah.* That's the way it sounds. On the uptake of the springy bamboo poles each man sets one foot on the step above and grimly holds his ground as you bounce back. Then, as you swing up again they take another step, and another step, and so on for the hundreds (sometimes thousands)



The Sedan Chair.

of steps that snake their way across the ribs and spine of a towering Chinese mountain.

As a rule, we did quite a bit of the mountain climbing ourselves. It seemed inhuman to allow two men to carry you uphill. But the ordinary Chinese customer gets the full worth of his money and reclines easily as the sweating chair coolies inch their way to the cloud-topped summit of the range. But here's a tip. If you do decide to walk part of the way, make the chair stay behind. Otherwise, you may never catch up to the carriers who will accidentally on purpose leave you far behind.

There is something very thrilling about starting out on a mission trip on a bright and sunny morning, all set for a four or five-day chair trip to your destination. Ahead lie the mountains and the valleys, with an occasional free ride across the ferries along the way. In the lunch-basket there is a little foreign bread to help "stretch" the rice and Chinese delectables, and your own pile of bedding is carried as baggage for use wherever you happen to stop. If it should be in a Chinese inn or the home of some hospitable but poverty-stricken Chinese mountaineer, you will be glad you brought your own bedding to soften the bed of boards and straw.

For a time in our district it looked bad for the honourable chair carriers. The advent of the bus and the occasional private motor

car (the Mandarin boasted a Ford V-8), bade fair to spell the doom of the more ancient and primitive means of travel. But motor roads are no more. They have long since been blown up to block the possible advance of the invader and even the range of the mission bicycles is decidedly curtailed. For those who would venture into the highways and taste the bracing air of the lofty mountain range it is either shank's mare or the time-honoured sedan.

Gleanings . . .

(Continued from page 7)

God, developed according to their years, then we have something. Now the war and their prayers for soldiers give them a good start, but they need to have something permanent which will carry them over and last after the immediate motive of prayer is done and finished.

"So I wrote back to the little boy who adopted me and urged him to go to work against bad language. I pointed out that since the war was caused by sin, then every additional sin was sabotage and treason against the country, and prolonged the war. I asked him to get his friends with him and form a home-guard by learning the Divine Praises and repeating them frequently, and whenever any of them heard a bad word to

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AN ORIENTAL ACAPE

by REV. D.E. STRINGER, S.F.M.



IT was one of those quiet nights. A waning moon looked down upon a sleeping village. High on a rain-washed rock stood its guardian pagoda casting a shadow cross road and river—a silent protector against prowling spirits. From across the water drifted the staccato yelping of a puppy. Then quiet, broken only by the tapping of many canes and crutches making their way over deserted cobblestone streets. A motley gathering in the light of flickering paper lanterns. China's heroic wounded and maimed resting in this little town nestled among the green-clad mountains. Fine-looking lads from every province of the Middle Kingdom. Fine-looking once upon a time. Now lines of pain and weariness marked their weather-beaten faces.

I had discovered their presence quite by chance. For some days

they sought to restore sapped energies and bruised bodies in one of the large temples nearby. What rest they could secure was difficult to imagine amongst a people but recently terrified by unopposed death-dealers from the skies. In a town where people longed for the cold of winter to rid them of the devils who flew down at them. Poor souls—such their knowledge of mechanics.

Their commanding officer was a jovial battle-scarred veteran. We had exchanged cards the day before and now were seated across from each other at a bamboo table—tea for two beneath the placid gaze of old Buddha. No well-appointed quarters his. A plain screen separated him from his men. He boasted a pair of leather boots. For the rest, sandals of straw or shoes of cotton. They had all learned—if a son of Confucius

needs the learning—a lesson so few of us know, the lesson of how to “co-operate with the inevitable”. Some call it “making the best of things”. It's not fatalism; it is virtue.

After we had chatted a while, I extended an invitation. Would he and his men honour me by attending a meal at the Catholic Mission?

But, alas! that would be impossible. They had received orders to proceed to another town the following morning at daybreak. The start must be made early if they were to escape the mercilessly watchful eyes of Nippon's bird-men. There was so much to prepare.

Much to the delight of his lads, however, we finally arranged to have them come at three o'clock in the morning. Three o'clock in the morning! They hadn't danced the whole night through. Their



"Their commanding officer was a jovial battle-scarred veteran"

hearts were filled with thoughts of far-away homes; of the good earth their maimed bodies would never till again; of the hot nights when they had listened to martial epics of long ago recounted by an itinerant bard. But that was so long, long ago, before bombs and bullets rained death and destruction on their loved ones.

At one a.m. the caterers came knocking on the gate, came laden with foodstuffs some of which had been cooked and needed only a few last-minute spices. Here a carrier staggered under the weight of two earthen jars of rice wine. There another laboured along with his collapsible tables. Candles and lanterns brightened the night as the moon gathering up her silvery skirts disappeared behind the distant mountains. Soon savoury aromas blended with the fragrance of garden flowers. A lone owl winged on his way, prevented for once in his nocturnal marauding. In a corner stood four poles of fire-crackers. And the town slept on.

Then they came, tap-tapping along the way. Some blind; some crippled; some with an empty sleeve; some with faces pale from loss of blood. It was an Oriental Agape. Martyrs for the country they loved, for the good earth beneath which their ancestors lay—for China! The eyes of a St. Poly-

carp may have gazed on just such a scene. These were pagans—but, too, they were "kings in exile".

The first red streaks of dawn announced the coming day. The meal was over—pitifully meagre for some whom sickness prevented a fuller enjoyment. Thanks were given and amid the clatter of fire-crackers they tap-tapped away to waiting busses and trucks. And as their singing died in the dust-choked distance I knew again the heroic courageous soul of China.



"Amid the clatter of fire-crackers, they tap-tapped away to waiting busses and trucks."

Little San Li

(Continued from page 9)

which surrounds the premises. The funeral had arrived. We were soon up and stirring, and Father John opened the gate to let the mourners in. The poor little coffin—a white cloth—was borne on a pole which rested upon the stout shoulders of two coffin-bearers. Some nearby bricks were arranged in piles and the simple casket was laid upon them. The preliminary prayers were recited, and then the coffin was brought into the chapel and placed on two stools on the mud floor. I had the honour of celebrating the first funeral Mass of Sungyang, and of performing the burial rites of Holy Church for the first time here. The ceremony was indeed simple but touching. A number of the devout Christians assisted at the Mass, and in plaintive tones chanted their prayers over the little white bier. All being ended, the poor bereaved father came to thank us humbly and sincerely for what we had done for his little boy. The body was then carried to the mountains that overlook the city, where it will rest in peace till the great day of Resurrection."

And this is the story of little San Li. Does it not remind you somewhat of tales we read of the

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Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Members of the Rose Garden:

To speak of the Rose Garden reminds us all that we are once more in the beautiful month of May—the month of flowers and springtime, and above all else, the Month of Our Lady.

When we think of Our Blessed Mother Mary, boys and girls, we remember that she was the Mother of the first Missioner, Our Lord Jesus Christ; and that the work dearest to her heart is the work that was and is dearest to the heart of her Divine Son—the salvation of men's souls. That is why Our Lady must be especially pleased with our little Rose Garden and with all the faithful Buds who belong to it. How proud of you all she must be and how grateful to you for assisting Christ her Son, the Great Missioner, and all His missionary priests and Sisters in far-off China.

Let us all work very hard during the month of May, to make our Rose Garden lovelier than ever—all abloom with beautiful flowers of our prayers and sacrifices for the Missions. Then, indeed, will we be really honouring Our Blessed Mother during her special month of the year. God bless you all.

FATHER JIM.

* * *

FATHER JIM'S MAIL BAG

Miss Patricia Thompson, president of Grade XII at Loretta Abbey, sent Monsignor McGrath the proceeds of a Valentine Party, held by her class on February 14th. The very generous donation of twenty dollars was in the form of War Savings Stamps, since the girls wished to help both the Missions and our War Effort. We are deeply grateful to the girls of Grade XII and may God bless their missionary zeal and kind thoughtfulness.

* * *

The boys and girls of Grades I, II and III of St. Andrew's School, St. Andrew's West, sent Father Jim a donation of five dollars—money saved during the Lenten Season. In the June issue of CHINA Father Jim will publish a picture of

Lionel MacDonald, who saved the most pennies, and later I hope to be able to publish a picture of all the boys and girls. Many thanks to you all and God bless you.

* * *

The children of Holy Rosary School in Toronto recently sent us a donation of five dollars to help assist in our missionary work. We are indeed grateful to the Sisters and the pupils for their kindness and we assure them of our prayers.

* * *

St. Mary's Boys' School in Halifax, Nova Scotia, sent us through the teacher, Miss Florence Houlihan, a cheque for twelve dollars and fifty cents—the results of their Lenten sacrifices. Grade IA saved four dollars; Grade IB five dollars and Grade II three dollars and fifty cents. Father Jim is sure proud of such fine members of the Rose Garden and I am sure that Father Dwyer is proud of you, too. Thanks.

* * *

Theresa Rafter writes on behalf of her classmates of Fifth Grade A of St. Patrick's Academy in Montreal, and sent Father Sharkey a postal note for fifteen dollars, to be used for the education of a boy to the missionary priesthood. The money was saved up by the Class since Christmas-time — money they would ordinarily have used to buy candy.

Father Jim thinks it is real wonderful of the girls to make such sacrifices. Just think how wonderful it will be to help in the training of a new missioner—you will all share in every soul he saves. God bless you one and all and many, many thanks. I am glad you enjoy the CHINA. Please send me your picture and I will put it in the next issue.

* * *

Miss Mary O'Brien writes to Father Jim for the girls of Fourth Form B of St. Joseph's College School in Toronto, and sends five dollars for the ransom of a Chinese baby girl to be named Marie Therese.

Many thanks to Mary and all the other girls and may God bless such fine mis-

sioners. Your ransom was a lovely gift to Jesus for the beautiful feast of Easter.

* * *

A star letter of the month comes from the devoted Sisters and pupils of Oxford Street School in Halifax, Nova Scotia. These boys and girls, encouraged by their missionary-minded teachers, saved up the grand sum of sixty-seven dollars in their Mite Boxes, and sent it on to us at Easter-time to help us in our work. Together with this sum was seven dollars and fifty cents for issues of CHINA received during the past few months.

The banner class was Grade II girls, with a sum of twelve dollars and twenty-five cents; then came Grade VI boys, who saved up eight dollars; Grade VII boys with seven dollars and seventy-five cents; Grade VI girls with seven dollars, and Grade IV girls with five dollars.

Pictures of the boys and girls of the Oxford St. School can be seen in this month's Rose Garden. God bless them. Thanks a million.

* * *

Another star letter of the month comes from the pupils of St. John's School, Kingston Road, Toronto, who saved up the wonderful sum of fifty dollars in their Lenten Mite Boxes. Father Jim knows that many sacrifices were made in order to realize this large amount of money. May God bless the teachers and the pupils of St. John's. We are indeed most grateful for their prayers and alms. Father Jim would like to have their picture for publication in CHINA.

* * *

We wish to acknowledge with sincerest gratitude a donation of ten dollars, sent by St. Patrick's Girls' High School of Halifax, in answer to the urgent appeal for help from Lishui. Miss Claire Walsh sent the donation on behalf of the school. Thanks and God bless you.

* * *

Miss Betty Rosar, the secretary for Grades III and IV at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, sent us ten dollars just recently. Five dollars was a ransom for a Chinese girl baby, to be



Grade Six Girls, Oxford St. School, Halifax, N.S. Teacher—Sister Rita Mary. (Other pictures of Oxford St. School students will appear in the June CHINA).

named "Agnes Therese", and the other five was to aid our missionaries in China.

The girls raised this money by raffling off a baby's blanket and pillow, which were knitted by members of their Mission Club. The name of the Mission Club is "The Air Force of Christ the King". Many thanks, girls, for the ransom and the donation.

* * *

The pupils of Grades V and VI of Guardian Angel School, Orillia, sent Monsignor McGrath a donation towards our missionary work, offering it in honour of St. Joseph. The Junior and Senior Fourth of the same school also sent us a donation for our Missions. Many thanks to all the students. May God bless you all.

* * *

Father Jim had two lovely letters from St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ontario. One was from the pupils of Grade V, who sent us a donation of five dollars to be sent to our missionaries in China. After reading in the last CHINA of the urgent appeal for help from our priests and Sisters at Lisbui, Grade V decided to send along their donation to help out. God bless them for it.

Marie Charlebois, secretary for Grade VII of the same school, writes: "The Easter egg we are sending you is not made of chocolate, but we think you will like it better, as it is a War Stamp Pass Book. The class purchased these stamps with their sacrifice money during Lent."

Many, many thanks to Grade VII for the four dollars in War Savings Stamps—it was a grand Easter egg for Father Jim.

* * *

A new member of the Rose Garden is Esther M. Kelly, of Daniel's Cove, New-

foundland. Esther is thirteen years old and in Grade VIII. You are asked to pray that Esther's sister may be successful in her exams. Welcome to the Rose Garden from Father Jim and all the Buds.

* * *

Jennie Woodford of Harbour Main, Newfoundland, is another new member of our Club. Jennie is ten years old and in Grade V. She would like to have some pen-pals. We are glad to have her in the Rose Garden and we promise to pray for the safety of her brother who is serving in the army somewhere in England.

Gleanings . . .

(Continued from page 10)

say some ejaculation—mentally—as an act of reparation.

"Apart from its immediate effect this, I figure, will develop in them a steadily growing habit of reverence for the Holy Name and if they will keep that up and continue their idea of the spiritual having so much to do with the temporal state of the country, they will do valiant deeds in the reconstruction period and might have a strong effect on the country at large if we can get enough of them so interested.

"They will have the advantage before-mentioned that the country really will be in a terrible plight

afterward, no matter how the decision goes on the battlefield. So they will not have the chance to do much 'flaming youth' stuff, and that gives a hope for the future of the country also. . . ."

Peeping Into Peiping

(Continued from page 5)

back at home—try to think of us as Mary did of her Son during those years. Weak instruments as we are, we are carrying on His work. By your prayers, especially at Mass, you can be with us sharing in our work. So, let us go forward together in the grandest cause of all—the Cause of Christ.

Little San Li

(Continued from page 12)

Roman boys who lived in the times of the Christian persecutions. Of course, our little friend was not a martyr exactly, but do you not think he would be one if the opportunity came to him. I fancy his spirit hovers near his beloved Sungyang and that he watches from heaven the building of the church which he would gladly have paid for with his life.



READ'EM AND GRIN



Caller: "Well, well, so your name is Janie and you're five years old. What do you plan doing when you get as big as your mother?"

Janie: "Diet."

Boss: "How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"

Office Boy: "There were eight of us in the house and the alarm was set for seven."

Little Willie: "Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?"

Mother: "Yes, darling."

Little Willie: "Well, you'd better watch him. He's got grandpop's teeth now."

A bright little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that", was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "T" had been taken away.

"The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

He: "Isn't there anything I can do to stop you from giving me the cold shoulder?"

She: "Sure, drape a sable wrap over it."

Mrs. Brown: "Whenever I am in the dumps I get myself a new hat."

Mrs. Jones: "I was wondering where you got them."

In a quiz given at a college recently one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports".

A freshman wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra."

"How did the Smith wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied: 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, who was in a sort of daze, replied, 'I do.'"

One red rose met another red rose and said: "My but you have been blooming a long time."

The other red rose replied: "Yes, and so have you. We're just a pair of long, red bloomers."

Just Foolish

He tried to cross the railroad track,
Before the rushing train,
They put the pieces in a sack;
But couldn't find a brain.

The Old and New

In days of old, the man with powder in
his gun,
Went out to get the deer
But now, the dear with powder on her
nose,
Goes out to get the man.

"I went to the doctor you told me to see."

"Did you tell him I sent you?"

"Yeah."

"What did he say?"

"Asked me to pay in advance."

"And what," asked the Chief on the cannibal islands, in his kindest tones, "was your business before you were captured by my men?"

"I was a newspaper man," answered the captive.

"An editor?"

"No, merely a sub-editor."

"Cheer up, young man! Promotion awaits you. After dinner you shall be editor-in-chief!"

Signs

Laundry: "Don't kill your wife, let us do the dirty work."

Tannery: "Come to us, we'll tan your hides."

Shoemakers: "Come in before you lose your sole."

Dairy: "From moo to you."

Manager: "Didn't you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir, I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said: 'You are fired', and on the outside it said: 'Return in five days', so here I am."

NOTICE

Do not throw away or destroy this magazine. Help the War Salvage effort.

Pass it on to a friend or bundle it up with other used magazines and give it to some Salvage Bureau.

A steel worker's wife, tired of waiting up for her husband, locked all the doors and retired for the night. Before long she heard a loud knocking at the front door. She opened the window and asked her husband where he had been spending the evening.

"I've been at the Men's Club, dear," he began, "telling the boys about the strike."

"Then you can go right back," came the reply, "and tell them about the lockout."

She: "Have you ever driven a jackass?"

He: "Why, no, dear."

She: "Well, you better get on to yourself."

"Bobby," said his mother, rather excited by the advent of a rich uncle, "come and kiss your uncle, and then go immediately and thoroughly wash your face."

Tramp: "That's sure a swell shirt you're wearing, Shorty. How many yards of goods does it take to make a shirt like that?"

Shorty: "Well, I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night."

Quack: "These pills I offer you, ladies and gentlemen, are the finest things for making one strong and healthy and increasing one's life."

Voice from the crowd: "But what about our forefathers? There were no such pills in their days."

Quack (convincingly): "I quite agree with you. And where are they now? All dead!"

Brown: "What did your wife say when you got home at two o'clock this morning?"

Smith: "I'll tell you some other time. I've got to be back at the office in an hour."

There was a Faith Healer of Deal
Who said, while the pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it goes through my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel.

There once was a Bard of Japan,
Whose poetry no man could scan,
When reminded 'twas so,
He said, oh, yes, I know,
But I always like to put as many
words into the last line as I
possibly can.

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO



● *Activities:*

At its Motherhouse, St. Francis Xavier Seminary, the Society educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui, China, by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Society operates Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Means of Support:*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Society depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Society publishes a monthly magazine, "China".

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses:*

1. A bursse is an investment of \$5,000.
2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.
3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Missions by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give
us the OLD address as well as the NEW one)

CHINA



Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario

June 1942



READ'EM AND GRIN



Man: "I understand your wife is a finished singer."

Friend: "No, not yet. But the neighbours almost got her last night."

"Paw?"

"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both flies when he had such a good chance?"

"Go to bed."

The Englishman was telling the American about his fine family at home.

"Why, right at this minute," he bragged, "my son is riding to hounds."

"Yes," sighed the American, "mine's going to the dogs, too."

Doctor (inquiring after boy who has swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy to-day?"

Nurse: "No change yet."

Dr. Pullem: "When did your teeth first begin to trouble you?"

Patient: "When I was cutting them."

Tommy (on leave) to old lady in native village: "We were just going to cook our dinner one day when the enemy got our range."

Old Lady: "Dear me! Got your range, did they? Then, of course, you had nothing to cook your dinner on?"

"Can you type?"

"Yes, I use the Columbus system."

"What's that?"

"I discover a key, then land on it."

"Miss Green, do let me help you to more pudding?"

"Well, thanks," said the young woman, "I will take some more, but only a mouthful, please."

"Bella," said the hostess, speaking to the maid, "fill Miss Green's plate."

The woman autoist posed for a snapshot in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car in the picture," she said, "or my husband will think I ran into the place."

Daughter: "Oh, papa, what is your birthstone?"

Father of seven: "My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."

Elderly Lady (in 'plane): "Why so nervous and pale, my boy?"

Pilot (despairingly): "We have lost both wings."

Elderly Lady (reassuringly): "Well, don't worry about that. We'll get new ones as soon as we land."

Young Husband: "When I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready, my pipe—"

Cynic: "How did you like her new hat?"

"Is that your college diploma you have framed there?"

"Well, it's a sort of diploma. It's a worthless stock certificate showing that I've been through the school of experience."

Skemp: "Just before Joe Smith died he made his wife promise she wouldn't marry again."

Snappy: "That was just like Joe—always doing something to help his fellowman."

A horse-owner was trying to sell a broken-winded horse, and was trotting him 'round for inspection.

The owner stroked the horse's back and remarked to the prospective buyer: "Hasn't he got a lovely coat?"

The other noticed that the horse was touched in the wind and answered: "Ah, I like his coat, all right—but I don't like his pants."

Teacher: "It gives me great pleasure to see your shining faces here this morning."

Modern Miss: "Shining faces! Good grief! Where's my powder puff?"

Wife: "The doctor said at once that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue."

Husband (alarmed): "Good heavens! I do hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that, dear."

A Los Angeles patrolman had brought in a Negro woman somewhat the worse for wear and the desk sergeant, with his very best scowl, roared:

"Liza, you've been brought in for intoxication!"

"Dat's fine!" beamed Liza. "Boy, you can start right now!"

"It's getting late," remarked the first fisherman, "and we haven't caught a single fish."

"Well," replied his companion, "let's let two more big ones get away and then go home."

Husband (feeling a twinge in his back while he is tuning the radio): "I believe I'm getting lumbago."

Wife: "Well, tune in something else. You won't be able to understand a word they say."

Brown: "My wife thinks of nothing but motoring and golfing. I'm getting tired of it."

Friend: "Well, at least she's in the fashion."

Brown: "Yes, but she's such a failure at it. In golf she hits nothing, and when motoring she hits everything."

Son: "Dad, we learned at school to-day that animals have a new fur coat every winter."

Dad: "Be quiet, son, your mother is in the next room."

A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse.

"Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Shortly thereafter the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a distressed condition.

"What's the matter?" asked the veterinary.

"I'm dying," cried the farmer. "The horse blew first."

For the third week in succession the dentist's secretary reported that there was a Scotchman in the waiting room who declined to see the dentist.

"Perhaps he's nervous," said the dentist. "I'll go out and see him." So he entered the waiting-room and asked if he could be of any service.

"No, thank you," replied the visitor blandly. "Last time you filled a tooth for me, I began a serial in one of your magazines and I just drop in each week to see how the story is coming along."

Proprietor of Riding School: "I'm afraid, sir, that I must ask you to pay in advance for the hire of the horse."

Amateur Rider: "Why? Are you afraid I shall come back without the horse?"

Proprietor: "Oh, no, sir. But the horse might come back without you."

Jagwell: "What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud?"

Wigway: "Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street, and she's trying to make the neighbours think she did it."

Miss Mush: "Don't you think love at first sight is wonderful?"

Mr. Cynic: "No, it's love after people have been looking at one another for years that is wonderful."

JUNE

CHINA

1942

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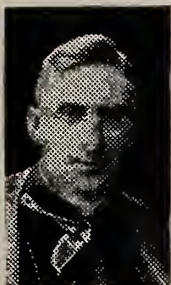
REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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Signposts

Ad Multos Annos:



CHINA extends heartiest congratulations to His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francis P. Carroll, D.D., Bishop of Calgary, on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee in the Holy Priesthood.

Bishop Carroll is known throughout Canada and the United States as an eloquent speaker, but most of all as a master in the art of imparting the knowledge of Sacred Scripture. Hundreds of priests in Canada, the United States and in far-off China and Japan must often think of his intensely interesting and informative lectures on the "Book of Books"; they will join with us and his host of friends in asking God to lengthen his days that the laity of Canada may reap some of the enthusiasm for their Faith which so many of their priests gleaned from this scholar, speaker and Shepherd of Souls.

Visitation:

The Superior-General of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society, the Rt. Rev. John E. McRae, D.P., J.C.D., is at present on the West Coast making his regular visitation of our two houses there, at Vancouver and Victoria. As most of our readers know, we conduct Mission Centres for the Chinese of those localities.

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Our cover design is a drawing by the Toronto artist, Wilf Long. Against the background of the Chinese flag is the picture of the Sacred Heart and in the foreground the globe, showing the map of China. The title of the picture is "THY KINGDOM COME"

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Ad Multos Annos:

CHINA extends its sincerest congratulations to Right Reverend Monsignor Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary and Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood.

Thursday, May 28th, will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of Monsignor Brennan's ordination, and we pray God that he may be spared for many years to come—years as fruitful and blessed as the twenty-five now past. Exemplary in his priesthood and beloved by all who know him, Monsignor has a very special place in the hearts and prayers of the priests and students of China Mission Seminary.

Thanks to Our Mother of Perpetual Help:

One of our benefactors wishes, through CHINA, to express her thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a favour received.

China Chasm Closed:

It is with joy that we are able to announce the opening of a mail route to China. All letters addressed to: The Catholic Mission, Lishui, Chekiang, China, will find their way to our missionaries in the unoccupied portions of China. These letters must be sent AIR-MAIL and directed: VIA MIAMI and WEST AFRICA to CHUNG-KING. The charge is seventy-five cents for one ounce.

(Continued on page 14)

World Secretary of the Propagation of the Faith



Right Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, D.P.

The appointment of the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell as World Secretary of Society for the Propagation of the Faith is good news to all missionaries. Monsignor McDonnell was formerly the National Director for the same Society in the United States. This is a unique honour, because it is the first time an American has been appointed General Secretary of the Supreme General Council of this international mission-aid organization, which collects funds from every nation where a branch of the Society is established and distributes them to the thousands of mission centres throughout the world. The President of the Supreme General Council is

His Excellency, Most Rev. Celso Costantini, former Apostolic Delegate to China, and the present National Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States will now assume the duties of General Secretary. The Supreme General Council operates under the guidance of the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide*, of which His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is Cardinal Prefect. Congratulations and prayer, Monsignor, for health and happiness in your work for the salvation of those who, even yet, have never heard the sweet Name of Jesus.

Gleanings From

My Readings

By PEREGRINO

On the Communion of Saints:

There is a constant activity, an intense motion of sympathy, of Divine Charity amongst the members, knitting, welding, and compacting them together through every joint of the system. The suffering of one is the suffering of all. "Who," says St. Paul, "is weak and I am not weak? Who is scandalized and I am not on fire?" (II Cors. XI: 29). The good of one is the good of all. One member aids another to the edification of the whole body. The fervent prayer of a little girl snatches from eternal ruin a criminal about to die on the scaffold. The problems of a Bishop in China are solved by the Hail Mary of a child in a Newfoundland outpost. A poor, frail woman gains an indulgence and the soul of a Crusader is released from Purgatory. Thus "Part working in harmony with part—from Him the whole body deriveth its increase unto the building up of itself in charity" (Eph. IV: 16).—*His Excellency, The Most Rev. Michael O'Reilly, D.D., Bishop of St. George's, Newfoundland.*

* * *

Isn't it the Truth?

"I do not think man has ever made a bit of progress; his mind is to-day just the same as it ever was, excepting that now it is occupied mainly with trifles. . . . Money, money, money, there is nothing like it for undermining character and making people dishonest even in the highest positions. . . . Sin is news. If you rub out from the front, the news page, all that represents a violation of the Ten Commandments nobody would care to buy the rest of the paper. . . . Fame, you know, is being known by people you don't know. . . ."—*"Savings" of the late Dr. James J. Walsh, from an article by Ella Marie Flick.*

Patriotism a Virtue:

"My patriotism therefore is no evanescent thing. It is not a mere emotion or a sentiment. It is a philosophy and a part of my religion."—*Father Gillis, C.S.P., in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.*

* * *

What is Sacrifice?

"Sacrifice does not merely consist of suffering. There is a great deal of suffering in the animal world, for instance, but there is no sacrifice, and this remark is equally true where a large proportion of human suffering is concerned. We can only term sacrifice the renunciation of some positive good, or that suffering from which the will emerges victorious; it is conscious loss for the sake of greater gain, a fall back for a leap, deliberate obscurity for the sake of future brilliance."—*Bishop Prohaszka.*

* * *

Eternity Essential:

"There is need of an endless Eternity, an Eternity which never passes away that we may contemplate the perfections of our God, love Him and Him only in the masterpiece of His love. The Trinity is an immensity of marvels. . . . It is infinite."—*From the Autobiography of Marie Sainte-Cecile De Rome, R.J.M.*

* * *

Catholic Schools a Demand of Conscience:

"Let it be loudly proclaimed and well understood and recognized by all, that Catholics, no matter what their nationality, in agitating for Catholic schools for their children, are not mixing in party politics, but are engaged in a religious enterprise demanded by conscience. They do not intend to separate their children either from the body of the nation or its spirit, but to educate them in a perfect manner, most conducive to the prosperity

of the nation. Indeed a good Catholic, precisely because of his Catholic principles, makes the better citizen, attached to his country, and loyally submissive to constituted civil authority in every legitimate form of government."—*Encyclical Letter "Divine Illius Magistri" of Pope Pius XI.*

* * *

American Friends of Lishui:

We learn from our friends across the border that the Philadelphia, Newark and New York groups are planning an outing this summer. The proposed trip will take the form of a pilgrimage to the famous monastery of Graymoor at Garrison, New York. The event will be an occasion for our friends from different localities to become acquainted with each other. From our personal experience at Graymoor we can assure the Arrangements Committee that a warm welcome will await our "caravan". . . . Also from the same quarters comes the news that one of our members is altar-bound this month: congratulations to Miss Serene Neary and her fortunate husband-to-be. . . . The Philadelphia Branch of the Friends of Lishui have donated a stained-glass window for our seminary chapel.

* * *

The Secret of Creation:

"Love is naturally expansive, but Divine Love is creative. Love told the secret of its goodness to nothingness, and that was creation."—*Msgr. Sheen.*

NOTICE

Do not throw away or destroy this magazine. Help the War Salvage effort.

Pass it on to a friend or bundle it up with other used magazines and give it to some Salvage Bureau.

IS THIS WAR?

by
REV. D. STRINGER

SFM



GREENFIELDS is just like any other town along the Bowl River. Hunched up against the mountains it seems to be in a state of perpetual dread of the river which is forever clutching at its base. It flows lazily enough, but it can, on occasion, rush and roar in a frenzied flood which sweeps everything before it. There is no stopping it until its fury is spent. A precipitous winding pathway of stone slabs leads up and away into little drab hamlets squatting amid the rice paddies; and overlooking all stands the

time-worn temple of the local deity. The stone steps have been worn smooth by the feet of countless worshippers.

From ever-increasing sepulchres on the hillsides the spirits of the dead look down upon a busy life, part of which they once were. There are other caverns hollowed out of late, tombs wherein the living can escape the grave; for a new and swifter death is wont to come suddenly now from the skies. Huge havoc-wreaking birds of metal, invisible against the sun's rays, fly down at unexpected

moments to feed upon their prey.

The vibrant sonorous tone of the temple bell, which for centuries has awakened the worshippers of Buddha to their matutinal prayers, and closed the day with its melodic sound mingling with the smoke of evening incense, is now a thing to be feared—a knell heralding the approach of raiding Nipponese. A sudden warning, a mad frantic stampeding of terror-stricken humans. The agile rush pell-mell up the stone pathway; the aged remain transfixed where they are. Then stillness, utter, complete

stillness that listens for the first faint humming of Death. But the river flows on.

* * *

The sun had come striding right merrily from out the smokey haze, dispelling the early May chill and heating up the stone-paved Mission Compound. As I came down the outside stairs from the Chapel the garden flowers were things of beauty to behold. Mi-mi was stretched out in indolent leisure which no angry chattering of sparrows could disturb. I called to her and she replied with one lone swish of her tail—nothing more. Feline fickleness!

In the kitchen Tsu-lung was busily preparing my breakfast—an egg, some heated oily roasted peanuts, a piece of bean-curd. Yesterday he had made a batch of bread with local unrefined flour. Once the crust could be battered in, the rest was esculent enough. From outside the shrill voice of his young son called good-bye to him as he skipped off to school.

Suddenly the idyllic peace of the morning was shattered by the hurried beating of the temple bell. Almost simultaneously came the loud roaring of planes. Stepping onto the porch I got the surprise of my life. Just over the house was a plane and it would have been easy to hit it with a stone. An observer was half-hanging over the side, his binoculars taking in every detail of the scene below, of which I was a transfixed part. Elsewhere in the sky seven bombers flew as one toward Lishui and its never-used air-field. "Poor Lishui!" I thought as I sauntered down to our main gateway. The droning had died away in the distance. A glance up and down the street revealed nothing—not a soul in sight. Nor a hen, nor a pig, nor a dog. We had never been bombed, although planes had flown overhead many, many times. What was there in a nondescript town such as ours to engage the enemy's attention? Then with tragic suddenness again came the roar of racing engines doubling back to catch the unwary populace. Four rending explosions sent me bounding across the lane into a clump of bamboo trees. Hidden among them was a small hut used to store ashes away from the rain. Three

walls of stones cemented together with mud and standing about four feet high. Overall a roofing of straw and bamboo leaves. Crouched in a corner was a woman and her suckling infant and two ragged children, terror shining from their eyes. The screaming of diving planes, the sickening whine of dropping bombs, the rending, crashing noise of falling timbers, the geysers of earth and stone leaping skyward after a hit, the dense clouds of smoke as an incendiary found its defenceless mark—it was all sheer bedlam. Once or twice I ventured to peek over the edge of my shelter, only to duck back quickly as bullets cut through the overhanging foliage. Once a stream of them passed a scant twenty feet away. The heavens seemed teeming with planes coming and going in every direction. It wasn't any help to know that a thatch-covered roof would be of no use at all if anything heavier than sand and pebbles rained down on it—and there seemed to be a constant shower of them. These air-borne marauders had things quite to themselves, flying as low as they wished. Anti-aircraft guns were something the folks had never heard of. The ancient out-moded guns of the

local gendarmerie were the only things they knew that could shoot. But they were learning fast!

That raid lasted about forty minutes and the quiet that followed was deafening. I scrambled over wreckage and ruin in a hurry to get back to the Mission. A sorry mess it was, too. Two inches of earth and gravel covered everything as with a carpet. Rocks the size of a football and larger had crashed gaping holes in the roofs. There was hardly a pane of glass left intact. Plaster was torn from the walls by concussion. Shrapnel was littered all over—I picked up one murderous-looking piece in my room. The cook emerged, glassy-eyed, from under his wooden bed. Mi-mi peered out distrustingly from her hole in the wall.

With a sick-call bag and a first-aid kit I hastened to make the rounds of the Christians, hoping and praying that none had been injured or killed. Along the main street the heat was terrific as greedy tongues of flame continued their fifth-column depredations. In front of a Confucian temple a bomb had struck a coffin maker's home. Six people were buried beneath the debris. Ten were

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"The geysers of earth and stone leaped skyward after a hit."



IT WILL be many a day before we know the whole story of what is transpiring in Lishui these anxious days. But enough news has filtered through to enable us to form a fairly accurate picture of conditions in and around our little Mission among the mountains of Chekiang. From recent exchange of cables, from the mention of Lishui in the press and over the radio (more often these days than in days of yore), from the few letters from priests in the Province that have managed, somehow, to find their way to our Seminary, from our general knowledge of conditions of war and famine and distress throughout China, we are enabled to place ourselves in the position of our priests and Sisters over there, to think at least some of their thoughts and even to commit them to paper in diary form. Since it is upon the shoulders of Father Curtin that the weight of responsibility falls these days, we may perhaps be pardoned for venturing to give expression to what must be his thoughts, at least now and then. In fact, we might

have called this article "Notes From Father Curtin's Diary".

THURSDAY, APRIL 9TH

A month and a half now since famine and starvation descended upon our district. All round us the sights are appalling. I often read of such conditions but never imagined that we ourselves would come face to face with men, women and children dying by the roadside or that in the gray early dawn we should stumble over the bodies of little children left at the mission gate. I asked the boy today why they left them there. He told me that the mothers carried the children till they nearly dropped from hunger and exhaustion and then left them where they knew they would be cared for if they were found in time.

"How can we look after any more, Ong Lieh?" I asked him. "We haven't rice enough to feed the thousands of starving people we are trying to care for every day. We cannot get food from the outside since the blockade and so far there is no answer to our cable to Canada for immediate assistance."

"Tien Ch'u eu fahkse," he replied. "God will provide." The boy has the faith.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH

Very few people to Mass this morning. Most of our Christians have been living in the hills since the last aerial visitation which left the town in ruins. A few have ventured to rebuild their poor homes, after a manner. The church looks a wreck with the windows patched up with bamboo matting and the plaster off the walls and ceiling. There is nothing left of the dispensary or the priests' rooms across the yard or the boys' school. All were demolished with direct hits, as was the dugout in the Sisters' compound. Happily, no one was in it at the time. Observation planes overhead again and the boy tells me that more frightened people are streaming towards the hills again. What a life. Maybe we're in for another visit from the war-birds.

Think of the "good old days" when the courtyard was thronged with people on Sunday morning

HORROR OF IT ALL

By Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrath, S.F.M.

and blessed peace reigned in Lishui, and mail came from home and we could even walk downtown and buy food and medicine. Now there is no downtown. Just a pile of rubble.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15TH

Hurrah! A cable from the Seminary. They're trying to get money through. Father MacDonald has been in Ottawa negotiating with the State Department and the latter has cabled two thousand dollars for him to the Swiss Consul in Shanghai. Afraid that's no use. We can't contact Shanghai. Haven't heard from Fr. Doyle in ages. But we know they're doing their darnedest. Hope they hurry up, though. At the moment we have no money for salaries, little food and a very inadequate supply of medicine. The teachers and catechists are in a desperate way, actually hungry, while we ourselves are in none too happy a position. Chinese food and never really enough. Prices out of sight. We can do nothing about the thousands who are starving in the hills outside the town. One of the Christians told us after Mass this morning that three hundred people died of starvation and exposure since Sunday morning. The Mayor called to-day to see if we could help but we told him of our difficulty in getting funds from Canada. Promised to buy and distribute a supply of rice just as soon as help from the Seminary arrived.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17TH

Father Murphy negotiated with the shoemaker to-day for a pair of cloth shoes, on credit. What's he got that we haven't got? The old boy refused me last week, demanding cash on the barrelhead. The price is interesting. There were some nice home-made leather specimens at \$150.00 a pair. Two years ago they cost \$5.00. The



"Oh, God, that 'rice' should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap."

cloth shoes that we used to buy for less than a dollar can now be purchased for \$25.00, the price Father Harold agreed to pay when the ship comes in. Neither priests nor Sisters can afford leather shoes any more. Some of the refugees we have taken in are helping, doing their bit by making cloth shoes for us. That's reciprocity, or the barter system. If anybody ever told me in the old days in Mayo that I'd be reduced to this strait, I'd have told them they were crazy. Life is colourful, to say the least.

MONDAY, APRIL 20TH

Red letter day. Everybody excited. We have just received \$37,360. *Thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and sixty Chinese dollars.* It came through the British Ambassador in Chungking and represents \$2,000.00 in U.S. funds sent from the Seminary. Good old Father Sandy. Right on the job.

The Canadian State Department has granted permission to have \$2,000.00 sent each month, enough to keep us ourselves alive and to do something for the thousands of starving people around us. Now all they have to do is to get the \$2,000.00 each month over there. Not easy. Much of the mission work will have to be in abeyance for a while as even this big sum is not sufficient for ordinary mission expenses. We cannot let people starve. We notified the Mayor immediately and told him that by Wednesday we hoped to be able to serve about twenty thousand meals of hot rice. The news is spreading like wildfire. If our campaigners can raise this \$2,000.00 a month to send us we will be able to do so much for those poor creatures. Wish some of the people in Canada could come and see them. Just to tem-

(Continued on page 10)

The Horror of It All

(Continued from page 9)

per the good news, there was a raid on the airfield this afternoon. Eighteen planes gave it all they had. The boys tell us that the American bombers, as big as pagodas (their description of flying fortresses), are going to come here and bomb Formosa and Japan and that's why the Japanese are trying to cripple the airfield.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21ST

The boys have been scouring the country all morning, trying to purchase rice and to haggle for a "reasonable" price. A dollar a pound was the best they could do in contrast to the normal price of seven cents. Don't know how far our supply will go, but we'll stretch it a bit. The Sisters are busy getting ready for the big event to-morrow, the "banquet" for the poor starving refugees. Already crowds of them are camped just outside the city gate. The policemen won't allow them all in town at once, fearing a riot. Managed to buy a little salt fish and a few vegetables in a lone store downtown.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22ND

The poor people. You should see how excited they are as they mill around the mission compound. The police have permitted a thousand at a time to enter. Honestly, it would melt your heart to see the poor emaciated bodies of those little ones and the mothers holding them up in their arms while scarcely strong enough to stand themselves. We invited all the policemen into the guest room and served them a modest little banquet. No shark fins or bamboo sprouts. Rice, sweet potatoes and a little salt fish. There was a speech or two, reminiscent of happier days. The Mayor came to thank us officially for our kindness to the people of China, especially to thank the Sisters for their care of the air-raid victims and their devotion to the patients in our little hospital.

Even as I write there is a long "rice line" in the yard outside. The police are keeping order and the poor people are well-enough behaved. Some of them, too weak to stand, are being helped by their



"Far into the night we shall work by candlelight."

relatives. It has been going on since morning, hot, steaming rice being ladled out to the literally starving people. There seems to be endless thousands of them. And, for once, there is a ray of hope—hope and gratitude—shining across the grim vista of despair that is life for so many these days in China. Think of the 50 millions of such homeless wanderers all over the country.

"Oh, God, that 'rice' should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap."

THURSDAY, APRIL 23RD

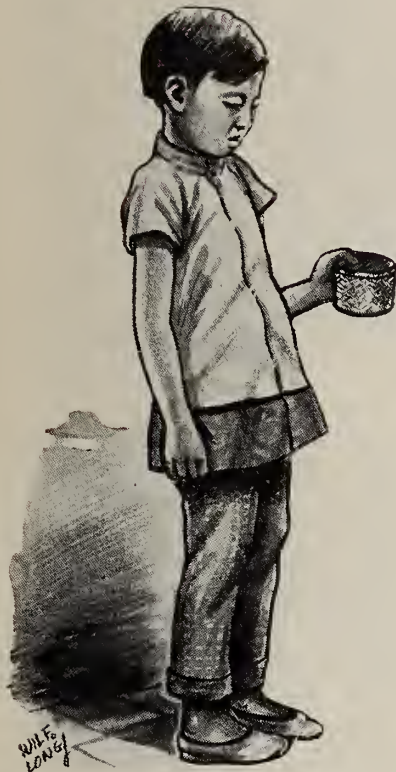
It's here again. The terror from the skies. Hell broke loose just after breakfast this morning, almost without warning. Twenty-seven planes. I am writing this from Neh Ming San temple, where we came after the raiders left. Huge pillars of smoke are ascending skyward, with the steeple of the church now and then shining through, as if to tell us that the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Now, the dreary cycle starts all over again. The residence is half

destroyed and we shall spend our days in the country, in the temples and mud hovels. Each evening, after dark, when there is no fear of bombers, we shall return and open up the hospital as a dispensary and dress the wounds of these poor people and distribute more rice to the starving. Far into the night we shall work by candlelight and then, after Mass, in the gray dawn we shall trek back to the hills for another day. How long, oh Lord, how long! I wonder if the people of Canada realize how well off they are and how much they have to thank God for. Imagine going to bed for an unbroken rest in a real home without fear of sudden death from the skies. Sometimes we wonder how long it will be before liners again sail the ocean and there is mail from home and there will be more missionaries coming over to join us. We'll do our best to hold the fort. Already it is beginning to feel like a long time since we knew peace or security. God speed the day when there will be an end to hatred and wars and man's inhumanity to man.

Vignettes of China

By Viator



"No have Papa
No have Mamma
No have chow-chow
No have whiskey-soda."

The Beggar

IT was during the siege of Shanghai and the "invasion" of the International area by starving and terror-stricken Chinese refugees. The U.S. marines had arrived and the "situation was in hand". They had even begun to teach English to some of the children in the vicinity. A little beggar girl approached me to tell her story, a little tin cup in her left hand and a woebegone look on her face. She tagged along beside me, prattling away as she strove to keep pace:

"Foreign Master, Foreign Master," she wailed, "no have papa, no have mamma, no have chow-chow, no have whiskey-soda." At this point she broke down completely and melted into tears.

No, she wasn't being funny. All she knew was that the sailors had told her that in America it was a terrible tragedy to have no whiskey soda. At that, her dire plight so tickled the passers-by that she made a killing.

Veteran missionaries will tell you, upon your arrival in China, that one of the most difficult problems confronting the newly-arrived missionary is that of the distribution of alms. If you allow your heart to run away with your head, you will be played for a sucker on occasions without end. For in China, begging is a profession. The famous beggar king of Shanghai is a multi-millionaire and owns a summer home at Mokanshan quite as pretentious as that of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. And he is a master strategist in placing his most disreputable and appealing beggars at strategic points around town.

Every now and then in the French Concession we used to witness the round-up of the beggars. They would be herded into a motor van and carried twenty to

thirty miles outside the boundary line. As many of them were crippled and maimed and terribly deformed, it took them ages to make their weary way back to the Concession.

Of course, life for so many millions in China is such a desperate struggle to subsist and poverty is so widespread and so dire that "genuine cases" are by no means lacking. The difficulty is to know which is which, to know when you are really relieving human distress and when you are contributing to the coffers of the beggar king.

In our own town of Lishui, as in towns all over China, the beggar has learned from bitter experience that his greatest ace in the hole is his nuisance value, which he proceeds to exploit to the full. He doesn't live in a Christian atmosphere. When he clatters up on all fours to the place of business of a downtown merchant, he is not likely to meet with a very sympathetic response merely because he looks like something the cat brought in, or because he can dis-

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"There he
will howl
to high
heaven."



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



THE MAIL BAG—

"It is only five dollars but we hope to send another five before long."—Nellie Chin.

"Here we are again with another little offering for a young man for the priesthood."—Marielle Patenaude.

Both quotations are from students in Grade Five-A, St. Patrick's Academy, Montreal. We don't think your offering is "small"; it is indeed a very generous one and may God bless you one and all for the sacrifices. Your pictures will appear next month.

* * *

A little boy in Toronto named Paul Walker saves his pennies for the Missions and has sent us the contents of his "Boy Bank" to help the Chinese Baby Fund. Thank you, Paul.

* * *

Twenty letters from the boys of Grade Seven, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S., all received and appreciated. Father Jim thanks Sister Ursula and all her little missionaries for their interest and zeal. Thirty-five letters from the children of Grades Three and Four of St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, Ont., plus a donation of two dollars, shows that Hamilton is, as ever, up and doing. Miss Mary B. Halloran is the teacher; we send our heartiest thanks to herself and her pupils.

* * *

Worthy of Special Mention:

Grade Seven girls, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S., are receiving special mention this month for their CATHOLIC outlook as evidenced in the following letter addressed to Father Jim:

"Here is the result of our united sacrifices made during the Holy Season of Lent.

"We are anxious to ransom a little CHINESE girl to be named Marie Therese, an INDIAN boy to be named Michael Joseph, and an AFRICAN girl to be named Mary Ellen.

"The remaining two dollars may help a little towards the upkeep of the Seminary."

Thank you all and God bless your generous and Catholic hearts.

* * *

A Rosebud Recovers:

It is with joy that Father Jim tells his Buds of the recovery of "Rosebud" Betty McNabb, Reserve Mines, Cape Breton, N.S. Betty was the young lady in the cast. Her letter tells us: "Now I am feeling fine." And, Betty, we are all glad to hear it. I know your many pen-pals will be so happy, that your local post-office will not be able to handle the mail. Betty has sent us a nice little poem dedicated to priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society. Thank you and God bless you for your patience in your days of suffering and trial.

* * *

St. Anthony's School, Toronto:

"I am enclosing two snaps of the two children who were highest in the 'Doughnut Sale' for the purchase of a 'Victory Bond' to be turned over to the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society."—Sr. M. St. Andrew.

Thank you, Sister, and all you patriotic and mission-minded young Canadians who have achieved this for God and Country. The pictures of the two "leaders" have already appeared in CHINA.

* * *

Enrolled as Members—

Call for Pen-Pals:

Lizzie Reynolds, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 15 years old.

Bernadette Hughes, 48 Upper Queen St., Charlottetown, P.E.I., 12 years old.

Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick, Carbonear, Newfoundland. Their ages are 13, 11 and 9 years; Vera the oldest and Leo the youngest.

Marcella Mullins, South Side, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 14 years old.

Annie Kielley, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 12 years old.

Mary Carroll, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 9 years old.

Mary Meaney, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 11 years old.

Kathleen Furey, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 12 years old.

Agnes Keough, Patrick St., Carbonear, Newfoundland, 13 years old.

Clare Mackey, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 10 years old.

Betty (10), Marie (8), and Rose (6), Howard, Daniel's Cove, Bay-de-Verd (Dist.) Newfoundland.

Angela Pumphrey, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 12 years old.

Mary Greene, Cape Broyle, Newfoundland.

Clara Dalton, Cape Broyle, Newfoundland.

These last young ladies ask Agnes Molloy of Glace Bay, and Betty Davis to write to them.

* * *

Letters Received from the Following:

Ruth Burke, Chapel Hill, Glace Bay, N.S.; Commercial Dept., St. Patrick's High School, Fort William, Ont. (donation received); Grade VIII Girls of St. Patrick's School, Halifax, N.S. (donation received); Girls of Form 2B, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont. (donation received); Pupils of Room Seven, Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont. (donation received); Crusade Unit of St. Augustine's Boys' School, Hamilton, Ont. (donation received); Holy Cross School, Toronto, Ont. (donation received); Girls of Grade Six, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. (donation received); Crusaders, Sacred Heart Academy, Meteghan, N.S. (donation received); Children of Sacred Heart School, Paris, Ont. (donation received); Pupils of St. Brigid's School, Hamilton, Ont. (donation received); C.C.S.M.C. Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, N.S. (donation received); "Rosebud" Beatrice Struthers, 118 Baldwin Ave., Cornwall, Ont. (donation received); Francis McGuigan, Charlottetown, P.E.I. (donation received); C.C.S.M.C. of St.



Grade V Girls, Oxford Street School, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Joseph's Convent, Charlottetown, P.E.I. (donation received); Girls, Grade Five, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. (donation received); Pupils of Grades 5-6M, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. (donation received); Girls of Grades Five and Six, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto (donation received); Mary McDonald, Theresa and Colette Drouin, Cornwall, Ont. (donation received); Joan Shea, St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ont.; "Rosebud" Marion Kale, Seaforth, Ont.;

Miss Eleanor Doyle, 41 Frank Street, Peterboro, Ont.; "Rosebud" Dorothy Boyer, Blind River, Ont.; "Rosebuds" Twyla and Danny Clement, North Bay, Ont.; Pupils of Grade Six, St. Stanislaus School, Fort William, Ont. (donation received); Pupils of Room Three, St. Martin's School, Fort William, Ont. (donation received); Guardian Angels Sodality, Alder Point, C.B., N.S. (donation received); Pupils of High Grade One, College Street School, Halifax, N.S.

(donation received); Pupils of Room Eight, St. Ann's School, Toronto, Ont. (donation received); Mrs. Alice Bucker, Kippewa, P.Q. (donation received); Holy Redeemer School, Sydney, N.S. (donation received).

* * *

Father Jim regrets that he has not room enough in this issue of CHINA to answer many other letters that he has recently received, but promises that they will be answered in the July-August number.



Grade VI Boys, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S.

Vignettes of China

(Continued from page 11)

play this or that evidence of human deformity. So he wastes no time feeling sorry for himself. He just goes to work. He will park beside the front door of the tin-smith or the tailor or the general merchant and there he will howl to high heaven, in voice and tone reminiscent of the wail of a lost soul. For a little while nothing happens. Then the customers begin to get fidgety. They may even go elsewhere to do their business to avoid this filthy and bedraggled specimen of humanity. But the solution is so simple. All the shop-keeper has to do to stop the wails and have the nuisance remove itself is to bestow a little gift of one *cash*, a coin with a square hole in the middle and which is worth one-thirtieth part of a Chinese cent or about one six-hundredth part of one of our own. The shopkeeper may as well do so. When he receives his cash, the beggar removes himself to the place of business next door, there to begin his *chanson triste* all over again and to howl to high heaven some more. Result: another cash and another cash, as long as his limbs and lungs hold out.

As yet, the Christian concept of the beggar is not by any means universal throughout China, any more than the Christian attitude towards suffering and misery is accepted by the world in general. It is stark doctrine indeed to insist that the filthy and begrimed beggar is our brother in Christ and that, some day, from beneath the grime and filth of this ugly palimpsest there will stand revealed in that human soul the handwriting of the eternal. All things considered, his chances and ours, maybe he is a better man than we are, Gungha Din.

Is This War?

(Continued from page 7)

burned alive in a flimsy hotel just around the corner. Lamentations, curses, cries of joy mingled with the dust and smoke, as the shaken people went here and there trying

to locate various members of the family. Confusion reigned supreme.

Hurrying along I rejoiced to find no Christians had been killed. Back once more at the Mission I had just gone into my room when the sound of loud wailing brought me out again on the run. Mr. Wu's wife—and amid sobs she told me her husband had been killed, struck down in his race from one cover to another. . . . As I looked down on him I could see at least six bullet holes in his body. Death had been swift indeed.

I bumped and jostled my way home, sick at heart over the futility of it all. The exodus was in full swing; the town's folk fleeing to the mountains. It continued all day and far into the night. From up river a detachment of soldiers had come to guard deserted homes and prevent looting. By evening we had some semblance of order restored. Night fell. And the stars came out to look down on this latest expression of the progress of the Human Caravan.

Signposts

(Continued from page 3)

Our Lady of Peace Shrine:

On Sunday, May 3rd, at our Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ontario, we dedicated a new shrine to Our Lady Queen of Peace and Mother of Missionaries. The shrine was erected solely by our students and is situated close to the Seminary in the heart of an evergreen grove. The statue was blessed by the Very Rev. Hugh F.X. Sharkey, Rector of the Seminary and Editor of CHINA. Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by the Rt. Rev. William C. McGrath, P.A., Vicar-General of our Society, assisted by the Revs. B. Kirby, S.F.M., and J. Fullerton, S.F.M.

It is our hope that this shrine of Our Lady may become a source of great devotion for all those who come to pray before this image of Mary, the Mother of the First Missionary, the Prince of Peace.



Right Rev. Monsignor McRae, the Superior-General of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, visits our missions at Vancouver and Victoria. He is pictured here with Rev. Father Roberts and niece.

Mission Snapshots

UPPER LEFT—A devil as depicted in a Chinese temple.

UPPER RIGHT—The devil disembowels his victim in the pagan hell.

LOWER—Chinese garden in home of the wealthy class.



The Master Calleth!

A GREAT missionary authority, the late Archbishop de Guebriant, Superior - General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, when asked to sum up the whole missionary position of the world, said "Fill the ships. Send more and more priests to the field."

"Never before, perhaps, in history did the world stand in greater need of Catholic missionaries than to-day. Even at home the need is great; how much greater the need in non-Christian countries, where souls are deprived of even the elementary truths and consolations of the reign of Christ! It is true to say of China that the great effort for her conversion will be made in our own day. The next generation will probably be too late. And the same holds good of practically all the pagan countries. The boys who are now growing up must face the grave responsibility of leading paganism to Christ. Now is the acceptable time."

Think! Pray!

Reflect on your duty of making Our Lord's Name loved and honoured by the world. Ask Him, like St. Paul: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" He may intend you for the sanctuary and for the Missions. Pray earnestly!

Write us about it, and you will receive direction and help.

Very Rev. Hugh F.X. Sharkey, Rector

St. Francis Xavier Seminary

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

CHINA



SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.

JULY-AUG. 1941.



THE JOKER



The captain, taking inspection, noticed Private Brown had no tooth-brush.
"Where's your tooth-brush?" he demanded.

"Here, sir," said Private Brown, producing a large scrubbing brush.

"You don't mean to tell me you can get that thing into your mouth?" shouted the captain, angrily.

"No, sir," replied Brown, without changing his expression. "I take my teeth out."

"Did you say the drinking water here is unsafe?"

"Yes."

"What do you do when you want a drink?"

"First, we filter it."

"Yes."

"Then we hoil it."

"Yes."

"Then we put some chlorine in it."

"Yes."

"And then we have a glass of heer."

Barber: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir."

Customer: "I don't agree with you. It needs cutting nicely this time. You cut it badly the last time I was here."

It was his hundredth birthday and he was being interviewed by a reporter.

"To what do you attribute your long life?" asked the reporter.

"I've never smoked nor drank and I've always been a vegetarian," replied the old man.

"But," objected the reporter, "I had an uncle who did the very same thing and lived to be only eighty. How do you account for that?"

"All I can say," replied the old man, "is that he didn't keep it up long enough."

Mrs. Bushy: "Wake up, John! There's a hurglar going through your pants' pockets."

John (turning over): "Oh, you two just fight it out between yourselves."

He was mooning over his cup of coffee and making sheep's eyes at the pretty waitress until she was fed up.

"Is there anything else you would like, sir?" she asked distantly, as a hint that he could move on.

"Just a soft word," he sighed.

"Putty," replied the waitress as she whisked the cup off the table and tripped away.

Street Musician (playing to street-corner crowd): "After this selection I'll present my famous vanishing act. I'll just place my hat in my hand, and half of this crowd will disappear."

The chief salesman of a certain business firm had a very loud voice. One morning when the manager arrived at the office, he heard a terrible noise coming from the salesman's office.

"Who is that shouting?" asked the manager.

"That's Mr. Hill talking to Chicago," replied the secretary.

"Well, tell him to use the telephone," said the manager.

Mrs. Smythe was making final arrangements for an elaborate reception. "Nora," she said to her veteran maid, "for the first half-hour I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Nora's face lit up.

"Thank you, ma'am," she replied, "I've been wanting to do that to some of your friends for the last twenty years."

Wife: "When I married you I didn't think you were a coward. I thought you were a brave man."

Husband: "So did everybody else."

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what happened after Napoleon mustered his army?"

Pupil: "Yes, sir. He peppered the enemy and took the citadel by assault."

Teacher: "Sit down, my lad. I'll have no sauce from you."

"Please, can you tell me why the tide is not up this morning?" asked the little girl at the seaside.

"Yes, missy," replied the old fisherman. "It's because it was out all night."

"Are you the man who was married in a cage of lions?"

"I'm the man."

"Did it seem exciting?"

"It did then, but it wouldn't now."

First Motorist: "I love the beauties of the countryside."

Second Motorist: "So do I. Here's one coming now, let's give her a lift."

Insurance Man: "You say you want your office furniture insured against theft?"

Manager: "Yes, all except the clock. Everybody watches that."

Wife (dying): "I have one last request to make, dear. Promise me that at the funeral, you will ride in the car with mother."

Husband: "I'll do it, but it will spoil my day."

Manager: "Here are a few views of our hotel to take with you, sir."

Guest: "Thanks, but I have my own views of your hotel."

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CHINA

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REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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Signposts

Monastic Diplomat at Vatican:

The appointment of Dom Peter Celestine as Chinese Ambassador to the Holy See is a fitting climax in the extraordinary life of Lou Tseng Tsiang. Born at Shanghai of Protestant parents he distinguished himself in his early years as a scholar and diplomat. Appointed delegate to the Hague Conference in 1907, he later became Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Chinese Republic for one year. In 1913 he was chosen to head the Government of his country as Prime Minister. Later at the Versailles Peace Conference he was China's chief delegate and became representative to the League of Nations.

At the early age of nineteen he began his diplomatic career as an *attache* at the Chinese Legation in St. Petersburg. There he married a Belgian Catholic. Ten years later he was converted to the Catholic Church. In 1926, when representative at the League of Nations, his wife died and this led to his receiving the habit of the Benedictine Monks in Belgium, October, 1927. He was ordained Priest on the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul in 1935. Present at this ceremony were his country's official representatives to Belgium, Moscow, The Hague, Paris and Madrid.

CHINA offers heartiest congratulation to Father Peter Celestine, O.S.B., priest, diplomat and now Ambassador to the See of Peter. It was at St. Petersburg, his patron's nameplace, that he first received the grace to embrace the true faith

as preached by the first Peter and guarded by his present successor at whose throne Peter Celestine, O.S.B., now stands, the link between his countrymen and the Vicar of Christ. May God spare him for many years in this the most important post in a long life of diplomacy. Ambassador Tsiang is now about seventy years of age.

In the Navy:

The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society is happy to continue its co-operation with the Canadian Government by releasing another member for duty with the armed forces of our country.

Father Michael Dwyer, S.F.M., has recently left the Seminary to report at Halifax for chaplain ser-

vice with the Royal Canadian Navy. We know his many friends will remember him and the souls confided to his care. In these days of terrible happenings at sea we ought daily to pray for those who "go down to the sea in ships", placing them under the protection of Mary Star of the Sea.

Congratulations, Father Dwyer, and may your work be fruitful of many souls.

At present, the only priest of our Society still unreported is Rt. Rev. J. M. Fraser, last heard from in Manila. Efforts are being made by the Society Headquarters in Toronto to learn of his present whereabouts.

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THE LITTLE, WEE OLD LADY

BY FATHER H. F. X. SHARKEY



I can see her there a-sitting, with her rosary in
her fingers,
In the little, old-world rocker, just below the
crazy stairs;
And though God might have His angels and His
cherubs and His seraphs,
Heaven knew no sweeter music than her charm-
ing Gaelic prayers.

"God be praised, I'm glad to see you,"
—was the cheerful Irish greeting
From the little, wee old lady, there
a-standing in the door,
While her arms were 'round about
you, her wrinkled face a-smiling,
And the starlight seemed to twinkle in
the earrings that she wore.

Sure the place was full of blessings which she
never ceased to utter,
From the time you crossed the door-step till the
time you had to go;
And it made you think of Nazareth and of Jesus
and of Mary,
For her home is more like Paradise than any
place I know.

There's a little, vine-clad cottage off the road
that leads to Rothesay;
There's a little gray-haired lady living there so
all alone;
Yet I sometimes think the fairies from her own,
beloved Erin
Keep her company in the twilight—if the truth
were really known.

There's a little vine-clad doorway and it frames
a cherished picture
Of a little, wee old lady standing there so all
alone;
Yet I sometimes think the fairies from her own
beloved Erin
Keep her company in the twilight, if the truth
were really known.



GORILLA WAR

ON THE SIKANG ROAD

by RT. REV. MONSIGNOR
McGRATH, S.F.M.

YOU'VE HEARD OF China's famous mountain highways, thousands of miles of them clawed and scratched out of the sides of towering mountain ranges that reach almost from end to end of the country. With picks, shovels, gunpowder and old-fashioned hand drills, aided all too occasionally by some modern road-building machinery, the Chinese coolies—hundreds of thousands of them under the direction of China's own engineers—have constructed a network of motor roads that is regarded as one of the outstanding engineering achievements of our time. Rich only in her unlimited manpower and the amazing endurance of the coolie worker, China has been enabled to accomplish by indomitable perseverance and overwhelming force of numbers what steam-shovels and compressed air drills and bulldozers have made possible in the Western world. At that, we doubt if anywhere in the West there exist so

many highways that have been literally hewn out of the face of the solid cliffs.

All over the country you will find shorter stretches of mountain roads, like our own ninety-mile highway that runs from Lishui to the ocean port of Wenchow. Then there is—or was—the great Burma Road, with its corkscrew twists and six hundred bridges, that climbed from hot, steaming valleys to the cloud-capped mountain peaks as it snaked its way along the six hundred miles almost literally “from Rangoon to Mandalay”.

Monkey vs. Coolie

BUT THE BURMA ROAD is only a romantic memory. China's lifeline of supplies has been severed and the mountain roads of Burma and Mandalay now re-echo only to the tread of little marching men. Once more the coolie is being called upon to save China, to face again and take in his stride some of the most formidable obstacles ever encountered by human beings in their struggle against relentless nature, and against their fellow man. To the ever-present menace of typhoid, cholera, dysentery and malaria (to mention only a few) have been added five years of relentless war, and on thousands of occasions the poor coolie workers have been the defenceless victims of bomb and shrapnel as they bent to their grim task along the mountain range. Now, with their country engaged in a fight to the death, the coolie army is making a desperate race against time in its stupendous efforts to open up another highway for vital war supplies, this time a highway that crosses the great Himalaya mountains and traverses some of the wildest and most inaccessible mountain fastnesses in all the world. It is the Sikang-Assam Road and on its construction seven thousand coolies have already lost their lives. And to the menace of cholera and dysentery and malaria and shrapnel has been added another, hitherto seemingly unknown in the annals of mankind, a state of undeclared war between the killer-monkeys of the jungle and



“Others, up in the treetops, would hurl stones passed up to them by ground crews below.”

the coolie workers on the Sikang Road. This is one of the latest and weirdest stories to come out of China, the hit-and-run “gorilla” war between man and monkey that has already sent hundreds of road workers to their death.

The work on the Sikang-Assam Road was proceeding none too smoothly, but far ahead of schedule, when this monkey business threatened to stop the workers in their tracks. Near the border of India, the road builders suddenly came upon the jungle kingdom of the man-killing simians, who were quick to resent this aggression into their territory and just as quick to take steps to end it. Suspicious from the first approach of the enemy, man, the monkeys betook themselves to the treetops to look the situation over. Alternately brooding in silence and filling the air with their cries and chatterings, they seemed to be holding an emergency council of the tribe to decide what had better be done about this ruthless incursion into their domain.

Then . . . a Pearl Harbor. Suddenly and without warning a well-engineered and concerted attack

upon thousands of unsuspecting coolies who were blasting and digging hundreds of feet below the headquarters of the monkey general staff. All-out war in the jungle. Stones, half-ton boulders, avalanches of trees and loose clay came roaring down the mountainside and before the terrified coolies could scramble back to shelter hundreds of them had been swept to their death in the deep ravines below. Work was stopped immediately. The monkeys had scored with their first attack and now belligerently arrayed themselves on the mountainside overlooking the spot where construction had been halted. A few shots were fired, but the apes scrambled so quickly from tree to tree and their hairy coats blended so perfectly with the colour of the rocks that it was difficult even for a crack shot to lay them low. They seemed unperturbed by the rifle fire and, tongue in cheek, waited quietly for work to be resumed, but each attempt to do so only resulted in a further rain of boulders and trees that sent the roadmen scampering for their lives. It looked like a victorious blitz for the monkey war lords and trouble ahead for China.

Monkeys Hurtling Through Air

FINALLY the engineers hit upon a plan. Protected by a well-armed bodyguard of riflemen, some of them backtracked and climbed the mountain in the rear of the enemy. Placing a few heavy charges of dynamite under some of the larger trees "behind the lines" they planned a display that was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the monkey foe. Then, returning to the road, they sent a party of riflemen out for a frontal attack and a few volleys had the effect of sending the monkeys a few hundred yards to the rear. The fuse was lighted by one of the party who had remained behind and as the charge exploded, rocks, trees and monkeys came hurtling through the air. Many of the apes were rendered *hors de combat* and the rest of the army decided to beat a strategic retreat to vantage points well out of range. Since then they have been a little more wary in their tactics, making occasional sorties to send some stones and boulders down the hillside, but invariably scurrying to shelter after each attack. At the moment, the situation would appear to be fairly well in hand, but, according to reports from China, the hit-and-run war still goes on.

The fighting monkeys showed a generalship that had the engineers guessing till they hit upon the dynamite plan. Literally hundreds of them would team up to start huge boulders crashing down and unleash a veritable avalanche. Thousands of others, up in the treetops, would hurl stones passed up to them by "ground crews" below and the result was a barrage that effectively ended construction work anywhere within range. At night they made bold raids on the construction camps, stealing food and anything they could get their paws on. The coolies are now protected day and night by guards and an occasional charge of dynamite,

especially at night, has the effect of keeping the monkeys at a distance. Well out of danger, they watch the operations sourly from the treetops, wary of coming too close but now and then chattering their defiance of this unknown enemy who has shattered the age-old peace of their jungle domain.

These monkeys belong to the species known as Proboscis, because of their Jimmy Durante schnozzles and they are natives of Sikang Province among the Himalayas. They are undisputed monarchs of all they survey in a jungle kingdom of about five hundred square miles. Fully grown, they reach a height of about three feet and weigh only forty pounds, but

they are extremely muscular and endowed with a strength out of all proportion to their weight and size. They sleep in tree branches and travel through the treetops in packs sometimes running into thousands. When they are on the march, all other animals flee for their lives. They attack anything that gets in their way and by sheer force of numbers overwhelm even the bigger and stronger beasts of the jungle.

It is hard to say just what made them attack the Chinese workers. No doubt, they resented the presence of man in their jungle home and unaccustomed to any serious opposition from the other denizens of the forest hills, they probably figured they could simply take this latest invader in their stride.



"Stones, half-ton boulders, trees and loose clay came roaring down the mountainside."

AIRMAIL COM

LISHUI The following quotations are taken from a letter written in March and sent by air mail from Father John McGoey, S.F.M. Father McGoey is now stationed with Father Strang at a place called Pihu, which is quite close to our headquarters, the famous Lishui.

"Having just received a letter from Father McAuliffe yesterday in which he told me that there is a new air mail route to China, I am taking a chance to see if I can get a letter to you in a hurry . . . How are things going? Well, except for the rise in prices and the dropping of the exchange on our money and the fact that we have no money to speak of, we are doing fine. (This letter was written March 1, 1942). . . . We are eating and that is a whole lot, and we are managing here in Pihu to do a little missionary work still. In some of the missions, outside of patching up a few sick, there is little doing because the constant bombing has driven the people from the cities. . . . All last fall I taught English in the local senior High School, but am now back to missionary work. . . . Among the interesting adventures of the last few weeks are: Last week-end I went out for a couple of days to a few of our missions and when I returned home the news that my good chalice had been stolen was waiting for me. . . . Father Strang's was also stolen. . . . The next night a gang rushed into the mission. . . . They were intent on 'beating up' a fellow they didn't like . . . this 'guy' saw the mission door open and he ran in. . . . About fifteen men were after this fellow. . . . I

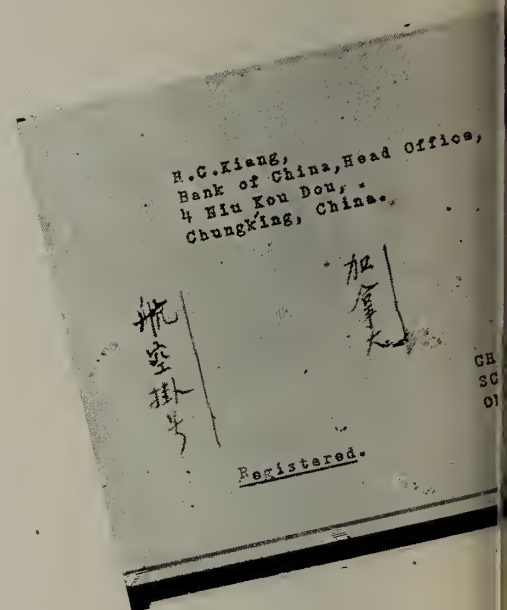
put them all out. . . . The servants were scared stiff and the fellow who had been chased was under a bed. . . . I had to let him out over the wall to avoid 'trouble'. . . . The priests and Sisters are mostly fine. There are a couple on the sick list, but right now there isn't much that can be done about it. I suppose you could add that nerves on all sides are a bit strained. . . . Father Beal is safe in Peiping. . . . Air-raided alarms frequent; bombs fell on Lishui yesterday, but not nearly as bad as before U.S.A. went to war. Pray for me."

HONG KONG

harbours one of our missionaries, Father Charles Murphy, of Sydney, N.S. From a letter written by a Chinese friend of his who got safely to Chungking we give you the story of his activities before and since his internment in the Warden's Quarters of the Stanley Prison:

"April 13th, '42 . . . Chungking . . . As a friend of Father Murphy, I like to inform you that he is well in Hong Kong. From September 13th to 24th, 1941, I was in Stanley and saw Father Murphy practically every day. . . . During the hostilities in Hong Kong, he was supervising the relief work in the Stanley area in a most admirable manner. When I left Stanley on December 27th, I, for obvious reasons, could not go to say goodbye to him. . . . After the fall of Hong Kong, Father Murphy twice

came out to look for me in Hong Kong, and it was a great pity that we only met once. Before he was finally interned in the Warden's Quarters of Stanley Prison he sent me several messages together with his photograph that he intended as his Christmas gift. Before I departed from Hong Kong on January 29th, 1942, I made several attempts to secure permission to visit Father Murphy, said to be interned in the Warden's Quarters of Stanley Prison, but that permission was not given. The only thing I could do on the eve of my departure, was to find Father Tournier, of the French Mission, whom I know is Father Murphy's friend, and with whom I had left my farewell message and some daily necessities, together with his Bible



ES THROUGH!!



Required \$13.80 postage (Chinese currency) to transport this air-mail letter to Scarboro Bluffs from Chungking.

Relatives and friends of our Missionaries in China will be glad to learn that it is now possible to send air-mail letters through at the rate of seventy-five cents per ounce. Letters should be marked "Air Mail—Via Miami and West Africa to Chungking." It is still too early to predict how this service may be affected by the present Japanese drive in Chekiang.

which he wanted me to read. I saw Father Maestrini, of the Italian Mission, from whom I learned that all Fathers at Stanley (the Maryknoll House where Father Murphy was living) were well treated and also spoke to Father Maestrini about Father Murphy in the hope that he will be well looked after. Father Murphy was among the Maryknoll Fathers who had taken good care of the Italian Fathers when they were interned by the British authorities after the outbreak of the war. To-day I am just in receipt of a letter from Father McCabe of the American Catholic Mission in Kweilin, telling me that one Maryknoll Father in Hong Kong was already released and permitted to go to Koehow. I am sure God will

look after Father Charles and protect him, and he will be soon set free. Please do let me know if you have any news about Father Murphy. I myself am looking forward to our reunion as Charles wished in one of his letters from Stanley. With my most sincere regards."

Father Murphy had been at the Maryknoll House in Stanley, just outside the city of Hong Kong, studying Cantonese.

Since these letters were written the Japanese armed forces have taken Kinhwa and Lishui and are coming daily closer to other cities, towns and villages in our Prefecture.

KINHWA now in the hands of the Japanese, is Monsignor Fraser's parish. It has been very much in the news of late and now we have word from our missionaries in that section. The letter was written by Father L. McAuliffe, S.F.M., written in March before Kinhwa was besieged.

At that time the priests in Kinhwa were well, but feeling the pinch of the 2,000 per cent. increase in the cost of living and the effect of the three-year-old coastal blockade. Recent reports received by radio from Chungking state that all missionaries had abandoned the city before it was attacked by the Japanese and it is presumed that Fr. McAuliffe and the other four of our priests have made the hundred-mile journey safely to Lishui. The other priests stationed in Kinhwa are Rev. L. McFarland of Toronto; Rev. A. McRae of St. Raphael's, Ont.; Rev. T. Morrissey of North River, Nfld., and Rev. J. Kelly of Eganville, Ont.

DR. KEHOE . . . An Appreciation

By Rt. Rev. Wm. C. McGrath, S. F. M.

A SHORT TIME AGO, while browsing through the library of a graduate of St. Augustine's Seminary, I came across a volume of the *Summa Theologica*. The marginal notes were copious—and familiar. They abounded in characteristic comments and reflections of the old *maestro*, now gone to his reward; the brilliant, gentle, lovable Christian gentleman who, for over twenty-five years, in St. Augustine's, accommodated the abstruse profundities of Aquinas to the limitations of the student mind.

As I was reading on, harking back to the days when we ourselves had heard such comments *viva voce*, I was struck by a paragraph inserted by the one-time student "on his own". It was headed: "*Secret of Dr. Kehoe's Success as a Teacher*". That, need I say, was of immediate interest. That our dear, departed friend had been a success in the highest sense of the word was something beyond question. From coast to coast of Canada and in many places south of the border hundreds of sorrowing former pupils will testify that we shall not meet his like again. But to have the *secret* of Dr. Kehoe's success analysed on the spot by one of his own Dogma pupils would be something of more than ordinary interest. Eagerly I read on.

- "1. Absolute mastery of his subject. For that matter, mastery of every subject any of us ever brings up in class.
2. Willingness (so rare these days on the part of professors) to answer all questions and leave the class wide open for friendly discussion.
3. Patience, gentleness, charity and consideration for the feelings of everybody. Always the kindly, cultured gentleman."

There the marginal comment ended. The owner's name was on the fly-leaf of the book, but he would prefer to remain anonymous and so it shall be. But we were struck by the sincerity and spontaneity of this tribute, private, personal, unrehearsed, never really intended for publication even among the members of his own class. It was probably written after one of those many classes in which "The Chief" had given a sparkling display. It just about sums up the feelings of us all.

Dr. Kehoe, bar none, was the best teacher I have ever known.



He was one of those rare men whose guidance does far more than fill your mind with thousands of book facts. He prepared you for life. His salutary observations and balanced appraisal of situations that all of us have since encountered in life have often come to our rescue when the little learning of mere bookishness could easily have proven a very dangerous thing. Teachers can so easily become escapist, worshippers at the shrine of academic *trivia*. Some of those who intimately live and breathe in an atmosphere of theological distinctions develop that deadly institutional myopia towards the commonplace issues of life. And yet, it is around such issues, commonplace and humdrum, that most of our lives will revolve. There is no answer in the books for many of the ordinary little routine problems that beset us. And teachers who are glued to a desk for years before they have been rounded out or mellowed in the indispensable school of experience are in very real danger of losing their perspective, of putting second things first, of being unable to see the woods for the trees.

Not so the beloved old *maestro*. Before he ascended the academic rostrum he had graduated, *summa*

cum laude, from the school of human experience. Fifteen years of "giving missions" up and down the land had revealed to him just about all there was to be known about human nature. Not surprising, then, that he should have consistently refused to glorify the merely academic. To him life was more important than books. In preparing young men for their priestly career he made many delightful sorties and excursions far beyond the cramped confines of the printed page. "Oh, my, now . . . oh, say . . . here is what you are going to meet later on." From out that vast store of his personal experiences, he could adduce countless instances of far more vital interest than the staid, conventional cases habitually assigned to the realm of casuistry. He made the problems live from out the store of his own memories and from what Bill or Jack or Mary had actually done or said on occasions that he could recall.

All of which leaves the biggest thing unsaid. For the biggest thing in Dr. Kehoe's regard was not that he trained our minds but that he won our hearts. Childlike in his simplicity, as only the great can be, he was the personification of gentleness and kindness and tolerant understanding. He believed the best of everybody as he believed the best of life. Contact with realities had not left him soured or cynical. God is in His Heaven, there is plenty of hidden good in the world and in people, "oh, my, now, oh, say, won't we all be surprised when we get to heaven and see there so many people whom the rigorists had routed elsewhere?" That was his kindly and merciful philosophy.

He is with us no more. St. Augustine's has said good-bye to its beloved Mr. Chips. There is a little less kindness and a little more bleak loneliness in our immediate world because of the passing of this gentle, Christlike soul. But we know that he and the great St. Thomas have long since talked it all over in Heaven.

A day-out-of-life

BY REV. D. E. STRINGER, S.F.M.



“**W**HERE WAS he anyway?” he wondered, still half asleep, half awake. Slowly recollections of the previous night gathered in force and he remembered. That last ten li stumbling, slithering over the storm-drenched path. Even cobblestones had been a god-send, instead of the red soil which clung to one’s feet and made each step an aching agony. And how the rain, cold and stinging, had slashed at him while lightning seared the sky and the Dragon-god thundered its mocking laughter as it crashed

drunkenly from mountain to mountain. Even bandits would scurry to their lairs on such a night. Then he had arrived at this miserable inn. Lying there on his mattress of boards he remembered the grimy scene. Only with difficulty and the promise of a substantial tip had the carrier convinced the old crone who owned the place to open the door. Inside had been dimly lit by a smoking oil lamp, its light all but obliterated by clouds of smoke from the chimney-less stove, over which someone bent to the task of preparing food for the

ma-jong gamblers off in a corner.

“Yes, a room was to be had,” she answered his query, “the best room in the house and it has a raised wooden floor.” Yes, it was raised, indeed, so long as one stepped lightly. But its surface was dry,—as myriads of fleas could testify. A tiny aperture high up on the wall served for a window. He remembered her gathering up the dank straw that covered the boards; and the heavy cotton mosquito netting that sealed the sleeper hermetically. But he had been too tired and wet to care much. She had

brought in some warmed-over rice and tea. The other unexpected and rain-driven guests had eaten up everything. But to-morrow. . .

How he had slept, or when, he couldn't remember. Several times he felt like getting up to silence the interminable clatter of ma-jong pips as the other guests played and talked and shouted. When *did* they sleep, anyway? And here it was morning,—around four he judged from the noises outside. Someone was slaughtering a pig and its squeals tapered off sickeningly. If he could only get an hour's real sleep; but there was another sixty-five *li* to go,—might as well. . .

* * *

"BUT HOW do you know it's secluded? There isn't a fishing spot left unspoiled by a lot of rank amateurs. Just when you get a nibble they come tearing along in their gosh-awful outboard motors and zingo!—every fish for leagues dives for safety."

"Now, Johnny," Bill soothed, "Father Mike'll think you've become an old crab. . . Guess you won't have much fun like this in China, Father, will you?"

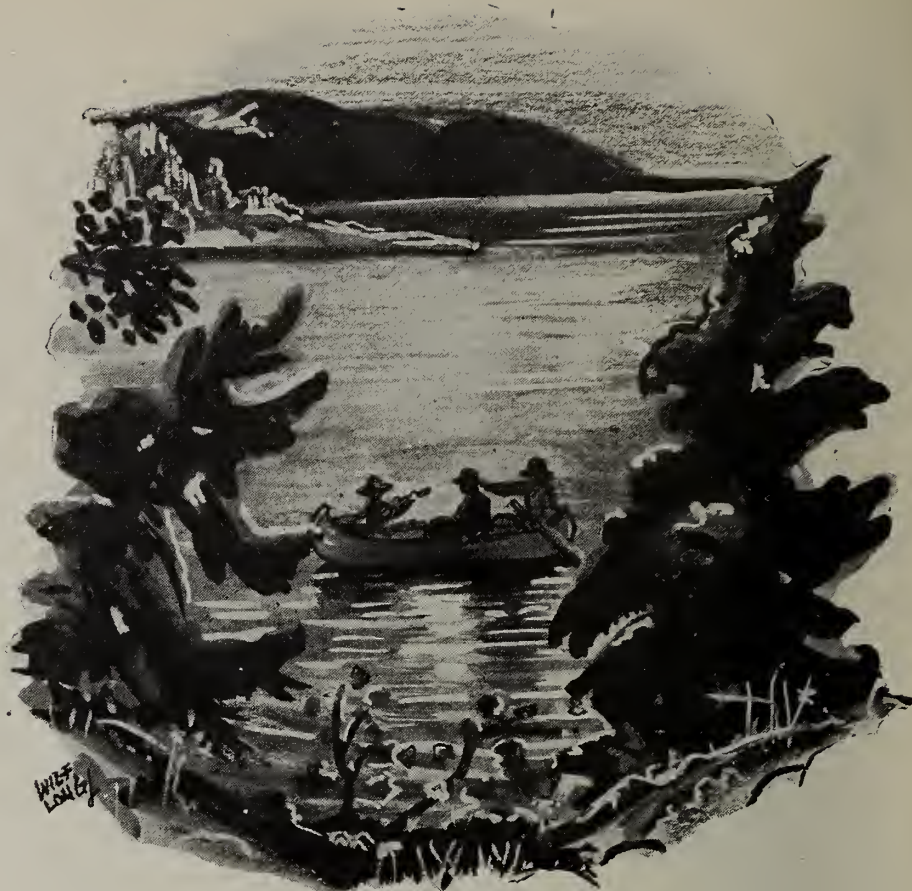
Father Mike laughed. It was so good to be out with these old buddies. Time enough to think of difficulties when he got to China. To-day was his last holiday. Word had suddenly come to prepare to sail. He wondered a bit why it seemed sudden,—he had been waiting long enough for just such a message. And they'd planned this last day together. It had been fun getting up for that early plunge; and what a breakfast! The weather was perfect. A trifle cold perhaps, but the air was like nectar. Faint signs of coming autumn showed here and there in the quiet majestic forests that lined the river. . .

"Is it possible to use a canoe in China? How about the fishing?" Thus Johnny.

. . . Yes, there would be fishing all right and all the tricks of the trade would have to be used cunningly to land even one Fish from the dark waters of paganism on to the shores of eternity. . .

"Why so faraway, Father Mike?" asked Johnny. "I spoke to you just a minute ago and. . ."

"Sorry, Johnny, old man, just musing a bit. How long till we arrive?"



"Horse Shoe Bay" he had named it.

The sun was beginning to show over the trees, lighting their tips like so many tapers before the shrine of Ra. Silently, gracefully, the bow of the canoe sent silver wavelets scampering off to either shore.

"There it is!" Bill's voice was filled with proud excitement. He had discovered this spot and what a place! Trees came down to the water's very edge. "Horse Shoe Bay" he had named it. It would be cool and quiet and shady on the brightest, hottest day. In several places rocky ledges formed ideal vantage points to fish from.

They fished most of the morning, successfully too, judging from the catch. After lunch they had stretched out under the trees and indulged in reminiscence. They had grown up together, these three, and had shared their joys and sorrows,—mostly joys though. Father Mike had dozed off and the two boys left him and went exploring. But now the sun was going down and a start for home must be made. Bill called to Father Mike. No

answer. He went over to him. Pity to waken him. He was tired.

"Come on, Father," Bill shook him gently. "It's time we got started. . ."

* * *

"*Ae, Seng-Vu!* wake up. Time to go!" cried his carrier, rapping on the door.

"Where . . . what . . . Oh, yes . . . yes."

Slowly he pulled himself out. How his legs and feet hurt! But he must get out of this fetid black hole. The sunlight would warm him up. And there were sixty-five *li* to go.

Outside everything was already steaming,—clammy and sticky to the touch. He had breakfasted on two raw eggs, a sort of vermicelli and green tea. His boots, hardened from last night's wetting, added fresh bruises to his feet,—but they'd soon soften up. He looked ahead to where his carrier jogged along under his load of baggage. Marvellous how those fellows could do it!

There wasn't much breeze in the

narrow valley this morning to dispel the rapidly rising humidity. The ascending mountain pathway wound through some really beautiful scenery. But, somehow, it seemed cruel,—everything fighting for existence, each choking the other in the struggle for a place in the sun. Strange how little perfume came from these wild things. Perhaps they had given all for colour. In this they were like people, weren't they, whose drab lives led them to seek the gaudy tinsely things of life. Wouldn't it be nicer to have the sweet smell of a lowly violet than to be one of those lordly lilies among a hundred of which there wasn't a breath of perfume. He remembered the first time he had discovered this—to him—phenomenon. He had come upon hundreds of them beautiful to see but quite odourless. Did St. Joseph sigh when he looked down on them? They sort of typified paganism....

How hot the sun was becoming. He knew when they reached the Pass towards which they were climbing some surcease from its burning would come and from there it was only thirty *li* to home. Home. Funny about that short dream this morning. At least ten years since he had been with them that glorious day. And time was playing havoc with such distant memories. It was so difficult to avoid having just the memory of a memory. Or did that make sense? Bill and Johnny were married now. The son of Bill's life had not yet brightened his little home. John was blessed with two. Did they,—could they—appreciate all that they had? Ten years of China had taught *him*, anyhow. How many of his friends back home ever gave a thought to the wonder of a glass of cold, unboiled water? But familiarity can breed worse things than contempt,—indifference, for one. . . .

They arrived at the tea-house placed at the Pass with a canny eye for business. His musings thus

abruptly ended, Father Mike felt a surge of resentment. Was it never possible to get away from these unkempt, dirty people at all? Never to be alone when he *wanted* to be alone. He felt ashamed in an instant. What was he a missionary for? For himself or for others? The village kiddies gazed at him from a distance.

"Funny tykes, weren't they . . . ?

"Funny foreigner-man, isn't he . . . ?

"Why don't they put on some clothes . . . ?

"Doesn't he know it's summer . . . ?"

But one just couldn't sit around and ignore the friendly, if curious, glances that came one's way. The carrier was loudly proclaiming the *Seng-vu's* colossal knowledge of language, of science; of the millions of *li* he had travelled in a boat larger, ever so much larger, than their village. Ye gods! could he never learn to tell *anything* without such preposterous exaggeration! He wasn't in China very long before he knew something of their arithmetic of the superlative. Was there a crowd of bandits twenty *li* away numbering fifty or sixty? Then if it was ninety *li* away the same band had six hundred members! But these people loved it. A mere Westerner had to submit!

They listened politely enough to the old incredible story of God's love. But what could this race know of love? A race whose Book of Rites contained minute instructions on propriety and never a word about God and his Love. Where in their pantheon was there a being they didn't fear? Well, poor souls. . . . Would they come to visit him? Of course they would. Native politeness dictated such a promise even though they and he knew exactly its worth.

It was pleasanter walking now, descending the eastern slope of the range. Great patches of shade betokened the flight of day before the rush of oncoming night. He had always loved mountains at eventide. Dusk was kind to the villages scattered about, blending their ugly reality into the scenery around. At times they looked even beautiful through the rosy haze.

The sweet, long note of a flute came drifting up from a hamlet below. Then horns and cymbals struggled through the racket of exploding firecrackers. A wedding procession. Some girl, happy for a moment in the gilded interlude between two phases of slavery. Dressed up as she never had been before and probably would never be again. Her presents were carried before her, all done up in red paper or at least draped with red streamers. A wash-stand. Two blankets. A table. Four chairs. Two huge chunks of pork. . . . It was China answering the struggle for preservation the only way she knew how. Not by inventions to lighten her labours. Not by science to prolong lives. Not by a hundred and one other devices the Western world knew. No. But by throwing new life into the arena. Thousands,—yes, millions of new lives.

He remembered, too, when he had stood on the threshold of the future. . . . Wonder what she was doing now? . . . His Dad had suggested a medical course. Then there was Ali. . . . Why did people corrupt such a lovely name as Alicia to one that sounded as though it had come from some Hindu harem? He remembered the day he told her of his final decision and the pride and glory that thrilled through her soft-spoken, "Oh, Michael!" And the happy stroll home through the maples. But then, some memories were better left deep down in one's heart, safe and sacred. . . .

Somewhere the Angelus was calling. Somewhere? No, he knew he was close to home. Even his carrier stepped along with more eager stride. Rounding the bend they surprised the sun putting a few finishing touches of silver to the Cross-surmounted spire. The sight of it always eased his tiredness as if by magic. Cheery, laughing, "Hello, *Seng-Vu's*" greeted his entry into the little town. How worth while it all was. Labouring, suffering, praying—not much fun as he used to know it a long while ago. But deep-lying peace and contentment, and the knowledge that his work and Heaven's were one and the same. These were the things worth while indeed. He knew he would sleep peacefully that night.



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Boys and Girls:

No doubt by the time this reaches you all, school will be closed and your summer vacation will have started. Father Jim is certainly proud of you all, for everyone has prayed and worked hard for the Missions during the past school year, and may God reward you all by giving you the very best vacation you have ever had.

Although during the summer months you will not be able to aid the Missions as during the school term, one thing there is that can be kept up, and must be kept up—I mean, your prayers for our missionary priests and Sisters in far-off China. Do not let a day go by without saying your prayer for the Missions, and remember that while you are enjoying a lovely vacation in this peaceful and beautiful land of ours, the poor missionaries are suffering heat and hunger and the dangers of war. They do indeed need your prayers.

So, to each and all of you, Father Jim wishes a happy holiday—one you have richly deserved. Let us all come back next Fall to school determined to make the year 1942-1943 the best ever for the Missions. God bless you all.

* * *

THE MAIL BAG

The children of Grade VII, of St. Joseph's School, East Windsor, Ontario, have just sent us the sum of twenty-five dollars, with the wish that it be sent to Father Tom McQuaid in China. May God bless their kind thoughtfulness and generosity. This money will be sent to Father McQuaid as soon as possible.

* * *

Worthy of special mention indeed is the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Anthony's School, Toronto. They forwarded to the Seminary a Victory Bond for the grand sum of fifty dollars. To Sister St. Andrew and the pupils we wish to express our sin-

cerest gratitude. This large sum of money is the result of many sacrifices and may God reward you all.

* * *

We acknowledge with sincere thanks a donation of five dollars from the children of St. Peter's School, Toronto. Father Jim is real proud of you, hoys and girls. Many thanks.

* * *

Laurie Power writes for the girls and boys of Grades 5 and 6, Oxford Street School, Halifax, N.S. They sent Father Jim the sum of five dollars for the ransom of a baby girl (Chinese), to be named Constance Marie.

Many, many thanks, hoys and girls, and forgive Father Jim for being so late in answering your lovely letter. My mail is very heavy these days. Keep up your good work and your prayers.

* * *

Andrea Whyte, of Lancaster, Ontario, saves stamps for the Missions, and just recently sent Father Jim a great number. Thanks a lot, Andrea.

* * *

Austen Barrett (12 years old), of St. Peter's, Nova Scotia, sent Father Jim three thousand stamps and a donation of one dollar. That sure was a wonderful parcel of stamps you sent, Austen, and we are indeed grateful for them and for the donation.

* * *

Rev. Father Hymus showed some moving-pictures of China to the pupils of St. John's School at Gananoque, Ontario. The hoys and girls very kindly presented Father Hymus with a donation of four dollars for our missionary work. Thanks very much indeed, hoys and girls.

* * *

The pupils of Room 6, Holy Rosary School, Toronto, sent us a donation of

eight dollars for our work. They are frequent contributors to our missionary endeavours and we ask God to bless such fine young boys and girls, who are indeed missionary minded.

* * *

Some time ago, we received from the children of High Grade I, College Street School, Halifax, N.S., a donation of War Savings Stamps to the value of four dollars. Through some mishap, this donation was not acknowledged in CHINA, but we do so now and with sincere gratitude. Harold Burke sent Father Jim the letter and War Savings Stamps. Many thanks to all.

* * *

A very interesting letter reached Father Sharkey, the editor, and he passed it on to Father Jim. It is from the Sixth Grade of Christ the King School in far-away Atlanta, Georgia, down in the United States.

Through our little magazine, CHINA, the children heard of the desperate straits of our missionaries in China, and decided to send their little bit to help out. May God bless them for their generous donation, and their kind thoughtfulness. Well done, hoys and girls.

* * *

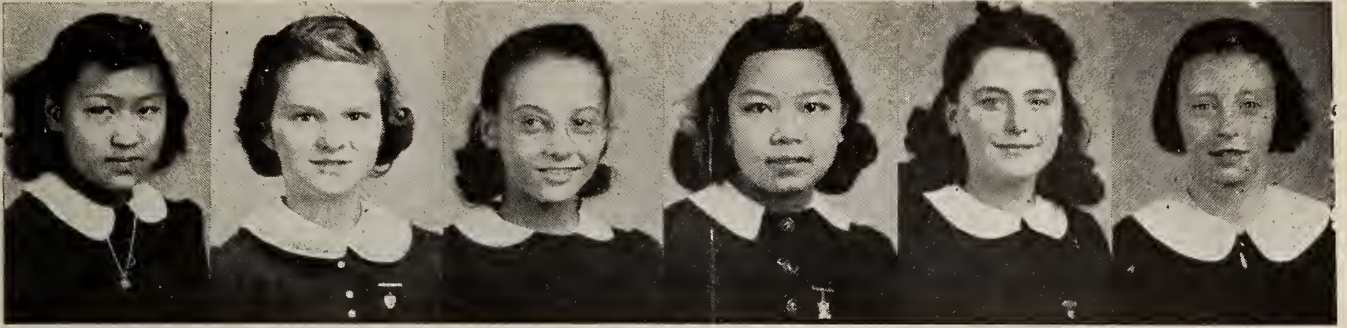
The pupils of St. Joseph's School, North Bay, Ont., sent us a donation of two dollars towards our missionary work and also another dollar to renew their subscription to two copies of CHINA.

Many thanks and Father Jim hopes that you enjoy the CHINA. Please send me along a picture so that I can put it in the magazine.

* * *

Little Joan McLoughlin is a real worker for the Missions. Just recently she sent Father Jim another dollar, collected in her Mite Box. Well done, Joan—I'm proud of you. Many thanks, too, for going to Mass every morning during Lent for the Missions.

CHINA



LEFT TO RIGHT: *Mary Chin, Elizabeth Mayer, Mary Chomica, Nellie Chin, Marie Patenaude, Emily Nolan,*
St. Patrick's School, Montreal.

Father Jim had a lovely letter from the pupils of St. Thomas School, Sudbury, Ontario. They sent us a donation of three dollars, the money having been collected in their Mite Box. Through giving up candy, shows, etc., they were able to get the three dollars saved up, and although they said that it meant a lot of sacrifices, they knew the great work of the missionaries was worth it all. May God bless them.

* * *

Margaret Flannery, the secretary, writes for several of the girls in her room at St. Cecilia's School, Toronto, Ontario. They formed a Mission Club, and the fees for membership were to go to our work. Margaret sent a donation of one dollar, for which we are indeed very grateful to the girls. Thanks very much and God bless you.

* * *

Neldon Cooper, the secretary and treasurer, writes for the Senior Boys' Room of St. Joseph's School in St. John's, Newfoundland. The boys have obtained four more subscribers to our mission monthly, CHINA, and are also sending us a donation of four dollars.

Many thanks to Neldon and all the other boys. We are indeed very grateful for your fine work for the Missions.

* * *

Shirley O'Connell, secretary of Grade V, College Street School, Halifax, N.S., sent Father Jim one of the loveliest letters he has ever received and enclosed a cheque for twenty-eight dollars. This grand sum they wish added to the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse for the education of a missionary priest. Twenty-four dollars was raised by a sale of Begonia



TOP LEFT: *Harold Underwood, Halifax.*
CENTRE: *Bernadette Hughes, Charlottetown.*
TOP RIGHT: *Arthur Betts, Halifax.* BELOW:
Lionel MacDonald, St. Andrew's West, Ont.

slips and the remaining four dollars was from their "sacrifice pennies".

Father Jim sure is proud of Shirley and the others. This past year they have sent me ten War Savings Certificates. That sure is a grand record. Let's give them three cheers.

* * *

Anna Lawlor, secretary of the Mission Club of Form 2D, at St. Joseph's College School, Toronto, Ontario, has just sent Father Jim five dollars for the ransom of a Chinese boy to be named **Michael Francis**.

Many thanks indeed to the girls of Form 2D for the ransom and for the

We wish to thank the members of Kitchener's (Ont.) "Five Hundred Club" for donation of three dollars. This money is to be added to our "Chinese Baby Fund".

* * *

prayers offered for our missionaries during Lent. May God bless you all for your sacrifices for the Missions. Best wishes for a happy vacation.

Miss Elaine Hinds, the secretary, writes for the pupils of Sacred Heart School, Guelph, Ontario, thanking Father Michael Dwyer for his visit to their school and for showing them "talkies" on China. In appreciation for Father's visit, the school has sent us a donation of five dollars towards our missionary work.

We certainly appreciate the kind thoughtfulness and missionary spirit of Sacred Heart School, and ask God to reward their generosity.

* * *

New members of the Rose Garden are the following:

Dolorosa Colford, Valley Road, Carbonear, Newfoundland, 14 years old.
Catherine Murray, P.O. Box 129, Calgary, Alberta, 12 years old.
Leona Holland, St. Columban, Ontario, 14 years old.
Teresa Moore, Bay de Verde, Conception Bay, Newfoundland, 12 years old.

They all ask for pen-pals.

* * *

Lovely letters were received by Father Jim from: Shirley Atkins, Mount Stewart, P.E.I.; Joan Lahey, Trinity, Newfoundland; Vera Gardiner, 860 Valley Way, Niagara Falls, Ontario; Agnes Molloy, 43 Brookland St., Glace Bay, N.S.; Lilian McIntyre, New Victoria, Cape Breton, N.S.

FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION

Hamilton High School Sodality Union, May 13, 1942, attended by students of Cathedral High School, Loretto Academy and Notre Dame Academy, Watertown. All are enthusiastic mission crusaders.

Clergy, left to right: Rev. T. Gallagher, Rev. J. Noonan, Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrath (speaker at Communion breakfast); His Excellency Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D.; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cassidy, Rev. B. Harrigan, Rev. M. Dwyer, Rev. V. Priester, Rev. J. Matuire.



CHINA



SCARBORO BLUFFS
• ONTARIO •

SEPTEMBER
• 1942 •

REV. A. CHAFFE, S.F.M. Pastor

SISTER M. MARCELLA and MISS VIOLET WONG, Teachers



SEPTEMBER

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Editor

NO. 9

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Signposts

Vancouver Mission's Most "Public" Figure Dies:

The 'phone rang at half-past six Monday morning, June 6th, at the Chinese Mission in Vancouver. St. Paul's Hospital was calling to say that Margaret Kong was dead.

Her nurse had been into Margaret's room at six o'clock and found her sleeping. Fifteen minutes later she entered and discovered that life had fled from the wasted little body of Margaret Kong. Death had mercifully and quietly ended a hard ten-year struggle against a painful and paralyzing illness.

Rarely does the interest of a whole Community centre around a single individual as did the Chinese Catholic Community around the helpless invalid in St. Paul's Hospital. Family and friends, priests and Sisters of the Mission, all had regarded Margaret as a little martyr of suffering whose life was closely tied to the spiritual progress of Vancouver's Catholic Chinese Mission. Strangely, the sick young girl had never seen the Mission, had never attended its church or its school, and yet everybody connected with, or interested in, the Mission had come to regard her as its most "public" figure. Visitors heard of her and went to see her; the members of the parish Legion of Mary showered attention

on her; the school children prayed for her; the priests and Sisters of the Mission missed scarcely a day in calling on her.

Margaret's story has been oft-told. Her childhood stage career as an acrobatic performer; her sudden illness when she was ten years old; her patiently-borne pain as she changed from an agile supple-limbed performer to a state of crippled, helpless inaction; the loss of all save her mental faculties and speech in the last month of her life; and, shining through all, the virtue of her cheerfulness and her spirituality which attracted and even amazed all who knew her.

The eldest of eleven children, Margaret was baptized seven years ago. Her parents, her four brothers and six sisters are now all

Catholics, the only entire Catholic Chinese family in Vancouver.

The funeral Mass at the Chinese Mission was celebrated on Wednesday, June 8th, by the Very Rev. Roland Roberts, S.F.M., National Director of the Holy Childhood Association, and the closest personal friend of the Kong family. The Mission church was thronged with friends of the Mission who came to pay their last respects to the deceased.

May Margaret Kong, from her place before the Throne of God, bring the grace of conversion to many of her Chinese people. For long years will her memory be fragrant at her beloved Chinese Mission. From many friends who knew of her and loved her we ask a prayer for the eternal repose of her soul. *Requiescat in pace.*

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IN CHINA we had a sort of home-made remedy for the war of nerves. When the horror scenes as the result of repeated bombing raids were so bad that we began to go jittery and stay awake at nights, we found that we had to take our choice, stop reacting emotionally or go crazy. A hard saying, maybe. But to allow free rein to anguish and heartache was but to destroy one's usefulness to oneself or to anybody else.

* * *

The war of nerves is reaching out. Many people are being crushed by the feeling of the awful futility of this frenzy of destruction. True, in Canada we have as yet suffered little or nothing. You can still go to bed at night without fear of death from the skies. Food is still plentiful and little things like rations on gasoline and tea and coffee are but pinpricks compared to the sufferings of people the world over. But folks are apprehensive as to what may be in store for humanity before this awful madness has fully run its course.

* * *

We could use an antidote to this war of nerves. We could do with a word from somebody to the effect that there was something worth while that an individual might yet do. We should welcome an assurance that individuals were something more than fragments of flotsam borne relentlessly on the tide of disaster towards the inescapable whirlpool of universal chaos and despair.

Is there such a word, such a message, to reassure the mere individual that he still matters and that there is still something that he can do? There is. I have just found it in an illuminating book written by a young English girl, Miss Caryll Houselander. It is called "This War is the Passion". If you are depressed (as who isn't at times!) by that feeling of the sheer futility of it all, I strongly advise you to get hold of this volume and stay with it from cover to cover. You will lay it down feeling that you still matter, that there is still hope, that God is still in His Heaven and His loving Providence still will draw untold good out of the awful evil of this terrible war.

* * *

Now, more than ever, declares the author, it is incumbent upon the Christian to go "all out" for Christ. We cannot fight for Christianity or re-enthroned Christianity by abrogating its principles in time of duress. We cannot fill our souls with hatred, even for our enemies. "This war compels us to face problems which we are apt to shelve in times of peace. One such problem is loving our enemies. To become bitter, to want reprisals, to give way to hatred, is a temptation for many people. It is a temptation that is going to become greater day by day and hour by hour. . . . There is a growing number of people who think it right to hate and that, did we refuse to allow this evil thing to possess us, we could not continue

to fight. . . . Christ's teaching is unmistakable; not only is it forbidden to hate anyone, but we are commanded to love our enemies. As Christians . . . we have the task of keeping alive in this world the mind and heart of Christ."

* * *

"Christ was more than a connoisseur of all the loveliness of the world; on all of it He closed His eyes to die. The hands that He stretched out to the nails were strong, capable craftsman's hands; the body He offered was the body of a young man in the perfection of young maturity; the mind that was crowned with thorns was the mind of a philosopher and poet, an intellect that could never be equalled. It seemed, I suppose, a waste. The world so needed men like Christ. Even had He not been God He would have been among the few who can do so much. He could make men see life in a new way, He gave vision as well as sight, . . . He was such a psychologist, He understood what was in the heart of man."

* * *

The book literally sparkles with flashes of inspiration and a spiritual sanity that you do not always find in more pretentious ascetical tomes. It is basically the sanity of England, spiritualized, refined, tried as by fire in this bitter ordeal for survival, a spiritual sense of balance that has never been upset by the emotionalism of Jansenism or the pathological vagaries of the Manichaeans.

Who will deny that we lost something of that spiritual "balance" when the Church lost England! Spiritual emotionalism, with its hurrahs and huzzahs, may be all right in its place, but the Anglo Saxon mind always subscribes more cheerfully to the "*non in commotione Dominus*" sort of religion. It shuns emotional reaction as the average Englishman shuns heroics. Emotionalism it was, and distorted imagination, that bred and nurtured the aberrations of Jansenism and Manichaeism. Both are fundamentally so thoroughly unreasonable.

* * *

I ought to know. I have been mildly infected with both, in common with many descendants of the Sons of Erin. To this day, some of us—more sinned against than sinning—carry psychological scars from our early training that was rooted in a Frenchified spirituality and that peculiarly Irish combination of strong faith, mild superstition and an appreciable dash of Jansenism. Most of our spiritual reading matter to this day is of the French school of thought, Jansenistic in spots and a bit severe all round. And many of our traditional points of view have come from France via Maynooth, thanks to the Irish priests who fled across the Channel in the days of persecution.

* * *

I am not canonizing England. The Reformation may have kept her free from the dismal heritage of European heresy, but the cure was worse than the disease. It did something very terrible to the English people. It froze the genial current of England's soul. The loss of Catholicism meant good-bye to all joy in religion. For many Englishmen it meant good-bye to religion altogether. But it always strikes me as rather an indictment of orthodoxy that so many people who profess no religion whatsoever manage to retain a more reasonable concept of the mercy of God than do certain high-powered spiritual writers and even some of the good people who wear their knees out in church. I do admire the sanity of English spiritual writers, especially the converts. I do wish there were more of the mentality of Father Maturin and Ronald Knox and Bde Jarrett and the beloved Father Faber.

Miss Houselander is of the same school of spiritual thought applied to the immediate circumstances of the present world conflict. In her book no Jansenistic outlook, no cringing servitude, but the joyous loyalty of those whom God calls friends. "God wishes us to expand to His touch, to open to His light, to 'lift up our hearts', as we say at Mass; at night to fold all our thoughts and feelings like the petals of a flower and, absolutely trusting, sleep in His care."

* * *

The author is scathing in her references towards those whom she designates as *virtuosa* of the spiritual life, those apostles of an uneasy appeasement, in whose hearts there is no room for quiet, abiding trust and love; those hounds for inconsequential detail who spend their lives sniffing for trifling imperfections and, instead of expanding and entering into the lives of their fellow man, curl up in their own little spiritual *egos* like puppy dogs asleep in the sun. Of such she writes:

* * *

"Now it is impossible to imagine anyone in any human relationship enduring, let alone being pleased with, the things we do to please God. This thing can only be realized by imagining the very same things in a profound human relationship. Picture to yourself a husband and wife. The husband, out at work, has thought all day long of his wife, he has been longing to go home, to tell her of his love, to spend a long, delightful evening with her. He has brought a little gift for her to prove to her—if proof be needed—that wherever he is, his thoughts fly to her."

Let us pause briefly right here, if you doubt the Manichaean influence in some of our spirituality. Some readers will be likely to remark in all good faith and all sincerity that this is no way to talk in a spiritual book. All this mawkish prattle about love between a husband and wife. We must not talk about one of God's greatest gifts to men, or, at least, we must do so in such "discreet" fashion that it would seem we were glossing over something vile. If that is *your* reaction, *you, too*, are probably the victim of a mild dose of Manacheacoccus infection.

To continue: "He starts eagerly for home, expecting that she will

come to greet him, will light up with joy at his first words and will be ready to sit down and rest, while in his own way he tells her all he has been thinking and doing all day.

"He listens for her step coming to the door. She does not come. He calls her. There is no answer. What is wrong? He goes to find her sitting dejectedly in the corner scribbling. She does not look up at first, then, with averted eyes and hanging head, she advances and offers him a sheet of paper. He looks, reads. The greeting dies on his lips. In dismay he sees this:

"List of things I have done to-day which may offend you:

I spilt a drop of milk (value about half a cent);

I folded your shirts a little carelessly;

I allowed my mind to wander from the thought of you twice while preparing your dinner;

I allowed a shirt button to remain under the chest of draws and brought out another in place of it."

"And so on.

"My dear," says the poor man, 'are you feeling ill?'

"Wait!" she says, a gleam of melancholy joy in her eyes. 'I have another list.' She produces another paper and he reads:

"Pin-pricks provoked for you to-day;

Pricked my finger on purpose while darning your socks;

Refrained from turning on the wireless (radio to you):

Ate nauseating cheap lunch:

Allowed the baby to cry all day without stopping."

"A bleak chill wraps the husband's soul; he sits down silently. 'What is wrong?' he thinks. 'Have I proved such a brute that she actually thinks all this can please me? And my poor little child left crying, too? Perhaps she is ill.' He is going to question her tactfully when suddenly and more brightly she hands him another list. 'All the things I want you to give me.'

"The lovely evening is lost. He knows only one thing—he does not understand—they are miles and miles apart—they are both alone.

"Christ understands. He can even smile at these efforts to please

(Continued on page 14)

'STANDARDS'

by REV. F. O'GRADY, S.F.M.



ALMOST every American magazine of national importance, over three hundred of them, tried this year, on the issue published nearest to July 4th, to place "Old Glory" on its cover. Never before has the United States been so powerful or played such an important role in the destiny of mankind. The American flag is now being used as a symbol of unity and freedom protected by power.

The standard goes forward in China, Egypt, Bermuda, Alaska, the Aleutians, Hawaii and Australia. The brotherhood of mankind is being realized over the entire globe in a new way, and as Cain fought his brother Abel, so now mankind is divided into two camps to renew the same old fight.

At the dawn of history the issue was clear-cut. After thousands of years it has become clouded considerably. Most people on our side are firmly convinced that we are the descendants of the innocent Abel, and our opponents the natural progeny of Cain. Would that it were so simple. If it were, then we would be fighting a

crusade and nothing else. Those who can remember beyond yesterday's headline may recall that this present conflict began, not because of religion, though that problem was present then, but the first issue was political, with religion to be used as an additional motive if this would rally more people to the cause.

Il Duce was the first who attempted to use religion as an ally, but this move was promptly checked by the Pope, who referred to the distinction which must necessarily be drawn between a Catholic people fighting for faulty principles and another nation or nations fighting for Catholic principles. If a choice is forced upon us between Catholic people and Catholic principles, we really have no choice: principles must come first since, basically, a people claiming the Catholic standard must realize that the word STANDARD has two meanings:

- (1) It is a distinctive flag, the figure of a principle to which allegiance is required.
- (2) It is a level or degree of conduct required of its followers. The expression "Catholic in name only" explains the point.

When Poland was the victim, the figure of Christ crucified between two thieves came readily to mind and was used by many writers. The religious issue was played up and FREEDOM was almost identified with CHRISTIANITY. Later on the Allies witnessed the Nazi attempt on Russia and we were forced to fight *with* Russia against the common foe. Standards were discarded and replaced. After the shuffle our new ally was no longer Atheistic Communism but HOLY RUSSIA, a victim of aggression. The role of Simon of Cyrene was forced upon us. Poor Russia was on the road to Calvary. The

Allies were compelled to carry the cross, and just as Simon gradually came to like his role, the Allies, too, are cheerfully helping Holy Russia. We fight to maintain the Christian way of life and our greatest ally is an Atheist.

Plain John Doe is in a quandary. He is told that he is fighting for equal rights and equal opportunities. Equal to what? That is the question and what is the answer? We need a Solomon: Someone to explain the reason for the little man's share in this war.

A few years back it was quite the thing to explain that all wars were engineered by the wealthy. This solution is much too simple. In modern warfare they have too much to lose. Others stoutly maintained the theory that it was all a question of political aggrandizement. Still others spoke of human greed and ambition.

There were those who would tell you confidentially that all of the European royal families were inter-married for several centuries and were now insane—hence wars.

There is a process of thinking called logic in technical books and called simply "horse-sense" by the average man, and this process says all these explanations are the bunk. The issue is far from clear-cut. Religion alone cannot explain it. Poland and Italy are traditionally Catholic countries and opposed. England and Prussia are traditionally Protestant countries and opposed.

The real and complete answer is so involved that probably no single human mind is able to grasp it. Certainly not the ordinary citizen who doesn't even understand the meaning of a plebiscite. He needs a yardstick and there is none. Even the almighty dollar is changing a bit from inflation.

(Continued on page 11)

"The Mission Object"

By

REV. DESMOND E. STRINGER, S.F.M.

WE wish you could see the scene before us—a classroom full of little children all busy learning to write their first characters. The big majority of them is pagan; but being still in the simplicity and openness of childhood are blissfully unaware of the darkness they walk in. Looking at them and wondering about their future makes it easier to write what we want to. It concerns you and them—in fact it concerns all of us. But in this letter what we wish to do is acquaint you with some phases of mission work and indicate what study and reading you can pursue before coming out.

On the occasion of the Vatican Exhibit, our late Holy Father Pius XI gave an address on mission matters. In it we found the following quotation which served admirably to preface our remarks. "We live in a time," he said, "when more than ever it becomes clear that all the heroics and sacrifices inherent in missionary life are insufficient to insure the success of the Apostolate. If one is to produce the complete fruit of all these sacrifices and labourings, it is necessary that light of knowledge be brought to indicate the most direct ways and to suggest the most efficacious methods." This along with the following anecdote told of the same Holy Father makes it easier to understand why he has been named the "Pope of the Missions." There was a missionary describing to the Pontiff his mission labours, his hopes and plans. It seems he was concerned with a building programme and his financial status did not warrant it. "But," concluded the missionary, "I am going ahead and trusting to Divine Providence." The Holy Father whereupon queried, "Don't you think Divine Providence expects you to use your head?"

Let us try and see how we should treat with the people we are attempting to convert because on our understanding of these people, among whom we are to live and work, depends our usefulness to them. Once we grasp the full significance of this and act accordingly, we will find ourselves, among

other things, possessed of that caution needed in our first years here. This will guide us in developing a faculty for recognizing and valuing the many characteristics which have made for the greatness of the Chinese race.

In order to recognize and value these characteristics we must study the "Mission Object" which comprises anyone and everyone outside the Catholic Church. But as we are concerned with an immediate aim, our "Mission Object" is each and every pagan in the Prefecture, and likewise every baptized person until he becomes a regular member of the Church; for, as "Catholic Mission Theory" has it, "it is only when Christianity has become rooted in several successive generations, only when the convert—no longer as an isolated individual but as a social member—has become Christian in all his national characteristics, that he is gradually withdrawn from the narrow limits of the mission object proper and becomes a regular member of the Church."

Now let us direct our attention towards one or two characteristics of the "Mission Object" here, and suggest a few more reasons, as well as motives for increasing and sustaining our interest. There is much in the following quotations to ponder over because it touches on a very important point and emphasizes the necessity of avoiding anything approaching a "negative attitude" in regard to our mission object. "Racial peculiarities," writes the author, "add greatly to the difficulty of the missionary task and demand our serious study. It is not so much the Christian and pagan teachings that are in conflict, as the Christian rules of conduct and the deep-rooted, and to a certain degree religiously-consecrated popular customs. When these latter come into conflict, the very existence of the mission is at stake. Consequently, the missionary must, on the one hand, contend against and eliminate everything in the popular views and customs that springs from paganism proper and is directly opposed to Christianity, proceeding, of course, with the utmost circumspection

and tact, and with full consideration for all permissible popular practices, and on the other hand tolerating and, where possible, retaining in altered form all that is connected—especially inseparably connected—with the purely racial or national characteristics. This is merely a dictate of missionary prudence, but its neglect may wreck—as it frequently has wrecked—the entire work of missions. A law which is held in high esteem by all ethnologists declares that no attack may be made on the intimate nationality of a people and that no alteration of its constitutive elements may be attempted without grave damage. If, however, a metamorphosis be necessary the task must be approached with the greatest delicacy and respect." We would ask you to note again the most fruitful source of conflicts, the Christian rules of conduct on the one hand and the popular customs on the other.

No doubt much of this you know already *theoretically*. What we must do, however, is find out what *are* these popular customs which may come into conflict with Christian rules of conduct. A grave mistake would be made if we were to think their popular customs were entirely in conflict with the Ten Commandments. In the first chapter of Father Faber's "The Precious Blood" we can read: "The tribes, that inhabit the different lands of the earth, are distinguished by different characteristics. One nation differs so much from another, as to be often unable to judge of the moral character of the other's actions. What, for instance, would be pride in the inhabitant of one country would be patriotism in the inhabitant of another; or what would be falsehood in one country is only the characteristic way of putting things in another. It is not that the immutable principle of morality can be changed by national character or by climate; but that outward actions signify such different inward habits in various countries that a foreigner is no judge of them."

Popular customs are oftentimes so much part of a person that we might

(Continued on page 10)

Latest News From China

LISHUI A cable received at the Seminary August 15th, brings news of our priests and Sisters in the Prefecture of Lishui. The cabled message contains the following news:

All priests and Sisters are well and safe; they ask that this information be passed on to their relatives and friends. The mission-

aries AND THEIR REFUGEES are now at Lungchuan, a town some eighty miles from Lishui. The message also asked for an increase in the monthly allotment which we send to Chungking through Government sources. This financial aid is necessary to keep the missionaries, and their many refugees, alive. Won't you help?

PEIPING Letters from Peiping received here in August inform us that our priests in Peiping are all well. They are continuing their studies and are free to come and go through the city without any interference. Food is not scarce and the Swiss Consul is looking after them financially; we, in turn, reimburse the Consulate.

The map on the opposite page shows in some detail the provinces in which our missionaries are located as well as their relationship to places of news interest often mentioned these days in dispatches.

At present twenty-nine of our priests and nine Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception (Pembroke, Ontario), are in the Apostolic Prefecture of Lishui and Kinhwa. In this district the main cities are: LISHUI, KINHWA, SUNGYANG, LUNGCHUAN, TSINGTIEN and PIHU. All of these places are marked in this map. They are inland from the coastal city of Wenchow.

At the top of the map is the city of PEIPING (now called, by the Japanese, PEKING).

Father Charles Murphy, Sydney, Nova Scotia, is interned at Stanley Barracks, Hong Kong. As far as we know he is being well treated.

Monsignor John M. Fraser, founder of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, is still unheard from. The last news of his whereabouts was early in December, when he wrote to us from Manila. The lack of further news is no indication that he is not safe and well; many other Societies have missionaries in the occupied Philippines and they, too, cannot receive any news regarding their missionaries.

To our priests and Sisters in China we can send financial aid; may we beg your prayers for all missionaries, everywhere. The readers of CHINA will, we know, pray continually for the health and safety of Canada's great missionary, Monsignor Fraser.

Congratulations

RT. REV. H. P. MacPHERSON,
P.A., V.G.

*Observes Completion of Half
Century in Priesthood*

Rt. Rev. H. P. MacPherson, P.A., V.G., former President of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, celebrated solemn Mass of thanksgiving to mark the completion of fifty years in the holy priesthood.

Monsignor MacPherson, who is a native of Cloverville, Antigonish County, is now in his 75th year. Educated at St. Francis Xavier, he went to Laval and was ordained August 15, 1892. His course at Laval, leading to a doctorate, was brilliant, but the young priest was called home before his work was completed, because of the great scarcity of priests in the diocese. In later years Laval conferred on him the degree of D.D., while Dalhousie honoured him with the degree of D.C.L.

While still serving as head of the university Monsignor filled three important offices in civil affairs. In 1926 he was a member of the Duncan commission appointed to investigate the Nova Scotia coal industry; in 1930 he was again on a royal commission, this time inquiring into the standing of the fruit industry in Annapolis Valley; and in 1932 he was again on commission conducting an inquiry into the Nova Scotia coal industry.

St. Francis Xavier made marked progress during the 30 years in which Monsignor MacPherson occupied the presidential chair: Standards were raised, new courses put on, and a necessary building programme carried through, which added to the college plant the science hall, chapel, Mockler, library, rink and power house.

SCION OF SCOT NOBILITY
50 YEARS IN PRIESTHOOD

*Joyful and Grateful Rites at
Alexandria*

The "Grand Old Man of Glengarry", "Father Dan", as he is affectionately known, was fifty years a priest on July 10th. Gathered to thank God and to rejoice on the occasion were his Metropolitan Archbishop, Most Rev. M. J. O'Brien of Kingston; his Bishop, Most Rev. R. Brodeur of Alexandria; two Monsignori, Cline and McCann of Toronto, and two score clergy from Alexandria, Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal; numerous representatives of Sisterhoods and a numerous laity.

The Right Reverend Jubilarian sang Solemn High Mass in St. Finnan's Cathedral, that "hallowed spot of my youth and life", as he described it.

Indefatigable Champion

The sermon was given by Rev. A. L. Cameron, who beautifully brought forth from the text: "Is it a small thing unto, that the God of Israel hath spared you from all the people and joined you to himself that you should serve him in the service of the tabernacle and should stand before the congregation of the people, and should minister to him?" Numbers XVI, 9, the instrumental role of the priest in the life of grace of men.

Monsignor Macdonald was created a Domestic Prelate in 1923, and is related to Rt. Hon. Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston. Msgr. Macdonald was ordained in St. Finnan's Cathedral, Alexandria, July 10, 1892, by Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Alexandria.

Congratulations to our good friend from all the members of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.

CHINA

PEIPING

PEKING

Miles

100

200

300

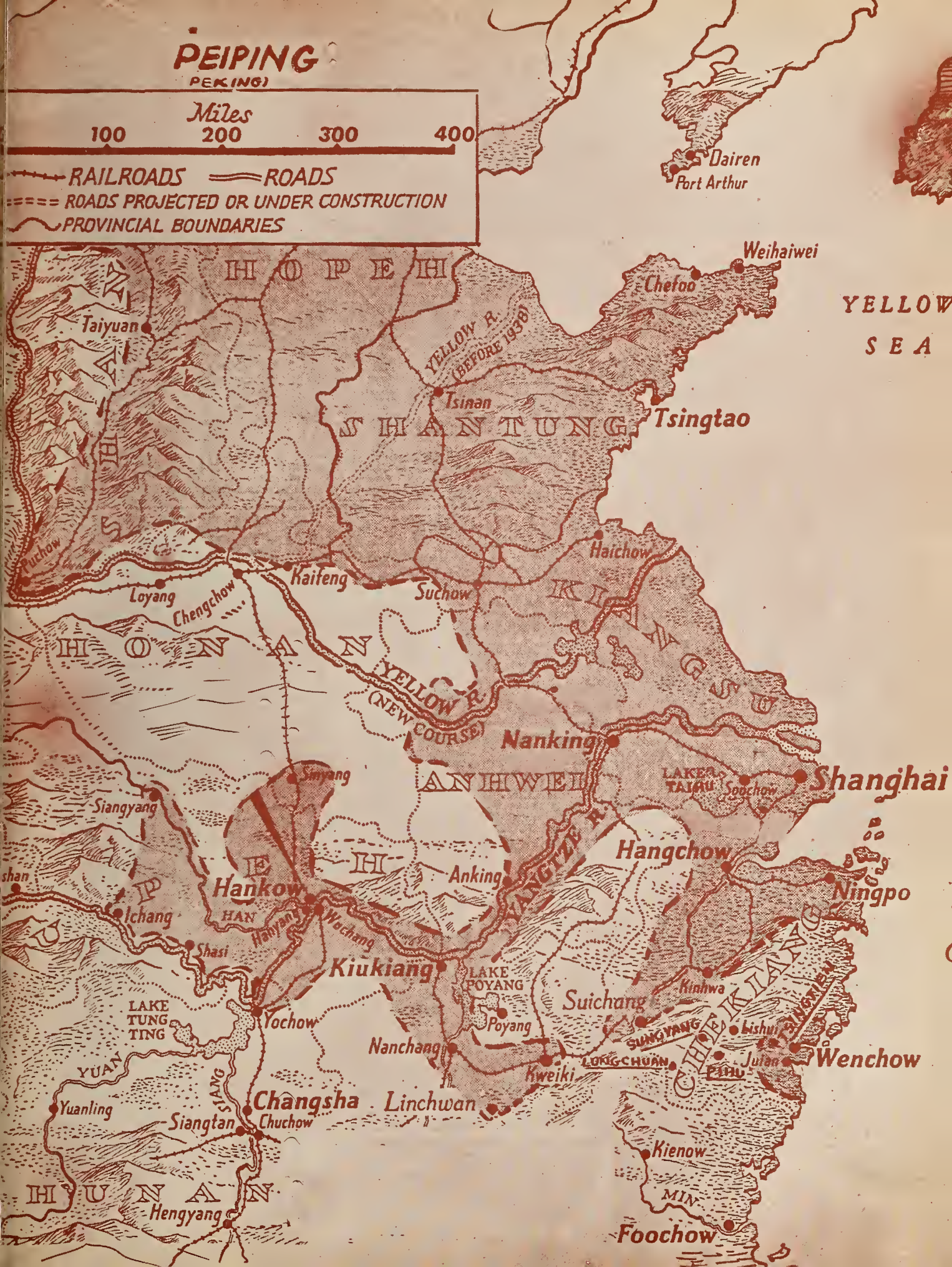
400

RAILROADS

ROADS

ROADS PROJECTED OR UNDER CONSTRUCTION

PROVINCIAL BOUNDARIES



"The Mission Object"

(Continued from page 7)

find it a difficult task to sit down and write them out. They draw our attention as little as the motion of the foot in walking. But if someone should attack them in any way, at first we would be puzzled—then angered.

In order to grasp something of the probable reactions which a Chinese might feel towards a missionary who ignored the popular customs dear to him we found this exercise helpful, but we can give you only a passing word about it. It is to imagine Canada a heathen country and ourselves a pagan, and there comes a Chinese missionary. By trying to imagine how we should want him to treat with us, we attempt to learn a little as to how we should treat with the Pagan Chinese here. If he received us with the etiquette native to us we should be ever so pleasantly surprised. If he were sympathetic we should feel drawn to him. If he were dignified and affable like our old school teacher, we should call him learned. If he could solve our little problems we should say he was competent. But if he laughed at our "barbarian" Canadian customs, if he ridiculed our household gods and said our religious practices were silly; if he continually used his country's great men to illustrate virtues such as courage, endurance, or love of country, thus showing he knew little or nothing of our Canadian heroes; if he hired and fired us and our friends because of his own inconsistencies which he called our stupidities—if, we say, it were any of these latter "clashes" we should most certainly avoid intercourse with such a representative of the Heavenly Lord Religion, and of course spread among our friends quite an erroneous picture of it through no fault of our own.

We can go on and develop this exercise ourselves and you will gradually get the feel of our mission object. Little by little the habit of always trying to better our understanding of it, will grow in you, and you will therefore the more easily win entry into the pagan heart.

Religiously the mission object—that is the pagan—you will meet with here is smothered in a maze of superstitious practices and magical beliefs. But, and this should be well noted, they are a spiritual people. They practice the pagan counterpart of "living in the presence of God" more habitually perhaps than many a traditional Catholic practices "living in the presence of God." In "Religions of Mankind" the author writes, "The instinctive attitude at the bottom of the Chinese mind, according to H. Hackman, is a timid and foreboding awareness of the marvellous forces at work beneath the surface of

men's lives and linking every detail and event with the vast unknown world which is their background. More almost than any other the heart of Chinese religion is mystery, the *Mysterium Tremendum*. There is therefore justification for the statement that, in spite of the fact they have no explicit belief in God, the Chinese see everything in a religious light. . . . It is true to say, I speak on the authority of the most eminent Sinologists, that not only do the Chinese base their ethics on religion, they regard the observance of the traditional code of behaviour, of social forms and propriety, as essentially religion . . . (which) as understood by the Chinese means piety in the Roman sense, order, a moral attitude, a sense of responsibility." Yes indeed, thousands of these people who are to be the object of our mission endeavor live "in the presence of God." They are conscious of a providence in their affairs, of power for good and ill. Here is one incident out of many we could write from personal observation which will help you understand that in these parts pagans possess many—points of contact—at which Christianity could be introduced when once you begin to see they are spiritual. Up in the mountains in one of the ubiquitous mud shacks lies a man who was injured by a water-buffalo. Many were the prayers offered by his friends in the temples of various gods. Finally ten of these friends came to a temple here and each one offered a year off his own life heseeking the god to grant the total of ten years to the sick man. The astonishing part is that the sick man is a Catholic and this act of fraternal charity was done by his pagan neighbours. The fact that they may have hoped to win him back to his old gods doesn't destroy the beauty of their sacrifice. Indeed then "the missionary must beware of the mistake which consists in condemning and opposing everything in paganism, seeing nothing but nonsense and wickedness, and overlooking completely the good and serviceable. Such conduct is a positive injustice to the opposing religions; none of them is so poor or degraded that it has not preserved many grains of gold or glimpses of light—at least some dim desires or yearnings which the *Logos Spermatikos* has placed as seeds in their souls and which it is the duty of His messenger to cultivate." (Italics mine.) Cardinal Newman wrote that "he who is not superstitious without the Gospel will not be religious with it." May we not take heart even from their superstitions and hope for a great harvest of souls?

This observation of Newman's contains a warning for us because there is a large section of Chinese—the scholars and the men of "Modern education" moving away from the gods towards materialism—atheistic materialism. The modern man of education, if he is not a Christian, has no longer a religion of

any kind. Herein lies a very real danger and obstacle to the spread of the Faith in China. Such a man makes a "religion" of politics. He is likely to be a Confucist of the school of Chu-Hsi, who is described as "having absolutely materialized Confucian doctrine, to have extinguished, even to the last glimmer, the light of hope after death and recompense for life on earth." (Dore) which doctrine has been described as a "paralysis of the spiritual life" of the country since the eleventh century, it not of the masses at least of the intellectuals. It is a paralysis which is spreading and which has received an impetus in the founding of the Chinese Republic. History has a way of repeating itself and there seems to me to be much analogically in the progress and conduct of Arianism which will aid one in appraising the situation in modern intellectual pagan China. China has always been regulated from the top down. So it is worth while attempting to ascertain what those presently at the top, and those who will rise there, think. Belloc writes of Arianism that it "became the nucleus or centre of many forces which would be of themselves indifferent to its doctrine. It became the rallying point for many strongly surviving conditions from the older world; traditions not religious but intellectual, social, moral, literary and all the rest of it. The Army of the time played a preponderating part in keeping that heresy in vogue. Confucianism of the Chu-Hsi school may well be the rallying point in China; in its modern form it has many doctrinal characteristics in common with National Socialism—worship of the state. At once the probable role of the army is apparent. As yet this sort of Confucian doctrine possesses sufficient metaphysic to spiritualize somewhat the sheerly materialistic, but how long it will last is problematical. It is just on this point that the evil genius of Hitler outshines that of his Russian prototype. A man will not, in fact cannot, swallow unadulterated materialism—at any rate not for long. Chu-Hsi's Confucianism is, as we saw, materialistic, believing in no deity, in no spiritual soul which exists after death. A disturbing fact is that to-day much of the education programme is in the hands of men of such mentality. The authors chosen to form China's youth are out and out materialists. Just here in this locality some fifteen hundred students are being taught ethics based on Wang Ch'ung, a first century writer who "denied the existence of the Sovereign on high, of Providence, of the survival of the human soul and of all rewards after death". Side by side with his teachings are those of the American Dewey of Teachers College, N.Y. Much has been written about the influence exerted on young China by Neopagan philosophers of the West. But it is necessary to understand why young

(Continued on page 14)

"STANDARDS"

(Continued from page 6)

As an ensign or emblem, the cross is being taken into some queer places.

It would seem that we need the opportunity to stop briefly and size up the situation. And if we can't all stop, then let's delegate our leaders to take time out and do a

little thinking. We are lost if we have twenty different goals; we are lost if we have twenty different ways of getting to each objective. We are lost if we allow ourselves to be outnumbered constantly and on the defensive always.

A little boy was drawing. His mother asked what it might be and

was told that it would be a picture of God.

"Why, nobody knows what God looks like," objected the parent. The child replied: "They'll know now".

I think that is our main problem: we know not what God looks like.

Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited by FATHER JIM

Dear Rose-Buds:

Now that the summer holidays are over and you are getting ready to begin another year of study it is time to renew all your promises and good intentions to live as little missionaries. Our little missionaries have a big job on their hands to-day; a job of prayer and sacrifice for our priests and Sisters in the Prefecture of Lishui, China. As you probably know the Japanese forces have invaded our territory in the Province of Chekiang since your summer holidays began. Your big "brothers" and "sisters" are right in the middle of all the trouble. You can well imagine how desperately they need your prayers and you know that every sacrifice made, out of love of God, will bring down upon them graces and blessings which will help them to bear their sorrows and sufferings very bravely.

Some of your own brothers are overseas fighting, or getting ready to fight, in this terrible war. You must also pray for them every day. But did you ever think of the many soldiers who are in the army who have no one to pray for them and who do not even pray for themselves? Well, how about starting a little army here, in the Rose Garden, to pray for the souls of soldiers in "all armies" so that their immortal souls may not be lost forever? Father Jim will be waiting to hear from the recruits of this new, little army of Rose-Buds who will be on their knees praying for the souls of soldiers.

God bless you!

Father Jim.

Cornwall, Ontario.

"Dear Father Jim:

I am sorry to tell you that this is my last letter to you and also my last money offering (\$3.00). By the time you receive my letter I shall be in the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Family at Collinsville near Sherbrooke. It has been my desire for a long time. I will pray

for all of China missions and missionaries, and you, too. I hope you have a little thought while celebrating Holy Mass for the Rose-bud who is becoming a nun.

Good-hye and thanks,

Beatrice Struthers."

Not only will I remember you in my Mass, Beatrice, but I'm now asking all the Buds to pray for you once in a while. God bless you and may many more Buds follow you to the life that gives all to God.

* * *

St. Joseph's College,
North Bay, Ont.

"We are enclosing six dollars and fifty cents in War Savings Stamps. May God continue to bless your great work, especially now in the time of such stress." (Sister St. Rita).

St. Peter's School,
Toronto, Ont.

"You will find enclosed a cheque for ten dollars from the children of St. Peter's School." (Sister M. Zita).

Many thanks to the Sisters and pupils of both St. Joseph's and St. Peter's.

* * *

Carhonnear, Nfld.

"I am enclosing a money order for eight dollars collected for CHINAS sold in March, April and May. . . . I have lots of helpers selling CHINAS." (Angela Hoskins).

Good work, Angela, your example may be followed by many other Buds.

* * *

Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Reverend Father:

In behalf of the "Air Force of Christ the King" of Grades Three and Four, it gives me great pleasure to forward another five dollars for the missions. This money is to be used wherever it is most needed.

This time we raised the money by little personal sacrifices which the members made. Instead of buying candy with

their allowance money the members would offer some of it for the missions. . . . May the Holy Spirit protect and guide you in the noble work you are doing.

Respectfully yours,

Nancy Le Cour (Secretary).

So the Air Force has done it again! We are all mighty proud of the squadron from Grades III and IV.

* * *

Trenton, Ont.

"Am sending a little donation of two dollars to help the poor China Fund. I am four years old and will try to save more pennies in my hank for the Chinese babies.

Your little China Mission Friend,
Danny Sullivan."

Thank you Danny and God bless you.

* * *

St. Stanislaus School,
Fort William, Ont.

"We are enclosing a four dollar War Saving Certificate to help the China Missions. Your interesting little magazine CHINA has told us how much your missionaries need our help. May God bless them.

Grade VIII "A" Missionaries,
St. Stanislaus School,
Fort William, Ont.

We are all proud of you and it makes us very happy to know that we have little missionaries like you in Canada.

* * *

Sacred Heart Convent,
London, Ont.

Dear Rev. Father:

. . . This small sum was raised by the children of St. Bernard's School, Windsor, Ont. . . . I know that you will see that this money will be sent where it will be used for the stated purpose, i.e., For War Relief Fund in China.

Sister M. Clare.

Many thanks, Sister, and continue your prayers for all our priests and Sisters.

Once again Father Jim has received a letter from Daniel Stamp, the secretary of Holy Cross School, St. John's, Newfoundland. What a grand surprise he had when he discovered a cheque for \$75 enclosed with the letter. This sum of money was saved up during the past term by the students at St. John's, real friends of Father Jim and among the very best workers for the Missions.

We thank Daniel and all the others for this grand contribution to our work and we pray God to especially bless such kind, zealous members of the Rose Garden. Thanks a million.

* * *

NEW BUDS

Faustina McMullen, 56 Mansfield St., Paschendale, C.B., N.S.

Gerald Colford, Carbonear, Nfld.

Magdalene Morrissey, Carbonear, Nfld. (Adelaide St.).

Noreen Doiron, Hunter River, R.R. No. 3, P.E.I.

(Noreen wants as pen pals: Anne Howard, Daniels Cove, Nfld. Dorothy calls for Jennie Woodford, Harbour Main, Nfld.).

Patrick Nicholas, P.O. Box 139, Bow Island, Alberta.

New Buds from St. Joseph's School, Cobden, Ontario, ask for pen pals. Their names and addresses are as follows: Michael Gaghan, Rita Yolkowskie, Evelyn Yolkowskie, John Visneskie, Evelyn McGuinty, Ann McGuinty, Maurice McGuinty, Donald McGuinty, Maureen Sammon, all of R.R. No. 4, Cobden, Ontario; and Ambrose Clarke, R.R. No. 5, Cobden, Ontario.

Father Jim welcomes all of you to the Rose Garden and hopes you have already received your certificates. Don't forget to keep all the rules and write often to the Garden and the Gardener.

* * *

In the Mail-Bag during the past couple of months we have had many letters from Sisters, Buds and Friends. It is impossible to print each and every letter in the pages assigned to the "Rose Garden" so I am going to make at least a reference to all those letters not mentioned in the Rose Garden already.

From Sister M. Philomena at St. Mary's Convent, Peterboro, comes a letter with thirty dollars raised through the mite boxes. . . . The Mission Crusaders of Holy Family School, Inverness, N.S., say: "We thought one way to be of service as young missionaries was to give our small fund to your missionary society." And so they sent along the sum of \$26.54. . . . Sister Rita Ursula, from St. Joseph's, Halifax, writes on behalf of six different grades and sends along the fruits of her young friends' labours, \$25.00. . . . Inquiries about the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse with a further donation of \$25.00, for that purpose, was received from Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, per Mother M. Davis. . . . "By collecting all the pennies at the close of school we managed \$25.00." This from St. Anne's, Glace Bay, N.S., from Sister M. Chrysostom. . . . "This is to aid your refugees in China (\$20.00)." That is the message from Holy Family School, Toronto; letter written on behalf of the Crusaders by

Joan Dimma, Secretary. . . . A letter from Claire Walsh, St. Patrick's H.S., Halifax, received with the two War Savings Certificates from the girls and the members of the Veteran Unit. . . . Letter and donation of \$7.00 from Grey Sisters and pupils of Room 7, Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont. "Enclosed is a cheque for \$16.06 payment for the twelve copies of CHINA sent us, also a donation of \$10.00 for your missionary work, from the pupils of Holy Name School, Toronto." . . . From St. Peter's (Private) School in London a nice letter and a gift of \$15.25. . . . St. Joseph's, Halifax (Grade Five Girls), a letter and offering of \$14.00. From the classes of the Misses Ellard and Cordone, respectively, the sum of \$10.00 towards the ransoming of two Chinese babies. And the same request and the same amount from the children of St. Peter's, Toronto, through Sister M. Zita. . . . Sister Mary Angela, who teaches in St. Basil's School, Toronto, sends along money to pay for CHINA and a nice balance, too, for our mission work (\$10.00) . . . "Here we are again with our sacrifice money. The amount is ten dollars, this time. Grade III Girls, St. Joseph's, Halifax. . . . From Miss Aurelia A. Tuffy, Toronto, comes a nice letter with a M.O. for ten dollars. This money has been donated by: Our Lady of Good Counsel Study Club and the pupils of Room 8, St. David's School. . . . "We hoped to have Father Stringer and Father Dwyer show us pictures of China and intended to give them this amount (\$8.50). Maybe next year we will be able to have them come. Sister M. Beatrice, St. John's School, Toronto." . . . A very thoughtful conclusion appears on Sister St. Willibrand's letter (Verdun, P.Q.): "Wishing you and your staff a very restful vacation." Enclosed was a mission donation for \$8.25. . . . Two more War Savings Certificates. This time from Holy Cross School, Glace Bay, N.S. "We pray daily for your missionaries and particularly for Father Fraser's safety." This and a donation of \$8.00 from St. Peter's School, Fort William, Ont. . . . Per Sister M. Justina, \$8.00 "for the missions" from pupils of Room 9, Corpus Christi School, Toronto. Grade Eight pupils of St. Joseph's School, North Sydney, N.S., sent us the sum of \$7.50. . . . A lovely letter and donation (\$7.00) from Grade Five Girls (per Constance Laphen) Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. . . . "Enclosed is an order for five dollars which our boys collected to help the Missions (Sister Mary Inez, St. Joseph's Convent, Hamilton, Ont.). "This five dollars represents our savings since Easter (\$5.00). Grades Five and Six, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S. . . . Letters and donations of five dollars each from the following: Grade Four Girls, St. Agnes' School, New Waterford, N.S.; Eileen Faulkner, Hamilton, Ont.; Pupils of Room Five, Holy Rosary School, Toronto; Maryvale Abbey Students, Glen Nevis, Ont.; Grey Sisters, Timmins, Ont.; "Willing Servers Branch" of Junior Red Cross, Room 9, Separate School, Timmins, Ont.; Room 8, Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont. (Miss Ann Sherlock); Girls of Grades Seven and Eight, St. Mary's School, Lindsay, Ont.; Miss Alma Green's pupils, Corpus Christi School, Toronto; Sister M. Rose, St. Joseph's

High School, Adelaide Street West, Toronto; Sister Maria Concepta and our "Little Friends", Grade Two, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S.; Pupils of Fifth A, St. Patrick's Academy, Montreal; Room 2 (Miss Fullerton), Holy Rosary School, Toronto, Ont.; from Grades III and IV, Notre Dame School, Sydney Mines, N.S., a War Saving Certificate; Grade XI, Mount St. Joseph, North Sydney, N.S., letter and \$4.00; Grade V, pupils St. Willibrand; pupils Room Eight, St. Rita's School, Toronto, greetings and donation of \$4.00; Grades I and II, Girls Holy Redeemer Convent, Sydney, N.S., \$3.50; Girls of Room Two, St. Joseph's H. S., Adelaide St. West, Toronto., \$3.50; Our "Little Friends" of Grade IV, St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, \$3.00; Form IIC, St. Joseph's Convent School, Toronto, \$3.00; pupils of Grades 8, 9, 10, St. Ignace School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., \$3.00; Commercial Dept., St. Patrick's H.S., Fort William, \$3.00; St. Anne's School, Room III, Brantford, Ont., \$2.70; pupils of St. Joseph's School, Port Arthur, Ont., \$2.50; Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont. (pupils of Grades VI and VII), \$2.00; children of room Seven, Holy Family School, Timmins, Ont.; Form IV B, St. Joseph's Convent School, Toronto, Ont., \$2.00; donation of \$2.00 from pupils of Grades 1 and 2, St. Joseph's School, Halifax, N.S.; from Joan Lahey and friends at school in Trinity, Newfoundland, a lovely letter and donation of \$2.00; Grades I and II children, St. Joseph's Orphanage, Halifax, send along, through Sister Rita Marie, \$1.30. Letters and contributions from the following have also been received to date: Grade I, St. Joseph Convent, Hamilton, Ont.; one dollar from Patrick Nicholas, Bow Island, Alberta, \$1.00; boys of St. Clare's School, Toronto; St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto (Sister M. St. Joseph); St. Paul's Girls' School, Toronto; 3rd Class, St. Dominic's School, Lindsay, Ont.; our friends of Fifth A, St. Patrick's (per Nellie Chin), Montreal; Anne Howard, Daniel's Cove, Nfld.; Imelda Kane, Morell, P.E.I. Letters from Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick, Carbonear (Nfld.), and Rolando Villeneuve, Moore Creek. Donations from McKeown children, New York; Winnie and John Wilson, Philadelphia, and little Jimmie McGuinness, Woodbury, N.J.

Just as we go to press letters come from Dolorosa Colford, Carbonear, Nfld. She and her brother Gerald saved the big sum of \$5.00 and sent it along for the Missions. Sister M. Helen's letter from St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay, Ont., just got here in time for the September issue. She sends a donation from IV, V and VI of St. Mary's School, Lindsay, Ont.

Sister Rita Ursula, Oxford School, Halifax, N.S., sends the grand donation of \$75.00. . . . The same amount (\$75.00) from Immaculate High School, Ottawa. This donation for the Grey Sisters in China. . . . The children of Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto, collected the sum of \$40.00 for "the poor people of China" because they read of their sad plight in a recent issue of CHINA. . . . Holy Cross School, St. John's, Nfld., sends, together with compliments, the sum of \$38.00. . . . Children of Grades V and VI, Room One, at St.



Bottom Row: Patrick Nicholas, Bow Island, Alta.; Grade IV, St. Lawrence's School, Hamilton, Ont. *Middle Row:* Grade X, C.C.S.M.C., Immaculate College, Ottawa; Winnifred Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa. *Top Row:* "Little Miss Nicholas", Bow Island, Alta.; Grade II, St. Joseph's Convent, Halifax, N.S.

Augustine's School, Hamilton, Ontario, raised the sum of \$2.00 by selling papers "for the children of China". . . . The pupils from Room Six at St. Vincent de Paul School, Toronto, say: "We are very sorry for the poor children of China and will pray that the priests will succeed in getting the \$2,000 a month." These

children send along a donation of \$2.00. . . . And from a little friend, named Leslie Higgins, comes a letter and a \$5.00 donation from the children in Corpus Christi School, Room I, Toronto.

What can Father Jim say to all these good friends of the Missions and the Missionaries. Well, my dear friends, I

assure you that you will all be remembered in our Masses and prayers. I know God will bless all of you who gave to His work that you might save souls who would come to know and love Him. May His blessing rest upon you, one and all, is the prayer of your friend,

FATHER JIM.

"The Mission Object"

(Continued from page 10)

China might seek out such philosophers. Might it not be the attempt of young China to rid itself of fears engendered by paganism? It is psychologically true to say that one's first reaction to fear is to deny its existence. Hence the Chinese student is far more apt to seize on any other who helps him deny it emphatically, especially when there is no one to help him reason it away, or aid him to see it in a proper perspective.

When the urge to emancipation stirs the heart of a Chinese he is almost certain to swing to an opposite extreme. But though he may shake off the pagan expressions of his spiritual being, he cannot rid himself immediately of the spirit and he turns to new gods—the State, humanity, and the like. If once these new gods win his allegiance the missionary's task will be so much the more difficult. Thousands of the students are approaching, we think, that time which Karrer says "comes at last . . . when man is released from the mass suggestion of his tribe and begins to think for himself. . . . To begin to think does not of itself make man better. At first it only makes him more critical, more hard-headed. But it has this good aspect, provided the baby is not emptied out with the bath, faith renounced with superstition and eternal truth with its corrupt presentation." If the fifteen hundred boys and girls accessible to our observation may be taken as a cross-section of the national student body then what is happening is faith being renounced with superstition. If this means that "many grains of gold or glimpses of light" are thrown away or extinguished, what a tragedy—and what a terribly arid soil future missionaries must attempt to cultivate. Perhaps it will take the blood of countless martyrs to soften it again.

Deep thought and untiring intelligent effort must be brought to bear on the student problem. From their ranks will rise the future rulers, philosophers, writers—in a word, the intelligentsia of China. More than ever missionaries will have to be philosophers first and theologians after, because only philosophy can harness the imagination which has run riot in superstitious excesses. With the national pulse quickening; with the

dawning of China's potentialities on the horizon of young China; in the fever of activity engendered by the present fight for existence as a nation—at such times it is difficult indeed to interest them in matters of the future life directly. Catholic sociology must help prepare the ground for Faith. If China becomes antagonistic toward the Church the blame must rest in no small measure on her missionaries. There are thousands of eager cheerful boys and girls striking out to a new world with a courage that is thrilling. They form a most important part of your mission object. If they and the culture they will found can be "baptized into the Catholic Faith" there seems no reason to doubt they can and will lead their fellow-countrymen to God.

From what we have written you will agree that it is justice China needs from her missionaries, and by justice we mean understanding. St. Augustine said "the entire life of the human race from the beginning to the end is as the life of a single man". So nations or peoples require understanding as do the individuals. This understanding is based in justice, the justice wherewith St. Joseph was just; the justice which the Little Flower confidently expected from God who could and would, in His appreciation of her, value the least good as well as the least sin. Such understanding is something far more than sheer or mere knowledge. It is the mark of a fool to condemn what he does not understand; the temptation to do so is often strong, but its force diminishes as a just appreciation—that is understanding—of the problem grows.

You may be wondering why we stress a point which must be obvious to everyone. But is it so obvious? Is it so obvious that there is a very real danger that we can't see it at all? Is it, again, so obvious that it fails to arrest attention sufficiently, thus causing us to act wrongly? It is neither our duty nor desire to judge the past; yet a wise man can always learn from it. So it may be useful to know that a Mission Congress held in 1932 found "that nothing has done more to prejudice the work of Christian missionaries than the impression they have too long produced that they did not recognize, even in non-Christian religions, 'souls that seek God by sacrifice and prayer' and 'despised the

loftiest spirituality to be found even among heathen peoples'." In other words, there was little sympathetic insight into and less understanding of, qualities hidden by pagan veneer. To avoid such a mistake requires that one be a life-long student of human nature. Every missionary "must therefore seriously ask himself whether he cannot find throughout the world in pagan religions points of contact with Christianity . . . instead of adopting a purely negative attitude towards paganism". (Remember that "Christianity is essentially the correction and completion of other religions".) Among the dangers arising from such an attitude the one we consider worst is sometimes gradual, sometimes sudden, transformation to a positive antipathy, productive of impatience, harshness, discouragement and the like. "Lead kindly light" is a plea, however inarticulate, in most pagan hearts, but the silence of God must reign in our own heart if we are to hear it; and the wisdom of His spirit in yours if you are to understand it. But, as we remarked in our last article, God expects you to use your own head. If through a lack of understanding you "break the bruised reed" and "extinguish the smoking flax", what a tragedy!

Let us make the start right and persevere to the end of our mortal life—thinking rightly that we may act rightly, learning continually of our "Mission Object" in all its aspects that we may grow in understanding, the secret of loving each and every soul struggling to find its God.

The Crow's Nest

(Continued from page 5)

Him, but the fact remains, if you treat Him like that, then in your soul 'The Son of Man has nowhere to lay His head'."

It is a thorough-going indictment of the spiritual introvert who goes through a daily routine of contortions to examine the nooks and crannies of his soul and ends up too spiritually weary and neurasthenic to relax in the arms of God.



READ'EM AND GRIN



One of the silly stories going the rounds is about the traveller in the middle of the Sahara desert who came upon a man in a bathing suit. Imagine the amazement of the traveller.

"Where on earth are you going?" demanded the traveller.

"Swimming," replied the one in the bathing suit.

"But," said the traveller, "you're a hundred miles from the sea."

"Yes," replied the other. "Wide beach, aint it?"

An Irish soldier in the Middle East received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, for heaven's sake, don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Bridget wrote to Pat in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do, as the soldiers had got the garden dug up, every bit of it.

Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

Doctor: "You should take a bath before you retire."

Patient: "But, doctor, I don't expect to retire for another twenty years."

"I get wonderful recipes over the radio," gushed the bride, who was entertaining her family for the first time. "I got one for Egyptian stew, and one for a never-fail stain-remover this morning."

"Which is this?" asked little Willie, tasting the stew with which he had just been served.

It has been suggested that every juke box have one blank record. Folks would gladly drop in a nickel to enjoy a few minutes of peace and quiet while dining at restaurants.

"Will you sail with me on the sea of matrimony?"

"Yes, after you've made a raft of money."

"I took the recipe for this cake out of the cook-book."

"You did perfectly right, dear. It never should have been put in."

"Mr. Chairman," said the speaker, "there are so many rude interruptions that I can hardly hear myself speaking."

"Don't worry," shouted one of the rude voices, "you're not missing anything."

The door of the cottage had needed repairing for many years, but the occupants were quite satisfied to ease it off the floor with a hatchet whenever it jammed.

There was a discreet knock at the door, and a head panned out of the window to see who had arrived. The owner of the head quickly withdrew, and in a voice that the entire village might have heard, yelled: "Quick! Its the new minister. Get the hatchet!"

"Janitor, you could cool our apartment nicely this summer if you would run ice-water through the radiators."

"Can't be done, madam."

"What did you have in them last winter?"

Streetcar Conductor: "Did you get home all right last night, sir?"

Passenger: "Of course, why do you ask?"

Conductor: "Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat last night you were the only two in the car."

A clergyman in a railway compartment had for company a group of workmen whose language was hardly of the kind that a reverend gentleman is supposed to hear. One of them must have realized this, for, turning to the clergyman, he said, "You must excuse us, guv'nor, but yer knows we're just plain speakin' blokes as always calls a spade a spade."

"Is that so?" said the clergyman. "I should have thought that would have been the last thing you would have called it."

Mrs. Noorich: "My dear, this afternoon I tried one of those lovely new-fangled mud packs. By the way, what do you think of mud as a beautifier?"

Mr. Noorich: "Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle!"

The form, full of type for the next day's paper, dropped to the floor with a heart-rending crash, and the compositor turned pale.

"Go," he muttered hoarsely, to a fellow workman, "for the sake of everything, go and tell the chief."

"Go yourself," the other replied, "you're better at breaking news than I am."

Mother was helping John with his arithmetic, and to impress it on his mind she said, "Now, John, take the Binks family next door. There's Mr. Binks and Mrs. Binks and the baby. How many is that?"

"Oh, that's easy. Two and one to carry."

The young man was outside the park waiting for the girl. Tiring, he leaned against the railings which he discovered were freshly painted. Farther down the road he saw the painter still busy. Going to him, he said indignantly: "Here, why don't you put 'Wet paint' on these railings?"

"Why, I be doin' that, hain't I?" queried the painter.

"You know, it certainly is wonderful how pictures have advanced in the last few years."

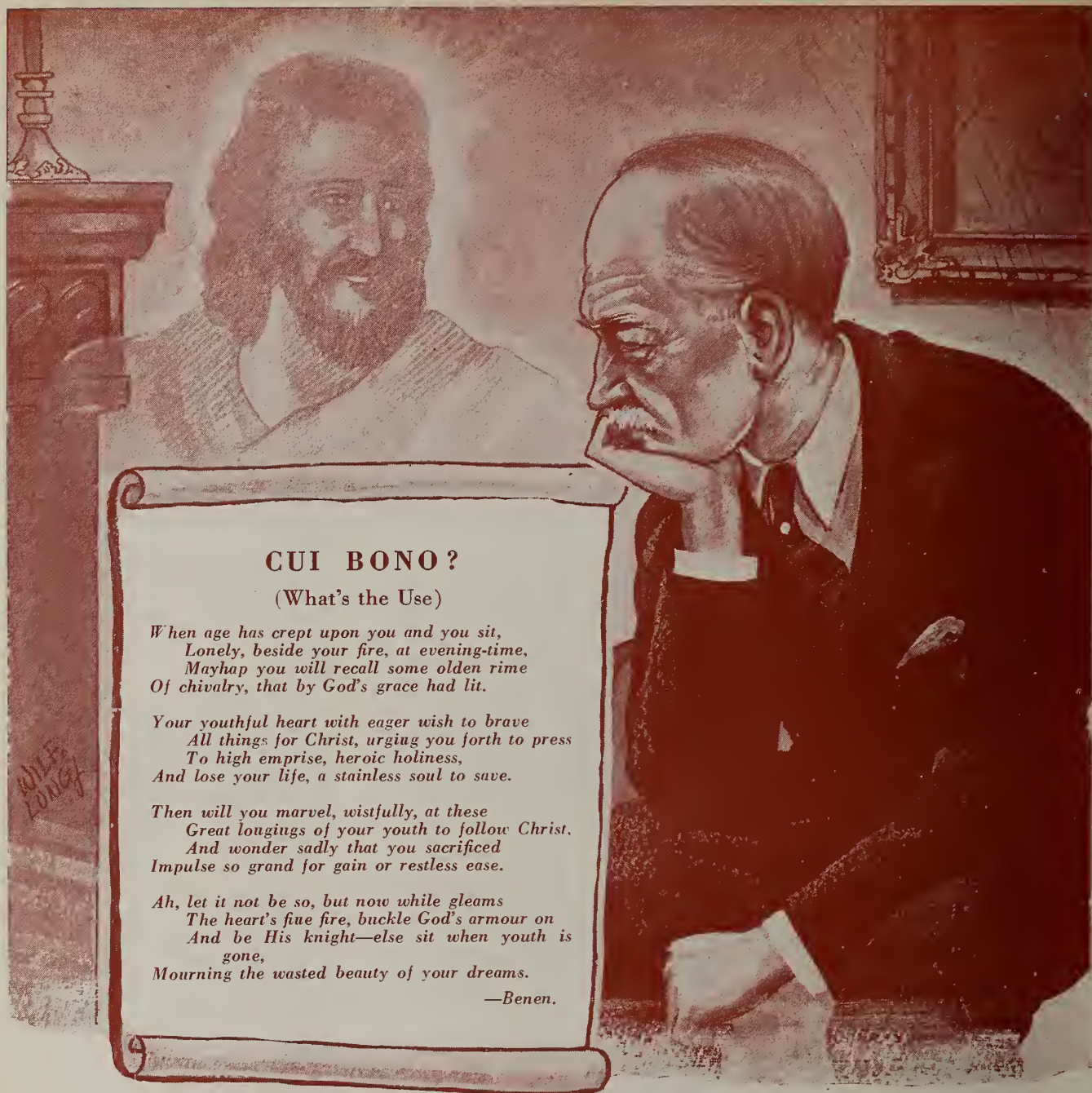
"How so?"

"Well, first, there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies, and now this one smells."

Boy: "Grandmother, can you help me with this problem?"

Grandmother: "I could, dear, but I don't think it would be right."

Boy: "Maybe it wouldn't, but take a crack at it, anyway."



CUI BONO?

(What's the Use)

*When age has crept upon you and you sit,
Lonely, beside your fire, at evening-time,
Mayhap you will recall some olden rime
Of chivalry, that by God's grace had lit.*

*Your youthful heart with eager wish to brave
All things for Christ, urging you forth to press
To high emprise, heroic holiness,
And lose your life, a stainless soul to save.*

*Then will you marvel, wistfully, at these
Great lougings of your youth to follow Christ,
And wonder sadly that you sacrificed
Impulse so grand for gain or restless ease.*

*Ah, let it not be so, but now while gleams
The heart's fine fire, buckle God's armour on
And be His knight—else sit when youth is
gone,
Mourning the wasted beauty of your dreams.*

—Benen.

Prospective Students for the Missionary Priesthood are
invited to write for information to

VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, Rector,
St. Francis Xavier Seminary,
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

CHINA

Scarboro Bluffs, Ont

OCTOBER 1942



The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

● *Activities:*

The Seminary educates young men for the Holy Priesthood to serve as Missionaries in China in the district allotted to its care by the Holy See.

Its Missionaries propagate the Catholic Faith in China by the establishment of Churches and Schools for the care and instruction of both Christian and Pagan Chinese.

The Missionaries train and support Teachers and Catechists who assist them in their labours.

When circumstances permit, the Missionaries establish dispensaries, medical missions, and other charitable institutions for the poor and suffering. Through these and other practical works of charity pagans are converted to the True Church.

The Missionaries are assisted in the Prefecture of Lishui by the Grey Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Pembroke, Ontario.

The Seminary operates and finances Missions for the Chinese in Canada at Vancouver, B.C., Victoria, B.C., and Toronto, Ontario.

● *Privileges of Benefactors:*

1. They share in all the Masses and prayers offered by our priests and students.

2. A Solemn Requiem Mass is offered each year for our deceased benefactors on the feast of All Souls.

3. Two novenas of Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament are offered yearly for the intentions of our benefactors.

4. Benefactors may apply all these privileges to their deceased friends.

● *Means of Support:*

For the upkeep of the Seminary at Scarboro Bluffs, and for the maintenance and development of its Missions in China, the Seminary depends solely on contributions given by interested friends.

To make contact with such friends, and to keep them in touch with the work of its Missionaries, the Seminary publishes a monthly magazine, "China."

The giving of Mass Intentions is a practical method of support for our Missionaries.

FOR ONE YEAR —
FIFTY CENTS

CHINA

TEN DOLLARS FOR
LIFE

● *Burses:*

1. A burse is an investment of \$5,000.

2. The interest educates students for the Priesthood indefinitely.

3. You can help build our burses by your contributions marked:

"FOR BURSE FUND"

In making, or revising, your Last Will, please remember the Seminary by inserting the following:

"I BEQUEATH TO SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER CHINA MISSION SEMINARY, SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO, THE SUM OF \$....."

"CHINA"

St. F. X. Seminary
Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... as a
subscription to "China" for years.

Name

New Address

Name

Old Address

(If you have changed your address, please give us the OLD address as well as the NEW one).

OCTOBER

CHINA

1942

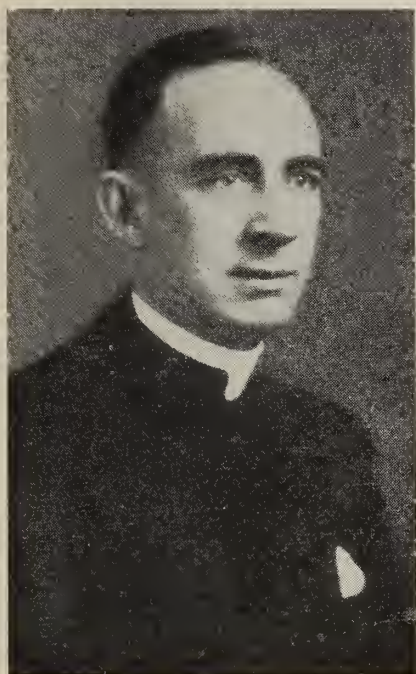
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VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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Signposts



Rev. J. J. Sammon

Father Sammon Celebrates Silver Jubilee of Priesthood:

CHINA is happy to chronicle the Silver Jubilee of the ordination to the Holy Priesthood of Rev. John J. Sammon, parish priest of North Onslow, Quebec.

Father Sammon joined China Mission College shortly after its opening in Almonte and he was the first missionary of our then infant society to go to China, leaving Vancouver on October 26, 1920, and proceeding to the province of Kwei-Chow.

After heroically labouring for some years in far-off China, Father Sammon's health broke down and

he had to return to Canada. Advised by his doctor that life in China was not for him, Father Sammon took up parish work in Canada, always remaining in close touch with our missionary work and assisting us in every way possible.

May God bless him on this happy occasion and grant him many more years of priestly labour. The Scarboro Foreign Mission Society through CHINA offers sincerest congratulations to dear Father Sammon and assures him of our deep affection and prayers. AD MULTOS ANNOS.

Congratulations:

CHINA wishes to express its sincerest congratulations to Miss Nina Cheng on a recent very

happy occasion. Miss Cheng is the Secretary at the National Office of the Holy Childhood Association, in Vancouver, B.C.

Seminary Reopens:

St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary reopened on the fourteenth of September, with thirty students. This number is less than in former years, but is a result of the war. Practically every province in the Dominion is represented among our students and several of the boys are from Newfoundland. After a three-day retreat, they will begin their philosophical and theological studies. We ask your prayers for their success during the coming year and assure you that you in turn will be remembered in their daily prayers and devotions.

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Patroness of the Foreign Missions

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Editorials

SAVE FOR VICTORY

IN these days of total war, we can no longer afford to purchase luxuries and non-essentials; we can no longer afford to indulge in the senseless waste that characterized the peaceful, prosperous days of the late nineteen-twenties. We cannot have peace without a price. The price of lasting peace, the price that everyone must pay, is sacrifice; the sacrifice of the many, little luxuries, that up until now, you and I thought so very necessary.

The Canadian citizens have been asked to buy only what they really need and to stop all unnecessary waste. Electricity must be used sparingly, household equipment must be repaired and made to last longer; non-essential use of fuel and transportation must be avoided. In these and a hundred other ways, Mr. Citizen can co-operate with his government and help by his own personal example to create a solid, sane, public opinion. Every time we save, every time we defeat our own selfish inclinations to spend, we are making a real contribution to Canada's war effort.

But we must do more than merely give a negative support to this country's fight for freedom and decency; we must give in the fullest measure in which we are able of our time, our labour and our money—for we are unworthy of Canada, if we do not invest in Canada's future. This war is as much our war as it is the war of our gallant airmen, our brave soldiers and our fearless sailors. They are the finest fighting force the world has ever known, and if they fail, it will only be because we in turn failed them. They must have the equipment so highly necessary in this mechanized warfare of nineteen hundred and forty-two. The shame will be our own if ever again it is said—"too little and too late".

Let us measure the little we have done, the very little we are asked to do, against the tremendous, heart-breaking sacrifices of our fighting men—the men of Hong Kong, the men who laid down their lives on the beaches of Dieppe. Let us save and give for victory.

A SECOND FRONT

THERE seems little doubt in the minds of everyone that a Second Front is of the utmost importance, and where and when it should be launched are the questions of the hour. I, too, firmly believe in the establishment of a Second Front and I know just where and when and how that Second Front should be started. The Second Front I propose is Prayer, and the place is every home and the time is every day.

We are embarking upon what we firmly believe is a holy crusade, but in place of the crusader's cross, we have substituted a "V" for victory, a conceited idea that it is impossible for us to lose this war, a reliance solely upon material means that is pagan and foolhardy.

We are told that the people of England are not praying as they did during the last war and that fact is true also of our own country. We have not learned our salutary lesson from the "miracle of Dunkirk", and our unfortunate alliance with atheists has not tended to improve our Christian outlook.

We must muster our spiritual forces in a Second Front, if we hope to obtain from Almighty God a just and lasting peace for all peoples. And there could be no lovelier month in which to launch our Christian Second Front than during this holy season of October—the month of the Holy Rosary. Conscious of the justness of the cause for which we fight, we must pray unceasingly to God—our prayer, the Holy Rosary of Mary, the Queen of Peace.

Asked after the last war, the pertinent question—"who won the war?", Marshal Ferdinand Foch, the Generalissimo of all the Allied Armies, did not take the credit to himself or claim it for France. His answer was—"the prayers of the boys and girls throughout the world, won the war".

Only recently a Chaplain writing back from the war front appealed for "an army of children on their knees to keep an army of soldiers on their feet". Let us then open our Second Front here and now. With God's help we shall not fail.

WE CANNOT STUMBLE ON OUR KNEES.

CHINA

Our Own Father Charlie

By REV. D. STRINGER, S.F.M.

“**H**E is the most popular priest in Hong Kong. He had the opportunity of leaving there and returning to Canada. He chose to remain and care for the spiritual welfare of his charges in the concentration camp.”

This was the gist of a report we received of our own Father Charlie. It hadn't been so long since he had bidden fond farewell to his loved ones and friends in his beloved Canada. He arrived at the goal of his desires in the hills of Chekiang during the fall of 1938. Very soon he was busily engaged in mastering the intricacies of the Chinese language, at which he soon proved himself quite adept. His never-failing fund of good humour and his evident priestly qualities quickly endeared him to all Chinese of whatever station and rank in life.

Many humorous stories of his all-too-short stay with us could be told; but perhaps the one concerning himself and Father Venadam in their first encounter with a nocturnal thief is the funniest. Very late one night when they were all sleeping on the verandah to escape the torrid heat they were both awakened by somebody whispering, “There is a thief in the compound!” Father Charlie and Father Art held a hurried, if sleepy, consultation. Then each started off in a different direction, armed with a stout club. As it happened, it was a false alarm, but when Father Charlie came silently around the corner it was almost the “end of the journey” for Father Venadam.

Because of Father Charlie's ability in the language and his winning ways with the Chinese it was decided to send him to the language school in Hong Kong, where he would study the Cantonese dialects, so as the better to prepare him for work among the Chinese of Western Canada. Those who knew Father Charlie best were not deceived by the nonchalant manner in which he left us. All of us had many happy times together exploring in the mountains, or having a quiet bite in the cool shades of evening at the foot of a water-fall. I saw him to the boat in Shanghai and at that time I am sure neither of us had the least intuition of what lay in store for him.

His letters from Hong Kong were always full of cheer. He was happy in his new surroundings, quickly making friends as only Father Charlie could. Then came that dismal day of



Rev. Father Charles Murphy, S.F.M.

Christmas, 1941. Father Charlie was about his Father's business, moving quietly and fearlessly amongst his frightened charges. No one knew exactly just what might happen. Rumours of all sorts spread from mouth to mouth. “Could they hold out?” . . . “What would happen to them should the Japanese conquer?” . . . A word of cheer here, a word of comfort there as Father Charlie, regardless of his own safety, continued until the end.

How many times death came close to him God alone knows. How many, mortally wounded, pillowed their heads in his arms as he sped their souls to God with a prayer on their lips, only the Recording Angel can tell us. It was Good Friday come on Christmas morn.

And so Father Charlie follows in his Master's footsteps. The latest word we had of him tells us that he is well and happy. Leave it to Father Charlie to say that! He is busily engaged in looking after his many charges and his Catholic charity embraces all creeds and colours. There is a tug at the hearts of us all when we think about this hero of God. In this day and age when so many of us seek the comforts and consolations of life we cannot but admire him (and admire is such an anaemic word); we cannot help but feel thrilled and encouraged by the sight of this young priest among an alien people quietly and courageously going about the simple duties that occur day by day in the life of a Missionary.

May God hasten the day when peace will come again and Father Charlie may once again walk the path of freedom. We ask all of you who read this to join with us that God may grant him strength and courage until that happy day.



THE Archipelago of Chusan may well be called the Thousand Islands of China. The water is not as clear as that of our lordly St. Lawrence and typhoons have swept the islands bare of trees, but there is a striking resemblance in many ways. Father Amyot and I, of the Canadian Mission in Lishui, once had occasion to pay a visit to Chusan.

Forty-two years ago a lady of the nobility in England gave up wealth and family and a life of social prestige and came to God's abandoned ones in China. Lady Berkeley she was then; Lady Berkeley she is still, but living in the obscurity of the little fishing village of Tinghai, and garbed in the simple robe of a Sister of Charity. With her is Sister Anne, of a wealthy English family, who was disowned by her people when she became a convert about twenty years ago. She has spent sixteen years in China. Her brother is also in China, working as a Protes-

tant Missionary. Occasionally brother and sister meet.

Pirates infest the countless islands of Chusan. I asked Sister Berkeley if she wasn't a bit anxious at times. "Oh, no," she replied, "the pirates don't bother us. They know that we often nurse their sick and wounded back to health and they are grateful." It seems that word has gone round through the whole pirate domain that the Sisters are not to be molested. It is the same in Wenchow, near our own district of Lishui. You recall the story of how one of the boatmen approached the bandit chief when three of the Grey Sisters from Pembroke were on their way up the river and offered to sell three foreign Sisters. The chief refused his offer with scorn and told him that the Sisters were to be left in peace. But to return to our story.

Some years ago, during a terrible epidemic, the chief of the pirates in the Chusan district was brought

to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Tinghai. He was a giant of a man, over six feet tall, broad and muscular. It was soon discovered that he could not live and Sister Anne broke the news to him. He accepted it stoically but with a tinge of regret that he would be obliged to give up his life as a bold buccaneer. "You know, Mo, Mo," (their name for the Sisters) "it is a great life. You always have enough to eat, even meat and vegetables as well as rice, and you don't have to work all day long in the rice paddies."

"But don't you know it is wrong to steal from people?" Sister Anne asked him. "You have been a very bad man all your life."

"Mo, Mo," he replied, "I never knew it was wrong. All my people were pirates for generations. My father often took me with him on his expeditions and taught me how to be successful. I never knew any other trade and nobody before ever told me I was doing wrong."

A glance at his muscular frame would convince you why none but the Sisters might even now take such a liberty. "And you know," he added, "I never allowed my men to harm the Sisters. You have been good to us. You always treated us kindly and when my men were let out of prison you gave them a meal and three Ko each to buy rice and cigarettes. You are strange people from a far-off country who come to help the people of China, and if we harmed you we would be bad indeed."

Daily he grew weaker and daily Sister Anne spoke to him of the love of God and of Christ Who died on the Cross to save all men. The crucifix impressed him tremendously. At the sight of it, this hardened old pirate was moved almost to tears. "I want to be baptized," he repeated many a time, "because you tell me that this God wants me. Mo, Mo, the people who killed Him were worse than us, weren't they?"

One could not but think of another Clovis. This pirate of Chusan might have rallied his men in defence of that gentle Saviour on the Cross. "You know," he continued, "the pagan gods are terrible. But this is beautiful. A God who died for me, a God who wants me. Nobody ever wanted me before."

As he grew weaker the Sister decided that Baptism should be no longer deferred. Truly, God's ways are wonderful. As the end drew near, this man, who was once the terror of the islands, became as gentle as a child. "Mo, Mo," he kept on repeating, "this is beautiful; this is beautiful. He died between two just such as I have always been; and He wants me, He wants me. . . ." He kept the crucifix with him to the end and as the soul of the good thief of Chusan went to meet its Maker, words were spoken once more as they were two thousands years ago, this time unheard by earthly ears. "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

"Mo, Mo, I want to be baptized."

How We Save

By REV. CRAIG STRANG, S.F.M.

IF anyone told us a few years ago that instead of buying 20 pounds of rice for a dollar, we would soon receive only eight ounces for that sum, it would have been considered fantastic. Chinese would ask us, for example, the price of a soutane, and when we told them about \$20, it was all that their politeness could do to manifest a feeble assent of credulity; and when some of the employees figured that we were referring to American money and multiplied it by three, their amazement knew no bounds. Yet if we were to have the garment made here in Chekiang now, with local material, which is inferior by far to the foreign cloth, it would cost us, at a very conservative estimate, \$300. We can only hazard a guess, because we just don't have them made now. And thereby hangs a tale and matter for a few interesting paragraphs describing some of the more common and ingenious ways of meeting such prohibitive prices.

Just at the time of the American depression, China was getting a bit used to "big money", though "small money" went hand in hand

with it for many years. In small money the unit was the copper, which was equivalent approximately to one-tenth of an American cent. The division of this copper, or "dong pan", into ten parts was just becoming history, and no longer did the country folk come into town with the long and heavy strings of these "cash" with the hole in the centre. And now, after the new cents, worth three "dong pan", had come into vogue for about five years, they were replaced by the one-, five-, ten- and fifty-cent bills—corresponding to the "shin-plasters" that we once used as currency at home. At the present date even these big amounts are hardly considered in an ordinary purchase; it is in dollars where before it was "dong pan", and in some cases tens of dollars, so what do we do?

Matches presented a problem from the very beginning. They are now *one dollar a package* when formerly we used to buy *two packages for one cent*. So in the country they are sparingly if ever used now. Many families have

(Continued on page 14)



Toronto Chinese Catholic Mission Snapshot Album

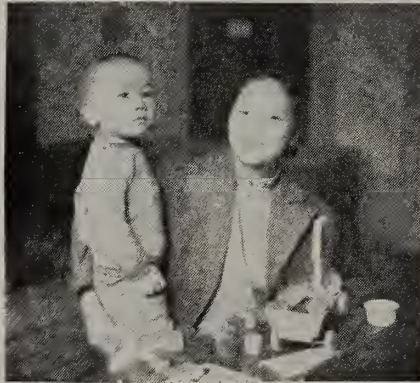
*Chinese children at shrine on
Seminary grounds.*



*Sister Mary Gertrude, teacher of
the kindergarten school, with
some pupils.*



*Father Moriarty makes friends
with two little Chinese tots.*



*A Chinese mother brings her
boy to school.*



*Scenes from a Dragon
Procession*



*in Toronto's China-
town.*



Pictures from Missioners at Peking

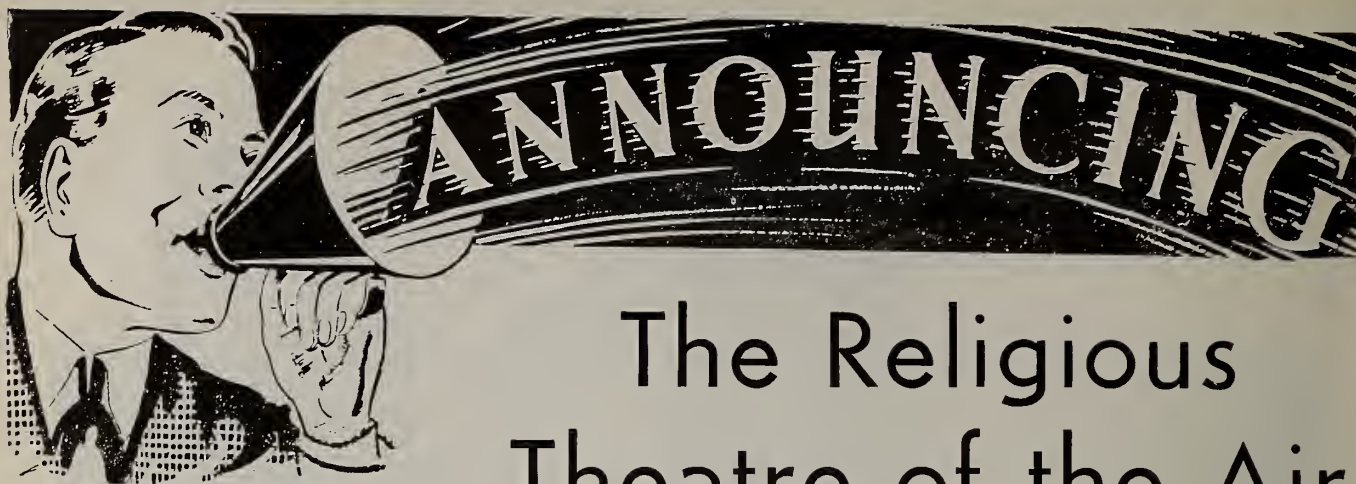


AT LEFT:
A garden of a
rich Chinese at
Peking.

BELOW:
Father J. Murphy
and Father Tom
McQuaid in the
grounds of the
Summer Palace.

BELOW:
Father F. Diem
and Father T.
McQuaid go for
a hike in the
Forbidden City.





The Religious Theatre of the Air

*A thrilling dramatization of the Lives of the Saints
presented by*

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

Beginning Sunday, October 11th, at 4.30 p.m. over station CHML, Hamilton, Ont., for one-half hour, and continuing for twelve Sundays over the same station at the same hour, this experimental broadcast will be offered to those within range of this station. We hope to have it carried over many stations as a regular feature later on.

Hear the introductory Schubert's Ave Maria by St. Michael's Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Dr. Ronan. Transport yourself to the surroundings in which Saints fought and won the battle of life, as the living story is dramatized for you by top-ranking professional actors.

**Remember the Station...CHML, (900 on your dial) Hamilton, Ontario
And the time . . . 4.30 to 5.00 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 11th**

THE SCARBORO FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY
SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONTARIO

Father Bill's Diary

By REV. R. HYMUS, S.F.M.

THEY say China is on the other side of the world. I guess they are right for every time it rains, the bottom just seems to drop out of the Western Ocean upon us. But I will not exaggerate too much. So I must say merely—it had rained. The rice fields were filled, the crop must be planted as soon as the water-covered soil could be ploughed and loosened into a fine muck.

Farmer Wang rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, rolled off the “kong” (Chinese for our earlier-type beds sometimes called “the floor”), and yelled at Mrs. Wang to serve the morning rice.

Nestling in a valley the Wang farm had reason to be prosperous, but the gods had decreed otherwise. You see, the Wang family was composed of six girls, and Wang lost money on the marriage deals. Honourable Wang, thin of hair and gaunt of face, rolled up his pant legs, and prepared to stir the muddy waters with an ancient wooden plough. Nephew Wang was just appearing along the village road driving a water buffalo, which Uncle Wang had rented for the day's work. It would take ten long hours to plough up the mud—Uncle Wang forgot his national composure to urge the undernourished, lowly nephew to make haste quickly.

The great beast swayed from side to side on his widespread hoofs, but clumped along the trail somewhat more quickly when he spied the inviting field of muddy water. The great dull brain of this beast visualized an earthly paradise. He did not notice Farmer Wang's undue haste at putting a rope around his humped back, and then to the plough. He did not even feel the bite of the whip on his dirty coarse hide. He could

only dream of himself lying half-covered in muck and water, so that his body would be half submerged, with his large flat head atop a muddy knoll, proving the wisdom of Mother Nature to form a beast so strangely.

“Ai Yah,” shouted Wang, “get along thou beast of ill will, we have work to do”—it would take a radio technician of note to imitate the slip, slop, slurp sound of four broad hoofs of a huge water buffalo, moving mechanically up and down through seven inches of water, and many more inches of mud protesting with the gurgling whistle, the vacuum formed by heavy hoofs. Down one side, up the other, back and forth, old Wang's thin legs cut through the water easily; the joy of the “good earth” responding to his touch, and already two hours' work done

without a hitch bade him forget his family troubles long enough to shout at nephew Wang to return home and gather twigs from the mountainside for fuel. Elder Wang was yet to feel another blow from the hall of the ten thousand devils.

The flies were beginning to find the weak spots in Brother Bufalo's armour; their dive-bombing weakened his morale. Besides this, that massive head had roughly shaken off a tenacious fly and, in doing so, had destroyed a pleasant oxen reverie. Most lowly buffalo still dreamed he was wallowing in the muddy pools—now came reality. He was indeed in the pools but he was working,—such foolishness!

Pretending to shake another fly, he glanced to the right, thus adding another layer to the mound of

(Continued on page 14)



“Ai Yah,” shouted Wang, “get along thou beast of ill will.”



Little Flower's Rose Garden

Edited
By Father Jim



Dear Rose-Buds:

Once again it is the beautiful month of October—the month of the Holy Rosary. Father Jim feels sure that you will say your beads often during this holy season for the safety of our missionary priests and Sisters in far-away, war-torn China. God knows, they do indeed need your constant prayers more than ever before. Ask our Blessed Lady, the Mother of missionaries, to watch over them and bring them safely through the terrible dangers that surround them. Ask her, too, to help them to carry on their great work for the salvation of souls.

Father Jim is sure, also, that with the start of the new school term, the members of the Rose Garden will be more active than ever in their missionary endeavours. When you make sacrifices in order to send us a donation to our missionary work, you are being missionaries in the real sense of the word, for only through the help that you send them can our priests and Sisters in China operate their schools and hospitals and thus win pagan souls for God. And now with war and famine sweeping our missionary district, the more you send to us to help our missionaries, may even save them from starvation, sickness, and death.

Please continue your great charity towards our Mission work. We will not forget you in our prayers and God and Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will bless you and reward you a hundredfold.

Sincerely yours,

Father Jim.

THE MAIL BAG

Imelda Kane of Morell, Prince Edward Island, sends Father Jim the cancelled postage stamps that she saves up, and we want to thank her for them and we promise her to pray for her grand-aunt, who is a prisoner-of-war at Hong Kong.

* * *

Leona Holland of St. Columban, Ontario, is a very faithful Bud and promises

us that she will not forget to pray for the Missions. Please do, dear, and may God bless you. I am sending you on your certificate right away, and am sorry you did not get it before this.

* * *

Father Jim received a lovely letter from Lizzie Reynolds of Carbonear, Newfoundland. She sent Father Jim over two hundred Newfoundland stamps.

Thanks very much, Lizzie. Will see that you are sent ten copies of the CHINA every month and hope you have good luck in selling them. You are a real missionary. Rest assured that we are not forgetting to pray for your dear Mother, who has been so seriously sick. I hope she is now well on the way to recovery.

* * *

Patrick Dray of Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, sent us four hundred cancelled stamps and a donation of one dollar.

Father Jim wishes to thank you very much, Pat, and asks you not to forget our missionaries in your prayers. God bless you.

* * *

We are indeed grateful to the pupils of St. Mary's School, Galt, Ontario, who sent us the grand donation of ten dollars. We are sure this large sum represents many sacrifices on the part of the boys and girls and may God reward their kindness. This money will be sent to our poor missionaries in China. Many thanks.

* * *

From Vera, Mary and Leo Fitzpatrick, Carbonear, Newfoundland, came a lovely letter for Father Jim and a donation of three dollars for our missions in China. May God bless the kind thoughtfulness of these three fine Buds of the Rose Garden. Not only do Vera, Mary and Leo save up their pennies for the Missions, but they also pray for our priests and Sisters every day.

Father Jim is real proud of the three of them and is happy to know that their aunt is getting better.

The pupils of grades nine and ten of St. Joseph's College, North Bay, Ontario, sent Father Jim a "Victory Loan" for the China Missions. They also sent us a spiritual bouquet.

Father Jim wants to thank them all for their kindness and tell them that he in turn will not forget them in his prayers. They are very faithful Buds indeed.

* * *

From Vera Gardiner, Father Jim's dear old scarecrow, came the grandest letter and I really had a wonderful laugh over it. Of course, every garden must have a scarecrow to keep the birds away, and we, too, have a scarecrow for the Rose Garden to keep the blues away.

The scarecrow sent her picture along, and Father Jim only wishes he could publish it, so that all the Buds could have a real good laugh.

More power to our jolly scarecrow and best wishes to her from Father Jim, who promises to answer her letter as soon as he can.

* * *

The girls of the Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pemhroke, Ontario, sent in the renewal of their class subscription to the CHINA. Father Jim was delighted to receive the letter of their president, Miss Leona Brennan and I am delighted to know that the girls all enjoy our little magazine.

Father Jim promises to put a picture of Grade IX in the present number of CHINA or in the November issue. The girls sent me a lovely picture of their class, taken on the convent grounds.

Many, many thanks, girls, for the lovely letter, the renewal and your assurance of continued prayers for our missionaries in China. May God bless you all.

* * *

Well, good-bye for now, everybody. With the opening of the school term Father Jim expects a big Mail Bag.

CHINA



ENTHUSIASTIC
YOUNG
MISSIONARIES

—
*First
Communion Class,
Grade I Boys,
Oxford School,
Halifax.*



FAITHFUL BUDS
OF THE
ROSE GARDEN

—
*First
Communion Class,
Grade I Girls,
Oxford School,
Halifax.*

Father Bill's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

dirt caught in that corner of the lid—but yes! he had made five rounds of the field. “Humph, I should have a rest, and *my bowl of cheap rice wine*,” rumbled the beast; and Elder Wang sensed a slackening of pace. The flies still attacked from all sides. “Humph, I could escape them if I lie down,” thought he of the ungainly feet. Again Farmer Wang noticed a hesitancy. The mental years were slowly grinding in that armoured head—“Humph, why does not this strange master give me my *usual bowl of rice wine*?” muttered he, and Wang noted the lumbering ox eyeing the field as he bellowed to clear his snout. Kerplow! down sprawled the beast in as graceful a fashion as a water buffalo (unrefined as Elsie the Cow) can do. At last, the realization of a water-ox’s heaven; the cool water refreshed his flanks; the flies were foiled as they circled like planes in search of a submarine, then hastened to bother the legs and neck of Elder Wang. Wang was in the unenviable position of having to cope with a “sit-down” strike.

Have you ever seen a Chinese lose his oriental charm? Have you ever heard the language of an irate Easterner? Had we an “alert” here in Canada on that day you would have heard an unearthly din—that was Elder Wang!

Swish! went the whip again and again, but the great ox merely squinted his eyes, then calmly rolled over splashing Wang with a great shower of mud. Poor Wang’s frail arms were tired from raising the lash; his legs were tired and sore from kicking; his tongue and throat were tired from shouting—“thy great hulk is but the birthplace of a thousand devils”; “may thy soul inhabit the ten courts of hell forever more”—on and on went Wang.

Loa You, the local merchant, was passing by; he stopped to watch the proceedings. Ling To, the barber; Sung Che and others

had taken their bamboo carrying-baskets from their shoulders, and sat discussing the case of neighbour Wang.

“Most honourable Wang has incurred the wrath of the Evil One,” exclaimed Loa You. “Oh yes, most exalted merchant,” laughed Sung Che, “Wang of the spindle legs is foolish; he knows full well he must pay five cash to buy the Great One of the Split Hoofs a basin of cattle wine to make him rise and work again—but he is miserly. Is it not so, neighbour Chu?”

Chu, the pock-marked, nodded in assent and responded with a toothless grin—“He of the many useless daughters thinks to rent a beast and work him for nothing—yet in the end he pays more. Most lowly beast will not rise without his drink. Look, even now his great head sags in peaceful slumber.”

Swish went the unavailing whip; buzz went the flies, scoring direct hits on Wang’s legs—the shrieks of Farmer Wang still pierced the heavens. “He saves five cash and loses a day’s work,” thought I, bowing low to Loa You, and passing along to the rock path ascending the mountain towards Sung Yang, once more to turn to the cares and troubles, but sometimes amusing incidents, of missionary life.



How We Save

(Continued from page 7)

been known to keep their fires burning all the year round—smouldering embers from which a spill of paper can be made to glow, and then, with the “phttt” from the mouth the paper is lit. In many cases the old flint and steel are back.

Lamps and lights are much the same. Few are the houses or stores that burn kerosene; this used to cost a little over 50 cents a gallon, now it is near \$200, so reeds saturated in vegetable oil substitute for it. In the mountains they have

dried strips of bamboo, and it is no strange sight to see even very small children going about the house with these torches. Rarely do they cause a conflagration, and they cost the people nothing save the labour of cutting down the bamboo trees and drying them. No one sees flash-lights any more—they are replaced by lanterns. The Chinese were never noted for their “bright night life”, and even less so now when light comes so expensive. We ourselves consider that we are fortunate if we have the steadier flame of the wax or paraffin candle to finish our prayers by, in preference to the irregular jumping flame of the Chinese candles.

Many are the marriages that have been hastened since the war began. At first it was because of conscription of the boys, and dowries were much cheaper. Now the immense expense necessary at the espousals and the carrying of the bridal chair have forced the bride’s father to send his daughter to his son-in-law’s family long before the marriage date. He is thus sooner rid of the expense of rearing her, though the son-in-law does not have to contribute to her dowry, or in other words, it is cheaper that way to buy a wife. And there are more and more cases of selling the daughter in marriage before she has come to the use of reason. In this way, just a simple ceremony and a few extra vegetables would bring the marriage festivities within the reach of most.

Funerals are harder to prepare for. Quite a few are leaving the coffin in the home until better times; others are doing the same because they are not living in their native place, and as soon as the war is over they will take the coffin home. Of course, the funerals of old people are anticipated even before their death and all that is necessary is to call in the coffin-maker for a few days and have him nail together the pieces of timber which have been provided long in advance. But it is still hard to avoid the expense of feeding relatives and other mourners—there is too much face involved, and even the simplest meals now run to over two dollars a head.

READ'EM AND GRIN

Betty: "Did you hear about the fellow who stayed up all night figuring out where the sun went when it went down?"

Oliver: "No, what happened?"

Betty: "It finally dawned on him."

Judge: "Now, sir, please tell the court exactly what passed between you and your wife during the quarrel."

Defendant: "A flat-iron, rolling-pin, six plates and a teakettle."

"Hey," cried Satan to a new arrival, "you act as if you owned this place."

"I do," said the new arrival, "my wife gave it to me before I came."

"Have you noticed that most successful men are bald?"

"Naturally, they come out on top."

Friend: "I hear your wife had an accident with the car. Anything damaged?"

Husband: "Oh, no, just a little paint scratched off both."

Teacher: "Henry, can you tell me why Bunker Hill should be fought over?"

Henry: "No, teacher. Why?"

James: "I can, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, why, James?"

James: "Because it wasn't fought on the level."

Mr. Jones: "I'm a self-made man."

Mr. White: "How nice of you not to blame somebody else."

Puffing and blowing, the young man just managed to jump on the train as it left the station.

The middle-aged man in the corner eyed him with scorn.

"When I was your age, my lad," he said, "I could run half a mile, catch a train by the skin of my teeth, and yet be as fresh as a daisy."

"Yes," gasped the young fellow, "but I missed this one at the last station."

"Do you know what one little toe said to the other little toe?"

"What?"

"Don't look 'round, but I'm sure we are being followed by a couple of heels."

"Once, when I was in India," said the travel hore, "I found myself face to face with a man-eating tiger."

"Only last week in a restaurant," interrupted a mild little listener, "I found myself opposite a man eating trout."

"Now, can anyone tell me what the Indians called the principal man in their tribe?"

A score of hands shot up.

"Chief," replied the class with one voice.

"Did they have any name for his little daughter?"

There was silence. Then one small boy spoke—"Mischief."

"Congratulate me. I've been made manager of a doughnut factory."

"Manager of a doughnut factory?"

"Yes, the hole works."

Gohh: "Why do they call a ship like this 'she'?"

Nohh: "Because it costs so much to keep her in paint and powder."

Scared patient: "Oh, doctor, I'm afraid I'm going to die."

Doctor: "Nonsense, that's the last thing you'll do."

Traffic Officer: "Why did you drive by me after I blew my whistle?"

Motorist: "I'm deaf, officer."

Officer: "That may be true, but the judge will give you your hearing in the morning."

Old Lady: "What is your brother's name?"

Boy: "We call him Flannel."

Old Lady: "How peculiar! Why?"

Boy: "Because he shrinks from washing."

Father: "My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."

Friend: "Swell, a little peace for that piano is just what the neighbourhood wants."

Officer, to man walking up and down outside a house at 2 a.m.: "What are you doing here?"

Man: "I've lost my key, officer, and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

"Boy, this liniment makes my arm smart."

"That's fine. Rub some on your head, too."

"How old would you say she is?"

"Oh, somewhere in the early flirts."

Doctor (after administering treatment to patient): "How did you come to take that stuff? Didn't you read the sign on the bottle, which plainly said 'Poison'?"

Dumb Dan: "Sure, hut I didn't believe it."

Doctor: "Why not?"

Dumb Dan: "'Cause right underneath it said 'Lye'."

Host: "How do you like that cigar? Never use them myself, but I understand you can't get better."

Guest: "I may be a pessimist, but that's just how I feel at the moment."

Husband: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Wife: "You missed it before, that's why it's gone."

Waiter: "How did you find the steak, sir?"

Diner: "I just pushed aside my two peas and there it was."

The conceited young man was being even more boring than usual.

"It's a fact," he said with pride, "that people often take me for a member of the Guards."

His fair companion wasn't impressed. "Really?" she drawled. "Fire—shin—railway—mud—or black?"

Boxer: "I haven't nearly knocked him out yet, have I?"

Sarcastic Second: "No, hut keep on swinging your arms and the draft might give him a chill."

German Mother: "Remember, Fritz, when you're saying your prayers to say 'Thank God' and 'Thank Herr Hitler'."

Fritz: "What will I say, mother, when Hitler dies?"

Mother: "Oh, dear, you just say, 'Thank God'."

"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'Dog'. For example, the dog-rose and the dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look brightened up the face of a boy at the back of the class.

"Please, teacher," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "collie-flowers."

REMEMBERING OUR BENEFACTORS



Above is a picture of the beautiful shrine to Our Lady, Mother of Missioners and Queen of Peace, which is located on the grounds of the Seminary.



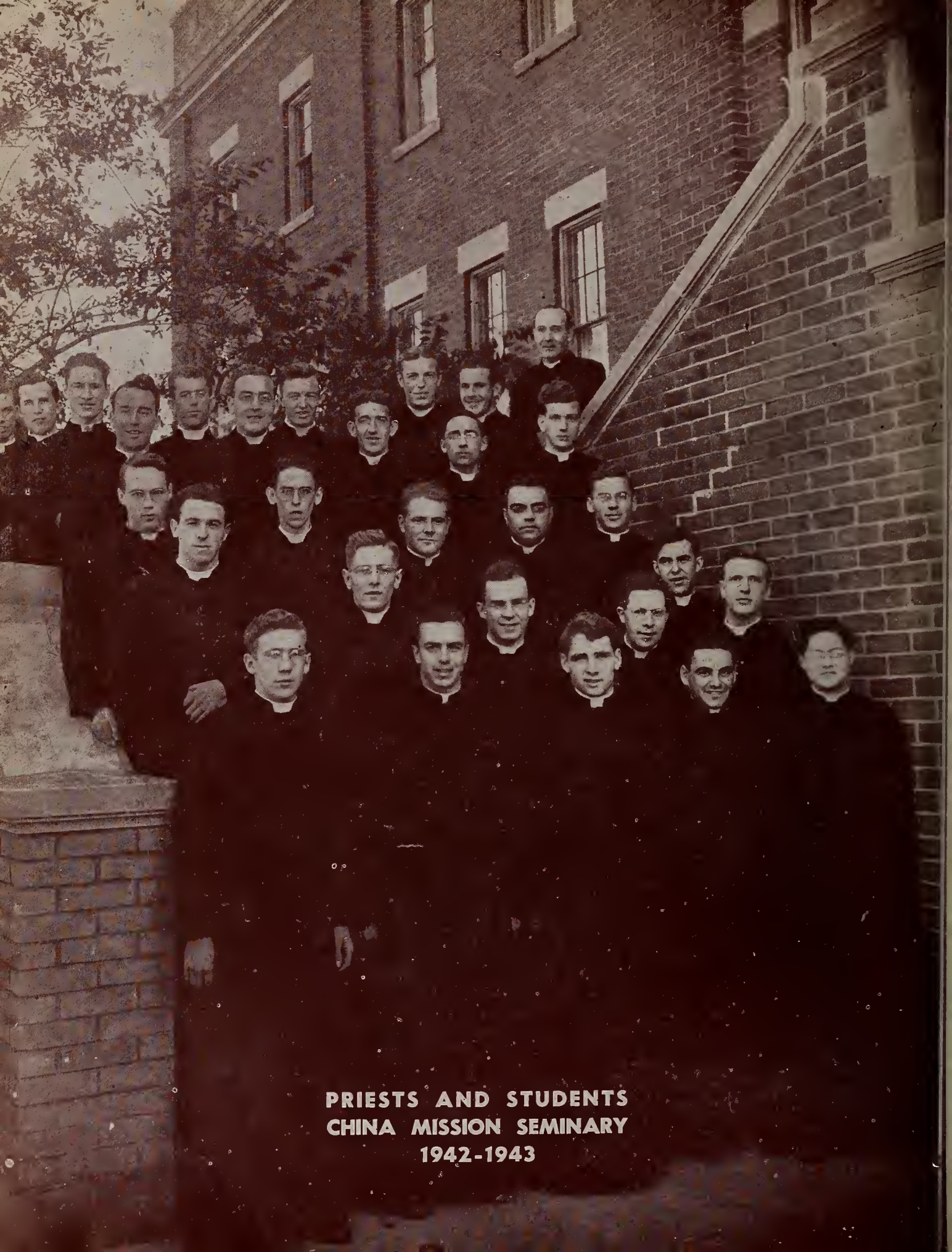
Here, at this beautiful grotto to the Blessed Virgin, you will be daily remembered in the prayers of the seminarians, especially during the month of October, the month of the Holy Rosary.



CHINA



SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT.
NOVEMBER 1942



**PRIESTS AND STUDENTS
CHINA MISSION SEMINARY
1942-1943**

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VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

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Signposts

Catholic Church Lauded by Famed "Flying Tigers":

Chunking, China, July 31.—Wishing to give their own testimony to the universality of the Catholic Church, non-Catholic members of the famed American volunteers—the celebrated Flying Tigers, called it the United Nations Church.

The air fighters whose volunteer service with the Chinese Army won them world-wide fame for their daring and ability were highly pleased with the warm and hospitable reception accorded them at the Catholic missions everywhere. The non-Catholic members of the group marvelled that priests from so many different countries taught the same doctrine, and this prompted them to show their admiration by coining the designation the United Nations Church.

The Religious Theatre of the Air

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1st:

Saints Gervasius and Protasius

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8th:

Saint Francis Caracciolo

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15th:

Blessed Louise De Marillac

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22nd:

Saint Jane Frances De Chantal

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29th:

Saint Alexander of Comana

The above is the November schedule of dramatizations of the Lives of the Saints to be produced over Station CHML, Hamilton,

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Ontario, each Sunday afternoon at 4.30.

It is the hope of the Fathers of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society that this programme will, in the near future, be heard throughout Canada. Any radio stations interested are invited to write us for particulars.

You, dear readers, can interest your local radio station by writing the management on this point.

THE RELIGIOUS THEATRE OF THE AIR MAKES GOD'S SAINTS LIVE AGAIN!

As a war-time economy, the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society will not send out any Christmas Greeting cards this year.


Vatican Helps Feed Hong Kong Captives:

London, June 1.—The Holy See is helping to feed British prisoners of war held by the Japanese in Hong Kong and Singapore, it was reported in the House of Commons by the foreign secretary, answering a question.

Anthony Eden said that as supplies by sea cannot arrive for some time, arrangements have been made through the good offices of the Vatican for the purchase by local missionary organizations of such supplies as can be obtained locally, and for their distribution to the camps.

The Month of the Holy Souls and the Missions

By REV. D. E. STRINGER, S.F.M.

NCE again November. Strange as it may seem even pagan China remembers its dead during this month. The graves are tidied, paper money weighted down with stones lest it be blown away. Sacrifices offered. Just where the souls are or in what state is all rather hazy. But they do exist.

While we pray for our dead, it is inevitable that some thought of our own coming end should enter our minds. The mercy of God is wonderfully shown in that there is a place of expiation called Purgatory, where stumbling mortals may become purified through its cleansing fires. But why suffer those flames when true Charity can burn away the dross in this life? The fire of Love; the fire of Purgatory; the fire of Hell. Each one of us has a choice. But on fire we must be.

We are told that charity covers a multitude of sins. Even a cup of cold water given in His name never goes without its reward. What then of the reward to him who helps save the soul of another? After himself, it is man's greatest gift to our triune God. The greatest barrier standing between man and the making of such an eternal gift is selfishness. I have no quarrel with those who might maintain that there is China enough at home, but I would like to give them this thought to ponder.

Where does a fundamental difference between paganism and Christianity lie? It is in this: The philosophy, (or religion) of paganism may supply good thoughts but the religion of Jesus Christ provides, in addition, the power of good *action*. And for that grace is necessary. And so, missionaries.

All of us are no doubt in very great earnest in the matter of helping the Holy Souls in Purgatory

especially during this their month. We pray for them. We have the holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them; we perform our acts of self-denial small or big according to our courage and love. But as I said above the greatest gift we can make is the gift of a soul. That is why, perhaps, our best work to help the Holy Souls during November is to assist God's missionaries in every way. Our loved ones in Purgatory realize that now with utmost clarity. What missionaries they would make were they allowed to return to this earth!

It is only wisdom to attempt to get as many good results as we can for a single effort. By working and praying to bring the countless pagans of the world to the feet of Jesus Christ we at the same time bring down the cooling draughts of His Mercy into Purgatory and liberate those souls who long for His infinitely loving embrace in Heaven. And during this month we all of us should be so very very thankful for that most consoling of doctrines, the Communion of Saints.

We too will be blessed of God. This is but a natural consequence of our Charity. Our own sojourning in that place of expiation will be curtailed if not avoided altogether. But it will cost us something even to the point of violence we must do ourselves. This on the word of Christ Himself.

During this month we can, and should, test our capacity for selfless love. Many of us may be heartened; many, perhaps, discouraged for the moment. But it is so much better to know just what we are. To think rightly will help us to act rightly. On this depends our ability to help the Holy Souls and our own eternal happiness.

DEATH COMES TO LI WANG CHING.

by RT. REV. W.C. McGRATH, S.F.M.



The Lishui Ming Pao.

Death Notices: *Li.* At his home near the Big Water Gate, *Li Wang Ching*, rickshaw coolie, aged 34 years. Cause of death, tuberculosis, aggravated by a state of prolonged malnutrition. Ill for the past winter and unable to work.

The Lishui Ming Pao.

Editorial Section: We beg ten thousand pardons for trespassing upon the valuable time of the revered readers of our miserable journal. But your great patience, so often and so sorely tried by our childish efforts of the past, will bear still a few more words, this time about the passing of *Li Wang Ching*.

The *Huang Ho* has appropriately been called China's sorrow. The coolie, the rickshaw coolie especially, has, with equal poetic realism, been called China's man of bitter strength. As the water buffalo pulls the plough through the muddy rice paddies or the blindfolded cow the stone in the grind-fold mill, so does this poor human

beast of burden pull his fellow man over city street and cobblestone path; and along uncounted hundreds of *li* over the new mountain highways. Almost anywhere on the road from here to *Sungyang* or *Tsingtien* you will find him, rain or shine, plodding his weary way, grinding his very life away between the shafts in his tireless efforts to keep body and soul together. *Coo—lie!* Bitter strength. Were ever words more true!

Our readers will remember *Li Wang Ching*, the one-time boatman and chair carrier. Truly prodigious were his feats of strength. With but one helper he would pull the sampan over rapids white with foam. In his sedan chair, with his former partner, *Eu Ding*, he has been known to carry guests as far as 100 *li* a day for seven days on end, stopping only at the *lian-dings* along the way for some rice and peanuts and a bowl of tea. That was before the days of motor roads, when thousands of white sails dotted the *Wu River* as far as human eye could see and sedan

chairs were ever and always to be seen, even snaking their way at times over the thousands of stone steps that cross the mountain range.

Those days are gone. Now the insatiable motor wagon has gobbled up the greater part of the one-time river traffic. The fast-travelling monsters that eat up a hundred *li* an hour have driven the chair carriers from the highways and the cobblestones. As long as eight years ago many of the boatmen ceased to earn their daily rice, and, we say it with sorrow, some of them took to the hills to join the bandit chief, *Chu Lung*, as their only alternative to starvation.

Not so *Li Wang Ching*. For two years he carried on as a boatman even when hope had ceased to be. Finally, yielding to the advice of the elders, he decided to abandon the calling of his fathers. In the year of the tiger, on the fifth day of the eighth moon, he sold his boat for barely enough to purchase one of the rickshaws that

had made their appearance in Lishui streets but a few years before. That was six years ago. Six years ago, almost to the day, that *Li Wang* signed his own death warrant. For hearken to the wise words of a famous foreign observer and traveller in China.

"The rickshaw coolie, one of the lowest paid and most long-suffering mortals on earth, is a doomed man from the moment he steps between the shafts. He hasn't a chance from the hour he begins to ply his dreary and deadly trade. The toil of a human beast of burden, coupled with habitually insufficient nourishment to sustain the tremendous physical stamina required for such sustained and exhausting effort will wear his life away as surely and as relentlessly as night follows the day. Now he toils and sweats as he pulls his passenger over the cobblestone streets; again he stands shivering—sometimes by the hour—in the winter wind as he waits for another fare. Small wonder that his 'bitter strength' is only too soon sapped by the deadly T.B. germ, the killer that takes the lives of ninety per cent. of the rickshaw men after an average working life of six short years."

There, worthy readers, you have the story of *Li Wang Ching*. Almost to the very day did his life and death make the words of the foreign writer ring true.

But we have more to say. Shameful as it is to try your patience further with our tiresome rambles, may we respectfully bring it to your attention that the story of *Li Wang* has not ended. Indeed, it may be just beginning. We know little about such things and a mere few days ago we should have said that he was gathered to his fathers and beyond that we would not have dared to pry into the unknown. But now we confess to an uneasy feeling, a disturbance of mind upon which we should like to bring to play the sane wisdom of our reader friends. It all began a few days ago, with a banquet at the Tien Chu T'ang, when the Canadian fathers from Scarboro Bluffs, who have come to our unworthy shores were entertaining the new mayor of Lishui. For reasons at which even the gods must laugh, they deigned to stoop so

low as to invite this disreputable scribe to cross their threshold and partake of their wonderful twenty-five bowl banquet, served in the most satisfying style. The wine was excellent and even the shark's fins, now so difficult to obtain, had been secured at great expense and inconvenience to provide a repast worthy of our illustrious Mayor. While many of the guests were engaged in the jocular finger-game, a few of us had the privilege of a friendly discussion with one of the mission fathers. What we propose to discuss now and what has since so disturbed our peace of mind is a remark made by the father during that conversation. In speaking of *Li Wang Ching*, the *Seng Fu* said first of all, and with absolute conviction, that there was a place where the devil had no power. At that we still wonder and our readers will share our astonishment. He also said—and this surely, revered readers, is fantastic in the extreme—that *Li Wang Ching* (as well as you and I and the rest of us) had been created by *Tien Chu*, Lord of Heaven and had a purpose in life just as special and just as specific as if there were in creation no other human being save *Wang Ching* himself alone. That man, he said, was unlike any other man who had drawn breath of life since creation's dawn. In all the millions of China there never could be another *Wang* or even another exactly like *Wang* because, as the priest expressed it, the Divine artist never repeats Himself in any of his words. *Li Wang Ching*, he went on to say, was created for a very definite purpose that reached unto eternity. *Li Wang Ching*, who dragged the boats over the rapids and carried men on his broad shoulders, this poor coolie whom most of the people in Lishui had known for years was actually created by the Lord of Heaven to know, love and serve Him here on earth and afterwards to see and enjoy Him in Heaven, a place where the devil had no more power any more forever. There you have it. That was what he said. The most astonishing sentence I have ever heard proceed from the lips of mortal man. The Mayor was listening, too, and we discussed it afterwards and I remember his remark that the

Seng Fu was over-simplifying the solution to the riddle of life. He said that it was a strange thing I had never heard such a thing in that great centre of learning in America, Columbia University where I had made my unworthy course, or that he had never heard about it in his college in China. Anyway, dear readers, there you have the source of my bewilderment.

Now, I, for one, could never imagine *Wang*, the rickshaw carrier, in the company of the great Creator for all eternity. What on earth would he be doing? On earth he wouldn't dare venture into the Mayor's Yamen, for fear of the guards with their mauser pistols; and how would he have the face to stand before the throne of the great God of Heaven? Why, poor, illiterate *Wang* had to use his finger print on the deeds to his land. He couldn't even write the characters of his own name. You will understand how it seemed to me so fantastic that the great Maker of the sun and moon and stars should ever have bothered at all about this obscure coolie, above all that the mind of the Lord of Heaven should have been preoccupied about him from all eternity, as the father says, and should have decreed that he would appear on earth in 1908 in Lishui, Chekiang. Let me tell you a few more things about his very ordinary early life and you will see what I mean.

Wang's father was a boatman. For thirty years he carried passengers and freight along the Wu river to Wenchow. In *Wang's* early years, like so many other Chinese boys, he had to hustle to help the family. About all he could do till he was nine years old was to gather grass and leaves for fuel and many a time I have seen him setting out with his sickle and ropes and carrying pole, or breaking the dead tree branches with his stone and string, or up in the trees in the autumn time, knocking off the dying leaves before they fell and were gathered up by other little mountain scavengers. For two years he was a cow boy, hired by a farmer in Tsingtien, who guaranteed his rice for his services, and he spent the whole day out in

(Continued on page 14)

MURDER IN A NUNNERY

by ERIC SHEPHERD

CHAPTER I

VERITY IS LATE, AND SO, IN ANOTHER SENSE, IS THE OLD BARONESS

TOWARDS the hour of Benediction on a bright, warm afternoon of May.

The bell announcing this ceremony already ringing out over garden and playing-fields summoning the girls of Harrington Convent School to their evening devotions.

Up every path and round every clump of bushes groups of them coming in their summer uniforms, some of them showing but little alacrity and being pounced on by Mother Peagle, a brisk, alert little nun whose job it is to round up stragglers and apply the spur.

"Now then, children, hurry, hurry. Hurry now, or you will be late. And you know what Reverend Mother thinks of loiterers!"

Her voice, though urgent, is not at all sharp; it is like the genial barking of a sheepdog.

Next minute, by an exercise of that disconcerting gift of hers, famous throughout Harrington, Mother Peagle is somewhere else,

quite a long way off, exhorting another group of slowcoaches.

Mother Peagle being safely out of hearing, Miss Verity Goodchild, a tall girl of fifteen, gives vent to her feelings among her friends.

"Oh dear," she laments, tossing her fair hair from side to side after a habit of hers much discouraged by authority, "oh dear, I am so bored! I feel like breaking out and doing something desperate! If something doesn't happen in this dead-alive hole before to-morrow morning I shall—I shall . . ."

Prudence Rockingham, a girl adorned from shoulder to hip with the Blue Ribbon of a prefect, interrupts with one of those soft answers studiously calculated not to turn away wrath.

"Something *will* happen, my dear, if you're late for Benediction. You remember the frightful blowing-up Reverend Mother gave us about punctuality in chapel? . . ."

"Would you deny the politeness of earthly kings to the King of kings?" m u r m u r s Philomene Watts, quoting apparently from

the spirited address in question. Philomene, Verity's closest friend, is a slight, pale, deceptively demure girl.

Verity utters a real Old Testament groan—another of her many discouraged accomplishments, — and allows herself to be pulled along faster, for already the organ can be heard tuning up for the Entrance Hymn under the plump hands of Mother Frederica.

Some minutes later, a numerous choir of young angels, all veiled in white, enters the chapel in procession and passes down the central aisle, praising the bridal altar of May with a hymn of heart-breaking sweetness.

In their stalls at the back kneel the nuns in their gracious weeds, presided over by Reverend Mother.

The voice of Mother Peagle can still be heard from without even above the singing—still admonishing. . .

Tap-tap, tap-tap-tap! All the girls know what *that* is, and some of the more graceless make faces and even put out tongues under discreet cover of their veils. The Junior School, seated forward, can

see what it is, even if they did not know. It is Harrington's lady-boarder, old Baroness Sliema, tapping a cautious way with her ebony cane to her special priedieu in the dusk of St. Joseph's chapel, followed by her dumpy, always breathless, little companion, Mrs. Moss. Both wear *mantillas* of black lace, the Baroness's a sumptuous heirloom of an affair suggesting the Catholic majesty of old Madrid. Tall, stout, and of ponderous weight though the Baroness is, she leans heavily and as if possessively on her distressed companion, and requires assistance to lower her bulk on to the crimson faldstool, where she plops down with fat shoulders heaving. Mrs. Moss, more breathless than ever, subsides faintly into the background.

The Junior School exchanges angry glances and suppresses a desire to hiss. But the knowledgeable among them (and this is the majority!) steal a glance at the young lay-teacher of languages, Miss Venetia Gozo, who has just entered the chapel of Our Lady and directed, as she genuflects, a look of sheer hate out of her luscious black eyes at the old Baroness and her proceedings.

Glances—and even nudges—are again exchanged. It is known in the school that Miss Gozo is the ward of the old Baroness, and this fact is charitably held to excuse the young woman's quick temper and tartness in class.

"Poor wretch!" is the general opinion of the school; and there are long and wordy disputes as to whether the obviously un-English Miss Gozo is pretty or not.

But now, sumptuously coped in shimmering white brocade, the priest has approached the altar, attended by a small seraph tossing a bowl of incense. The priest has opened the Tabernacle door amid the blazing candles, and profoundly genuflected. Mother Vannes from her sacristy has floodlit the gracious scene; and, as the Sacred Host is mounted in the monstrance, all voices are raised—from that of Reverend Mother herself down to the shrill pipe of Thistle McBinkie, the youngest child in the school—in

the hymn of loving and triumphant greeting—

O salutaris Hostia . . .

There is a slight rustling noise halfway down the aisle, and quick footsteps muted to the utmost!

Prudence Rockingham and Philomene Watts well know what it is, and make room beside them for a flushed and breathless Verity Goodehild as with ill-adjusted veil she wraps herself in belated prayer.

In spite of all Mother Peagle's efforts Verity has been unable to find that veil, has mislaid her prayer-book, and is late!

Although she has waited outside the door until that acceptable season when Reverend Mother is likely to be preoccupied with devotion, none the less she has felt that all-seeing eye boring into the small of her back; and she knows too well that, in spite of the kindly intercession of Mother Peagle, she will be sent for by Reverend Mother into her parlour as soon as Benediction is over. . . .

And not the first time this term either!

Low on her knees, her face hidden on her arms, Verity bethinks herself desperately what saint to pray to—which of all that Holy Communion in Heaven has a lingering weakness for delinquent schoolgirls? . . .

She cannot think.

But Philomene Watts, under cover of the resounding *Tantum ergo* now struck up, prompts her in a whisper.

"Have a go at St. Joseph, Verity. He's an awful decent old bird all round. . . ."

With a gesture of gratitude Verity prostrates herself in spirit at the feet of the Patron of the Universal Church, and so do Philomene and Prudence in support of their unhappy friend.

Laudate Dominum—chants the choir: *Laudate eum omnes populi* . . .

It sounds rather unfeeling to Verity—and definitely premature. She shuts her eyes very tight and pegs away at the Litany of St. Joseph:

*Joseph justissime
Joseph fidelissime
Custos virginum
Terror daemodum*

Some of the invocations amaze her with their aptness.

But none the less, as the procession of girls hymns its way from the chapel, Verity feels a light tap on the arm and beholds the figure of Mother Peagle detaining her, much more in sorrow than in anger.

"Oh, Verity, my child; how could you be so late!"

"It was my veil, Mother; truly it was. I couldn't find the—the thing . . ."

"I am afraid it was your carelessness. You had better go back into the chapel and say a special prayer, for Reverend Mother wants to see you in her parlour in five minutes' time."

"Oh, Mother! . . ."

But Mother Peagle only urges haste so as to have as much time as possible for prayer.

Sadly Verity acts on the good advice, murmuring sorrowfully to herself as she goes:

"St. Joseph seems off his stroke this afternoon, but I suppose I'd better go on with him as I've started."

The deserted chapel is now in semi-darkness, its usual state when no service is in progress. The candles have all been extinguished. What light there is comes from the narrow windows hidden away above the altar, and from the seven crimson lamps denoting the Blessed Sacrament.

Verity kneels far down, in the places recently vacated by Thistle McBinkie and her small coevals.

"Oh blessed St. Joseph," prays Verity, "do be a dear. You know as well as I do that it really wasn't my fault. Some beast had hidden my veil. Do unharden Reverend Mother's heart, O Terror Daemonium . . . or make her have a very important engagement. She might forget; she sometimes does, you know. Mother Peagle won't remind her if she does, so those are the lines to work on, O Custos Virginum . . . though of course if you can think of anything better . . ."

In the fervour of her petition Verity raised her eyes and looked the tall image of St. Joseph full in the face.

"Be a sport," she added.

But then happened the most extraordinary thing which had

ever happened in that chapel, and its echoes shuddered with a shrill and horrified scream!

Mother Vannes rushed across from the sacristy—omitting for the first and only time in her life to genuflect; while the ever-watchful Mother Peagle—if the expression is permissible—positively *sprinted* down the aisle. Between them they raised the stricken Verity, who, white as a sheet, had fallen over sideways in a heap and was churning the flimsy pages of innumerable prayer-books with her legs.

"Verity; my child! What is it? . . ."

But Verity could only cling to them and point. Her trembling finger seemed to accuse St. Joseph himself standing larger than life in the dusk of his chapel. At first the nuns could see nothing unusual, but then Mother Vannes, with a smothered cry, sprang to the marble rail, dragging Mother Peagle with her.

"Dear God have mercy on us! Look . . ."

Agitated, and by some mischance without her glasses, Mother Peagle strained her eyes beyond

the pale tip of the pointing finger. Vision and extreme horror were vouchsafed her together.

"The blessed Saints protect us! . . ."

On the steps of St. Joseph's altar, toppled in a heap from the faldstool, lay the corpulent body of the Baroness Sliema—still, so it seemed to the horrified nuns, heaving under the blow which had struck her down.

By the crimson light of the sacred lamps glowing so serenely they could see the blood welling, and, jutting forth from the ribs at an angle which seemed to denote scorn, the glint of the knife which had stabbed her. . . .

CHAPTER II

SO THIS IS A NUNNERY!

No sooner was Reverend Mother made aware that murder had been committed on the Conventual premises than she acted, and on the principle of first things first and all things in order.

Fr. Witherstick, S.J., of the neighbouring Jesuit House, was informed by telephone that the most atrocious sacrilege had defiled the chapel, and would he come round without loss of a minute to remove the Sacred Elements elsewhere. Fr. Witherstick was on the doorstep five minutes later, and, assisted by Reverend Mother and some of the senior nuns, had performed the solemn translation.

The Novices under their Mistress, and some of the junior nuns, were then told off to keep watch in the improvised sanctuary, making constant Acts of Reparation,—and from this exercise they were by no means to desist until Reverend Mother gave the word. Thus a possibly hysterical section of the Community was disposed of to advantage.

The school, under Mother Peagle and her assistants, was assembled together, where Reverend Mother informed them in the most casual voice what had happened, afterwards handing them over to Fr. Witherstick to be given a long instruction on an abstruse point of doctrine.

Many of the children fell fast asleep, which was exactly what Reverend Mother had aimed at.

The police were then notified.

"Hell's bells!" exclaimed Detective-Sergeant Osbert among his colleagues at the local station; "but here's a tit-bit to write home to mother! Nun been walled up or something over at Harrington! Ring the Coroner, one of you, and let's get down to stunts."

Immediately afterwards the Detective-Sergeant, Police-Surgeon Goodall and several constables, left by car for the Convent.

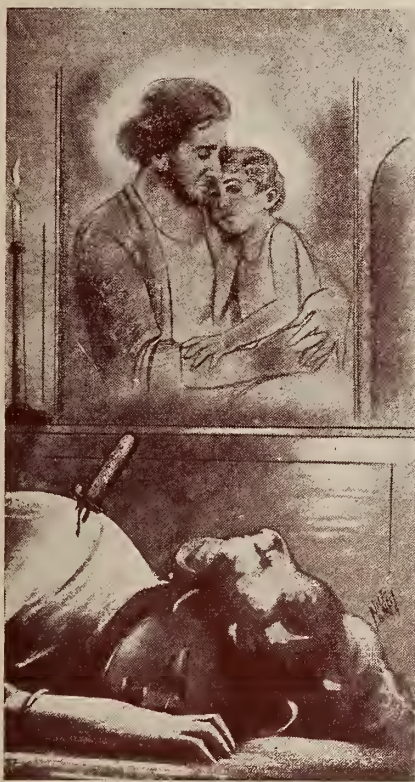
But if these gentlemen had been disposed to find something funny in the idea of a murder in a Nunnery they were soon called to order and made to think very differently when they encountered Mother Peck, the portress, at the door. Mother Peck looked them over with a sharp and blighting eye, dwelling particularly on their feet,—and then interned them in a small and hideous parlour designed to break the contentious spirit of visiting parents. Here she left them—with a supply of C.T.S. tracts—until, as she put it, "someone had time to attend to them."

She then departed, and the police officers exchanged glances rather like 'stout Cortez' on his peak. This sort of treatment accorded very ill with the dignity of the Law. They had expected to find the whole place full of swooning nuns and girls whom they would reassure with their manly presence . . . "Now then, ladies, no reason for alarm; let me beg of you. . . ." But it was all quite different, and here was their manly presence shut up in an ugly little parlour under the compulsion of a peremptory little nun about the size and general figure of cock-robin.

"Well, I'm jiggered," exclaimed the Detective-Sergeant; and Dr. Goodall had even got so far as to open the door of the parlour when a sneeze unmistakably from the nose of Mother Peck in the lodge caused him to shut it again with a guilty look.

It was Reverend Mother's deliberate policy always to remain in the background as long as ever she could, and so it was the gracious figure of a certain Mother Trevor which ultimately came to the rescue of the imprisoned police. But she did not come until

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On the steps of St. Joseph's altar lay the corpulent body of the Baroness Sliema.



IT HAD come. There was no escaping it. The moon He had created looked down on Him. The chill wind penetrated His garments. He owned the universe and all things yet had no where to lay His head. On the hillside overlooking His beloved city were the tents of pilgrims from far and near. Here and there were fires at which men warmed themselves and talked about their native land and the enemy who ruled it—the hated Romans.

He prayed in His lonely solitude and suffered so, until the Angel came to comfort Him. He knew of the enemy who was soon to burst upon Him. He had told others to flee. He Himself would remain. It was His passion; others in time would follow in His footsteps, but He first must show the way.

That hate-filled band were approaching. They were bent on laying waste His years of preaching and toiling. And for whom? For themselves and for others—for all. The only thing He had done for Himself was to try to win their love. Oh yes, they had a reason for what they were about to do. They were bent on conquest like so many before them, like countless others after them. But one can't be too bare-faced about such things. Before the end they would strip him of everything. He had

before, when He so wished, escaped their hands. Then He had work to finish, and until it was done he remained free. Now they were leading Him away, even yet not too sure of themselves. . . .

It was cool and quiet in the Mission Compound after the heat of the day. Out on the streets the wounded were being carried in to makeshift hospitals. The acrid smell of smoke hung heavily in the air. Here and there tongues of flames lighted a scene of desolate devastation. Sentries stood guard to guide and direct the caravan of war-torn humanity as it moved along in its almost fruitless quest of rest and security. Their passion was at hand. There was no escape.

With aching hearts His Messengers went about their final preparations. Thoughts of the might-have-been entered unbidden into their minds. They had given their all, these men and women. But now, even the little links with home, the picture of a loved one, the few little comforts some dear one had sent them—even these were to be stripped from them. The enemy was hourly drawing nearer, an enemy to whom meekness and kindness and love seemed utterly foreign. But the work of these Messengers was as yet unfinished. They must obey the Di-

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The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XV—No. 10

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

November, 1942

GREY NUN FROM LISHUI HEROINE IN CHINA

A Rosebud Graduates:
Finds a Job But Remains
A "Little Missionary"

This is a story from a young lady who has been a Bud for nine years and now has reached the age of eighteen. She has taken a position with one of Canada's most important Utility Companies. Her comments on the work to be done by our Rosebuds is very interesting; she comments on the war, too, but best of all she will remain a "Little Missionary" and continue to pray and work for the spreading of God's Kingdom at home and abroad. A summary of her letter follows.

"School was out this year on June 12th. It was a great day and yet a sad day. I wasn't sure then whether I was going back; now I'm positive I'm not. On June 18th I started working for the Canadian National Railways. I am in the superintendent's office and love it. My report came a few days after I had started work and to my surprise informed me I had passed.

"It's three years now since this war began. It really doesn't seem that long to me, at least. But maybe that's because I'm still getting lots to eat, as much clothing as ever and no worry at night wondering if my home is going to be here when I awake in the morning.

"Dieppe was certainly a success despite the losses; I heard a radio commentator say that it must be realized by everyone that we must suffer such losses. It really seems terrible to think of such a thing but I guess we must face it. I think we BUDS can do a lot to help this war. Not only by saving rags and metal but by praying a bit harder every day for peace with victory—and everlasting peace. I think, too, if every BUD would add an extra Hail Mary to his or her promised three together with a little ejaculation to St. Theresa we would help a lot. It is the only way a good many of the BUDS can help as they are still at school."

Our correspondent then goes on to suggest that if we have any BUD BOYS in uniform we ought to have their names sent to the Rose Garden so that other BUDS at home could write to these Canadian heroes. It is a very good suggestion and let us start right now. Send in the names of BUDS you know to be in the armed forces of Canada or other United Nations Forces.

Sister St. Martin Saves Child as Truck Overtakes Fleeing Japanese

Chungking, China

Sister St. Martin, 29 years of age, from the Grey Nuns of Pembroke, Ontario, and stationed at the Catholic Mission of Lishui, China, recently was acclaimed a heroine by the Chinese.

Sister St. Martin saved the life of a Chinese child when a truck on which they were travelling overturned. The truck was filled with Chinese refugees who were fleeing from the Japanese invading the province of Chekiang. Sister St. Martin grasped and shielded the child as the truck overturned, burying both of them beneath the baggage.

A companion, Sister Julietta, received a broken wrist in the accident. Sister St. Martin used bamboo splints to hold the broken bones in place during the four days the refugees remained on the road before they reached the Catholic hospital at Kanchow, where Sister Julietta received treatment.

A CRUSADE

Rosebuds are asked to join with Father Jim in a crusade of indulgences for the Holy Souls during the month of November. Daily at Holy Mass we will unite in spirit offering our prayers and indulgences, United to the Adorable Sacrifice, for the most needy souls in Purgatory.

Buds to Play a Part In the New Radio Programme

The Religious Theatre of the Air as you noticed in the last issue of CHINA is under the sponsorship of the Scarborough Foreign Mission Society. You who live within the listening distance of CHML, Hamilton, Ontario, have probably heard the first few programmes and I hope enjoyed them very much.

It is the hope of the Directors of this Religious Hour to spread this instructive entertainment all over Canada in a short time. You BUDS can help us in this endeavour. How? By prayer for the success of the experimental programme now being heard from Hamilton and by asking your parents to write your local radio stations to ask their managers to put the programme on their stations.

This Religious Theatre of the Air is the dramatization of the lives of the Saints and is a real part of Catholic Action as every programme heard teaches, in a most realistic way some

phase of the Christian Life. And what is of more importance than the spreading of this teaching? It is another way of spreading the Gospel; another way of making men, who know God, know and love Him better and a wonderful means of teaching those who know Him not, to fulfil the only purpose of their existence on this earth which is, as you all know, to know God, to love God and thereby to gain everlasting life. Please help us by praying for the success of our new venture and by talking about it to all your friends.

It is not the purpose of this programme to make money but we do hope it will at least bring in enough donations to cover the cost of its presentation. Pray for this intention to the Little Flower.

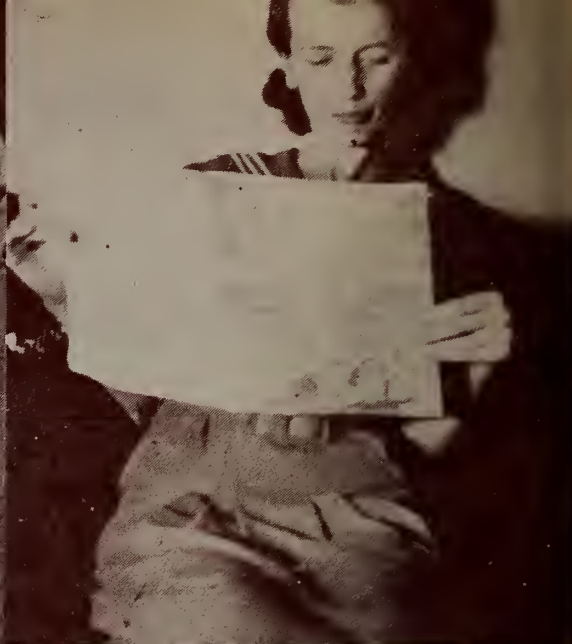
Let the BUDS in the listening area of CHML take as their slogan for this month HAVE YOU LISTENED TO THE RELIGIOUS THEATRE OF THE AIR?

The Time: 4.30 every Sunday Afternoon
The Place: (on your radio dial) "900"
Station CHML, Hamilton, Ont.

The Theme: God's Heroes Live Again

Spiritual Bouquet for the Missions

Many thanks, Boy Crusaders from St. Dominic's School, Lindsay, Ont., for your donation of ten dollars and the following Spiritual Bouquet for the Missions: Masses, 879; Holy Communion, 390; Visits, 701; Beads, 7,065; Stations, 483; Mortifications, 337; Benedictions, 375; Ejaculations, 14,115; Acts of Kindness, 327; Other Prayers, 24,375; (Mite Box, \$7.82).



TOP, LEFT: Grade IX—Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, Ont. TOP, RIGHT: Betty Davis, Fort William, Ont. LOWER: LEFT TO RIGHT—Dorothy Boyer, Blind River, Ont.; Verdun McEachern, Fort William, Ont.; Grade IV, St. Patrick's Hall, St. John's, Nfld.

The Mail Bag

College Street School,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

The boys and girls of Grade Four have had a "race" for the Missions. The boys won the "race" for September. The total, eight dollars, we are enclosing in this letter.

We hope you have great success in your Missions.

Yours truly,

DENNIS MARTIN.

P.S.—Donation is for the Madeleine Sophie Burse.

Thanks very much to all at College Street School and may God bless you all.

* * *

Dear Father Jim:

... I was married on the 13th of June. I hope you aren't too surprised, Father ...

Sincerely,

ELEANOR SELBY.

* * *

Letters received from: Joan McLaughlin, 10 Edinburg Ave., Hamilton, Ont., (\$1.00); Pupils of St. John School, Sydney Mines, C.B., N.S., (\$10.00); Sister Jean Marie, St. Helen's Girls' School, Toronto, (\$15.00); Girls of Room One, St. Clare's School, Toronto

(\$1.00); Girls of Room Two, St. Clare's School, Toronto (\$1.00); Master Cooper and School friends, St. John's Nfld. (\$8.00); Joan Lahey, Trinity, Nfld. and two dollars from her school; Dorothy White, 124 Oak St., London, Ont. (\$1.00); Immaculate High School, Ottawa, Ont. (\$20.00); The Crusaders, Notre Dame Convent, Miscouche, P.E.I. (\$5.00); Betty Davis, 206 South Marks St., Fort William, Ont. (\$2.00); Grade 1, Assumption Convent, Arichat, N.S. Pupils of Room 3, St. Mary's, West Fort William, Ont. (\$1.00); Miss Kay Quigley, 16 Dick's Square, St. John's, Nfld. (\$2.00); St. Nicholas School, P.E.I. (\$5.00).

* * *

ST. PATRICK'S ACADEMY,
MONTREAL



Catharine
McKeown

Olga
Zyma

Dear Father Jim:

I am sending you one dollar and my picture hoping they reach you safely. I received the CHINA magazine for September and read it from cover to cover.

School will start here in October. I have been saving stamps for quite a while and have almost three hundred. Please tell me if you would like to have them and if so I will be very glad to send them to you.

Your Indian Friend,

DOROTHY BOYER,

Box 85, Blind River, Ont.

Dear Dorothy, and all you BUDS who have written to me, I wish to thank you for your interesting letters. I enjoy reading every one of them b1

* * *

The girls of Room 2 of St. Clare's School, Toronto, Ontario, sent Father Jim a dollar for a two-year subscription to CHINA. The girls of Room 1 also sent us a two-year subscription to CHINA, through their secretary, Kathleen McAuley.

Father Jim wishes to thank both Rooms for their kindness and hopes they will enjoy the magazine.

**ST. THERESA—***Born, January 2, 1873**Professed, September 8, 1890**Died, September 30, 1897**Canonized, May 17, 1938*

My dear Buds:

The month of the Holy Souls is with us again. We must do everything in our power to gain as many indulgences as possible and apply these to the poor suffering souls in Purgatory.

Now, more than ever before, are souls being hurled into Eternity and many of them, I fear, are not prepared to stand before the Judge of the living and the dead.

Soldiers, on both sides of this war, are dying every hour of the day; many of them are saintly men and boys (as I well know from letters) others have become careless, many more are great sinners.—How many on the Russian side are atheists led astray by tyrants WHO HAVE FORBIDDEN THE TEACHING OF RELIGION TO THE PEOPLE OF RUSSIA. For all these poor souls let us dedicate ourselves this month. We will make the Stations of the Cross for these fighting men every day, and try to get our families to say the family-Rosary each night asking our Blessed Mother to watch over the eternal welfare of her dying soldier sons.

Each day at Holy Mass I will picture myself surrounded by all the Buds, Little Missionaries of the Little Flower, we will ask God to have mercy on the dying and to accept our indulgenced prayers for the souls who have gone to judgment but are still suffering in Purgatory.

FATHER JIM.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

D.W. asks "where is Father P. J. Moore at now?"

Write to him c/o St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.

J. McL. asks—"I am sending you another dollar out of my mite box. I should like to know if when I send the next dollar, which will be the fifth, will I be able to name a baby?"

Well, Joan, the answer is: If you stated in your first letter when you sent your first dollar along that you meant it for that purpose then you will be able to name a baby. If not, however, then No, because your donations have gone to help the priests and Sisters. These days we need all the money we can get to carry on our work and with the number of refugees to care for you can well imagine the task it is. And besides your donations may have helped save the lives and souls of more than one baby in far-off China.

The Mail Bag

St. Patrick's Academy,
1095 St. Alexander,
Montreal, Quebec.

Dear Father,

When we came to this, our new class, on the first of September, one of the first things our teacher told us was how her girls had worked last year to help a young boy to be a priest. On hearing about it all we decided we'd work too so here we are, Father, with our first five dollars but you are going to hear from us again. We are not as numerous as the class of last year but we will work hard to save our candy money for you.

I am enclosing the pictures of the two who gave the most so far. Do you think you could put them in CHINA, Father? We would be glad if you could.

Till you hear from us again we shall pray for all the priests.

YOUR NEW FIFTH A FRIENDS.

Many thanks, my dear BUDS and thanks to your good teacher for inspiring you with zeal for the spreading of the Gospel.

• • •

The Christian Brothers of Ireland,
St. Patrick's Hall School,
St. John's, Nfld.,
Sept. 25th, 1942.

Dear Father Jim:

Enclosed you will find two negatives for a picture of the boys in Gr. 4, St. Patrick's Hall, School, Nfld. These boys saved over \$50. in half a year. Br. Lawlor has, I believe, forwarded the money.

We are at the same work again this year, and hope to do well.

Yours sincerely,

BR. LEDDY.

Many thanks Brother and Boys. We appreciate your efforts for the Missions. We know that in you we have friends who will not fail us in this the greatest work on earth.

• • •

College Street School,
Halifax, N.S.

Dear Father Jim:

I am happy to write to you again. The boys and girls of Grade V are sending you four dollars in War Saving Stamps for the St. Madeleine Sophie Burse and a dollar bill also, five dollars altogether.

The class is divided into the Army, the Navy and the Air Force. I belong to the Navy and am writing because we put the most money in the Missions this month. The Navy has the most points for class work too, and I hope we stay first all year.

As this is the first letter from College Street School this year we send best wishes from all for a successful year. We will remember you in our prayers.

Please pray for us.

The Children of Grade V,
JOAN McDONALD.

Death Comes to Li Wang Ching

(Continued from page 6)

the hills or on the grassy flats watching the cows or leading them to further grazing. Many a time he slept in the same hut with the cows, especially in the late Fall when they kept him warm and comfortable. When he was eleven years old his father decided that it was time for him to learn his trade as a boatman, so from that time on he was with him on all his trips from Wenchow. *Wang* was too weak and small to do much heavy polling, but he could row a bit in the large stretches of

rice and keep a few sticks and twigs on the fireplace and dip the burning embers in water as soon as the rice was done, so that they could be used again for the next meal. For seven years he plied the river Wu, but when in his eighteenth year, his father died suddenly, he pulled the boat ashore and joined up with Eu Ding, the chair carrier. But not for long. The river was in his blood and one year later he was back, this time as skipper of his own sampan. The work was hard and the fare simple. Rice, bean curd, salt fish from the Wenchow market, *bolo* and *bow ling say* from his own little plot of good earth and twice a month a small

about fifteen *li* upstream by the time the first streaks were brightening the Eastern sky.

Now, worthy readers, you see what I mean. All that is very ordinary. *Wang* is like no other man, the spiritual father says, but there are millions like him in China, who spend their whole lives in the effort to keep alive and have no time to live for anything, to fulfil any Divine destiny or learn about the God of Heaven. The best they can do is to burn their paper money at the *Ching Ming* festival for their ancestors, call in the devil doctor when illness strikes the household and burn a few josssticks in the temple so that the spirits of evil may not kill their children or destroy their homes. How could *Wang* have any knowledge of the Lord of Heaven? Anyway, there was so little time, so little time for anything. Life was *such* a grind. By the end of the day you were exhausted and after a few puffs on the pipe, about your only relaxation and luxury, you were asleep, to be away on the river again long before the coming dawn. If the great Creator of all things fashioned for *Li Wang Ching* a sublime destiny that was to reach beyond the stars, the tragedy of his life was that he never knew anything about it.

Not only that. *Wang* is but one individual. What about the others in China? The thirty-three thousand who will be dead by this time to-morrow morning and who, like *Wang*, knew nothing of the Lord of Heaven! They live and die strangers to this God who is said to have created them and who wants them to know, love and serve Him here on earth. It is rather overpowering. Either the story of the spiritual father is unreal, fantastic, pure imagination, or—we hardly dare face the consequence—China is confronted with a tragedy that dwarfs the terrors of wars and bombs and death from the skies. If those people who died yesterday were created for a purpose that reaches unto eternity, then they have lived and died with that purpose tragically unfulfilled. They are like driftwood on the troubled sea of life, human flotsam and jetsam cast upon the shores of an unknown and uncertain eternity. We invite our readers to ponder this ques-



"The work was hard and the fare simple."

deep water or steer the boat when the wind came in answer to the boatman's whistling and a gentle breeze carried them along without any physical effort. He was glad to watch his father curled up for a rest after long hours in the rapids and it was a glorious feeling to hold the steering oar and listen to the waves lapping gently against the fast moving sampan. He was learning to cook, too, although there really wasn't much to learn about that. Just scoop up the dark brown water from the river and put it in the big iron pot with the

piece of pork, maybe five or six ounces if things were going well. But rice must have plenty of vitamins, rice and the sun that daily beat down upon his bare neck as he polled and pushed upstream. At nineteen *Wang* was one of the strongest boatmen on the river. At nights, when all the boats pulled in together so that the devil would be afraid to tackle so many at once, they told him that he would one day be as famous a boatman as his father. He was up long before the dawn, on his way ahead of most of the others and usually

tion and enlighten us with their valued comments.

* * * *

May the simple story of *Li Wang Ching* inspire in the hearts of readers of CHINA a spirit of gratitude to God for the tremendous blessings of our Holy Faith and a prayer that the Saviour may be known and loved by countless millions for whom He died.

Murder in a Nunnery

(Continued from page 9)

Dr. Goodall for sheer want of other occupation had read through a C.T.S. pamphlet on Matrimony, with every word of which he cholerically disagreed. But he never made any of the cutting remarks he had intended, nor did the Detective-Sergeant lodge the official complaint, for the presence of Mother Trevor made it impossible to be anything but polite and deferential.

She spoke with calm and grave sweetness.

"We are so sorry to have kept you gentlemen waiting, but Reverend Mother begs you to excuse us. We have been so busy with emergency arrangements for the children and younger nuns . . . you will understand?"

The Detective-Sergeant, out of sheer force of professional habit, contrived to look as if this story did not convince him; but Dr. Goodall was on his feet bowing and clicking heels with a Continental courtesy.

"Your arrangements, Madam, appear to have been highly successful. . . ."

Mother Trevor sighed.

"We have done our best. But such a thing, coming right in the middle of term . . . I can only say that whoever did it showed very little consideration for Reverend Mother's feelings. . . ."

It was plain that to this gentle lady the thoughtlessness of the crime was quite its worst feature.

The Coroner's officer being now in attendance, the body of the old Baroness was removed to a suitable place, where Dr. Goodall and the Convent's medical adviser were soon chatting cheerfully over post-mortem phenomena.

(To be continued)

Via Dolorosa

(Continued from page 10)

vine command to flee into another city. He knew when He gave it the hours of darkness and misery it would entail—they would be so eager to lay down their weary lives and come to Him to rest. But their work was still unfinished. They must move along in the darkness, going they knew not where, with no place they could call their own wherein to lay their tired bodies. They could not even comfort each other—there were too many in their company who needed to be cheered and encouraged to face the ordeal ahead. And the moon looked down and remembered.

The judgment had been given. Slowly the procession began. The might of Caesar paraded ahead to keep the dirty, motley crowd out of the way. His enemies kept closer to Him. They would miss nothing of the agonies their hate-filled hearts had brought upon Him. He walked, He stumbled, He fell, and walked again. Amid the crowd He was so terribly alone. And all He had done for them!! That night so long, long ago when first His human eyes had opened upon the loveliness of His own Mother. The sunny days of childhood in a home which was really Heaven. The daily chores; His boyhood friends. Did He think these thoughts? The years He had spent in preparing Himself for His missionary labours. . . .

With Divine clearness He saw the incidents of the three years He had worked and preached and prayed so unceasingly and so selflessly. The sick He had healed. The hungry He had fed. The dead He had raised. The souls He had brought back from sin and despair and miseries of all sorts.

And what of His own beloved co-workers? He remembered their innate goodness, their so human little failings. He knew even now where Peter was bitterly weeping his heart out.

To all appearances He had failed so very miserably. The work of years came tumbling down about Him. So it must have seemed to everyone. And He was God! But only He could give that example which was to sustain and encourage

those who would follow Him. And He would crown it all with that amazing sentence—"Father forgive them for they know not what they do"!

The enemy had taken the city. Word had reached the priests and Sisters as they tried to rest their tired bodies for a few snatched moments. They had come so far during the preceding days. They couldn't help but think of the years before, when they had worked and prayed and preached by word and example the wonderful Things of God. The little hospital wherein they had cured the ills of a poverty-stricken people and brought hope to so many despairing hearts. The school where so many little tots had their first real fill of food and their first sip of Heaven's Nectar. The chapel wherein they had spent a few restful moments after the work of the day. They were pillaged and wrecked now. It was so hard to say, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

The work of years undone. How bitter the passion they were suffering! Was everything to be such a heart-rending failure? Alone among a people who worshipped strange gods, had they to listen to the cry, "Save yourselves and us if you be Messengers of an infinite God"? But there was work, so very much work, still to be done. Not yet could they lay down the Cross. But like Christ they, too, could have the strength and courage to go forward.

And carrying on they are. They must return to their labours. They must begin again. They must forgive although they cannot forget. They have come close to Him, closer than ever they have been before. Like the heroic apostles they are, they take up their crosses and follow Him until they, too, can say, "It is consummated".

Father McIver Bereaved

CHINA offers to Rev. Father Jack McIver sincere sympathy in the loss of his brother, Pilot Officer Harry McIver. We assure Mr. and Mrs. McIver and the other members of the family of our prayers for their dear deceased and we recommend him to the prayers of our readers.



READ'EM AND GRIN



A certain young man's friends thought he was dead but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all the time what was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way," said the young man. "I knew that if I was in heaven I wouldn't be hungry and if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

The old lady entered the drug store and approached the young man who presided over the soda fountain.

"Are you a doctor?" she inquired, peering at the youth close-sightedly.

"No, ma'am," replied the soda clerk, "I'm a fizzician."

A judge was pointing out that a witness is not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he alters a statement made previously.

"For instance," he said, "when I entered this court to-day I could have sworn I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge got home that night his wife said: "Why all this hother about your watch—sending four or five men for it?"

"Good heavens," said the judge, "what did you do?"

"I gave it to the first one who came. He knew just where it was."

Millionaire: "Adversity always brings out the man in one."

Pauper: "Yes, out at the elbows."

Dinner Guest: "Will you pass the nuts, professor?"

Professor (absent-mindedly): "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

Garage Man: "What seems to be the matter, lady?"

Lady: "They tell me I have a short circuit. Can you lengthen it while I wait, please?"

Lady Customer (irritably): "Why is it I never get what I ask for in this shop?"

Assistant: "Perhaps it's because we're too polite, ma'am."

"I once heard of a baby who gained forty pounds a week just drinking elephant milk!"

"Whose baby was it?"

"The elephant's!"

A lady was walking along a street when she came upon a crowd of children, standing around a cat. She asked them what they were doing.

"We're having a contest," said one. "Whoever tells the biggest story wins the cat."

"What a naughty competition!" cried the lady, holding up her hands in horror. "When I was a little girl I never told an untrue story."

"Give her the cat!" shouted one of the girls.

Math Teacher: "Now, we find that X equals zero."

Student: "Gee! All that work for nothing."

"I want you to understand," said young Spender, "that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left to you by your rich uncle."

"So it was; but I had to work hard to get it away from the lawyers."

Kind Lady: "And how would you like a nice chop?"

Weary Tramp: "Dat all depends, lady—is it lamb, pork or wood?"

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well, yes. It meant the same thing."

"Ah! What was the exact word?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow."

A candidate addressing his constituency was surprised by a voice which, calling from the back of the hall, said: "Well, I don't care what you say, I wouldn't vote for you if you were the angel Gabriel."

Came the reply: "If I were the angel Gabriel you wouldn't be in my constituency."

None Whatsoever

The man at the theatre was annoyed by the conversation in the row behind. "Excuse me," he said, "but we can't hear a word."

"Oh," replied the talkative one, "and is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"

A small boy was watching the shoemaker at work.

"What do they make leather from?" he asked.

"Hide," shouted the shoemaker.

"Eh?" asked the boy.

"I said hide," repeated the shoemaker, annoyed.

"What?" the boy asked, somewhat surprised.

"Hide—the cow's outside!" shouted the shoemaker.

"Don't care if it is," said the boy, as he walked away disgusted. "Who's afraid of an old cow anyway?"

Sign in window of second-hand car store: "Who will drive this car away for fifty dollars?"

A passer-by stopped, read the sign, thought for a moment, then, entering the store, said: "I'll take a chance. Where's the money?"

First Nurse: "That new patient in Ward 6 is very good-looking, isn't he?"

Second Nurse: "Yes, but don't wash his face again. He has had that done by three nurses already this morning."

Man in Cell 46: "Did you hear about the raid on the town High School?"

Man in Cell 50: "No, I didn't."

Man in Cell 46: "Oh, yes, the F.B.I. raided it last night—they found dynamite in every dictionary."

Mrs. Green: "She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

Mrs. Shen: "And I told her not to tell you I told her. Isn't she mean?"

Mrs. Green: "Well, don't tell her I told you she told me."

Dentist: "Take off that agonized expression, man. I haven't even touched your tooth yet."

Patient: "I know, but you're standing on my corn."

"You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa strops me three or four times a week."

Frank: "Mamma, please tell me how Father got to know you."

Mamma: "One day I fell into the river and your Father jumped in and saved me."

Frank: "Well, that's funny; he won't let me learn how to swim."

CHINA



we come to adore Him "

SCARBORO BLUFFS ONT
DEC. 1942.



The Birth of Christ

—Luke Ch'en

DECEMBER

CHINA

1942

VOL. XXIII

VERY REV. HUGH F.X. SHARKEY, *Editor*

NO. 12

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Signposts

Our Sincere Sympathy

CHINA offers its sincere sympathy to Mrs. Helen Jang on the loss of her husband, who passed away suddenly at St. Joseph's Oriental Hospital, Vancouver, B.C., early last month.

Harry Jang and his wife (the former Miss Helena Lee) were baptized by Father Sharkey and only a little over a year ago were united in marriage by Rev. Father Chafe, pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission of Vancouver.

We assure Mrs. Jang and his loved ones that Harry will be constantly remembered in our prayers and at Holy Mass.

May his soul rest in peace.

Children of Chinese Official Now in U.S. Baptized in the Faith:

New York, Sept. 18.—All of the five children of Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Siu, Official Delegate of Justice of the Chinese Government, have now been baptized in the Catholic Faith and are attending Catholic schools. The parents are not Catholics.

The three youngest children were baptized by the Rev. Dr. John T. S. Mao, pastor of the Chinese Catholic Mission in Chicago and close friend of Dr. and Mrs. Siu, at a ceremony this week at the Church of the Sacred Heart there. The two elder children were baptized by Father Mao two and a half years ago.

Moyra, 13, attends Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia; Barbara,

12, Sacred Heart Academy, Newton, Mass.; Matthew, 10, Norwood Academy, Philadelphia; Paul, 8, Corpus Christi Academy here, and Victoria, 7, Maplehurst Sacred Heart Academy, also in this city.

Father Mao became acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Siu in Washington, D.C., three and a half years ago.

Elderly Irish Woman Honoured by Pope for Long Aid to Missions:

Dublin, Sept. 18.—For her outstanding and life-long work for the propagation of the Faith, Miss Rosanna Byrne, an elderly and feeble Dublin woman, has had conferred on her by His Holiness Pope Pius XII La Medaglia Benemeranti.

The decoration was presented to her by Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. J. Walsh, President and National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the headquarters in Dublin.

For 40 years Miss Byrne has been making a round of daily calls through the streets and by-ways of Dublin on her whole-time quest for pennies for the missions. In that time she has collected about \$150,000 for this cause. Though she never keeps records of the names of subscribers, she never fails to round them up when their modest subscriptions fall due. She knows them all and few will escape her watchfulness.

Miss Byrne attends daily Mass, a practice all her life, and devotes the rest of the day to her mission work.

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Editorial Page

Let's Play Santa Claus!

NO, you don't need long, white whiskers, or a portly figure, or a red suit with white trimmings. You can be a real Santa Claus, without the necessity of dressing up, loading yourself down with a bag of gifts and climbing down people's chimneys. You, dear reader, can have a grand part in the old, heart-warming, colorful drama of Christmastide.

You know, the original Santa was a saint—Saint Nicholas, who started the lovely custom of giving gifts on the birthday of Christ. Since, on that first, blessed twenty-fifth of December, God Almighty had given to the world the greatest of all gifts—His adorable Son, Jesus Christ; the good and saintly Nicholas was accustomed to give to the hungry and the poor, especially to the little ones, in sweet memory of the Little Babe of Bethlehem.

Dear reader, let us keep alive in the world the true meaning of Christmas. Let the joy and gladness of that blessed season be in giving, rather than receiving. In loving memory of Him, Whose birthday

we celebrate, let our hearts go out to the poor, the hungry, the little ones for whom there is no Christmas Day. Above all, let us not forget to give a gift to the sweet Child Jesus. As the shepherds of old brought to the Crib on that first Christmas morn the lambs and sheep of their flocks, let us remember that the greatest gifts that we can give the Babe of Bethlehem are the immortal souls of men, those "other sheep" shepherded by paganism, who have not as yet seen His star in the East and come to adore Him.

We can both give a gift to Christ upon His birthday and give the gift of Christ Himself (the greatest Christmas Gift of all) to others, by helping the missionary priests and Sisters, who labour in far-off China for the conversion of souls.

Let us through our charity help the missionaries to lead white souls of men to the crib of the Christ-Child, as our Christmas presents to the Infant King.

Let us through our charity towards the Missions light many a Christmas tree of the altar throughout poor, pagan China—a Christmas tree whereon shall lie the greatest of all Christmas gifts to men, the Eucharistic Christ of Bethlehem.

Then indeed will we have played Santa Claus and helped to keep alive in the world the true and glorious meaning of this Christmas Day.



A Christmas Message to All Our Friends



Rt. Rev. J. E. McRAE, Superior General

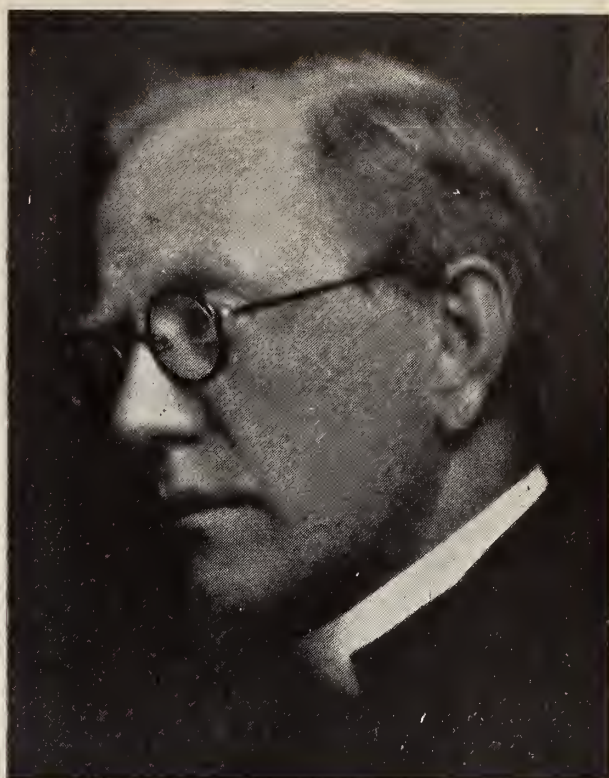
“AND the angel said to them; fear not; for, behold, I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord in the city of David.” Luke 2, 10-11.

The feast of Christmas should bring tidings of great joy to all the people. Alas, we look out upon a world in agony, in the death throes of a cruel war. We behold nation bent upon destroying nation, we see man torturing, killing, murdering his fellow man. We see suffering, starvation, death stalking the earth.

How then can there be a joyful Christmas despite the greetings of God's children thus to remember and make their friends remember that the Saviour, Christ the Lord was born on Christmas Day to bring peace and happiness to “men of good will”? “Men of good will”: here we have it. The friends of the Babe of Bethlehem can have a merry Christmas in the way that the Saviour had it and that was through His calm joyous acceptance of what was necessary to effect a true peace, peace which the world cannot give.

He was no sooner born that He tasted suffering. He walked from day to day under the shadow of the cross and when the shadow merged into the reality of Calvary, He drank the cup of bitterness to its dregs and His happiness, though in suffering, was the assurance that thus men of good will would enjoy eternal peace with Him in Heaven.

Until we learn that suffering is our heritage, part and parcel of our life on earth, owing to man's



refusal to accept God's sovereign dominion through abuse of his free will, the greatest gift bestowed by a beneficent Creator, we cannot expect to fathom the mystery of joy in the midst of suffering and pain, nor can we appreciate the infinite satisfaction of Jesus, nay infinite joy, in the fact that He was opening the way to Heaven for His own, though that way lead through the gates of death.

Why not then see that, as suffering is the result of man's obstinate rebellion against his Maker, this horrible war is but the result of the world's crimes and of its repudiation of God's laws?

If we can only see it all in this light, we shall be able to appreciate and enjoy this Christmas, not because of the suffering and pain, but because Jesus chose suffering and pain on Himself that we might escape what our sins would otherwise entail. We must rejoice, we must be grateful to Him for having accepted suffering that we may escape eternal suffering and merit eternal joy through Him.

Our message then for Christmas is that, while the world is suffering the pains of death for its crimes, our surest way of rightly celebrating the lovely feast is to join with Jesus and His Church in humble prayer for those whom He has chosen out of the world, that they may have the peace that comes from faithfully serving Him who chose not joy but the cross. May God give you, our friends, the light and grace to thus rightly appraise this awful war and see it in its true perspective. “For if thou hadst walked in the way of God, thou hadst surely dwelt in peace for ever.” Baruch, 111, 13.





In the hastily improvised refugee camp near Hong Kong's scenic Repulse Bay, five thousand Chinese look helplessly on as the tide of battle surges about them. Shells are screaming overhead. Japanese dive-bombers are cleaving the skies to release their loads of death on the gallant, beleaguered garrison atop the famous Peak.

Cut off from practically all contact with the besieged and overcrowded city, depending for their very lives upon the meagre supplies that may trickle across that gray hinterland of death, the stricken refugees watch with growing apprehension as the mad whirlpool of war threatens to engulf them. Who knows? . . . To-day it is cold and hunger. To-morrow it may be death. Only one thing seems certain. The relentless approach of that ruthless foe. The rumbling of the guns grows ominously louder. Inexorably, irresistibly, it would seem, the dogged, determined enemy is closing for that knockout blow. And scant mercy, indeed, may *they* expect, if the hopelessly outnumbered de-

fenders of Hong Kong should be overrun by the hordes of little men from Kowloon across the way.

Suddenly, from the outer fringe of the camp, a great shout goes up. It is a spontaneous outburst of hope and joy. Down the shell-pitted road, where bullets whine and hungry death is on the prowl, a large truck is tearing madly across that no-man's-land, headed for the entrance to the enclosure. They know who it is. It is the *Seng Vu*. Even before the swelling chorus of child voices temporarily drowns out the din of impending doom, they could tell you that it can only be their faithful friend who hails from far away Canada, the young missionary father who has so often defied the dangers of that Hong Kong range.

"The *Seng Vu*. The *Seng Vu*. He's back again. We knew he'd come. God protects him and not even the Japanese bullets can keep him away."

Battle-scarred and bullet-ridden, the lurching, bouncing old truck skids and screeches to a stop.

Wreathed in smiles, as if it were just an afternoon joy ride, the driver descends, to be mobbed by the hundreds of children who crowd about him, almost hysterical with joy. No, he has not forgotten them. There is a whole bamboo basket full of parcels beside him in the front seat. There are precious tidbits for those pathetic, hungry-eyed little victims, so soon to be swept away by the fury of the gathering storm. There are sweet cakes and candies; peanuts and sugar cane. Even a few more toys and tricky puzzles to help while away the tedious hours in the compound.

"The *Seng Vu* is here again." In the eyes of that little lost battalion already aglow with affectionate hero-worship, a new light of hope shines across the desolate havoc of war. *Somebody* cares, after all. *Somebody* who is strong and brave enough to defy the terrible enemy and bring that truck, with its precious two-ton load of rice, across the death-swept mountain road. Taking his life in his hands with every trip, the *Seng Vu* still

finds time to think especially of them, and to shop around the dangerous streets of Hong Kong to bring them their precious little treasures. At the sight of this fearless young priest, who daily braves death that they may live, even the stoical, hard-bitten Chinese adults "can scarce repress a cheer." Welcome to the brave mission father. We who are about to die salute you.

For the driver is none other than our own Father Charles Murphy, one of the outstanding heroes of the tragic siege of Hong Kong. For two weeks now he has made his daily "routine" trips across that ten miles of shell-torn no-man's-land that separates the Bay section from the city of Hong Kong. He doesn't tell them that only two days ago a Christian Brother, on a similar errand of mercy, had his truck blown to bits beneath him. Time and again has he run that gauntlet of machine-gun fire, artillery barrage and road-strafting by Japanese planes in order to bring this, their only food, to the thousands of helpless people. For he stands between them and death.

But he makes light of it all. Even as willing hands are stretched out to help him unload the precious cargo, Father Charlie is giving the truck the once-over to see if any bullets have perforated the gasoline tank. The windshield is shattered and the fenders look like sieves but the old crate can still carry on. Till tomorrow, when he will take to the road again, he is free to move among the refugees, dispensing a meagre supply of medicine and a cheery word of encouragement and hope that even he, in his heart of hearts, must be far from feeling as Hong Kong struggles in its death agony.

All through the siege, till he was captured, truck and all, by the swarming Japanese, Father Charlie fearlessly ran his errand of mercy, saving the lives of thousands and winning his way, as only Father Charlie can, into the hearts of a grateful people. He is now interned with the British Community in Hong Kong. He could have come home on the Gripsholm, when so many Americans and Canadians were repatriated, but



"The driver descends, to be mobbed by hundreds of children."

Father Charlie felt that he was needed where he was. And who can doubt the wisdom as well as the unselfish heroism of his decision? "This remarkable priest" writes Father Norris, C.P. in the *Sign* "stands among them as a rock of morale, the most popular and most respected of them all."

Father Norris, himself just back from Hong Kong, tells another little human interest story that illustrates the character of Father

Murphy. "The day before I left Hong Kong to return to America" he writes, "he came to see me. He took off his pair of shoes and gave them to me. 'Put on those shoes' he ordered 'and no arguments. You'll not go to the States without shoes.' 'What will you do for shoes?' I asked, 'I'll make out' he countered. And make out he will. When the British Community in internment finds out that he has no shoes, they'll find a way, somehow, to get them for their beloved Father. He is proud to be known as a priest of the Scarboro Bluffs Missions, the Foreign Missionary Society of Canada."

Not half as proud as we are of him. It is during ordeals that search men's souls, that true greatness stands out. To stand as a "rock of morale" in the gathering tempest of impending doom requires a greatness of soul that can look death smilingly in the face and quietly carry on. Your world is crumbling.

"If you can keep your head
when all about you
Are losing theirs. . . ."

It requires more than war and horror and surging despair to crush the indomitable spirit of Father Charles Murphy.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed."

Take it from me, we have not yet heard the last of Father Charlie's exploits, even in a Japanese internment camp. I doubt if even a Japanese warlord could utterly resist his smiling personality. If contempt for death, so admired by the Japanese, be any criterion, then he must at least have won their grudging admiration. And if, by any chance, there should be an old piano among the loot in the camp's environs, I'll lay you ten to one that some fine day you find "his reverence" surrounded by half of the Japanese General Staff pouring their souls out to the tune of "God Bless America." Father Charlie is like that.



ALWAYS CHRISTMAS

Still stands the light above the place,
Where still, in wrappings white, He lies.
Where white-robed priests, like angels, chant
The "Gloria", that woke the skies.
As, from the womb of Holy Church,
Each morn, the God-incarnate's birth,
Reminds us Christmas never ends,
And keeps high festival, on earth.

—Hugh F.X. Sharkey.



MURDER IN A NUNNERY

by ERIC SHEPHERD

THE STORY THUS FAR:

The wealthy Baroness Sliema, a boarder at the Harrington Convent School, is found murdered in the chapel. The detectives have just arrived.

CHAPTER II—(Continued)

It was all very well for the medicos, their job was a mere matter of routine; but the Detective-Sergeant was soon a very much bewildered man. A mere tour of the interior premises tired him out. The nuns were all dressed identically alike; all moved soundlessly about, demure and self-effacing, hugging the wall and never raising the eyes unnecessarily. They gave polite and intelligent answers to questions, but—some of them spoke no English!

Then there was the school—miles of *it*, and swarms of *them*; again all much alike.

"I suppose," he said to Mother Trevor, "we can pretty well rule out the youngsters, eh, Madam?"

But Mother Trevor, with that faintly worried look of hers, could not suppose anything of the kind.

"Oh no, I don't think you can do that. I will speak to Reverend Mother. But you must remember we are a very cosmopolitan school—very; we have children from all

over the world. Some of the countries one cannot even pronounce. I am afraid it would be rash to assume that none of the children has ever knifed anybody."

The detective's hair rose slightly on his head, but the quiet voice flowed on.

"It is not for us to judge of other peoples, and one realizes that nursery customs differ greatly in different countries. I am sure they all mean well, poor little things—and many of them set an example to us nuns in the fervour of their piety. We have one child—little Inez Escapado, who comes to us from Anaconda . . . when we first had her she was wearing the blessed scapular of our Lady and a dagger down her poor little stocking. It took Reverend Mother hours of patient persuasion to get the child to part with the dagger. Apparently all the little girls in Anaconda wear daggers."

Again the listener's scalp contracted, but he managed to ask:

"And have you many children brought up in this way?"

Mother Trevor seemed lost in a reckoning process.

"Oh not *many* . . . at least, as to daggers. But I believe Reverend Mother had to remove a rather

dangerous *pistol* from under the pillow of dear little Grazia Bombado, our sweetly pious little Corsican. She did not seem able to fall happily off to sleep without her pistol. Such a sweet child—with a quite special devotion to the Nine Fridays . . ."

"To the—*what*, Madam?"

It sounded to the detective like some subtle way of administering poison over a period!

Mother Trevor suppressed a sigh; she, too, was finding it a strain to talk to a person who seemed ignorant of the most elementary things. But she brightened up as the reason for this occurred to her.

"But of course; I was forgetting you are a Protestant Poor you! . . ."

She hastened to add:

"Not but what there are many, many saintly souls among the Protestants. I am sure many of them live far holier lives than we do. As dear Reverend Mother put it in a recent Conference,—after all, what are they to do but go on being good Protestants if they do not receive the grace to become good Catholics?"

Detective-Sergeant Osbert felt a whirling sensation in the head.

He could make nothing of these dignified, quietly spoken ladies in their uniform bonnets and draperies who seemed to be quite undisturbed by a mere murder. His heart quailed at the prospect of an investigation involving young children with daggers and pistols and queer partialities for days of the week. A resolution was forming in his mind. . . . The Yard must be got in on this without loss of time. He must ring up local headquarters for permission to call in the Yard.

But for his craven terror of Mother Peck mounting guard over the telephone-room, he would have put the matter through immediately. But he was realizing that not even a policeman can do exactly what he pleases in a Convent, so he addressed himself humbly to Mother Trevor.

"I should like to use the telephone. I think this case is a matter for the Yard. . . ."

It was clear to him that Mother Trevor had not the faintest idea what the 'Yard' was, but she inclined her head sympathetically.

"But I am afraid," he added sadly, "that the holy Mother at the door doesn't like me very much."

"Oh yes, she does," Mother Trevor answered tranquilly; "it is only her manner. I do not think there is anybody Mother Peck dislikes. She is charity itself, and the dearest, most zealous soul! She would go through fire and water for dear Reverend Mother . . . and such a favourite with the Archbishop. . . ."

There is no accounting for tastes, the detective thought as he followed Mother Trevor to the lodge.

But at sight of Mother Trevor the irate eye of Mother Peck softened to a genial beam.

"What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, Mother?"

"It is this gentleman. He has come here about the murder. You know . . . the murder which took place this afternoon. . . ."

Mother Peck nodded, with the air of one recalling a thing of small importance.

"And I understand," pursued Mother Trevor, "that he wishes to use the telephone, with your kind permission. . . ."

Mother Peck smiled at her, most affable and obliging.

"Certainly, Mother. Let him come with me and I will show him how."

CHAPTER III

THE YARD ARRIVES AT HARRINGTON

SO urgent must have been the local SOS to Scotland Yard that, scarcely more than an hour later, a police car pulled up in Harrington Lane opposite the Convent door, and out of it stepped a person who might very easily have been mistaken for a clergyman of the vanishing evangelical type. A single glance at him suggested Tennyson's memorable line

That good man, the clergyman— if it did not go even further and recall Wordsworth's equally famous line.

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

It was in fact Chief-Inspector Andrew William Pearson of the Yard.

Regarded as a detective, the Chief Inspector might be said to have been born in disguise; his mother had seen to her child's due provision in this respect. There was nothing stocky or bulky about this tall, stooping figure, and nothing hawklike in his singularly mild eye. He looked incapable of pouncing on a clue—or indeed of saying 'Bo' to a goose. That was perhaps the secret of his success;

he never did say 'Bo' to a goose, but encouraged all geese and ganders to hiss and cackle to their heart's content. He was that rare thing: a philosopher who suffers fools gladly. The only quality outstanding in his character was this, and a certain meek, patient shrewdness. Meekness more often than is supposed does inherit the earth. No criminal had ever been able to believe that a bloke with a 'dial' like that could catch anybody, and so in due time Chief-Inspector Pearson caught them all.

A constable rang the Convent bell for his Chief, and so was the first to receive the death-charge of Mother Peck's eye. Though he staggered back a pace or so, he rallied gallantly with a propitiatory salute.

"Scuse me, Mum; but is this the Convink of the Innacurate Deception?"

It is possible that the officer meant 'Immaculate Conception'. Whatever he meant, this description of her religious home greatly scandalised and alienated Mother Peck.

"Certainly not!"

And she was shutting the door against further offence when the Chief Inspector shuffled forward, hat in hand. His large white cravat, stiff collar, and old-fashioned cut-away grey suit reassured Mother Peck and even soothed her.

"Excuse me, Madam; but I am Chief-Inspector Pearson, of Scotland Yard. Have I perhaps the honour of addressing the Lady Abbess?"

In all the books he had read on the subject a Nunnery always had a Lady Abbess, but his pathetic ignorance made him seem almost an object of pity to Mother Peck. She uttered a short laugh, which she changed into a cough.

"Reverend Mother," she emphasised, "is not in the habit of receiving visitors on the doorstep. I am Mother Peck. Be pleased to enter."

The Chief Inspector did so, with an air of diffidence which Mother Peck highly approved.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "I might be permitted to wait upon—Reverend Mother? . . ."

Though Mother Peck was beginning to think well of this gentle-faced policeman, she thought



even better of the dignity of Reverend Mother and the Convent generally. Her tone in replying was highly contingent.

"I will go and inquire what Reverend Mother's engagements are. Be pleased to take a seat."

She indicated a bench of penitential hardness, and bustled importantly away on her errand.

Unlike the Detective-Sergeant and Dr. Goodall, the Chief Inspector did not at all resent the treatment accorded him. He settled down contentedly to endure his vigil, and only wondered why none of the police already in the house was on the spot to receive him. How was he to know that Detective-Sergeant Osbert, being caught loitering near the lodge by Mother Peck, had been by her immured in a parlour together with an ancient aspidistra and a large portrait of Pope Pius X in the act of bestowing the Apostolic blessing? There at this moment, reduced to very low spirits by solitary confinement, he was gloomily perusing a C.T.S. tract entitled *How I Came Home*, by Lady Herbert.

"Whatever will the Inspector think!" poor Osbert was groaning to himself.

But it was characteristic of Chief-Inspector Pearson that he was leniently supposing that something very like what had happened, had happened.

"Reverend Mother is at liberty. Be pleased to walk this way."

The voice was that of Mother Peck, and the Inspector rose to follow her, marvelling within himself that so small a woman could contrive to be so formidable and consequential.

Down the main cloister he was led by Mother Peck to a large door of ecclesiastical design cutting off the school. There were shrines of various kinds to right and left, and considerable mural painting. Outside a large folding doorway the Inspector was told to mark time while Mother Peck satisfied herself that Reverend Mother really *had* meant *now*.

Inspector Pearson remained quite passive throughout: when told to move, he moved; when told to stop, he stopped. He realized that he was up against Principalities and Powers.

It appeared that Reverend Mother definitely had meant *now*. The folding door was opened by Mother Peck, and the Inspector found himself in a large and handsome Georgian parlour with many long windows. He stood on the threshold blinking because of the strong light which poured in at these; and because, owing to the multiplication of Victorian oddments and portraits of ecclesiastics, it was impossible to be quite sure just whereabouts Reverend Mother might be.

"The police gentleman, Reverend Mother."

So said Mother Peck, and retired bowing.

Little genial as he had found Mother Peck, the Inspector felt rather friendless on her departure; but, a cautious man by nature, he continued to stand just where he was until it should please Reverend Mother to reveal herself.

His policy was justified; almost immediately there was a movement in a window-way; a habit drew itself upright, and the Inspector had the impression that his measure was being rapidly—and no doubt accurately—taken by a pair of bright and even pretty hazel eyes set in the pale face of a negligibly slight but somehow imposing and forceful figure of a woman.

CHAPTER IV

REVEREND MOTHER

This little ruse of invisibility was a favourite one of Reverend Mother's, and it answered her purposes well. Upon the children it wrought powerfully, keeping them in a state of wholesome doubt as to whether Reverend Mother were really altogether of this world. The Inspector, who practised his own little ruses at the Yard, thought Reverend Mother's an excellent one.

He had, however, not the least idea how he ought to greet the Superior—whether to bow, genuflect or shake hands; but Reverend Mother put an end to his doubts by shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Chief Inspector. How very obliging of you to give this misfortune of ours your attention."

Policemen do not as a rule bow: they have not the figures for it. But the Inspector bowed very low over the hand which Reverend Mother gave him.

He noted with interest that whereas himself was installed in the most comfortable chair in the room, Reverend Mother sat bolt upright on a hard one. He had the sense to realize that this was no accident but a part of the unobtrusive but always present asceticism of these women's lives. He recalled what William James has written about the importance of the ascetic spirit as an example to a lax and lounging world.

On her side Reverend Mother was forming a very favourable impression of the Inspector. Like most nuns she was romantic on just one point, and had soon decided that he had a saintly contemplative look which she could very well imagine peering forth from the white hood of a Carthusian, those unbending sons of St. Bruno's stern reform. The more Reverend Mother thought of the Inspector along these lines the better she liked him.

She was saying:

"You must let me know all I can do to help you. I entirely realize the appalling difficulties. Even to know the names of us all . . . and then our characters . . . and the intricate little politics among us . . ."

She laughed at the Inspector's raised and deprecatory brows.

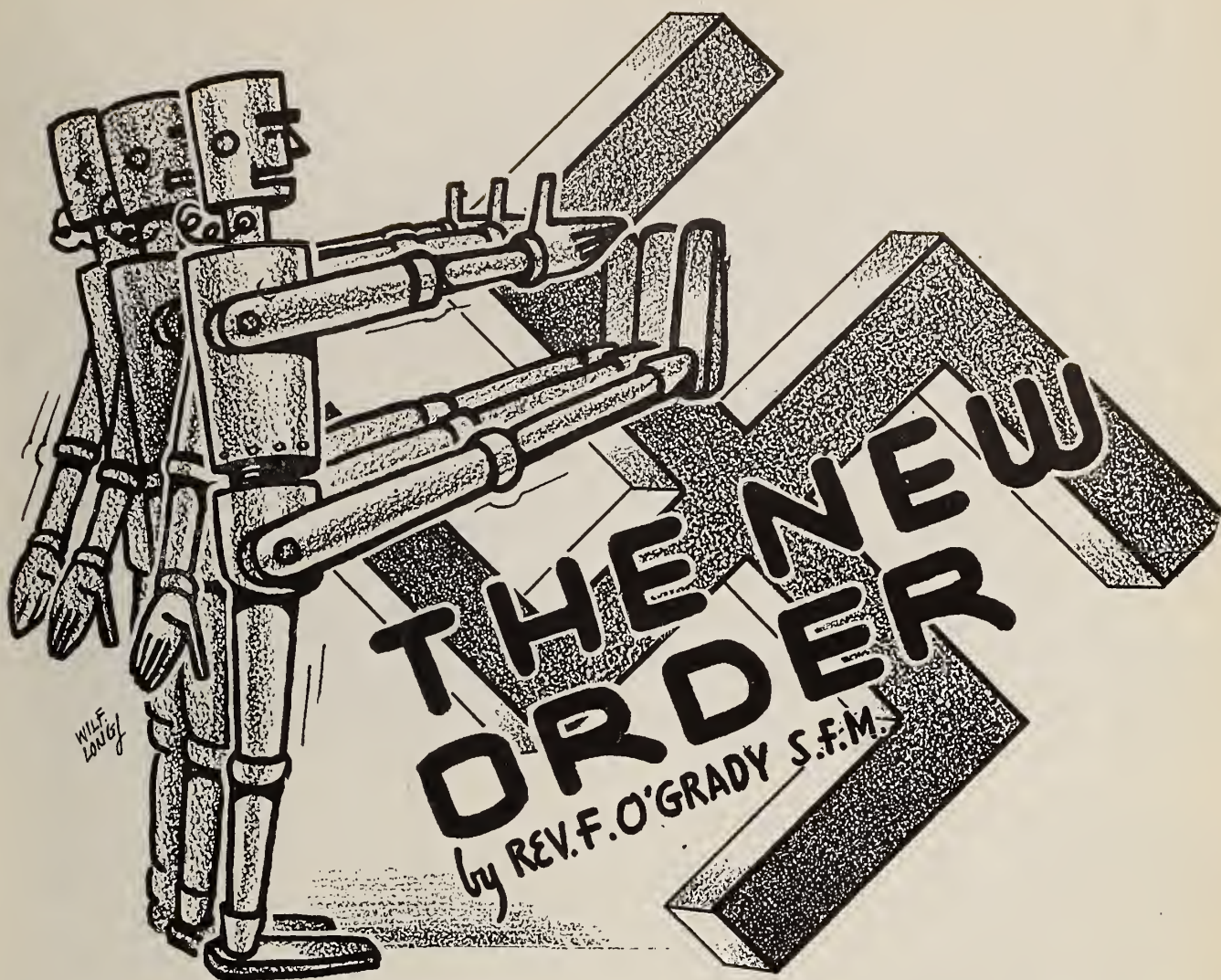
"Oh dear, yes; I assure you. When was there ever a community of women without its politics—intrigues, if you like? Do let me warn you, Mr. Chief Inspector: do not suppose that we are saints here because we base our lives on religion. We suffer here, God help us, from all the faults and failings to be found in the world outside. There is rancour and ill-will in a Convent as outside. Some of us have bad tempers. I myself have a shocking temper."

She smiled her hazel smile, and proceeded.

"Many of us are queer, crotchety characters, and we get on one another's nerves. I know little of criminal investigation—"

She spoke as if this were a defect in her education.

(Continued on page 18)



In the history of human progress, there has been a series of catastrophes which have so shaken the structure of our civilisation as to make every thinking person stop in his tracks and wonder. The Reformation, the French Revolution and World War II are examples. At such an event, the mind is so disturbed that even our axioms of thought are questioned. In normal times, (was there ever such a period?) we accept as true many proverbs, adages and maxims which we classify generally as clichés, but when the outside world is in upheaval the inner world of the soul is often equally disturbed.

It behoves the thinking mind at such a time to go over the forms of reasoning to reassure itself of the validity of its own judgements.

The process is somewhat the same as the one followed instinctively by a man who fears he is losing his sanity. In fact, many people to-day are wondering if they as individuals are going crazy, or is it possible for governments to be insane yet have their peoples lucid?

Ordinary reflection is sufficient to make one realize that 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends,' that there is such a thing as purpose, and explanation and goals. If it were otherwise, then this is all a nightmare, a chaotic state without rhyme or reason, a world of fear because if incomprehensible, it must remain unknowable.

We do understand many things. We can distinguish between good and evil, between black and white, even between a spotted black and

a dirty white. In other words, we have and use certain sets of values. In times of crisis, we fall back on values; woe betide us if these are faulty.

No word is bandied about so much these days as FREEDOM. The Nazis took Czechoslovakia to 'free' its peoples. We war against the same Nazis to preserve our 'freedom'. President Roosevelt summed up the ordinary concept of the democratic ideal of liberty when he referred to the 4 freedoms: Freedom of speech and religion; freedom from want and fear. Interpreted properly, the list is fairly complete; misunderstood, it is a hollow mockery.

It is not the purpose of these lines to outline and explain the notion of freedom. It is brought up only because this concept is

only the steam from the kettle, a manifestation and result of a hidden power. Let us illustrate.

No being can be free unless it is spiritual, at least in part. A mechanical man, *i.e.* a robot, is not free. In fact he is *not* a real man. He can do many things but always does he depend on another's will for his beginning. The initial spark is not within the robot, it comes from a human will. He has no will-power of his own. True will-power and a mechanism are in *different orders*.

There is a country in Europe which is making the most stupendous experiment this world has ever seen. The mechanical man is an invention of the 20th Century. This particular country referred to is reproducing the invention on the greatest possible scale. Briefly, 77,000,000 models were made by one man, before 1939. Since then, he has made countless millions more. Exact figures are impossible since a high percentage of models are shattered through various causes. The most easily available subjects were—used to be transformed into robots. He used men.

Men and machines are in different orders. When ABSOLUTE MECHANISATION of mankind is attempted, you have a NEW ORDER. That is precisely what he called it.

To change a man into a machine, you have only to destroy his freedom. You may not destroy his soul utterly, else he will die on you, but only eliminate his liberty and he is a perfect robot. A man will go so far and then stop because he is free; a robot will go on until *you* stop it.

Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for choosing brains. Such genius was necessary to pick a staff capable of putting into execution the gigantic experiment. A systematic method of destroying liberty was evolved and put to use. Every evidence of freedom was obliterated: education, art, religion, anything which was on the spiritual side. On the other hand, the opposites were encouraged to make men more brute like: vice was preferred to virtue, ignorance to education and THE STATE deified. To encourage ignorance, a man with a diabolical

cunning was employed. He knew that a very effective means was ERROR. Christ had said to mankind, 'The truth shall make you free'. The converse is also true: 'Error will destroy your liberty'. This was the principle used first of all in the very dawn of our history, at the garden of Eden. Our first parents were deceived and lost their freedom. We are children in bonds. Goebbels knew that and logically went to the 'father of lies' for some lessons.

When a man is forced to do something or other, he may go ahead and simply make a virtue of necessity or, he may attempt to understand the reason for the compulsion and then be in a better position to reach his goal. The first method is static and passive in nature, *e.g.* Ghandi; the second is dynamic and active. America was forced into this conflict. The

BETHLEHEM



Dark, dusty, dirty,
Cheerless, creaky-floored,
Another stable this
For Christ the Lord.
And was there ever crib
More bare and drear,
Than this poor, rough-hewn altar
Standing here?

On every side the temples
Grandly rise;
Foul, fetid blots
Against His azure skies.
The fearful, leering gods:
There's room for them,
But none for Thee,
Poor Babe of Bethlehem.
Without—'tis midnight;
Midnight on the hills,
Midnight within the hearts
Of millions, still

'Tis Christmas Eve in China.
Damp and cold.
My benumbed hands the chalice
Scarce can hold.
Lo! Christ is born,
Encradled in my hands.
The sacred species
Are His swaddling bands.
Lo! Christ is born;
A Saviour sent to men;
Born in a stable
Here in Bethlehem.

—Hugh F.X. Sharkey.

bulk of the population elected to sit tight. When the true issues became clear, a mighty process began. Every human being in America had to be convinced that we were involved in a struggle for existence; at the same time the arts of peace had to be converted to wartime industry.

The world got itself into this mess because it failed in its short sightedness to see and appraise at its real value the spiritual in man. It blundered into the fatal error of making man a robot, by supplanting his higher and paramount spiritual nature, his innate aspirations to a destiny higher than this world, with the deification of material things, pleasure, wealth, domination, greed and selfishness. The world refused to notice and still refuses to notice its Creator and disdainfully cries out "we have no God but Caesar", and in its attempt to smother the aspirations of the human soul, it attempts to blot out all real freedom, forgetting that it is but hastening the day of retribution on its own head.

Yes, the world got itself into this mess because it failed to use the brains with which the Creator furnished and debased them in adorning the false gods of lust, greed, racial superiority and its devilish myths.

Is this the Exodus? Will the power of God be withdrawn from world politics? Whether it will or not, He is still with His children in the matter of personal salvation. Nations may be and, it looks as if they are being punished in this war, but the individual may use this trial as a means of sanctification as do the martyrs.

Liberty may be lost in a nation. To say that it is impossible for liberty to die in a country is sheer nonsense, (France for example): but to say that of the soul of a people, conscious of its dignity and divinely furnished aspirations and destiny is quite another thing. True liberty comes from God, it is the natural right of every man. It is not a geographical product. It consists in the exercise of the right to work out salvation, not according to the code of a Hitler, a Lenin or their satellites, but according to the infallible code of Him who made man.



Catholic Mission,
Hungyang, Hunan,
Sept. 16th, 1942.

Dear Mother and Dad; (and whoever else is at home)

The new address is a long way from home for me and so I will tell you how I got here in the following paragraphs. I sent you a couple of airmail letters last May, but believe they were caught when the Japanese ran over us. No doubt you are plenty worried about me right now because it must be months since you heard from me. Then too, hearing radio broadcasts about the Japanese overrunning our district must have made you uneasy.

Last May the situation looked bad up our way and then all of a sudden we woke up towards the end of May, the Japanese only 15 miles from Lishui. They had come in by mountain paths and the Chinese army folded up. There was a mad rush to evacuate May 26th. We all headed south west to Lungchuan. One of the Sisters was able to get a ride on a Chinese cart to Lungchuan, 240 Chinese

miles in 24 hours—that is 80 English miles. She was old and couldn't walk the road. The priests and sisters all gathered from the four winds in Lungchuan and although the priests' house was only a Chinese shack built for two we were 19 priests living there. However, the Japanese backed up a little and I returned to Pihu to get some of my clothes, etc. and as it was peaceful I remained there with three or four priests. We had planes over every day, but we didn't mind. However, the 23rd of June saw them power-diving overhead and bombing for all they were worth and so we knew they were on the march again. Father Ron. Reeves and I hit out that night for Lungchuan again—240 li and bridges were being blown up behind us. We peddled along though and got up to Lungchuan, but this time I managed to bring about 70 lbs. of clothes etc. on the back of the bike. Well, the Japanese took Lishui and Pihu and Sungyang and all our Missions, but Lungchuan and we waited patiently for them to steal what they wanted and leave. However,

they fooled us and stayed on and it began to look as though they had every intention of continuing on. We decided we better get the Sisters out and after a Novena to our Lady of Perpetual Help in July, the first five Sisters and two priests left on an overloaded truck for Kivelin, about 2,000 kilometres away, July 26th. We got some more priests away by bicycle and the other sisters by public bus off to the American Dominicans' place in Fukien province, south of Chekiang. There were six of us left. The following Saturday planes came and burned half of Lungchuan to the ground. We figured it was time to move. The three priests who volunteered to remain in the district to face mountains and starvation existence remained and Fathers Reeves, MacNeil and I left for destination undetermined. It was summer heat 106 to 110 in the shade and mountains galore, but by riding in early dawn and evenings we got along. Some places we got lifts on trucks and other times we tied bikes on buses. However, as we got along, we found those ahead of us were

less fortunate. Fathers Boudreau, Steele and Morrissey were on one bus and a plane dropped 12 bombs on it, all missing by 10 to 20 feet. Father Steele had shrapnel through his sunhat, but was unhurt as were the rest. In the truck carrying Sisters and priests they were so crowded that there was only a foot space between baggage and roof. The baggage belonged to some company or other and all the sisters were sick, two almost had to be left by the roadside. Truck 1½ tons overweight could not make the mountains and all had to walk or push. The mountains were the highest in China ever crossed by road and worse than the Burma Road. The truck turned over, one sister had a broken arm, the priest a dislocated shoulder and all the others were badly shaken. However, none killed, Thank God. For 30 days sisters slept under truck or in temples or cowsheds or on open road until finally we arrived in Kanchow, Kiangsi province. I caught up with them there and heard their stories. I myself, having been sick for a long time, was pretty well finished and the Dr. forbade bicycle any further. However as we had only two or three days to railroad I didn't mind and traded places in truck with one of the priests. The weather was still terrific and we slept every night on the road, finally arriving in Kwantung province at Hsiao Kuan where we took the train to here. This is Hunan province. We will likely remain here some time and as we have crossed five provinces we should be O.K. from the war point of view. This place Hungyang was formerly run by the



"A plane dropped twelve bombs on it."

Italian Franciscans, but as they are interned now, we might take over for the duration. However, it is not certain as yet.

As for myself I was sick on arrival here too, and the Doctor said examination showed dysentery for more than a year and anaemia. I weigh 146 pounds. All of us are away underweight, but in wonderful spirits. However, my lungs are fine and the stomach fluoroscope shows good condition. There is lots of food here and with present cool spell I should pick up lost weight soon. The sisters sure were godsend on the road. They cooked rice for us in a wash basin when they were too sick almost to stand, and when the priests were sick the nurses brought them all through. One of the Sisters, Sr.

Mary Vianney will have to go home as soon as she can for she has been pretty sick for some time now. The Dr. told her that her days were numbered unless she could get out, but it seems as though American transports are not taking passengers out any more. It is too bad as she is only 27 years old.

I will try and write you soon again. I hope all is well with you at 308 and I assure you of a daily Memento at Mass. God bless you all and pray for me. For the present goodbye. I am well and if I should get sick there is a good Doctor here, so don't worry. Until I hear from you, I remain,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Your loving son,
Jack.



The Little Flower's Rose Garden

Vol. XV—No. 11

SCARBORO BLUFFS, ONT.

December, 1942

CANADIAN YOUTH IN MISSION PAGEANT

Soldier Stationed in Holy Land Spends Two Days in Monastery—Assists at Daily Mass

By PATRICK COONEY

The following letter was written by Signalman Patrick Cooney from the Holy Land to his little niece in Philadelphia. The letter shows us that we have in the armed forces the very finest type of manhood. This letter will, I am sure, be an inspiration to all those who read it. It will help them to realize that soldiers can and do lead holy lives in spite of many obstacles.

From Cenacle to Calvary

Somewhere in Palestine

I'm sure you will be surprised to hear from me. I was delighted to hear that you made your First Communion on May First. What a wonderful event in such a beautiful month. I also have been blessed beyond my wildest hopes this month. I have been able to visit Jerusalem. There I saw the place where Our Lord gave the first Holy Communion to all His Apostles. Then I visited the Garden of Gethsemane (and got this little souvenir for you), went along the path taken by Our Lord carrying His Cross (called the Via Dolorosa). I visited the Hill of Calvary where He was crucified by bad men. I saw the spot in which His Cross was erected and you can see a great big crack in the rock that came when He died and the earth shook and rocks flew here and there. I also visited the place where they put Him in the tomb. And it was here He arose alive again on Easter Sunday. Calvary and His tomb are so near each other it was possible to build a church over these Holy Places and this is called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Today there are altars on Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre where we can attend the Crucifixion over again in Holy Mass. So you, too, can be at the Crucifixion and the Resurrection when you go to Mass and every time you assist at Mass you should receive Holy Communion. There you receive Our

(Continued on page 16)

Impressive Ceremony Held at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

By Rev. D. E. Stringer, S.F.M.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

St. Dunstan's Cathedral here witnessed one of the most inspiring sights possible to see, on the occasion of the Feast of Christ the King. It must have cost priests, Sisters and lay teachers many hours of painstaking labour to obtain such a perfect result. The interior of this beautiful basilica was brilliantly lighted. The music as thrilling as only organ and violins can be as they accompanied the singing of more than six hundred children.

His Excellency Bishop O'Sullivan in his purple robes and the altar boys in their black and spotless white sat in the spacious sanctuary. Through the centre door of the Church came the procession. Four young boys in royal purple carried the banner of Christ the King. Peter the Hermit in his brown robe; a most realistic-looking Crusader in suit of mail with sword and shield and two White Fathers followed one another. Fourteen children dressed as Africans represented the Light in the Dark Continent. Eighteen children followed representing the vast Chinese race; the first two of these carried plaques on which were written invocations to the King of Kings on behalf of the Middle Kingdom. All this time a beautiful and slow march was being played. And then the children began to sing! I should not be the least surprised if the heavenly choir stopped to listen!

After the Chinese boys had passed, two White Sisters walked up the aisle leading some fourteen little ones dressed as Chinese girls. I wish their little Oriental sisters so many, many miles away could have seen them. But as our procession moved along little girls and boys of the Celestial Kingdom were just getting up to face another day of misery and war.

Next came children carrying a Crusader Plaque along with forty-eight

Crusaders; two lads with a banner representing the world; banners of Our Lady of the Missions; St. Joseph; St. Francis Xavier; St. Theresa; and the Canadian Martyrs. Each of these was carried by five children, little tots for the most part—little "angels in disguise" is closer to the truth!

I had the happy privilege of saying a few words. No sermon was necessary. No sermon could do justice to the whole ceremony. Those six or seven hundred children taught us all a lesson that we cannot forget. It was much more than mere make-believe to them. It was a challenge. It was a prayer. It was a beautiful flowering of Christian training in the love of God and neighbour. Not so very many decades ago our fair land of Canada, too, was mission territory to which came "foreign" missionaries; brave men and women who left the countries they loved to settle in an alien land. It took the life-blood of those intrepid Jesuit martyrs and the sufferings of countless others to make possible the beautiful spectacle all of us saw this night.

From the ranks of these children will come the missionaries of the future. And so many will be needed. Perhaps some of the priests and Sisters and teachers, who worked so hard to make this the touching sight it was, will not live to see their little ones go forth to win souls for Christ. But they can be certain that there will be those who will go because their vocation was born to-night, thanks, under God, to them. May God bless them one and all.

Soldier Stationed in Holy Land

(Continued from page 15)

Lord Himself. So ask Him to help you be a good girl, to take care of your family and all your uncles and aunts —don't forget your grandpas and two grandmas. Also ask Our Lord and His Mother to send peace. Then I can come and see you on my way home and bring you nice things from the Holy Land. Or maybe you will bring little Johnnie to Scotland with you, if he's a good boy—of course.

I also saw where Our Lady stayed. Now a Benedictine Abbey is built on the spot. It is the most lovely church you could think of. But the house in which she lived was taken to Italy by Angels and it can be seen at a place called Loretto.

TWO DAYS SPENT IN A MONASTERY

Last week I stayed at a monastery for two days. Another soldier, who had lived in Buckfast Abbey, England, for five years, took me along. He is going to become a monk when the war is over. Well, I saw the wee cubicles where the monks sleep on straw mattresses; they have no nice furniture, lovely curtains or pictures. Their Abbot (the head monk) has the same sort of cubicle as the rest. They don't eat eggs, meat, cheese, nor do they drink tea, milk or coffee. But my room, oh boy, about four times bigger than a monk's cubicle. And I had a nice spring bed with soft mattress, lovely white woolly blankets, clean white sheets and a feather pillow. For dinner they gave me eggs, potatoes, vegetables, white soft cheese and dates with bread and wine. They grew and made everything in that meal on their farm with its garden, mill and vineyards. It is lovely to hear the monks sing their prayers (called matins, vespers, compline and other names). At night after compline the monks, then the novices (who are going to be monks) all passed down the centre of the chapel, bowed before the altar and then went out into the cloister where one of the monks held up a crucifix and sprinkled each one with Holy Water. We followed at the end of the procession and got sprinkled as well, then we went to our rooms in silence. I was awakened at night by a bell ringing at half-past two. That is when the monks get up to say their morning prayers and they don't go to bed again till nine at night. I bet if some people I know had to get up in the wee sma oors to say their prayers, I ken the "prayers" they would say.

I was at High Mass next morning. It was lovely to hear the monks and young novices sing their prayers. I've been to Crusaders' Churches and other places besides. In one of them I helped to jar honey which my friend had got from his own bee-hives. The monks there are poor and he gave them his honey so they could sell it to visitors. I had some for tea, with wine, goat's cheese and bread. But there are lots and lots of places to visit if I'm here long enough. We have fans

Young
Missionaries,
"St. Mary's",
St. Catharines,
Ont.



Bertha
Yuchuikvicz



Margaret
Breen

"Fifth A", St. Patrick's, Montreal.

in our huts to keep us cool when it gets very hot. But the weather is nice just now. We have nice gardens around us; I'm in a nice district and have plenty of fruit. Sometimes when we go for our meals there are boxes of oranges left at the door of our mess-room and we can take as many as we want. If you want something extra for tea you can buy two bananas or two tomatoes for one piastre (2½d or five cents).

LEARNED TO SERVE MASS IN THE DESERT

I can get to Holy Mass nearly every morning. I learned to serve Mass in the desert when I came here. In my last place I was near a convent and there were a lot of Irish Nuns in it, they used to make us Irish tea with cakes and bread and butter every afternoon. So you see I've been lucky. I'm sure Our Lady has been looking after me. So always remember that she is your Mother in heaven, and loves you very much. I'm sure you're a good big girl these days and help your mammy and daddy a lot.

Well, I'll say cheerio. May Our Blessed Lady and the Sacred Love bless and protect you, the baby, little Johnnie and your mammy and daddy always.

Your loving uncle,

Patrick.

P.S.—Also visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx. Your medals and olive leaf touched the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary. There is a special blessing attached to them therefore.

Letters Received From:

Anne Howard, Daniel's Cove, Newfoundland.

Rosemary Smith, 74 Brookdale Ave., Toronto.

Joan McGillivray, 625—28th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alberta (50c).

The pupils of Lourdes School, Lourdes, Pictou, N.S. (\$10.00).

Grade VI pupils, St. George's School, Piccadilly Ave., Ottawa (\$1.00), per Thos. Clairmont.

Children of St. Mary's School, Dexter St., St. Catharines, Ont. (\$5.00).

Sisters and pupils, Presentation Convent, Cathedral Sq., St. John's, Nfld. (\$10.00).



A MERRY CHRISTMAS



ST. THERESA—

Born, January 2, 1873
 Professed, September 8,
 1890
 Died, September 30, 1897
 Canonized, May 17, 1925

My dear Young Missionaries:

The Holy Season of Christmas is again approaching; a time of joy and universal happiness is at hand. The world, even though at war, will feel the thrill of joy that comes to everyone when thoughts are turned to Jesus Christ. That is the secret of the Christmas Spirit! The reason why this joy pervades the atmosphere only at this time is because mankind in general, refuses to think of Him throughout the year. Their minds are set on wealth, worldly pleasure and selfish ends and so, as on the first Christmas night, there is no room for Him in their hearts. If all human beings would only open their hearts daily to the Son of God we would have one perpetual Christmas on this earth of ours.

You are the Young Missionaries of the Little Flower; your work is to spread the sunshine of God's love among your fellow creatures—all over the world. Your task is a tremendous one, for it has a place in the plans of God, to gently persuade all mankind that God has made this world for each soul as much as for the entire human race. Catch the spirit of the world's joy this Christmas-tide and hold firm to that joy resolving that never more, not for one moment, will you let it pass from your own individual souls. This must be your Christmas gift to the Holy Infant. This is the gift He seeks from you: to love Him and Him alone; to make all mankind open wide its heart that He may come and dwell therein forever more.

May your Christmas be both holy and happy!

FATHER JIM.

The Mail Bag

St. Patrick's Academy,
 Montreal, Que.

Dear Father:

May we have the privilege of offering our second five dollars for the education of a young man for the priesthood? We are sending two more pictures, so if there should happen to be space in CHINA. . . .

Your new Fifth A friends,
 ST. PATRICK'S, MONTREAL.

You are wonderfully zealous young Missionaries, and Father Jim is certainly very proud of you. Many, many thanks.

* * *

St. Joseph's High School,
 Cliff Street,
 Saint John, N.B.

Dear Father Jim:

Our High School Sodality held a concert recently to aid "Father Jim" in his missionary work for the Chinese, who are now suffering many hardships in their war-torn country. We are remembering you and your missionaries in our prayers.

Respectfully yours,

M. BLANID SHARKEY,
 Secretary, St. Vincent's Sodality.

Thank you ever so much, young Missionaries of the Little Flower, for your interest and zeal for the Missions. Your donation of five dollars is greatly appreciated. May God bless you one and all!

* * *

178 Edwin Avenue,
 Toronto, Ont.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a cheque for five dollars, raised by Grade VII of St. Rita's School, to be used for the relief of suffering in China due to the ravages of war.

May God bless all your missionary endeavours.

Yours very respectfully,
 MARION TYRRELL.

Thank you, Marion, and all the young Missionaries in Grade VII. I am sure God is very much pleased with your efforts for souls. May He bless you all!

Murder in a Nunnery

(Continued from page 10)

"But, running a school, one learns a little in a small way. I take it we are all under suspicion until this matter is cleared up?"

It made the Inspector uncomfortable to have to admit this fact.

"Theoretically," he murmured. "But in practice suspicion soon narrows down."

He coughed, and went on rather nervously.

"I admit to one little perplexity . . ."

"I am surprised it is only one. Can I do anything about it?"

Again the Inspector coughed, and closely observed his neatly spatted shoe.

"It is a matter—in itself—ah—trifling. I have the greatest diffidence in mentioning it. It is in fact the—er—*bonnet* which forms part of your—ah—most charming and becoming . . . in fact, I cannot tell one lady from another . . ."

He looked so much like a deeply troubled sheep as he put this delicate point that Reverend Mother could hardly keep from laughing.

Her answer however was deeply sympathetic.

"They *do* of course come off. But I think the Community would hardly survive the experience of a bonnetless parade. Most of them would prefer to be hanged outright. Besides, I doubt if it would help you much; the bonnet is definitely part of a nun. Without them we all look like nothing on earth."

The Inspector was aware that it lay outside the scope of his official capacity to pay compliments to ladies of religion, so he contented himself with a dissentient movement of the legs. Inwardly he was consumed with a desire to know Reverend Mother's age. It seemed he must know it or die forever unappeased. But the age of a nun is a mystery greater than the Sphinx, and, detective though he was, he could make nothing of the face opposite with its clear skin, its small regular features, and that Protean depth of hazel eye.

Reverend Mother was proceeding:

"You must get to know some of the children. Every girl is a natural detective; nothing escapes her. If one crimp of my bonnet were to be out of place at Mass, the whole school would have commented by noon. There is not a foible in the Community which has not been told in Gath and published in the streets of Askalon."

She ran on in that clear, sweet and yet aloof voice of hers which more and more enchanted the Inspector.

"I hope you have no masculine illusions about girls? You don't think them angels? Protestant girls may be angels, but ours are very far from it. We have children from countries where stabbing is a ladylike—and I believe a very necessary—social accomplishment. You may smile, but if poor Madame Sliema had made an enemy of Inez Escapado or Grazia Bombado, I could not possibly have answered for results."

The Inspector produced a notebook and pen. His handwriting was that of a real sleuth; it was incredibly rapid, totally illegible except to himself, and looked as if a pair of performing fleas had been taught to waltz.

His voice dropped to the tone of a consultant beginning, after some general remarks about the weather, to get down to symptoms.

"Was the deceased lady—ah—apt to make enemies?"

Reverend Mother made an eloquent gesture of the hands.

"Apt! It was her hobby! Practice had made perfect. She had quarrelled with everybody in the house, including myself. I hate to speak evil of the poor woman, but there it was."

The Inspector made a note, and proceeded.

"I believe she was a wealthy woman? Do you know of anybody interested in the reversion of her property?"

He received a mocking hazel glance.

"Certainly I do. Unless she altered her Will, I myself was the interested party—at least, as representing this Community. . . ."

The fleas waltzed.

"No one else, to your knowledge?"

Reverend Mother considered.

"She had a son—the Baron Sliema. I always urged his being properly remembered, for the property was in the main his father's. She had, of course, quarrelled bitterly with the unfortunate young man. . . ."

"Do you know where the Baron Sliema is?"

"I am afraid not. Not in England; in Spain, I have heard. Mrs. Moss would perhaps know; she was the child's foster-mother. Poor soul, she had been with old Madame for thirty years. What a martyrdom! . . ."

The Inspector was definitely inspecting now, and his fleas were waltzing finely.

"This Mrs. Moss, now? Could she have had any motive—on behalf of her foster-child?"

Reverend Mother ever so slightly shrugged.

"I should doubt if Mrs. Moss were much in Madame's confidence. She is very feeble and a chronic invalid—suffering from heart. I believe, too, that she has what you gentlemen call an 'alibi' for the occasion. She left the chapel feeling very poorly long before Benediction was over, and Mother Peck attended to her in the garden."

Reverend Mother hesitated, and then went on.

"It seems difficult to work out . . . such a motive, I mean. Then of course there is Venetia—Venetia Gozo—a young Maltese girl—a lay-teacher here at present. . . . She was old Madame's ward. . . ."

The Inspector looked very much interested indeed.

But Reverend Mother dashed him by her next remark.

"Venetia is young and strong, but she could have had no financial motive. Old Madame disliked the poor girl, of course, and had left her a mere pittance. Besides, she was right away at the other side of the altar. . . . Dear me, how very unpleasant all this suspecting business is!"

The Inspector was now thoroughly warmed up and hot to be on the trail.

(To be continued)



It's Time to Laugh!



John: "What steps would you do for a sick duck?"
Jerry: "Call a quack doctor."
John: "And what would you do for a sick frog?"
Jerry: "Let him croak."

A Scotch girl, rosy checked and demure, was in one corner of a compartment in a Continental train. In the corner opposite sat an atheist. The girl was reading the Bible. The atheist noticed this and after looking the girl over critically, asked whether she actually believed all she found in the Book.

"Aye," answered she, raising her eyes to him from the page.

"Not the story of Adam and Eve?"

"Aye."

"And of Cain and Abel?"

"Aye."

"But certainly you don't believe the story of Jonah and the whale?" The girl said she believed that too. The atheist was puzzled.

"But how are you going to prove it? Ask Jonah when you get to heaven?"

That idea struck the girl as a good one, and she said she could prove it that way.

"But now, suppose he isn't there? What then? How would you prove it?"

"Ah," said the demure maiden, "then you ask him."

"You want your hair parted exactly in the middle, sir?"

"That's what I said, didn't I?"

"Then I'll have to pull one out, sir. You have five."

"What does it mean if the palm of my hand itches?"

"It means you're going to have company."

"And if my head itches, too?"

"The company's already arrived."

A teacher, examining a class, asked the following question of a little girl, intending it for a catch:

"What was the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc?"

"Noah's Ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."

Small Boy looking into dentist's showcase: "Mummy, if I had to have false teeth I'd take that pair."

Mummy: Hush, James, haven't I told you it's rude to pick your teeth in public.

Cardinal Manning used to tell this amusing story of his publishers. He was a man who did not keep his own hooks in any great number on his private shelves, and so one day found it necessary to go to his publishers for a copy of his book *Confidence in God*.

To his surprise, this conversation took place in the loudest voices between the front and back offices, the men calling to each other at the top of their lungs:

"Say, you, send up some of Manning's *Confidence in God*."

"Can't do it. Manning's *Confidence in God* is all gone."

New Curate: "And what did you think of my sermon on Sunday, Mrs. Jones?"

Mrs. Jones: "Beautiful, sir, and so instructive. We didn't know what sin was until you came here."

A Nazi had just attended Hitler's funeral and returned home to tell his wife about the obsequies. "It was heavenly!" he enthused. "Such mountains of wonderful flowers, sent for the Fuehrer! Such eloquent speeches from Herr Goering, Herr Goehhels and Herr von Ribbentrop, and such crowds of people. After the speeches, they lowered the casket into the grave, then drew it up . . ."

"But why?" interrupted his frau.

"Because," exclaimed the husband, whispering, "every time they lowered it, there was such applause they had to bring it up for an encore."

Teacher: "If you put a mama duck and five little ducks in a box, what would you have?"

Quiz kid: "A box of quackers."

The young married couple were "having a few words".

"You just hang about," snapped the lady, "smoking and smoking. You never see me holding a cigarette in my mouth."

"You couldn't," he seized the chance to retort; "your mouth is never shut."

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumour that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that that shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would not. We think, however, that shot Shott shot shot not Shott hut Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

A couple of Sunday drivers had picked a farmer's fruit and his flowers and their car was full of plunder, yet unabashed they inquired of the farmer: "Shall we take this road back to the city?"

"You might as well," replied the farmer, "you've got almost everything else!"

"Mummy," asked the small son of the house, "Daddy wouldn't murder anybody, would he?"

"Why certainly not, dear. What makes you think so?" asked the horrified mother.

"Well, I heard him in the cellar just now saying: 'Let's kill the other two, George!'"

Temperance Lecturer: "Now, suppose I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform, and then brought on a donkey. Which of the two would he take?"

Voice: "He'd take the water."

Temperance Lecturer: "And why would he take the water?"

Voice: "Because he's an ass."

Hubby: "You must economize! Think of the future. If I were to die, where would you be?"

Wifey: "I should be here all right. The question is, where would you be?"



"We have seen His star in the East and we

